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PATRONISERS.

PATRONISING is not an act confined to those endowed with superior means or rank; it is a disposition of human nature, distributed without any regard to extraneous circumstances. Sometimes it is found in persons of comparatively humble condition, and not in them exercised on their inferiors alone, but occasionally upon their superiors also. For example, a country gentleman will sometimes find that a steward or land-agent, whom he has newly engaged, proves to be a remarkably patronising person. Almost every one will ascertain, on recollection, that he has two or three extremely condescending friends in grades considerably beneath his own; and all middle-aged and elderly persons, grave and reverend as they may be, must have their experiences of a patronising order of young men with beards as yet scarce conscious of a razor. I met with one a few years ago, who quite overcame me with the condescending compliments he paid to my writings. How often, too, do we see the patronising spirit exercised in cases where we are not parties! Poor authors, for instance, speaking encouragingly of the juvenile efforts of a Dickens—or politicians, with scarcely a vote, expressing an inclination to think well of the Duke of Wellington. Perhaps of all persons in the world, none are so much objects of the patronising spirit as statesmen. They are decried by many, but they are also putted on the back by many. When Mr Canning came into power, he met with much opposition among his old friends; but at that very time three shopkeepers in a particular street in Edinburgh, without the slightest reference to his own imaginary case of the three tailors of Tooley Street, met in a back shop, and agreed to give him their support. What stories could most 'members' tell of the patronage which they had met with amongst voters! It would put human nature into quite a new point of view. Well might Wordsworth, impressed with a sense of the universality of benevolence, exclaim that the poorest poor like to be the dispensers of some small blessings.

There is a particular class of patronisers in whom benevolence appears as so exclusively the guiding principle of their nature, that they are nothing unless condescending. They only can speak when doing so appears affable. If they cannot look at a friend with the downward regard of grace and favour, they will not look at him at all. These persons get into such a habit of patronising, that, where rank and other circumstances make it utterly impossible, they feel disappointed, and conceive an antipathy in consequence. When a person of superior grade or of brilliant and generally acknowledged merits is mentioned, you are sure to find them express an unfavourable opinion, or at least speak very distrustfully. You may think it

unjust; but they cannot help it. It is all from an exclusiveness of sympathy towards the humble and meek. And is not this quite right? What need have high people, who are so well off, to be kindly or even justly considered? And where great merits exist, and are generally acknowledged, what use is there for a particular person admitting them? It is only where there are humble circumstances and poor deservings, that there is any gallantry in showing kindness. The poor need all the justice possible, and it is right to give it them; but the rich being such favourites of fortune, it is no less proper that they should be detracted from and depreciated, were it only to save them from being too much puffed up.

True to their instinct, this class of patronisers invariably desert their protégés when they cease to require encouragement. A man may have been a paragon of earthly excellences with them for twenty years, during which he was of mean estate, and one in whom the world at large saw no fine qualities; but let a large bequest suddenly enrich him, or let him by some brilliant act all at once become an object of general admiration, and the patronisers instantly dismiss him from favour. So, also, when any one is suddenly ruined in some blameless way, or sinks out of popular esteem, the patroniser is sure to become his friend, although he never before could endure him. So certain is this procedure, that you might play upon a patroniser's mind—bringing out all the expected effects—with as much precision as upon a musical instrument. Tell him some day, with regard to one of those he formerly disliked, that he has lost all his fortune save a trifle, or has five children ill at once, or is thought to be falling into a consumption; and at the same time, with regard to another of the opposite class, that his uncle is at length dead, and he has set up a curricule; and you will be sure to find all the wonted opinions reversed. Look, then, for kind words about the one, and sarcasm at the other! So, also, if you acquaint me with the exact amount of the natural and acquired gifts of the individual proposed to be brought into contact with a patroniser, I will tell you precisely the nature of the reception which may be expected. Is it a person of generally interesting qualities? then look for something very frigid. Is it merely one of the large family of the passable? then expect a reasonable amount of civility. But let it be a decidedly homely person, and the utmost kindness which it is in the nature of the patroniser to show, will be shown.

The spirit of this class of patronisers can be readily detected in our periodical criticism. Some reviewers think it right to speak as frankly of the merits of successful authors as of those whose fate has been opposite, and they will even make handsome acknowledgment of the deserts of peers and men of fortune when they happen to produce anything really good. The patronisers take

a very different course. They reserve all their cordiality for the poorer children of genius, and the persons who write amazingly well considering their circumstances. They are never without some particular protégé of this kind, whose productions they hold to be the wonder of the age, and whom they flourish in the faces of all other classes of the community, as if none of them could have brought forth such a miracle. Nor is the kindness of this conduct more to be admired than is the heroic constancy with which they will persist in praising one whom most of the world besides sets down as a clown or a pretender. The volumes of such an editor become a series of shelves filled with the bedusted busts of the Great Obscure. On the other hand, he wages relentless war against writers of good repute, or who have happened to hit the public taste, unless indeed they should have chanced, like Byron, to incur some more or less general odium from their personal conduct, in which case they become fit to be placed on the same bright platform with the prodigies aforesaid. The fact is, the sole quality required in the heroes of such an editor, is simply the negative one of being under a cloud. Good qualities universally esteemed are, with him, the sole disqualification. And thus it is, that, when it happens by a remarkable chance that one of the protégés of our editor advances into good fame, he is then sure to be taken to pieces. He has been spoiled by success. He has become one of the world's great men. Nature and our editor cast him off.

In following out his benevolent system, a patroniser is generally seen to be animated by a principle of extraordinary candour. There are many strangely shy or close people, who, when they see no particular occasion for expressing their opinion of persons or things introduced in conversation, allow these persons or things to pass uncharacterised accordingly. But thus the patroniser never does. Let any man, woman, or child be spoken of in his presence, and he deems it a duty to stop the conversation instantly, that he may tell you what is his opinion of that person—the opinion being of course always favourable in proportion to the lowly estate or humility of merits of the individual alluded to. There may be no occasion whatever for the opinion, as far as others present are concerned; and they may feel it rather irksome to hear some one who takes no particularly illuminating or entertaining share in the conversation always coming out with—‘Oh, yes, I think very well of that man;’ or ‘I have no good opinion of that other;’ or ‘The manners of that young lady please me very much;’ or ‘That old woman looks to me a very haughty disagreeable person;’ but the patroniser is not to be restrained by any such considerations. It may be of great importance that *my* opinion is presented, and a regard to candour makes it necessary that *I* should conceal nothing which *I* think. Therefore *I* must tell what *I* think of everything. The merit of this boldness is of course the greater, in proportion as the patroniser is a person of comparative unimportance in the company, or as the subject is presumably above his comprehension. When he happens to be one whose opinion nobody would think of setting any store by, or wishing to hear at all even upon the most trivial subject, the magnanimity of the procedure is almost too much for common terms of praise. It becomes truly delightful, thus linked among a race where good breeding and tame common sense have nearly obliterated all the finer traits of human nature, to find one of the most unimportant persons present asserting the native right of all to pronounce fully and freely upon everything.

There is but one unfortunate circumstance connected with the patronising spirit and manner. It is apt to be taken by many persons as offensive. This of course arises entirely from the self-esteem of those parties—a feeling in absorbing on their part, that all consideration of the benevolence and candour which animate the patronisers is lost. Thus it ever is. The best sentiments of which our nature is capable, fail to receive appreciation from

the corrupted and selfish; thus does our pride ever kick out against all that is designed for our benefit. Of course no true-spirited patroniser would allow himself to be affected by such marks of ingratitude on the part of his subjects. Placed by his own sensations on a pedestal so lofty, he can calmly look down and smile on the petulant recalcitrations of the poor emmets whom he desires to take under his protection.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DISTRIBUTION OF MARINE LIFE.

As on land there is an obvious distribution of plants and animals according to conditions of temperature, light, soil, food, and the like, so under the waters of the ocean there seems to exist a similar arrangement of organic being. The ranges and habitats of terrestrial life have been ascertained with some degree of correctness, in consequence of the ground of investigation being of an accessible nature; but the difficulties attending submarine research have hitherto limited our knowledge in that direction to the scantiest results. Respecting land animals, we know that many—as the horse, ox, wolf, and dog—have a wide geographic range assigned them; that others—as the elephant, lion, and monkey—are confined to a comparatively narrow region; while some—as the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus of New Holland—are peculiar to the districts they inhabit. As with the Fauna, so with the terrestrial Flora: the palms, tree-ferns, and canes of the tropics could not flourish with the pines and oaks of temperate regions, any more than the latter could luxuriate amid the snows of Labrador or Nova Zembla. Notwithstanding this natural limit to terrestrial life and vegetation, there are certain tribes of plants and animals capable of being acclimatised; that is, of living and propagating their kind in regions not originally inhabited by them. If they find in these new situations all the conditions necessary to their growth and perfection, they will continue unchanged; if not, they will either undergo modifications to meet the altered circumstances under which they exist, or they will die out entirely. The habitats of land species may be extended either by natural or artificial means; but to the former process rivers, seas, and mountains oppose barriers which are wholly unknown in a uniform element like the ocean.

Turning now to marine life, a similar distribution seems to present itself; and it has been long known that many tribes—as the Greenland whale, the spermaceti whale, the shark, the cod, and herring—are found only in certain regions; that the shell-fish of temperate shores are widely different from those of tropical seas; and that some families, from their peculiar conformations, are restricted within the narrowest limits. Beyond some broad facts like these, we are unacquainted with the limits assigned to free-swimming animals, as there is no barrier to their passage from one part of the ocean to another, as the temperature of the water is not subject to extreme variations like that of the land, and as their choice of one locality in preference to another must depend upon food and other less perceptible causes. The case is somewhat different with shell-fish, many of which are destitute of locomotive powers, unless when in the larvæ state. Thus, this division of marine life may be regarded as fixed or sedentary, and as bearing a close analogy to terrestrial plants whose dispersion can only take place by their seeds, which are borne about by winds, rivers, &c. just as the eggs or larvæ of shell-fish are often transported to new regions by oceanic currents. From the stationary and accessible character of the Mollusca, their distribution has received the greatest share of attention; and bearing in mind that they occupy the bed of the sea as plants occupy the surface of the land, the reader may be able to appreciate the conclusions arrived at by recent zoological research.

Besides conditions of soil, moisture, light, &c. plants are regulated in their distribution by *altitude*, or elevation above the ordinary sea-level. For every hundred feet of ascent, there is a proportional fall of the thermometer, so that degrees of altitude are equivalent in their effects upon vegetable life to a removal from a tropical to a temperate region, or from temperate latitudes to the arctic circle. Thus, at the height of 5000 feet in Britain, and 16,000 at the equator, we arrive at the region of perpetual snow; in other words, at grounds as destitute of vegetation as the frozen zone. This intimate relation between altitude and decrease of temperature accounts for the fact, that the base of a mountain may be clothed with the vegetation of tropical India, the sides with that of temperate England, and the summit with the mosses and lichens of icy Labrador. Many mountains exhibit such belts of vegetation; the most familiar instances being Mount Atna, Teneriffe, and Ararat. Tournefort, in ascending the latter, had observed at its foot the plants of Western Asia; but a little way up he recognized the vegetable forms of Italy; at a still higher level those of central France; next, those of Sweden; and beyond them the Flora of Lapland. Now, precisely as *altitude* affects the distribution of plants, so does *depth* exercise an influence on the distribution of shell-fish along the bed of the ocean. This fact, first adverted to by certain Italian philosophers towards the end of last century, has recently been revived by Professor Edward Forbes of King's college, London,* who has brought to light several other interesting circumstances relative to the laws which govern the dispersion of molluscous animals.

According to Mr Forbes, '*certain species live in certain parts, according to the depth, so that the sea-bed presents a series of zones or regions, each peopled by its peculiar inhabitants.*' This he illustrates by the well-known fact, that the space between high and low water-marks on the British coasts—narrow as it may seem—is peopled by different tribes, which live at different distances from the shore. Thus the auricula, common whelk, and barnacle, are found at the very margin of high water, along with certain sea-weeds, as the *caricgen*, or Iceland moss, of the shops; a little farther seaward these disappear, and are succeeded by the silvery trochus, the sea-anemones, and other forms of plants and animals; while towards the margin of low water the razor-shells, ascidians, the dulse, and numerous zoophytes prevail. All over this tidal space, however, certain races, as the common limpet and edible mussel, abound, showing that they have what is termed a wider range of habitat than any of the individual genera above-mentioned. Now, precisely as in this space, which any one can examine for himself during the ebb tide, so along the inaccessible portions of the sea-bed different families of shell-fish are distributed. Some occupy comparatively narrow zones; others spread over spaces which include the zones occupied by several families; but the number of families always gradually decreases as we descend, till a depth is arrived at as thoroughly destitute of life as the tops of the snow-covered mountains are of terrestrial vegetation. In the British seas, the space alternately covered and exposed by the tide is termed the *littoral zone*, and is peopled by well-known races: it constitutes the first region in Mr Forbes's system of classification. The zone which succeeds is that of the *laminariae*, or broad-leaved sea-weeds, among which live some of the most brilliantly-coloured and elegant inhabitants of the ocean. It is also the chosen habitat of the nudibranchous mollusca, or sea-slugs, and is that region in which the Flora of the sea appears to have its maximum development. Beyond the *laminarian zone* there is generally a belt of mud or gravel, inhabited by numerous bivalve mollusca; and this again is succeeded by the region of *corallines*,

which, ranging from a depth of from twenty to forty fathoms, abounds in beautiful flexible zoophytes, and in numerous species of mollusca and crustacea, to be procured only by means of the dredge. Deeper still is a region as yet but little explored, from which are drawn up the more massive corals found on our shores, accompanied by the terebratula, orbicula, and other brachiopodous mollusca. As in the British seas, so in the eastern Mediterranean Mr Forbes has found the same characteristic distribution of species from the shore-margin to the depth of 230 fathoms—the lowest point he had the opportunity of examining. Thus it appears, that as on land different tribes of plants are found at different altitudes, so along the bottom of the sea various races of shell-fish and fuci are discovered at various depths; and as on land some vegetable families are fitted to flourish over a wider range of height, so under the water certain mollusca are capable of adapting themselves to a wider zone of sea-bottom. For example, one class may be limited to a range of from two to six fathoms in depth, while another flourishes in equal abundance over a zone of from two to fifteen fathoms, though neither are to be met with in soundings of thirty.

The next conclusion arrived at is, that '*the number of species is much less in the lower zones than in the upper.*' Here, as in the former case, the fact is in strict accordance with what takes place among terrestrial vegetation. The genial warmth, moisture, and soil found at the base of a mountain, nourishes a more luxuriant and varied Flora than its sides or top; so also do the littoral and shallow zones of the sea-bottom support a greater number and variety of species than those of extreme depth. 'Sea-weeds,' says Mr Forbes, 'become fewer and fewer in the lower zones, and dwindle to a single species, a *nulipora*, at the depth of 200 fathoms. The lowest region sounded in the Mediterranean exceeds in extent all the other regions together; yet its Fauna is comparatively small: the number of testaceous species found was only eight. In the littoral zone there were above 150 species; hence we may fairly infer, that as there is a zero of vegetable life, so there is one of animal life.' The deductions to be drawn from this fact are of great interest, and bear most importantly on the conclusions of geology. As on land we have the greatest number and variety of vegetables flourishing around us in accessible positions, so in the ocean the greatest variety of life swarms along the shores and in the shallowest waters. The rarefaction of the atmosphere and other changes which arise from altitude, sensibly affect the number and kind of vegetable forms; and in like manner the decrease of temperature (1 degree of Fahrenheit for every 25 fathoms), diminution of light, pressure of water, &c. which arise from increase of depth, perceptibly lessen the numbers and variety of marine testacea, until, ultimately, a point of sea-bottom is reached unenlivened either by vegetable or animal forms. This depth will differ in different seas, according as they are tropical or polar; but over the greater portion of the ocean, it may safely be assumed that below a depth of 300 fathoms uniform deposits of fine mud are taking place without any admixture of organic exuvie. Strata, therefore, which contain the remains of plants and animals, prove that such were the Flora and Fauna of the world at the time of their deposition; but it does not follow that strata utterly destitute of fossil organisms were formed at a time when plants and animals did not exist. Such beds as some of our non-fossiliferous slates may have been deposited in very deep water, beyond the limit of organized existence; and therefore geologists should not be too hasty in their inferences respecting the previous conditions of the globe, merely from the examination of any particular suite of strata.

Another fact ascertained in reference to the distribution of marine mollusca, is one precisely analogous to what occurs in the dispersion of vegetable races. It is well known that plants under the latitude of St Petersburg are different from those under the latitude of

* On the Light Thrown on Geology by Submarine Researches; being the substance of a communication made to the Royal Institution of Great Britain. February, 1844.

Calcutta; but sufficient altitude in the neighbourhood of the latter city would sustain plants the same in kind as those of St Petersburg. Thus, therefore, parallels in elevation are equivalent to parallels in latitude; that is, the Flora of the arctic regions will flourish in the tropics, provided there be altitude sufficient to reduce the temperature, &c. to an equality with that of their original habitat. Nevertheless each geographic region, at a given altitude, has its peculiar Flora; and in the same manner the shores of distant regions have each their characteristic mollusca. As we descend, however, the sea-bottom of southern regions begin to exhibit northern forms; and, just as it was possible to find the plants of St Petersburg at sufficient elevation in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, so at a certain depth in the Indian seas do we find the testaceous animals of the northern ocean. The proposition founded by Mr Forbes upon this fact is, that '*the number of northern forms of animals and plants is not the same in all the zones of depth, but increases either positively or by representation as we descend.*'

All varieties of sea-bottom are not equally capable of sustaining animal and vegetable life. In all the zones of depth there are occasionally more or less desert tracks, usually of sand or mud, on which few animals are found, or, if present, are only peculiar to these localities. Each species being adapted to live on certain sorts of sea-bottom only, beds of marine mollusca do not increase to an indefinite extent—they may die out in consequence of their own increase changing the nature of the ground. 'Thus,' says Mr Forbes, 'a bed of scallops (*pecten opercularis*) or of oysters having increased to such an extent that the ground is completely changed, in consequence of the accumulation of the remains of dead scallops or oysters, becomes unfitted for the further sustenance of the tribe. The young cease to be developed there, and the race dies out, and becomes silted up, or imbedded in sediment, when the ground being renewed, it may be succeeded either by a fresh colony of scallops, or by some other species or assemblage of species.' This—to recur to our vegetable analogy—is precisely what takes place among plants. The natural decay of an American pine forest is succeeded by trees of other kinds; the aquatic plants of a peat-marsh increase upon their own annual decay, until their accumulation has formed a dry basis incapable of their farther support, and which gives birth to heath and other non-aquatic tribes: a soil which has grown wheat for forty years may refuse to grow it any longer, until some change be effected upon its constitution either by the growth of other vegetables, or by the artificial addition of new ingredients; and exactly as this 'rotation of crops' is needed in the vegetable economy, so a similar rotation seems to take place among the testacea of the ocean. These facts bear importantly on the science of geology, as we are thereby enabled to account for the occurrence of shells in certain portions of any system, and for their absence in another, as also for the recurrence of fossil shell-beds at indefinite intervals—these intervals being the periods when the sea-bottom was not fitted for their development. The recurrence of certain fossil shell-beds, and the interstratification of beds containing species, may, however, be accounted for in another way, namely, by the alternate elevation and subsidence of the sea-bottom—a subsidence causing layers of deep-sea shells to be formed over those of littoral habits, and an elevation allowing those of shallow waters to be overlaid by those peculiar to greater depths. Thus, an elevation or depression of forty fathoms all along the shores of our island would entirely reverse the distribution of the present Fauna and Flora of the British seas—the former throwing several zones entirely out of water, and rendering the deeper habitats littoral; and the latter depressing the present deep-sea habitats beyond the limits of life, and causing the now littoral zone to be peopled by races who find their development only in forty or fifty-fathom water.

The next proposition laid down by Mr Forbes is, that

'*animals having the greatest ranges in depth have usually a great geographical range, or else a great geological range, or both.*' To render this obvious: a plant that will flourish indifferently in the south of Spain or in the north of Scotland, has not only a wider range in latitude, but also in longitude, than one which can subsist in the former region only. This is self-evident; and if enjoying this wide geographic range, it must also possess a wide geological range, as catastrophes which may annihilate it in Spain would leave it intact in Scotland. So in the same manner with marine testacea; those species adapted to live under a depth varying from twenty to sixty fathoms have a wider geographic range than those capable of living in a narrow zone from ten to twenty fathoms, as southern forms inhabiting the greater depth would find suitable habitats in northern seas, whereas those limited to the smaller zone could not find beyond their native region the conditions necessary to their subsistence. A subsidence or elevation of thirty fathoms would be utterly destructive of those peculiar to the narrow zone, while it would only destroy in part those of the wider region; or a catastrophe which might annihilate both in a southern sea would still leave intact those of the latter species which inhabited a more northerly region. Thus it is that many families have outlived the tertiary, and passed into the current epoch, while thousands of their congeners have become extinct.

But, it may be asked, how are certain tribes of mollusca perpetuated, seeing that, destitute of locomotion, and that by their own accumulation, they render the seabed unfit for their further growth? This is answered by the proposition, that *mollusca migrate in their larva state, but cease to exist at a certain period of their metamorphosis, if they do not reach the particular zone of depth in which they are adapted to live as perfect animals.* 'Many proofs of this,' continues Mr Forbes, 'have come to my knowledge, and fishermen are familiar with what they call "shifting" of shell-beds, which they erroneously attribute to the moving away and swimming off of a whole body of shell-fish, such as mussels and oysters. Even the *pectens*, much less the testacea just named, have very little power of progressing to any distance when fully developed. The "shifting" or migration is accomplished by the young animals when in a larva state.* It is in this form that most species migrate, swimming with ease through the sea. Part of the journey may be performed sometimes by the strings of eggs which fill the sea at certain seasons, and are wafted by currents. If they reach the region and ground of which the perfect animal is a member, then they develop and flourish; but if the period of their development arrives before they have reached their destination, they perish, and their fragile shells sink into the depth of the sea. Millions and millions must thus perish; and every handful of the fine mud brought up from the eighth zone of depth (230 fathoms) in the Mediterranean, is literally filled with hundreds of these curious exuvie of the larva of mollusca. Were it not for the law which permits of the development of these larvæ only in the region of which the adult is a true native, the zones of depth would long ago have been confounded with each other; and the very existence of the zones of depth is the strongest proof of the existence of the law.' This fact is also precisely analogous to that which obtains among vegetables. Their seeds may be dispersed by winds, by currents, or by birds; but unless they find in the region where they fall all the conditions necessary to their perfect development, they will not grow. They may

* All mollusca undergo a metamorphosis, either in the egg or out of the egg. The relations of the metamorphosis of the several tribes are not yet fully made out, but sufficient is now known to warrant the generalisation. In one great class of mollusca—the *gastropoda* (those that move on the under surface of their body, as the snail and periwinkle)—all appear to commence life under the same form both of a shell and animal; namely, a very simple, spiral, helioid shell, and an animal furnished with two flattened wings or lobes, by which it can swim freely through the fluid in which it is contained.

germinate, or even struggle against the adverse conditions for a few seasons, but they never arrive at maturity. The cocoa-nuts of the Pacific may be wafted to our shores, but they will not produce cocoa-groves, any more than the cones of our mountain-pine would give birth to pine-forests on the islands of the Pacific.

Such are a few of the known laws which govern the life and distribution of marine molluscs. The subject is one as yet imperfectly investigated; but the researches of Professor Forbes constitute an important step in the right direction. To those who can appreciate its bearing on geological research, the investigation is one of extreme value; and a matter of interest to all who direct their attention to the manifold works of nature, and observe the simplicity and uniformity of the laws by which these are regulated.

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

THE work of Mr Featherstonhaugh is another contribution to the already numerous body of publications descriptive of the United States, the present differing chiefly from its predecessors, in referring to the less settled and polished parts of the union, and involving a variety of details on the geological features of the very extensive region through which the traveller, in the face of innumerable difficulties, contrived to force his way. Of an observant turn of mind, and possessing a considerable power of graphic description, the author presents the occurrences of his journey often in a humorous, and always in a striking point of view, though tinged too frequently with prejudices common to English gentlemen of the old school, and occasionally accompanied with ebullitions of temper anything but characteristic of a philosophic inquirer. With all its faults on this score, however, the work will be found interesting by the generality of readers, and productive of grave considerations respecting the social and political condition of the United States.

Mr Featherstonhaugh performed his tour in 1834-5, since which period various circumstances have prevented him from publishing the results of his observations. Setting out from Baltimore, he pursued a southerly course along the Alleghany range of mountains, visiting by the way several hot springs of fashionable American resort; then, confiding his wife to the care of some friends at one of these places, he proceeded with his son on foot, September 3, to pursue the main objects of his journey. At the distance of a day's march they reached New River, a tributary of the Ohio, and here the traveller encounters a scene calculated to rouse the best feelings of his nature.

Just as we reached New River, in the early gray of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers just packing up to start. They had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night in chains in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi river, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine wagons and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were some of them sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood in double files about two hundred male

slaves, manacled and chained to each other. I had never seen so revolting a sight before. Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their months, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well-dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on with black crape round them, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars. * * I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by the "gang," as it was called.

'It was an interesting but a melancholy spectacle to see them effect the passage of the river; first a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a wagon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other wagons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat-boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs, always watchful to obtain their liberty, often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing that if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves, or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the free states. The slave-drivers, aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing "Old Virginia never tire" to the banjo.'

After a toilsome journey on foot and by stage, the travellers reached Nashville, in Tennessee, a town which has made great advances of late years, and now possesses some important educational establishments. From Nashville they proceed northward to Louisville, on the Ohio, crossing the Barrens of Kentucky, and taking notes everywhere of the geological features. At Louisville they resolve on easing their fatigues by taking a passage in a steam-vessel, the *Citizen*, commanded by Captain Isaac Jack, to St Louis, thus avoiding a land journey across Indiana and Illinois. Proceeding to reconnoitre the steamer, 'I found,' says our author, 'a great many passengers who had slept in the boat; and knowing what monstrous lies the captains of these vessels tell to induce passengers to embark with them, I thought I would speak with Captain Jack before I engaged our berths. Captain Jack, who was breakfasting in his cabin, had "considerable" of that buccaneering look about him which is common to his class on the Mississippi. He seemed in a very great hurry, and was surrounded by a number of impatient passengers, some of whom had embarked merchandise with him with a view of being the first to get to St Louis with their goods. The truth was, that the captain had always been going "to-day" for several days past, but had not got off yet. His custom every morning and evening was to set "the byler," as he called the boiler, a-going to make decoy steam, and in this way he had managed to entice various passengers to send their luggage on board. They soon found out the trick after they had got there, but as the wharf was three miles from Louisville, and Captain Jack's blandishments had still some influence with them, they continued with him; and there he kept them *de die in diem* by all sorts of ingenious expedients and mendacious promises, not one of which had he the slightest idea of keeping. Inquiring of him when he intended to start, he answered, "At four in the afternoon precisely." "How many best berths have you to spare?" "There's jist two, and no more." "Will you show me the book?" On looking at it, I saw that not one-half of the berths were taken, and observed, "I did not suppose he would start with so many empty berths, but would wait for the

* Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomac to the frontier of Mexico. By George Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray, 1844.

eastern stages to-morrow, and that I should like it as well." Now, the captain and I should have agreed very well on this point if we had been alone, but with the fear of his passengers before his eyes, he answered, "No, if you ain't aboard at four, you'll not find me here; I ain't a-going to stop not a minute for no stages." The passengers, who were attending to our conversation, now seemed to take courage, and assured me that the boat would start punctually at four, for all the cargo was taken in. "Why," said Captain Jack, drawing up in an attitude of offended honour, "do you think I would tell you a lie about it for double the passage-money? If I would, I wish I may be eternally blown I know where." I was now quite sure he did not intend to go; but hoping to out-general him, I said in a quiet way, "I am not a man of business; I am travelling for pleasure; two or three days are of no great consequence. They say the water is rising at Pittsburg, and it will be as comfortable for me to wait a day or two as to go now and run upon the shoals. If you had been going a couple of days hence, it might have suited some of us, for yours is a nice-looking boat;" which indeed it was. This rather "stumped" Captain Jack, and he left off swearing by four o'clock, knowing that another steamer was advertised to sail immediately after him, and fearing lest he should drive me to go to that. He looked piteously at me, as much as to say that if we were alone we could come to an understanding; but the passengers, alarmed at my proposition, now told him to a man they would all go ashore if he did not go at four. Uttering, therefore, the most astounding imprecations, and invoking the most absurd horrors upon himself and his steamer, which, if he did not keep his word, he first wished at the bottom of the Ohio, and then at the bottom of the Mississippi, not forgetting to wish himself at the bottom of a much worse place, he turned from his passengers, and in a low winning sort of way said, "Stranger, if I don't go at four, you can go back to Louisville; and that's fair, at any rate." I thought it was tolerably so, and we therefore embarked our luggage.

A few minutes before four the "byler" took up its part, and produced a little steam, and for a few minutes there was an appearance of bustle on board. Amidst all this, nobody had seen the captain for several hours, and he was now missing at the most critical moment. All the answer we could get from the steward was, that "the captain was gone for the pilot." In the meantime carts kept coming with goods, which were laid on the beach, evidently intended to be shipped; amongst these were several small casks filled with gunpowder.

* * Finally convinced of the utter faithlessness of Captain Jack, Mr Featherstonhaugh next day left the boat, and took places in the stage. St Louis, which he next reaches, is found to be completely changed from its original French character, and is now a regular American town. 'I saw at once that the everlasting Jonathan had struck his roots deep into the ground, and that the La Sales had given way to Doolittle and Co. If anything was wanting to bring me to the complete practical state of mind I was approaching, nothing could have been more serviceable than the tavern I was directed to, which was in every sense inferior to that at Louisville. On arriving there I entered the bar-room, which was filled with vagabond idle-looking fellows drinking, smoking, and swearing in American; everything looked as if we had reached the terminus of civilisation; it seemed to be next door to the Rocky Mountains, and only one stage from where we should find nature in a perfect undress, and in the habit of eating her dinner without a knife and fork.' In the bar-room of the tavern where he lodges, our traveller meets with a personage naming himself 'Colonel Smith,' whose occupation, he learns, is a mixture of gambling and running negroes: the latter requires some explanation.

It seems, that amongst other modes of getting a livelihood in the southern states, that of "running

negroes" is practised by a class of fellows who are united in a fraternity for the purpose of carrying on the business, and for protecting each other in time of danger. If one of them falls under the notice of the law, and is committed to take his trial, some of the fraternity benevolently contrive, "somehow or other," to get upon the jury, or kindly become his bail. To "run a negro," it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation, and if he is a mechanic, he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon the slave runs away from his master's premises and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars or more to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid he runs away again, and is sold a second time; and as oft as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro who does the harlequinade part of the manœuvre has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor wretch in the end is sure to be cheated, and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity, is, as I have been well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river or reaching a secret place, shot before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with.

The other residents in the hotel were not of a class suitable to the taste of our traveller, and but for his introductions to some French families, whom he delighted by speaking in their native language, his stay at St Louis would have been far from agreeable. Having purchased a horse and wagon to continue their journey, the father and son departed from St Louis on the 26th of October; and now ensues an account of the most adventurous part of the excursion, which took a southerly direction through the states of Missouri and Arkansas to beyond Red River in Texas, crossing the river Arkansas at Little Rock. The account which he gives of the settlers in that territory is somewhat surprising, for, amidst abundant natural means, they live miserably; the secret is, that the energies of the people are prostrated by the effects of disease, arising from the dampness of the soil. At Little Red River the tourists came to the cabin of a settler, where a deplorable scene was exhibited. The family, eight or ten in number, had emigrated from Tennessee in the month of May last, and had been ever since so completely prostrated by the malaria, that at one time there was not, during two whole days, a single individual of them able even to draw water for the family. A more sickly unhappy set of creatures I never beheld; livid, emaciated, helpless, and all of them suffering extreme pains and nausea from an excessive use of calomel. On the floor were laid the father and five of the children, still confined to their beds; but the mother, a kind, good-hearted woman, finding that we were travellers, and were without anything to eat, ordered one of the boys, who was still excessively weak, to show us where we could get some Indian corn, and how we could pound it so as to make a hoe cake. He accordingly took us to a patch of maize, which was yet standing, and having provided ourselves with a sufficient number of ears, we began the operation of pounding it. They had no mill of any sort to go to, but had scooped out a cavity in the stump of a large tree, over which was a wooden pestle, eight feet long, suspended from a curved pole sixteen feet in length, with a heavy weight at the end of it. A cross stick was fixed in the pestle, about two feet from its base; so putting the grains of maize into the cavity, and laying hold of the cross stick, we pounded away with this primitive contrivance until we thought our grist was fine enough; when, taking it to kind Mrs Morse, she made it into a hoe cake, and baked it before the fire. This, with the important aid of a pitcher of good milk, and our own tea and sugar, for we had nothing else left, enabled us to make an excellent breakfast. These good people,

who were half broken-hearted, and who sighed after their dear native Tennessee as the Jews are said to have done after Jerusalem, would not receive any compensation until I forced it upon them; but when I further divided my remaining tea and sugar with her, believing that it would refresh their prostrated stomachs, she said, with tears in her eyes, "that if anything would set her old man up again, it would be that nice tea;" and that she was at one time going to ask me if they might take the leaves that we had left, "but that she did not like to do it." So strange are the vicissitudes of life! We had passed the night with a family in whose favour I could willingly have invoked all the blessings that the stoutest hemp that was growing could confer, and here, when we little dreamt of it, we had become most feelingly interested for the welfare of their nearest neighbours; such an impression does suffering goodness make upon the heart.

Penetrating cane brakes, fording rivers, and sometimes 'camping out' at night, the travellers reach Little Rock, on the confines of the United States and Mexico, and the 'occasional residence of many timid and nervous persons against whom the laws of these respective countries had a grudge.' 'Mr Woodruff, the editor of the principal Gazette of the place, and post-master, was always obliging, and is one of the most indefatigably industrious men of the territory. At his store we used to call to hear the news of the day, which were various and exciting enough; for, with some honourable exceptions, perhaps there never was such another population assembled—broken tradesmen, refugees from justice, travelling gamblers, and some young bucks and bloods, who, never having had the advantage of good examples for imitation, had set up a standard of manners consisting of everything that was extravagantly and outrageously bad. Quarrelling seemed to be their principal occupation; and these puppies, without family, education, or refinement of any kind, were continually resorting to what they called the "laws of honour," a part of the code of which, in Little Rock, is to administer justice with your own hand the first convenient opportunity. A common practice with these fellows was to fire at each other with a rifle across the street, and then dodge behind a door. Every day groups were to be seen gathered round these wordy bullies, who were holding knives in their hands, and daring each other to strike, but cherishing the secret hope that the spectators would interfere. One of the most respectable inhabitants told me that he did not suppose there were twelve inhabitants of the place who ever went into the streets without, from some motive or other, being armed with pistols or large hunting knives about a foot long and an inch and a half broad, originally intended to skin and cut up animals, but which are now made and ornamented with great care, and kept exceedingly sharp, for the purpose of slashing and sticking human beings. So general is the propensity to gambling in this territory, that a very respectable person assured me he had seen the judges of their highest court playing publicly at faro at some races. The senators and members of the territorial legislature do the same thing; in fact, the greater part of these men get elected to the legislature not to assist in transacting public business, but to get the wages they are entitled to per diem, and to gratify their passion for gambling. A traveller whom I met with at Little Rock, told me that he was lodging at an indifferent tavern there, and had been put into a room with four beds in it. There he had slept quietly alone two nights, when, on the third, the day before the legislature convened, the house became suddenly filled with senators and members, several of whom, having come up into his room with their saddle-bags, got out a table, ordered some whisky, and produced cards they had brought with them. The most amusing part of the incident was, that they asked him to lend them five dollars until they could get some of their legislative "wages." Not liking this proposition very much, he

told them that he was as hard-up as themselves. They therefore proceeded to play on tick; sat up almost the whole night smoking, spitting, drinking, swearing, and gambling; and at about five in the morning two of them threw off their clothes and came to bed to him.'

Proceeding onward from this hopeful town, our travellers come to a tavern, kept, as we are told, by a sort of 'she Caliban;' and here, from some other travellers sitting round the fire, a number of 'pleasant stories' are heard, characteristic of the raw state of society in this part of Arkansas. The 'best story of the evening' must be told in the words of the narrator. 'Four culprits had broken the jail at Little Rock, where they had been put preparatory to being sent to a distant part of the country to be tried in the district where they had committed their offences. Three of them were charged with murder and the fourth with several cases of horse-stealing, a crime at the head of all offences there, since there is nothing manly in it, and nothing more inconvenient. Their counsel—for it was he who related the story to us—said that they had good friends, and that he was well paid for defending them. As soon as he ascertained from his clients that they were all guilty, he arranged his plan for their defence. The place where they were to be tried consisted of a single house in the wilderness, which represented the future county town; the witnesses were on the spot, and all the appliances to constitute a court. Twelve men had been with some difficulty got to leave home and come to this place to perform the part of a jury. At the critical moment, however, one of these men was not to be found; and as a panel could not be formed, the judge stated the fact, and asked what step the prosecuting attorney intended to take. The counsel of the accused, after many protestations of their innocence, and their strong desire to prove it without loss of time, now proposed to fill the panel de circumstantibus. It so happened that the only circumstances were the three murderers and the horse-stealer, so they put one of the murderers into the jury, and first tried the horse-stealer and acquitted him, and then put the horse-stealer into the panel and acquitted the murderer; and by this sort of admirable contrivance the whole four were honourably acquitted, and returned perfectly whitewashed into the bosom of society; the jury and the rest of the court also, having got rid of a tedious and unpleasant business, returned without delay to their respective homes.'

We have not space to follow Mr Featherstonhaugh through the subsequent part of his journey, in which he proceeds by way of New Orleans and Mobile back to the place where his wife had been left in Virginia; but referring the reader to the work itself, which will amply repay perusal, we conclude with the following 'wolf story,' which the author picked up in his way through Texas:—'There had been a merry-making at new-year amongst some of the settlers, and a black man, who had a wife and children about three miles off, and who played on the fiddle, had been sent for to play "Virginia reels" to the young people. It was three in the morning when he took his kit under his arm to return home, and it had been snowing for some time, with a high cold wind raging that drifted the snow into heaps wherever he passed the clearings. He had got about half the distance, exceedingly fatigued, and wishing he was at home with his black pickaninny, when, having just left an extensive swamp which ran far into the country, he heard a strong pack of wolves "sing out," as if they had scent of something. The wolf, when in a famished state, has a very keen scent, and can detect a change in the air at great distances. And in this particular instance it happened that they scented Mr Marcus Luffett (Marquis La Fayette)—for such was the name he was known by—who had rather a strong hide. He had very soon reason to believe that was the case: the wolves were to leeward of him, and were evidently coming in his direction; so, feeling assured of this, and despairing of reaching his home in time, he employed all his powers to reach a small abandoned cabin in a clearing by the

road-side, which was about a quarter of a mile off, the roof of which was partly destroyed, but the door of which was yet hung. On came the ferocious animals, barking and shrieking; they were upon his track, and great were his apprehensions of falling into their power; but on gaining the clearing, he fortunately found the snow was drifted away there, and did not impede him, so that he was just able to rush in season into the cabin, and clamber up the logs inside to a rafter that ran across. The door he did not attempt to shut, for the wolves were within ten yards of him when he entered, and he was afraid he could not keep it shut against the pressure of a large body of desperate animals. Great was the rage of the wolves when they entered at being balked of their prey. The cabin was at one time quite filled with them, and he said that they went in and out, and round the cabin, to see if there was any place by which they could get at so savoury a joint as that which was hanging up, but rather too high in the larder. Finding that he was safe, he began to acquire confidence, and watching his opportunity, he scrambled along until he got over the door; and there, with a little management, he contrived with his legs to shut a great number of them in the cabin. Those outside appearing to have gone away to look for other game, and those inside remaining silent with their glaring eyes fixed intently upon him, the marquis, who had no small idea of his skill, now thought he would treat them to a "Virginia reel," and forthwith commenced with his kit to astonish the lupine auditory with such a solo as they had never heard before. At first they howled, the performer not appearing to give universal satisfaction: but day beginning to dawn, and finding they could not get out, they crouched down on the floor of the cabin all together, and remained silent. As soon as he thought the morning was sufficiently advanced to remove all apprehension from those outside, he got through a hole in the roof, and hastened to his family. Immediately collecting a number of men armed with rifles and axes, he returned with them to the cabin, which they all entered by the hole from whence he had escaped. The wolves were crouched together as he had left them, and showed now as sneaking a disposition as it had before been furious. They shot no less than thirty-seven; all the skins were given to Mr Marcus Luffett, and the neighbours subscribed twenty-five dollars in cash as some return for the important service he had rendered them, by the destruction of so many depredators upon their calves and pigs.

FROM BOY TO MAN.

My father is an attorney, with sufficient business for four clerks. One feels bound to be candid towards a father; so I will own that mine was a very kind-hearted worthy sort of person. I had recently completed my sixteenth year, when he thought proper to transfer me from school to a desk in the office, that I might become qualified for his own profession. My employments were for some months confined to going with messages, filling up subpoenas, and serving copies of writs; all which duties I performed to the entire satisfaction of my worthy parent and the senior clerk: at least I heard of no complaints. But my own feelings in the business were of a different kind. I found that, when out upon duty, I was not treated as I thought I ought to be. For example, taking a half-guinea motion to counsel one day, I was announced by the clerk as 'Mr Brompton's lad.' On another occasion, when engaged in the somewhat delicate business of serving a copy of a writ, the page who led me into the house told the footman to tell the master that little boy wanted to see master. These and other similar traits of disrespect galled me, and I was at a loss to account for it, till I

reflected that, after all, since I was dressed only as a boy, with a round jacket and turned-over collar, I could not expect to be thought anything else. This disheartened me sadly, for I did not at first see my way out of the difficulty, and I felt, accordingly, disposed to fall back again amongst the playfellows whom I had just left. I was actually one day so far gone in self-humiliation as to get involved in a game at ring-taw with some of these old friends, when I ought to have been at the Hanaper Office filing a declaration. What was my consternation when my good father unexpectedly passed me, casting, as he went by, such a look of angry reproach, as I knew he only put on as the judge does his black cap;—when a very heavy punishment is to be inflicted. Happily, on reaching home, I was agreeably disappointed; all that that shrewd man of the world and politic father did was—to order me a surtout!

This puzzled me exceedingly at first; but I saw the wisdom of it in due time. Three mornings afterwards the garment came home; and when it, along with the tailor, was announced, there was quite a commotion at our orderly breakfast-table. My sisters were glad, for they longed to see how Tom would look in man's clothes; my mother expressed the usual hope that there would be 'room for growing'; and even my father showed how deeply he was interested by taking off his spectacles and laying down the newspaper in the middle, I do really believe, of the leading article. Nay more; he evinced, to my astonishment, an unprecedented interest in my wardrobe by leaving the room with me, determined, it would seem, to assist at the putting on—at the inauguration—of my first surtout.

The coat was tried on. My mother and sisters were admitted; and then the tailor went through that professional dumb-show with which tailors invariably accompany their best fits. He gave a pull at the skirts behind, made a skilful adjustment of the roll-collar in front, smoothed down the waist with both his palms, and finally took a few backward steps to indulge in an instant's admiration of his workmanship, like an artist who has put the finishing touches to his best picture. He looked round, evidently for applause; nor was he wholly disappointed; for although my mother found a few faults (to establish an after-plea for abatement in the price), my father pronounced a decisive verdict of acquittal on all counts of her indictment. My sisters giggled, and I—but I cannot describe my feelings, so I will not make the attempt.

The tailor was discharged, and so was his bill; but it was soon found that there were other expenses to be incurred. My first surtout was destined to become the great reformer of my outer, as it afterwards was of my inner, man. Like 'My Uncle's Dressing-Gown,' an account of which I gave in a former number of this Journal, my surtout required other things to match it. The broad collar had to be exchanged for a stand-up one; my neck was to be kept within the bounds of prim decorum by a black cravat. Straps were added to my boots, and gloves to my hands. Thus newly-equipped, I sallied forth into the 'garish eye of day.' I could feel that my style of walking was instinctively altered. I trod heavily on my iron heels, that so well-adorned a person might not pass quite unheeded by the public at large. I held my chin higher than heretofore by reason of the cravat. My chest protruded, that the fine roll of the collar might be displayed to the best advantage; and my back straightened, that there should not be a wrinkle in the finely-fitting waist. Ideas and aspirations also came into my mind to which it had been a stranger. The jewellers' shops, that hitherto displayed their brilliant wares unheeded, now excited my admiration and hopes. Visions of figured-satin stocks, ornamented by enormous gold pins, with heads stuck all over with turquoise, and joined to little ones by long chains, now occupied my glowing imagination. I even dared to aspire to a silver-tipped cane for street use, and actually asked the price of one at an umbrella

shop, but had not the courage to purchase it. My most heroic acts of self-denial were, however, performed on passing the looking-glass warehouses; for desperate were my efforts to prevent myself from stopping to view my own reflection. At length, in a court at the back of Furnival's Inn, human nature gave way! There a retired shop displayed an enormous mirror at the door; no one was near to detect me; I stood before it, and revelled in an admiring gaze of my whole person. What a change! The metamorphoses recorded by Ovid, which I had studied at school and thought great nonsense, now appeared probable. I hardly believed in my own identity. Could I be the individual whom Rebuter's clerk had announced as 'Mr Brompton's lad'? Was I the 'little boy' spoken of by the baronet's page? Could I be he who, less than a week ago, played at shoot-in-the-ring, and knuckled down at taw in Gray's Inn? I looked at my kid gloves, and muttered 'Impossible!'

I reached the office. Hitherto, the change in my outward appearance had only taken its effect on myself. It was now to be seen how it would act upon others. The chancery clerk stepped nimbly down from his stool, and, with a polite bow, inquired my business, for at first he did not know me. When, however, he discovered his mistake, he burst into a loud laugh. The engrossing clerk, on the contrary, was absorbed for a time in my personal appearance, and neither spoke nor laughed, but having concluded his inspection, winked at his colleagues, and resumed his penmanship. 'Well,' exclaimed Mr Wright, who managed our common law, 'I have seen a few alterations in people in my time, but this beats them all! A surtout looks more business-like anyhow; that broad white collar of yours had such a female sort of look about it. Hadn't it, Neb?'

'It just had,' replied Mr Neb.

'And then,' continued Wright, 'at the public offices, when Mr Thomas was sent to take out a summons and so on, why, nobody used to notice him, and he was always served last. Of course—for who puts themselves out of their way for a boy; eh, Tom?—I mean Mr Thomas.'

There was sound philosophy in this, though I did not see the force of it at the time. One thing, however, I did see, which was, that my new surtout had inspired our common law clerk with a little additional respect. This was the first time he had ever called me 'Mr Thomas,' except in the presence of my father. Previous to that memorable day, Mr Wright, whose manners were affable and condescending even to familiarity, was in the habit of conveying his wishes to me in such words as, 'I say, Tom, step off to the judge's chambers and see if that rule in Doe: Dem: Figgins versus Jones is ready.'

I had to meet my father in the court of Common Pleas that morning, and departed from Furnival's Inn at the proper time. Outside the Inn in Holborn there is a coach-stand, and for several weeks I had been tormented by a facetious cabman, who was in the habit of jeering at my schoolboy appearance by asking, amongst other facetious inquiries, if I 'knewed my spelling?' Now, however, I passed him fearlessly. I felt that my surtout, like a coat of mail, would render the shafts of his satire pointless. I was not deceived: the fellow actually touched his hat, and accompanied the act of respect with the usual solicitation of 'cab, sir?' This I felt to be extremely complimentary: it was evident I looked like a gentleman of sufficient age and affluence to ride about inside a cab. A week before, I used to think it a great treat to be ordered to call a vehicle for a client, that I might enjoy the fun of riding from the stand to our office-door on the box. Arrived at Westminster, I was surprised at the ease with which I got through the crowd. When inside my round jacket, I used to be pushed about and assailed with impertinent inquiries as to what boys wanted there? but now they made way for me, and I marched up to the attorney's table, where my father sat, with the most dignified calmness.

Having transacted the business that had brought me

into court—which consisted simply of conveying in a blue bag the papers 'in' Doe: Dem: Figgins versus Jones, which was to come on that day—I experienced, in making my exit, the same deference from the crowd as it had shown me on entering. There was now an hour to spare, and I considered how I should pass it most agreeably. In my round jacket days I should in all probability have run off to the cloisters, to join in a game of whoop with some of my former schoolfellows of 'The Westminster,' or have lingered at the stairs of the bridge for the chance of a pull on the river in one of their boats. But such recreations for a young gentleman in a surtout-coat and kid gloves were not to be thought of. I felt that a walk in the Park would be far more worthy of my present personal appearance. Thither I accordingly bent my steps, and though, on passing the lodge where I had enjoyed many a taw, worth of curds-and-whey, the old yearnings vigorously attacked me, yet I manfully resisted them—determined to spend my money in a more respectable manner. On entering the Park enclosure, therefore, instead of lying down at full length on the grass as heretofore, I threw myself into a chair, and paid my penny for its use like a gentleman!

While thus seated, I had further opportunities of observing the rapid change which had come over me. When I looked at the swans and Muscovy ducks which swam before me in the ornamental water, I wondered how I could in my younger days (that is to say, about a fortnight before) have been so lost to all sense of propriety as to have pelted them with pebbles when the park-keeper wasn't looking. Now, so completely changed was I by my new apparel, inwardly as well as outwardly—so completely was I *endmanné*, as the French say, in feeling as well as in costume, that my ideas of amusement took a far higher range. A lady and gentleman near me were conversing most earnestly about the last evening's Italian opera, and somehow I took a degree of interest in their conversation I had never previously dreamt of. While listening with the gravest attention, the talkers got into a dispute about the time of day, for their watches did not agree. 'Perhaps,' said the lady, 'this gentleman's watch may be more correct.' She pointed to me! I blushed, stammered, and presently walked away fuller of admiration of my surtout than ever; for it manifestly gave me the fashionable air of a gentleman who carries a watch! Dear me, what dreams of ambition occupied my mind during my return to the office! I actually coveted a gold repeater!

Every moment of that great era in the calendar of my life showed me how effectually the surtout had raised me to man's estate. When I met any of our friends in the street, they had to be reminded who I was, whereupon they all attested how much I was altered, some of them adding, 'and for the better too!' But nothing tended to convince me of the estimation to which my surtout had raised me in the eyes of other people so much, as a circumstance which happened when I got home to dinner. Jane Merryweather and her mother were there. Jane was about my own age, had for some years been a playmate of my sister's, and consequently now and then of mine. It was only on the Thursday in the last week that we all had a game of forfeits together, and romped and laughed to such a degree, that my mother was obliged to come into the room several times to check us. But now, on going up to her as usual to shake hands and have my joke, what a change came over her! Instead of her usual unrestrained greeting, she offered her hand slowly, looked timidly at her mamma, blushed, and in answer to my question, 'Well, Jenny, how are you?' replied, 'Very well, thank you, sir,' and retired to a chair at some distance. I could not understand this, and appealed to Mrs Merryweather for an explanation. 'Why, you know, Mr Thomas,' she answered, 'your joking and laughing were all very well when you were a little boy in a round jacket; but now you are getting up to be a man, and—and—perhaps, you know, Jane thinks you

are now too old for such childish amusement.' During the rest of the evening Mrs Merryweather kept a very strict eye on my movements, and Jane got more and more confused, and, as it were, frightened for me.

This was the climax to my day's adventures. When bedtime came, and our guests were gone, I retired to my room, took off my surtout, and wrapped myself up in the profoundest reflections. Some of them were not very flattering. 'I have,' I thought, 'been treated with more respect and consideration to-day than I ever experienced before. Has my merit so much increased that I really deserve it? Certainly not; for, except the vow I have made never again to play at marbles, I am not conscious of any reformation whatever in my conduct.' I looked at my new surtout, and found the solution of the problem there. 'The world, then,' I continued, 'has accorded its respect not to any superior merit of my own, but to the superior style of my coat. Why have I been treated so much like a man? Have I grown more manly since yesterday? Of course not; it is my coat which has made me appear older. The world, then, judges very much from appearances. Then let this be a lesson to me; let me in future endeavour to deepen the impression my first surtout has gained for me, by not only appearing, but being more manly than heretofore; more thoughtful, staid, and studious, that I may be better fitted for the great business of life upon which I have now entered.' I went to sleep; dreamt that I had sent all my marbles to my brother Bob at boarding-school; and that my father had promoted me from the rank of the 'lad' to that of his junior clerk. What is rather singular, before the next day had closed, every part of my dream came true!

After a few days' wear, the sudden rise from boy to man sat more easily on me, my new avocations in the office brought me business which drove all ideas of walking-canes and gold watches out of my head, and it was solely occupied by what Locke has designated 'the perfection of human reasoning'—the English law. People at the public offices, who, in my broad-collar days, scarcely deigned to notice me, now remarking the earnestness with which I applied myself to my duties, rendered me willing attention. 'Bless me,' exclaimed a respectable old gentleman of the six-clerk's office one morning as I was walking away with a vice-chancellor's decree—'bless me, how that young man has altered during the last three months; I cannot account for it.'

'I can,' replied my father, who had just entered the office. 'The fact is, Mr Preccups, the tailor has made a man of him.'

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

THE LAST DAYS OF CATHERINE OF MEDICIS.

The life of Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henry II. of France, and mother of the three ensuing kings, affords one of the darkest pictures of human depravity with which history furnishes us. There was no treachery, cruelty, which this woman would not commit for the purpose of promoting her ambitious ends; she corrupted her very children in order to make them follow out her wicked policy. It is most instructive to observe how all the wiles and bloody deeds of Catherine revolved only in misfortunes to her family and herself. Her eldest son, Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots), died in youth, in consequence of the anxiety in which her policy had involved him. The second, Charles IX., having been forced by her to order the celebrated Bartholomew massacre, sunk under his consequent remorse. Finally, her third son, Henry III., whom she had succeeded in corrupting to a greater degree than any of the rest, was driven from Paris, along with herself, by the son of that Duke of Guise whose murder she is believed to have instigated.

It was in 1588 that this last event took place. Ca-

therine was now seventy years of age, broken down with infirmities and disappointment, yet still possessed of all her atrocious dispositions. She escaped from her newly-erected palace of the Tuilleries with some difficulty, and took refuge with her son in the castle of Blois, on the Loire, a magnificent old fortress, which still remains nearly in the same state in which it was at the end of the sixteenth century.* Neglected by her son and his courtiers, she was left on her bed of agony to the attendance of her inferior domestics, without a friend to cheer or comfort her in her hours of suffering and distress. The power of the Duke of Guise had at this time attained such a height, that the king possessed scarcely the shadow of authority: his person, his habits, his affections, were the objects of the blackest calumny and abuse; the preachers, in their sermons, represented him to the people as the worst of tyrants, and styled him the offspring of the devil.

The states-general were called together to seek a remedy for the disorders of the kingdom; but through the influence of their party, they were all selected from the adherents of the league, and every proposition made by the king was instantly rejected. Even in his personal intercourse, the Duke of Guise took upon him to speak with the authority of a master whose will was to be obeyed without a question; and it was publicly said that he intended to carry the king to Paris, and to act over again the scene of Charles Martel and Chilperic. The Duchess of Montpensier, the duke's sister, constantly carried at her side a pair of golden scissors, which she said were intended to make the tonsure of brother Henry of Valois; and it was expected that the king would be forced into a convent, and Henry of Guise proclaimed king of France. With these reports universally credited, what must have been the torturing reflections of Catherine of Medicis on her bed of sickness and approaching dissolution! Was it to such ends and purposes that she had waded through the blood of friend and foe? She felt herself powerless, from age and infirmity, and knew that her son was equally so from education and habit; but it seemed he had too much of his mother's nature within him not to seek for vengeance, cost what it would, and a direful scene was in preparation to mark the closing hours of Catherine's eventful life. In this scene, however, she had no participation, the king himself being the sole instigator of the plot, for his own deliverance from the bondage in which he was held, and from the dangers which he anticipated. He first consulted with the Marechal d'Aumont, and three other intimate friends, to whom he disclosed his sorrows and his fears, his resolution and his hopes. To attack the power of the Guises by open force, was agreed to be impossible; but the education which the queen-mother had given to her son made him little scrupulous as to any other means by which he might rid himself of his enemies: the only difficulty was to find a hand to strike the blow. At length Henry resolved to apply to Crillon, the colonel of his guards, who bore a personal hatred to the duke, and was sincerely devoted to the king; but, on application being made to him, his answer was such as was little to be expected from a courtier of his time; 'Sire,' he said, 'I am your majesty's servant, and am ready to do battle with the Duke of Guise to the death, if such be your will and pleasure; but to act as an assassin or an executioner, is neither the part of a gentleman nor a soldier.' To Henry's credit he took the reply in good part, and the brave Crillon lost nothing of his favour or affection; his secrecy was secured, and application made to Loignac, first gentleman of the bedchamber, who agreed to undertake the execution of the king's purpose. These measures took place on the 21st of December, and the 23d was fixed upon as the day of vengeance. The duke, in the meanwhile, trusting to the pusillanimity of the monarch, and confident in his own strength, acted with increased arrogance, and having objected to a person whom the latter

* For a particular description of this castle, see No. 622 of the Journal, first part.

had nominated commander of the royal archers, insultingly said that he should resign his post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and seek some other office. The king understood the nature of the threat, but concealing his anger and his fears, assured his 'good cousin' that in two or three days they would arrange the affair between them without any dispute. In the interval no alarm was taken by the princes of Lorraine, though, after the deed was done, it was said that the great Nostadamus, who had been one of Catherine's favourite soothsayers, had predicted the event in the almanac for the year, and declared that a great murder would be perpetrated at Blois; but this and other vaticinations were treated with ridicule by him who was most deeply interested in their development. On the evening of the 22d, when he sat down to dinner, the duke found upon his plate a paper, by which he was warned to be on his guard, as a plot was on the point of execution against him: to this he contented himself by writing beneath the notice, 'they dare not,' and threw the paper carelessly under the table. His friends, however, began to feel vague alarms, and a secret council was held to consider if it would not be better for him to withdraw for a time from Blois; but Guise felt confident in his force, and thought that his retreat would compromise his party, and also be a tacit confession of treasonable designs. 'I am too far advanced,' he said, 'to draw back, and if I saw death coming in at the window, I would not open the door to escape.' During this time the king pretended to be wrapt in devout preparation for the festival of Christmas, and declared his intention to make a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Clery on the 23d, but, on the evening of the 22d, announced that he had changed his mind, and should spend the day at Noué, a small residence on the borders of the forest, sending the Sieur de Merle to request the Duke of Guise, his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Archbishop of Lyons, and others, to attend him in his cabinet at six o'clock in the morning, as he wished to expedite some weighty matters of business without disturbing his devotions during the rest of the week.

Notwithstanding the havoc made during the revolution of the interior as well as the exterior of the castle of Blois, and its subsequent conversion into a military barrack, the arrangements of the part of the building destined to be the scene of murder remains at the present day nearly the same as that which it exhibited on the 23d of December 1589; the demolition of some of the carved work, and placing a slight partition across the royal chamber, being all the change which has taken place. The room has a dark and gloomy character from its vast length, and from the windows being all placed on the north side; at the east end is a spacious chimney, and in the centre of the south side an alcove, in which was placed the king's bed; at the west end of the chamber is a door communicating with the apartment used as a council-room in the time of Henry III.; farther on was a corridor with various small cells, and a staircase descending to the bedroom of the queen-mother.

Loignac, who had (as has been said) accepted the office so honourably declined by Crillon, had procured the aid of Larchant, one of the captains of the royal guard, and by the king's command waited on the Duke of Guise in the evening at the head of some soldiers of his regiment, to request his support to a petition which they intended to present to the council next day to obtain the arrears of their pay. At nine o'clock Larchant returned, and received his final orders from his majesty, who retired to the queen's chamber at midnight, after giving orders to Du Halde, his first valet de chambre, to awake him at four o'clock.

At the appointed time the valet knocked at the door, which was opened by Louise de Poulans, the principal attendant on her majesty, who was desired to announce the hour to the king, which Henry arose instantly—not from the bed, for the whole night he had been restless. On passing into his own chamber, he found Crillon and Du Halde awaiting

him, and was soon after joined by Loignac, who brought with him several of the body-guard, to make sure of whom the king himself locked them up in the cells he had fitted up in the adjoining corridor for the reception of the Capuchins who frequently attended his devotions. When the members of the council had arrived, he reconducted the guards into his chamber, ordering them to move as quietly as possible, not to disturb the queen-mother; and repeated his commands, promising large rewards if they were faithfully executed. He then gave directions to the huissier stationed in the ante-room to admit no one except by his own immediate order, and sent the Marechal D'Aumont, his confidant, into the council-chamber, to be in readiness to arrest the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Archbishop of Lyons the instant the duke should have fallen; directing at the same time Bellegarde to summon into his oratory two of his chaplains, Claude de Bullis and Etienne d'Arguyn, with orders that they should 'pray earnestly to God that the king might succeed in the undertaking he was about for repose of the kingdom.' These arrangements made, he awaited the arrival of the brothers of Lorraine in a state of agonizing excitement. Instead of his usual apathy and indifference, he now exhibited the most restless and nervous agitation, repeatedly addressing himself to the guards, and charging them to take care of themselves, for the duke, he said, was very strong and powerful. At length the cardinal arrived, but the duke was still absent. It was nearly eight o'clock before he was in readiness to attend the council, though a messenger had been sent to say that the king was waiting to depart. The morning was dull and gloomy, and a cold and piercing rain was falling in torrents. On arriving at the foot of the staircase leading to the council-chamber, Guise found Larchant at the head of his company with the petition they had requested the duke to present, and asking permission to wait till it was decided. This was easily granted; the prince promised his support, and entered the room where the council was assembled; when Larchant immediately placed his men in double rank upon the stairs, and sent his lieutenant with twenty men to occupy the passage leading to the king's chamber. In the meanwhile Crillon, according to the orders he had received, caused all the gates of the castle to be closed. This spread instantaneous alarm amongst the partisans of Guise, and Pericard, his secretary, who was in waiting below, endeavoured to convey a billet enclosed in a pocket handkerchief to his master, containing these words—'Save yourself, monseigneur, or you are lost.' The page charged with this warning gave it to a huissier of the council; but it was arrested by the guards, and there was no longer a hope of escape for the destined victim.

On entering the council, the duke found all the members assembled, with the exception of the Archbishop of Lyons, who arrived almost immediately. Seating himself by the fire, he complained of cold, was observed to turn very pale, and requested M. de St Prix to procure him some sweetmeats. St Prix offered him some dried prunes of Brignolles, which he accepted, and said he felt better. The secretary then proceeded to lay some papers before the assembly, when the door was opened, and it was announced that his majesty desired to see the duke in his chamber. The latter placed some of the prunes in a gold box, wrapped his cloak round his arm, saluted the members, and passed towards the royal apartment with the box in his hand. On entering, he bowed to the guards stationed near the door, and was advancing towards the upper end of the room, where Henry stood leaning against the side of the chimney: as he proceeded, he suddenly turned half round, thinking he heard some one behind him. At this instant one of the guards named Monterey caught him by the arm and wounded him in the throat with a poniard, whilst another seized him round the legs, and a third struck him on the back of the head. 'My friends! my friends! treason!' cried

the duke; and with a violent blow from the box in his hand he felled one of the assailants to the ground, and dragged himself and those who clung to him half the length of the chamber, when he received a mortal wound from the hand of Loignac, and fell beside the king's bed in the alcove. 'My God! mercy!' were his last words. Henry, who had remained immovable during the bloody scene, seeing the body motionless on the floor, advanced and ordered Bellegarde to search it. A gold chain, to which was attached a small key, was found fastened round one of his arms, and in his pocket a purse with some gold coin, and a billet, on which was written—'To carry on a civil war in France will require seven hundred thousand écus per month.' During the search, Bellegarde thought he perceived some movement in the body, and said, 'Monseigneur, whilst you have life, ask pardon of God and the king.' Guise gave a deep and heavy sigh, and expired. The body was then covered with a cloth, drawn into a closet, and two hours after delivered into the hands of the public executioner.

On the noise caused by the struggle being heard in the council-chamber, the members rose in great alarm; Marechal de Retz exclaimed that France was lost, and the cardinal cried out, 'They are murdering my brother,' whilst d'Espinaç rushed to the door to endeavour to aid the duke; but the Marechal d'Aumont, drawing his sword, intercepted him, and said calmly, 'Gentlemen, remain where you are, and await his majesty's commands.' The room was then instantly filled with archers, and the two prelates placed in custody of an exempt of the guards. After a short interval Loignac, without his cloak and with his head bare, entered and announced the duke's death, summoning the members of the council to the royal presence. They found the king much excited; and in a tone of menace to which he was little accustomed, he told them 'that at length he was king, and would take care that from henceforth his power should be respected.' He then left them, and went to the apartment of his mother, who had heard the noise in the king's chamber, and the attempts which Pericard and other attendants of the duke had vainly made to gain admission to her presence, but remained in total ignorance of what was passing, till Henry himself announced the event which had taken place. And what was the effect of the dreadful tale upon this wretched woman, lying on the bed of death? Was it an additional pang added to the consciousness of many crimes? Was it compassion for one for whom she had long professed the greatest friendship and affection?

Was it anxiety for the difficulties in which she had involved herself and the country? No! Her hard heart remained unsoftened by any of these considerations. Her pride and ambition were invincible; and her first feelings were those of indignation at not having been made a confidant in the plot. After a time, being appeased, she observed that the work was well cut out, and that now it was necessary to sew it together. 'C'est bien coupé, mais il faut a présent coudre, activité et vigueur, voilà ce qu'il vous faut,' were her words before she sank exhausted by pain and weakness on her bed; and again the poniards of the assassins were called into play. The Cardinal of Lorraine, who had been arrested in the council-chamber, was conveyed into a lower room in a neighbouring tower, which communicated with the part of the castle where the recent tragedy had been enacted, and in the floor of which there is still a trap-door opening into the oubliettes beneath; but it was not in those dark recesses of crime and horror that the second victim was to execute the ambitious projects of his party. After a night of anxiety and alarm spent with his fellow-prisoner, the Archbishop of Lyons, in prayer and watching, he remained in ignorance of his approaching fate. Those who had been ready and willing to execute the royal commands against the duke, recoiled from the idea of staining their hands in the blood of a priest and a member of the church; but at length a Captain du Guast, a Frenchman, who at the king's desire undertook

the dangerous office; and at the price of four hundred écus obtained the aid of three soldiers of his company. Attended by them and by a valet-de-chambre of the monarch, he entered the dungeon where the cardinal was confined, and informed him that the king required his presence. 'Are we both to attend his majesty?' asked the captive. 'I am charged to summon you only, monseigneur,' replied Du Guast; and as the unfortunate man left the chamber to follow him, the archbishop, who seemed to have anticipated his fate, desired him 'to think on God.' In a few moments the sounds without the door told him too clearly that his anticipations were correct. The cardinal was murdered in the passage outside between the Tour de Moulines and the rest of the building, and the spot where he fell is still pointed out to those who visit the castle. The bodies of the two brothers were afterwards burnt to ashes in a chamber under the staircase built by Louis XII., and the remains thrown into the Loire, to prevent their being regarded as relics by their adherents.

Eight days after this second murder, on the 5th of January, the guilty Catherine finished her mortal career; and as her hopes of earthly grandeur had fallen to nothing during her life, so also the gorgeous memorials she had prepared in her prosperity to continue her fame became vain and empty monuments. The magnificent tomb she had prepared to receive her mortal remains was left void and untenanted. Political affairs pressed too rapidly upon her son to allow him to attend to his mother's obsequies, and her body, says a cotemporary historian, was treated with as little regard as that of 'an old goat.' It was indeed ordered to be embalmed, in order to its transportation to St Dennis; but the operation was so imperfectly performed, that it became necessary to inter it on the spot, and it was thrown into the common cemetery with as little respect as that of any other malefactor. A few months saw the principal agents of the murders above recorded receive the reward of their crimes; the minor tools were abandoned by their employer to punishment or neglect; and the hand of a fanatic assassin cut off the last of the offspring of the guilty Catherine, and with him extinguished the race of Valois, for whose aggrandisement so many dreadful offences had been perpetrated. It is worthy of remark, that the identical motive which the Duke of Guise urged for the murder of the Admiral Coligny, was his own death warrant. He had vehemently pressed the necessity of that infamous act—'parce que l'amiral faisoit trop le roi' (for the admiral made himself too much a king).

THE FORLORN HOPE.

SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE was a veteran soldier, who had gained the respect and esteem of his whole regiment, officers and men. There was a bond between him and them which his withdrawal from active service could not cancel. So, after his wife's death, finding that a few of his old companions in arms were inmates of Chelsea college, he removed to its vicinity, passing his time between the lofty corridors of the palace hospital and the small sitting-room of his child; ever walking with and talking to 'the pensioners,' or that dear and delicate 'copy' of the wife he had so truly loved; and Lucy was a girl of whom any parent might have been proud. Delicacy of constitution had given refinement to her mind as well as to her appearance: she read, perhaps, more than was good for her, if she had been destined to live the usual term of life in her proper sphere. She thought, also, but she thought well; and this, happily for herself, made her humble.

Mr Joyce [who, in one of his rambles, had heard a comrade hint at his daughter's constitutional weakness] returned home in a disturbed state of feeling. 'Marg,' he inquired of an Irishwoman, the widow of a soldier who had nursed Lucy from her birth, and never left them—one

of those devotees, half-friend, half-servant, which are found only among the Irish—'Mary, did you ever perceive that Lucy pressed her hand upon her heart—as—as her mother used to do?'

'Is it her heart? Ah, then, masther dear, did ye ever know any girl, let alone such a purty one as Miss Lucy, count all out twenty years without feeling she had a heart sometimes?'

The sergeant-major turned upon the faithful woman with a scrutinising look; but the half-smile, the total absence of anxiety from her features, re-assured him: long as Mary had lived in his service, he had never grown accustomed to her national evasions.

'Who was it told you about her heart bating, masther?' she inquired. 'It was old John Coyne, who said she pressed her hand thus,' answered Mr Joyce.

'Is it ould John?' repeated the woman; 'ould John that would swear the crosses off a donkey's back? Ah, sure, you're not going to believe what ould John says.' 'You think she is quite well, then?'

'She was singing like the first lark in spring after you went out, sir; and I never see her trip more lightly than she did down to the botanic garden not two minutes ago; unless you quick march, you'll not overtake her.' Mary returned to her work, and the old sergeant-major overtook his daughter just as she had lifted her hand to pull the great bell of the botanic garden. During their walk the old soldier narrowly watched his child, to ascertain if she placed her hand on her heart or her side; but she did not. She spoke kindly to the little children who crossed their path, and the dogs wagged their tails when they looked into her face. She walked, he thought, stoutly for a woman, and seemed so well, that he began talking to her about sieges, and marches, and his early adventures; and then they sat down and rested, Lucy getting in a word now and then about the freshness and beauty of the country, and the goodness of God, and looking so happy and so untroubled, that her father forgot all his fears on her account. In the evening, the sergeant-major smoked his long inlaid foreign pipe (which the little children as well as the 'big people' of Chelsea regarded with peculiar admiration) out of the parlour window. Lucy always got him his pipe; but he never smoked it in the room, thinking it made her cough. And then, after he had finished, he shut down the window, and she drew the white muslin curtain. Those who passed and repassed saw their shadows; the girl bending over a large book, and her father seated opposite to her, listening while she read, his elbow placed on the table and his head resting on his hand. The drapery was so transparent, that they could see his sword and sash hanging on the wall below his hat, and the branch of laurel with which Lucy had adorned the looking-glass that morning, in commemoration of the battle of Toulouse. Before the sergeant-major went to bed that night he called old Mary, and whispered, 'You were quite right about old John Coyne. Lucy never marched better than she did to day; and her voice, both in reading and the little hymn she sung, was as strong as a trumpet. I'll give it well to old John to-morrow; but he never did. The sergeant-major was usually up the first in the house; yet the next morning, when Mary took hot water to his room, she stepped back, seeing he was kneeling, dressed, by his bedside; half an hour passed; she went again. Mr Joyce had never undressed, never lain upon the bed since it had been turned down; he was dead and cold, his hands clasped in prayer.

Lucy Joyce was now alone in the world; of her father's relatives she knew little or nothing; her mother was an only child, and her grandmother and grandfather were both dead. A generous and benevolent lady, who knew the circumstances under which she was placed, offered to provide Lucy with a situation—but what situation? She looked too delicate, too refined for service; and she was not sufficiently accomplished to undertake the duties of even a nursery governess. 'Have none of their slavery, dear,' exclaimed poor Mary, while weeping bitterly; 'take your pick of the things to furnish two

little rooms, Miss Lucy, and sell the rest. I've a power of friends, and can get constant work; turn my hand to anything, from charring to clear-starching; or if the noise wouldn't bother you, sure I could have a nangle; it would exercise me of an evening when I'd be done work. Don't leave me, Miss; don't, darling, anyway, till you gather a little strength after all you've gone through: the voice of the stranger is harsh, and the look of the stranger is cold to those who have lived all their days in the light of a father's love. I took you from your mother's breast a wee some weesome babbie, and sure, my jewel own, I have some right to you. I'll never gainsay you. And to please you, dear, I'll never let an ill word cross my lips.' But Lucy Joyce was too right-minded to live on the labour of an old servant. She retained enough, however, to furnish for Mary a comfortable room, and accepted, much to the faithful creature's mortification, a 'place' in a family—one of the hardest 'places' to endure, and yet as good, perhaps, as from her father's position she could have expected as half-teacher, half-servant; a mingling of opposite duties, against the mingling of which reason revolts.

The duties incident to her new position [in a gentleman's family at Putney]; the exertion which children require, and which is *perpetual*, though parents are the only persons who do not feel it to be so; the exercise, the necessity for amusing and instructing the young, the high-spirited, and the active; these, added to the change of repose for inactivity, of being the one cared for, to the having to care for others; the entire loneliness of spirit; all combined to make her worse, to crush utterly the already bruised reed.

Lucy was fully sensible of the consoling power—the great pleasure of being useful—and her mind was both practically and theoretically Christian, so she never yielded to fretfulness or impatience; but her heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird as she toiled and panted up the high stairs, while the children laughed and sported with the spirit and energy of health, and called to her to 'come faster.' * * * No one was cruel, no one even unkind to her; the cross cook (all good cooks are cross) would often make her lemonade, or reserve something she thought the young girl might eat; the lady's-maid, who had regarded her at first as a rival beauty, won by her cheerful patience, said that even when her eyes were full of tears, there was a smile upon her lip; all the servants felt for her; and at length her mistress requested her own physician to see what was the matter with 'poor Joyce.'

There are exceptions, no doubt; but, taken as a body, medical men are the very souls of kindness and generous humanity. How many have I known whose voices were as music in a sick chamber; who, instead of taking, gave; ever ready to alleviate and to sustain.

'Have you no friends?' he inquired.

'None, sir,' she replied; 'at least, none to support me; and,' she added, 'I know I am unable to remain here. While she said this she looked with her blue, truthful, earnest eyes into his face; then paused, hoping, without knowing what manner of hope was in her, that he would say—'she was able? but he did not; and,' she continued, 'there is no one to whom I can go, except an old servant of my poor father's; so, if—' there came, perhaps, a flush of pride to her cheek, or it might be she was ashamed to ask a favour—'if, sir, you could get me into an hospital, I should be most grateful.'

'I wish I could,' he answered, 'with all my heart. We have hospitals enough; yet I fear—indeed I know—there is not one that would receive you when aware of the exact nature of your complaint. You must have a warm, mild atmosphere; perfect quiet, and a particular diet; and that for some considerable time.'

'My mother, sir,' said Lucy, 'died of consumption.'

'Well, but you are not going to die,' he replied; 'only you must let your father's old servant take care of you, and you may soon get better.'

Lucy shook her head, and her eyes overflowed with tears; the physician cheered her after the usual fashion. 'I am not afraid of death, sir,' said the young woman; 'indeed, I am not; but I fear, more than I ought, the passage which leads to it; the burden I must be to the poor, faithful creature who nursed me from my birth. I thought there was an hospital for the cure of every disease; and this consumption is so general, so helpless, so tedious.'

'The very thing,' said the doctor, 'who, with all his kindness, was one of those who think "so and so," because "all the faculty" thought "so and so," for such a number of

years—its being tedious is the very thing; it is quite a *forlorn hope*."

"But, sir," answered the soldier's daughter, "*forlorn hopes* have sometimes led to great victories, when they have been *forlorn*, but not *forsaken*."

The doctor pressed into her hand the latest fee he had received, and descended the stairs. "That is a very extraordinary girl, madam, in the nursery," he said to the lady; "something very superior about her; but she will get worse and worse; nothing for her but a more genial climate, constant care, perfect rest, careful diet: if she lives through the winter, she must go in the spring. Lungs! chest! blisters will relieve her; and if we could produce the climate of Madeira here for a winter or so, she might revive; but, poor thing, in her situation—"

The lady shook her head, and repeated, "Ay, in her situation."

"It is really frightful," he continued, "the hundreds—thousands, I may say—who drop off in the dreadful disease—the flower of our maidens, the finest of our youths—no age, no sex, exempt from it. We have only casual practice to instruct us in it; we have no opportunity of watching and analysing it, *en masse*, as we have with other complaints; it is turned out of our hospitals before we do what we even fancy might be done. It is indeed, as she said just now, "*forlorn*" and "*forsaken*." Why I know not; I really wish some one would establish an hospital for the cure, or at least the investigation of this disease; many, if taken in time, would be saved. Suffering the most intense, but perhaps the best endured, from the very nature of the complaint, would be materially lessened, and a fresh and noble field opened for an almost new branch of our profession."

The physician prescribed for Lucy. He saw her again, and would have seen her repeatedly, but the family left town suddenly, in consequence of the death of a near relative, and the very belief that nothing could be done for her, circumstanced as she was, contributed to her being forgotten. The human mind has a natural desire to blot out from memory objects that are hopeless. Lucy went to Mary's humble lodging, and fared, for a day or two, as was much better. She had the repose which such illness so naturally seeks. Mary's room was on the ground floor of a small house in a little street leading off Paradise row. The old pensioners frequently passed the window; she could hear the beat of the Asylum drums; sometimes they awoke her out of her sleep in the morning, but she bled them none the less for that. Mary, if it away her poor master's hat (which she brushed every morning) his word and sash, and his gloves, in her own box, when Lucy came, lest the sight of them should make her melancholy; but Lucy saw their marks upon the wall, and begged she would replace them there. She gave her little store, amounting to a few pounds, into the nurse's hands, who spent it scrupulously for her—and yet not prudently, for she ran after every nostrum, and insisted upon Lucy's swallowing them all. Sometimes the fading girl would creep along in the sun alone; and so changed was she in little more than a year, that no one recognized her, though some would look after her, and endeavour to call to mind who it was she so strongly resembled.

The little store was soon expended, though Mary would not confess it. Lucy, skilled in the womanly craft of needle-work, laboured unceasingly; and, as long as she was able to apply to it, Mary found a market for her industry. But as the disease gained ground, her efforts became more feeble, and then the faithful nurse put forth all her strength, all her ingenuity, to disguise the nature of their situation; the expense of the necessary medicine, inefficient as it was, would have procured her every alleviating comfort—if there had been an institution to supply it.

I have often borne testimony to that which I have more often witnessed—the deep, earnest, and steadfast fidelity of the humble Irish! yet I have never been able to render half justice to the theme. If they be found wanting in all other good or great qualities, they are still true in this—ever faithful, enduring, unwearied, unmoved—past all telling is their fidelity! The woman whose character I am now describing was but one example of a most numerous class. Well she would have known, if she had given the matter a thought, that no chance or change could ever enable Lucy to repay her services, or recompense her for her sacrifices and cares; yet her devotion was a thousand times more fervent than if it had been purchased by all the treasures that a kingdom's wealth could yield. By the mere

power of her zeal—her earnest and utterly unselfish love—she obtained a hearing from many governors of hospitals; stated the case of "her young lady," as she called her, the child of a brave man, who had served his country, who died before his time from the effects of that service; and she, his child, was dying now, from want of proper treatment. In all her statements Mary set forth everything to create sympathy for Lucy, but nothing that tended to show her own exertions; how she toiled for her night and day; how she was pledging, piece by piece, everything she had to support her; how her wedding-ring was gone from off her finger, and the cherished Waterloo medal of her dead husband (which, by some peculiarly Irish effort of the imagination, she said "was his very picture") had disappeared from her box. She whispered nothing of all this, though she prayed and petitioned at almost every hospital for medicine and advice. Dismissed from one, Mary would go to another, urging that "sure if they could cure one thing they could cure another; anyhow they might try;" and if she, the beloved of her heart, was raised up from a bed of sickness, "God's flesh blessing" would be about them day and night. "They got up hospitals," she would add, "for the suddenly struck for death, for the lame, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind; for the vicious! but there were none to comfort those who deserved and needed more than any!" She did not want them to take her dwelling from her. She only asked advice and medicine! She implored for nothing more. The Irish never seem to feel ashamed of obtaining assistance from any source, except the parish; and Mary would have imagined she heaped the bitterest wrong upon Lucy if she had consulted "the parish doctor;" thus her national prejudice shut her out from the only relief, trifling as it might have been, which she could obtain for her sister-cherished.

And so the fell disease, pale and ghastly, stalked on, grasping its panting and unresisting victim closer and more close, wasting her form, intensing the thirsty fever into her veins—parching her quivering lips into whiteness—drawing her breath—steeping her in unwholesome dews—and, at times, with a most cruel mockery, painting her cheek and lighting an *opos falax* in her eyes, to bewilder with false hopes of life while life was failing! Her perceptions, which had been for a time clouded, quickened as her end drew near; she saw the furniture departing piece by piece—at last she missed her father's sash and sword; and when poor Mary would have found excuses, she placed her quivering fingers on her lips, and spoke more than she had done in many days. "God will reward you for your steadfast love of a poor parentless girl; you spared my treasure as long as you could, caring nothing for yourself, working and starving, and all for me. Oh that the world could know, and have belief in the fervent enduring virtues that sanctify such rooms as this, that decorate bare walls, and make a bright and warming light when the coal is burnt to ashes, and the thin candle, despite our watching, flickers before the night is done. I have not thought it right when I felt your hand or heard you breathe." Oh, what liberal charities are there of which the world knows nothing! How generous, and how mighty in extent and value, are the gifts given by the poor to the poor!

It is useless as well as painful to note what followed. * * * All was over.

"To die so, in her strength, her youth, her beauty; to be left to die, because they say there's no cure for it; they never tried to cure her!" exclaimed the nurse between her bursts of grief—"no place to shelter her—no one to see to her—no proper food, or air, or care—my heart's jewel—who cared for all, when she had it! Still, the Lord is merciful. Another week, and I should have had nothing but a drop of cold water to moisten her lips, and no bed for her to lie on. I kept that to the last, anyhow; and now it may go; it must go—small loss; what matter what comes of the likes of me, when such as her could have no help! I'll beg from door to door, 'til I raise enough to lay her by her father's side in the churchyard of Old Chelsea." But that effort, at all events, was not needed: the hospital was astir; the sergeant-major was remembered; and the church-bell tolled when Lucy was laid in her father's grave in the churchyard of Old Chelsea.

The foregoing simple piece is an abridgment from a story of our accomplished friend Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose varied Irish tales have so frequently ornamented these pages. The story of "The Forlorn Hope," illustrated with wood-engravings, and handsomely bound, has appeared in

the novel and acceptable character of a free-will offering of its authors towards the establishment of an hospital for the cure, or relief, of consumption, about to be erected at Brompton, in the western environs of the metropolis. We trust that the publication will prove as serviceable to the funds of this excellent institution as its benevolent writer could desire.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

SELF-SUPPORTING INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A GREAT deal has been said and written of late respecting the institution of agricultural schools and colleges, but as yet little has been done towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object. This has arisen partly from difference of opinion as to the best mode of conducting such establishments, but principally from the difficulty of obtaining funds sufficient for their maintenance. Agreeing with those who advocate the propriety of instructing the sons of farmers and the children of the labouring hind in the principles of their profession, and believing that immense advantage would thereby accrue to agriculture, we have from time to time directed attention to the various proposals put forth on the subject. We now bring under the notice of our readers a school which has been established by Mrs. Davies Gilbert in the county of Sussex, in which the pupils not only obtain the usual elementary education, but are also trained in the principles and practice of the profession to which they are destined. Schools of this kind are termed 'Self-Supporting,' from the fact, that the master receives the labour of the pupils as an equivalent for the tuition he bestows upon them; the earlier part of the day, say from nine to twelve, being devoted to the school-room, and the latter, from two till five, to the field. Of course this system can only apply to boys somewhat advanced, or to those whose industrial occupation during a few hours in the afternoon will nearly or entirely discharge their school tuition. A visit to one of these institutions—that of Willingdon, near Easthorne—is thus described in the Sussex Advertiser:—

'THE WILLINGDON SELF-SUPPORTING SCHOOL is a neat little cottage building, combining, in a very small compass, the attributes of dwelling-house, school, dairy, cow-house, with thrashing-floor above, and various conveniences attached. The roof is surrounded by gutters, which convey the rain-water into a large tank, so that it is not only not wasted, but prevented from running away on the land. The cow-house, piggeries, &c. are so constructed, that all the liquid manure runs into a large tank sunk in the ground, and carefully covered over, so as to allow no rain or water to enter. Our visit was made at half-past one, in ignorance of the hours of the school, which we afterwards found to be from nine till twelve, the afternoon work commencing at two, and continuing till five. We first entered the cow-house, where we discovered two little fellows, about seven years of age, waiting to go to work. Their proper hour was two o'clock, but there they were, spade in hand, ready for their afternoon's work. These children were the picture of strong and ruddy health, and of thorough cheerfulness, and certainly quite reversed the usual order of things by the evident alacrity with which they came to their work before their proper time. They were shortly joined by some more playmates; for though it was work in one sense, it certainly was not in another, and they proceeded in a body, and commenced digging on the ground allotted for their afternoon's employment. On questioning them, we found that there was only one boy above nine years old, and he was the eldest son of the master. There were about a dozen children in all, and they were chiefly under eight, one even being but four years of age. We were then joined by the master himself, who, after putting his little band to work, readily replied to several inquiries which we put as to the rent he paid, the proceeds of his little farm,

and the various circumstances connected with it. He stated his position to be as follows:—He rents five acres of land, for which, including the house, he has paid £25 a-year, and which latter he reckons at £10. He cultivates this land by the help of his little scholars, who barter their labour of three hours in the afternoon for three hours of his instruction in the morning, they paying him in addition one penny a-week. He finds himself able to cultivate these five acres thoroughly, and to a good profit; to prove which, he took us into the schoolroom, where he produced his accounts for the previous year. He has no other source of income than that which he derives from this and from the weekly pence of his scholars. He is perfectly happy, and is able to earn a good living off these five acres for himself, wife, and children. These are his comforts; and now let us see how his little scholars fare as to their share of the bargain, and whether they get efficient instruction in return for their labour. We examined their writing and their arithmetic books, and we may honestly state that some of their work would shame the attainments of many children of the same age in a much higher walk of life. It seems that these children are rarely with him after eleven or twelve years of age, for they have been so well trained in agricultural matters, that they very readily find situations at that age with the farmers in the neighbourhood. They appear fond of their master, and their fondness for their employment is sufficiently evidenced by their alacrity in coming to their work before, instead of at the time appointed.'

Such a system as this is certainly worthy of imitation in many rural districts, especially with boys from eight to thirteen years of age. Supposing they have previously learned to read, write, and cipher a little, they might be farther improved in these branches, instructed in mensuration and the keeping of accounts, and taught to know something of the nature of soils, manures, and the cultivated plants. Under a conscientious and well-informed master, a limited number of pupils might make considerable progress in this species of knowledge; while, on the other hand, if their labour was well directed, it would materially assist in the cultivation of the teacher's farm. Aided and countenanced by the proprietors of rural parishes, these schools might be productive of vast advantage; they would lessen the burdens of parents, inasmuch as their older boys might be said to pay for their own education; and they would disseminate through the district a more orderly and intelligent race of labourers. Opposed as we are to every species of 'infant labour,' in the usual acceptation of the term, we see nothing objectionable in the system under review, but think its principles might be advantageously extended to many educational establishments of higher pretensions. Most of our 'charitable institutions,' as they are called, are lamentably deficient in this matter; and though boys of ten, twelve, or even fourteen years of age be apt enough scholars, and though it is known that they must depend in after-life upon their bodily labour, yet they leave school as ignorant of the world and all that appertains to it, as if they had never been beyond the confines of the nursery. A boy of fourteen, who has been taught to clean his own clothes and apartments, who can handle a spade or pick-axe, a saw or hammer, is a much superior being in every respect to one whose sphere of action has never extended beyond the school-room and playground; and this is precisely what the advocates of industrial schools are aiming at. They would stant the tuition of the pupil in nothing necessary to his intended profession, the while they would initiate him into the practice and application of those processes upon which he has to depend in after-life. But, taking the lowest view of schools like that of Willingdon, it is certainly better that children should purchase even a scanty education by their own labour, than that they should remain utterly ignorant through the poverty or neglect of their parents.

CONFUSION OF MIND.

A particular friend of my own, who is fonder of the study than the drawing-room, when he enters a social circle in which there are faces not thoroughly familiar to him, is like a wanderer in a foreign scene. His strange blunders are often exceedingly offensive to the feelings and prejudices of those whom he is most desirous to oblige. He falls in exact proportion to his anxiety for success. If he were walking in his own garden, or sitting in his own domestic circle, he could be as self-possessed and commonplace a person as any in the world. He might remain for hours in a state of mental ease or inaction, and even 'whistle for want of thought;' but the moment that he enters a new scene, and feels a little out of his element, his intellectual faculties commence a rapid chaotic dance. It is in vain that he attempts to control or guide a single thought; the reason has no longer sovereign sway and mastery. When he was preparing to leave England for this country, he called at the India House for a 'shipping order' for himself and family. He found himself suddenly in a crowd of gay young clerks, in whose presence he was somewhat abruptly questioned as to the number and names of his children. He had only three of those inextinguishable treasures; but there was such an instantaneous anarchy in his brain, that he was obliged to confess he could not answer the question. Every one stared at him with astonishment, and set him down for a madman. He sneaked painfully out of the room, and had scarcely closed the door, when his memory was as clear and precise as ever. I shall venture upon another anecdote, equally characteristic. He received some time ago a pair of marriage tickets. He was eager to acknowledge the compliment, and pay his grateful respects to the young bride; but bad health, official duties, oblivion, and a spirit of procrastination, all combined to occasion the postponement of his visit. He called at last, and experienced his usual stultification. In the presence of a number of visitors, all of whose eyes were instantly fixed on him, he observed that he was glad to see so many persons present, as it convinced him that the honeymoon was over, and that he had not called earlier than delicacy and custom permitted. He had forgotten that a whole year had slipped away since he had received the tickets. There was a general laugh, and the lady good-humouredly sent for a fine thriving baby, as a still stronger proof that his visit was perfectly well-timed. I cannot resist the temptation to add one more example of his occasional perplexities. He was acquainted with two brothers, of whom the one was a literary man, and the other a merchant. The latter died, and a few months after that event my friend met the survivor. He at once confounded the dead man with the living, and in the course of conversation embraced an opportunity to express his regret to the supposed merchant at the deplorably bad success of his poor brother's published poems, adding, in the freedom and plenitude of his confidence, a candid opinion (which could not now, he observed, reach the ears of the person referred to, or give him a moment's pain) that, in devoting himself to literature, he had sadly mistaken the nature of his own powers. My unhappy friend had hardly let fall the last word of his unconscious jest, when a light flashed across his brain, and he saw his error. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It would be difficult to say which of the two was the most severely vexed—the vain and irritable poetaster, or the dreaming blunderer. I could easily multiply instances of my friend's excessive abstraction and laughable forgetfulness; but these are enough for my purpose. I will only add, that he hardly ever addresses any person by his right name, and if suddenly called upon to introduce a friend to a strange circle, would be sure to make some extraordinary blunder, the absurdity of which would stare him in the face the moment after. He is sometimes so vexed by his almost incredible mistakes, that he vows in his despair he will never again attempt any intercourse with general society, however numerous or pressing may be the invitations of his friends. He knows too well, he says, that if any subject is especially unpleasant to his hearers, he is sure, by some horrible fatality, to bring it prominently forward; and if he attempts a compliment, he is ruined for ever. With the strongest ambition to be thought both sensible and good-natured, he often acts as if he were either a perfect idiot, or one of the most malicious of human beings.—*Richardson's Literary Leaves, Calcutta, 1840.*

ISLAND OF ICELAND.

A survey of the interior of the island of Iceland is at present in progress; but the engineers have great difficulties to contend with, besides the want of roads, and of fodder for their horses, three months and a half annually; from the middle of June to the end of September is all the time which can be employed on the work, and of that scarcely one-fifth is clear enough to show the mountain tops.

THE FIVE TOASTS.

[The Norwegians have a song called *Ger Fem Skooter* (The Five Toasts), with which they generally close their festive entertainments, using the violin energetically between the verses. Of this song the following is a translation, which we have been permitted to publish.]

As by five senses we are directed
In all the business and joys of life,
So let five toasts be now selected,
Five glasses quaffed without care or strife.

First, fill your glass, and pledge sincerely
To her who's all the world to you;
To her you love, and who loves you dearly,
Who 'mid life's sorrows will still be true.

Next to the Friend who has proved unshrinking
In hours of trial when Fortune frowned;
Who, 'mid the cold, proud, and unthinking,
With ready hand and warm heart was found.

Third to your Country, the house of childhood,
Pledge round the goblet with right good will;
To foamy river and lofty wild wood,
To busy city, lone glen, and hill.

Fourth to the Generous and Open-hearted,
Whose liberal hand relieves distress,
Who feels for those by sorrow smarted,
Whose name the poor delight to bless.

Now give my fifth toast a welcome greeting,
Fill up each glass till it sparkles bright;
Here's to the Host of this merry meeting,
To him and his a kind good night.

The present number of the Journal is the first of the second volume of the new series. For the first volume there is prepared a title-page and index, which may be had from the publishers and their agents.

The publishers take this opportunity of expressing their grateful satisfaction with the expressive marks of approbation which have been bestowed by the public on the experiment of a reduced form of sheet and commencement of a new series. The press appears to have been unanimous in favour of the new form, and the test of the community may be presumed to be of the same mind, from the extraordinary access of patronage which the work has received since the beginning of the year. From somewhat under 60,000, which was the amount latterly printed of the old series, the first impression has advanced to above 90,000, being an addition of more than one-half. Nor can even this be considered as the entire present circulation, for so great is the sale of past numbers of the work, that reprints are constantly required; and of the January numbers, for example, the aggregate impressions have amounted to 115,000, being about double the circulation of the old series. The publishers, who, however strange it may appear, contemplated no such result, but only thought to make their work more agreeable in appearance and more convenient in use to the readers they already had acquired, cannot but be much gratified by so striking an illustration of the maxim, only now beginning to be appreciated, that all true interests are one. As editors, they of course feel, in the extended usefulness of their little work, reason for, if possible, an increased anxiety to make it all which the friends of literature and popular instruction could wish.

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PRICE 1½d.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

A TALE.

BY MRS JAMIE'S GRAY.

PART FIRST.

THE story which I am about to commit to paper is substantially true. I shall not call its persons by their real names, nor shall I describe the spot of their residence so minutely as to render it easily identified. It is enough that it was on the outskirts of Liverpool, that mighty town so often erroneously called a city, which, like a rapidly-spreading tree, is continually shooting out fresh branches in every direction. The principal actor in this history I shall call by the name of Grainger.

William Grainger was book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for 'old Gibbs,' though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grainger, at the time our story commences, had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman of some personal beauty; but she had brought him no fortune, except her innate good qualities. They now resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable, and possessing the advantage of better air than the dwellers nearer 'business' could enjoy. It was a tall thin tenement, newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighbourhood; a kitchen in the sunk storey, a small parlour, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bedrooms above; that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, succeeding to a sultry day, when Mrs Grainger sat alone in her little parlour. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself with great neatness, and sat down to needlework. Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly-braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that

she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered in her heart if the whole wide world contained another creature so happy as herself; for Mary, with all her simplicity, was a thoughtful woman, gentle, and contented, and pious. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed. Her life was full of gentle happiness even in his absence; for from the moment of his bidding her farewell in the morning, till his return at night, she was looking forward to that return, and busying herself in employments of which he was to reap the benefit.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road; but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fled from the parlour to the gate and back again for another half hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea-table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had 'something on his mind.' Coupling his demeanour with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross-questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

'I did not intend to tell you at present, love,' he said, 'in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr Gibbs.'

'Leave Mr Gibbs!' exclaimed Mary in alarm. 'Oh William, what have you done to offend him?—what on earth will become of us?'

'Do not be so easily terrified, Mary,' replied Grainger.

ger; 'I have no quarrel with Mr Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and, with Mr Gibbs's good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place.'

'My dear William!'

'My darling Mary!'—and then came the hearty embrace and the tears of joy; and then, as their emotion somewhat subsided, they sat hand in hand by the little flower-blinded window, and talked delightedly over their brightening prospects.

'There is one drawback, however,' said Grainger, when they were reckoning up the advantages of the new situation; 'the hours are longer, and I am not so sure of always getting away at half past five. Of course we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant.'

'Then we must leave our little home!' exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendour of Messrs. Patchett and Adams's offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Grainger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs. Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size, though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets one fashionable but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for 'B's' and 'terraces' in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains, new carpets, and a handsome bookcase, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her: most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that, during the days of their poverty, they had scrupulously abstained from taking even the most trifling article on credit. But Grainger had combated her scruples, by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were 'buried' in the small house they could do as they pleased, it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining any thing for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle, and that lurking feeling had more truth in it than the most specious argument. All beginnings of bad habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt is the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the necessities, but the want or whim of the moment, rivets link the mind to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their sad inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint

phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs. Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow; new hopes had awakened new ambitions in his heart, and, strong in the consciousness of his own cleverness, and the good opinion of those with whom he was connected in business, he had no fears for the future. The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward for better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant, and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood; and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs. Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it, for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then could afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum, and would it not be foolish to lose such an excellent opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves? The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest intreaty had not been complied with. 'The bills I have given for these things,' Grainger said, 'are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long? Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do women know of business?' Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence; but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well. From that time she asked no questions; but as the time drew on when the first bill for fifty pounds would fall due, she grew anxious and uneasy, and her delicate cheek grew paler and thinner than ever. Two days, however, before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

'Now, Mary,' he cried, 'now own that I was right! Your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced almost fifteen hundred. I was rather

alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but "all's well that ends well," and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold Street, and choose the best silk in W——'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it."

"But, William," said Mary anxiously, "there is something I must say to you before we go. My five hundred pounds, it was mine, darling, was it not?" She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

"Of course it was yours," he replied hastily; "what more have you to say about it?"

"Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?" she continued more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

"Indeed, Mary," he answered, "I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?"

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business? He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

"I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me," said he; "but you must know there are such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him."

"You thought it a large sum just now, William."

"And so it is, Mary, to us at present: I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?" And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. It seemed an auspicious beginning, but more than this—more even than natural cleverness and industry—was required to make a prosperous ending. Mary comforted herself with the idea that he still retained his situation, which, producing them a certain income, promised the supply of their actual wants whatever might be the fate of her husband's speculations. But Grainger was an altered man. With his attention divided between his own affairs and those of his employers, he became less punctual, less cheerful, and less respectful in his manners; and Messrs Patchett and Adams at length felt themselves obliged to intimate that they thought it better that their business should be conducted by some one who had fewer private matters to attend to. The hint was sufficient; Grainger immediately threw up his situation, took an office of his own, and did not inform his wife of the step he had taken until the arrangement was completed. The announcement of this change smote upon Mary's heart like the knell of peace and comfort. Whilst her husband was rejoicing in his *independence*, she had lost all sense of liberty. It was in vain that he gave her permission to order what she would in the way of dress and furniture; and when she declined to obtain such things on credit, poured money into her purse for that purpose. She felt as if she had no longer a right to spend a shilling without an absolute necessity, as if the *uncertainty* of their fortunes ought to check them in all needless expenditure. At her earnest intreaty, however, the debts contracted when they first came to reside in their new house were paid off, and her mind was relieved from one great anxiety; though Grainger said something about the folly of paying away money which might be better employed, and laughed at her fears, which he imputed to her utter ignorance of business. A few months went by, and William Grainger

began to be spoken of as a man of some note in the commercial world. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave, and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unflinching attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hair-breadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly by precipices and pitfalls, which, had the journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years; it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped-for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets too—not painful, but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. It was difficult to believe that she was the same wife who had gone so meekly and cheerfully about her household toils, and felt so contented in her comparative poverty. It was even more difficult to identify her husband with the young open-hearted man who came home so regularly to that little dwelling, and, casting by the cares of the day, as things he could throw aside at will, was ready to sing, or talk, or walk with her, making her the spring of all his simple pleasures. Now, he was a careful cautious man, hoarding up secrets which were not for her, but which, if his lips were silent about them, spoke of their nature in the firmly-closed mouth, the lines furrowing the once smooth brow, and the gray already sprinkling the dark hair. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she so completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, "In all time of our wealth, Good Lord deliver us!" as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admis-

sion. She had that morning reminded him that this was 'the memorable day'; but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her, that having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free of every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. 'The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have indeed produced a golden harvest,' said he; 'if so small a sum has been thus fruitful, what may not be done with a large one? Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger!' But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. 'What! in the prime of my life turn clod-hopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are now leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!'

'But, my dearest William, you need not be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighbourhood like this.'

'Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness.'

'Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage, and how very happy we were there?'

'The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well then, but scarcely good enough for our pig-stye now: people must live according to their means, my dear. I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself now.'

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been lightly spoken of who should have been had in reverence.

Another year passed away, and not without many changes. Mary's suffering child, her beloved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to Mary, not harsh, but reserved; and she, poor thing, after one or two ineffectual attempts to penetrate the secret that was evidently pressing on his mind, was compelled to wait patiently for such revelations as the course of events might make to her. They came at last, and came with tremendous, almost crushing power. The speculation on which he had risked so much had completely failed, and William Grainger was a ruined man. Not only had he to bear the loss of the all which he had been so many years toiling for, but to listen to the reproaches of those who had cast in their lot with him, led by his advice and example. William Grainger had wished to acquire wealth, but still he was not a merely ambitious man. He had a proud high spirit, and deep feelings, and these were keenly wounded by the imputations which many failed not to cast on him. He was bankrupt, but long before his affairs were settled,

he was lying helplessly on his bed, the victim of brain fever.

For weeks poor Mary watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, too much absorbed in grief for his illness to think much on their losses, or to speculate as to what was to become of them for the remainder of their days. One of Grainger's creditors was a Mr Fulwood, an elderly man of good property, and a member of the medical profession. He had some years ago assisted Grainger with money, which had never yet been repaid, nor, considering it safely invested, had he urged the repayment. For Mary he had ever entertained a high regard. Her gentleness, her freedom from pride, her motherly devotion to her invalid child, whom he had attended, had all won on his esteem, and he represented her case to the other creditors so feelingly, that he obtained a promise that the five hundred pounds which had originally been hers should be returned to her from the assets, and that she should be permitted to take what furniture she pleased from the villa before the sale took place. These tidings fell gratefully on Mary's ears, for that day had already been marked with joyful news. The doctors had told her that her husband might, probably would recover; and in the light of the happiness this announcement had diffused around her, the comparatively small sum allotted to her seemed like a direct gift from Heaven. They had, however, forgotten to name one circumstance, which would have formed a dreadful drawback to her delight—the fact that the restoration of his body to health was not likely to be accompanied by that of his mind. Very soon, alas! that sorrowful truth dawned on her. William Grainger was himself no more. He sat up, he walked about, he regained his strength, he even seemed to recognize his wife, but on all other points his memory was a blank. He still spoke fondly to her, and smiled on her with a kind of childish smile, but

'She saw in the dim and fitful ray,
'That the light of the soul had gone away.'

Vainly did she hope and pray, and use every effort to arouse his mental energies. Mr Fulwood told her that it was useless; and as weeks went by, and brought no change, she was obliged to believe him. One plan was still dear to her almost broken heart, and she rested not till it was executed. She had ascertained that the cottage where she had spent the first months of her married life was vacant, and she wished to reside there again. She consulted with Mr Fulwood, and he approved of her wish. He had already applied to some distant relations both of her and her husband, and had wrung from them a promise of such a moderate weekly allowance as should protect her and that unfortunate husband from want. The five hundred pounds, at her earnest request, were kept apart for the purpose for which she had originally wished her legacy to be reserved—the education of her son; and tears of gratitude rolled down her pale cheeks as she reflected on the mercy of Providence in providing for that purpose. She availed herself no further of the kindness of the creditors respecting the furniture, than by taking away those articles which had formerly belonged to her little cottage. Though they had long been for the most part banished to the lumber-room, she had them still, for she cherished an individual affection for every chair and table, and had always declined parting with them; and now when they were arranged in her new old dwelling, as nearly as possible in their former order, she felt as if a heavy feverish dream had passed away, and that, but for one sad circumstance, she could almost return to old times and old happiness.

Another year had rolled by, and again a change. William Grainger, the enterprising trader, the great merchant, the last year's bankrupt, the fever-stricken idiot, had been carried to his lowly grave, the victim of a paralytic attack; and she, whose heart had clung to him so faithfully in joy and sorrow, dared not do otherwise than thank God for his release. 'How happy we

might be,' she would often say, 'if we would enjoy the blessings around us, instead of looking forward so anxiously to the future. If my poor William had done so—if he had been content in this cottage, all would have been well; yet no one could blame him when he took the first opportunity of getting into a superior situation. It had been well still if he had been contented with that excellent employment—well even when he left it and became rich and influential, if he had stopped in time; but the fever of speculation came upon him, and that brought ruin. Yet I do not murmur. All has been wisely ordered; and I have much to be thankful for—most, that my dear child has chosen a profession where he will not enter into the temptation that beset his poor father. Thank God that my Clement will have nothing to allure him to quit the Substance of happiness and pursue its Shadow!'

THE CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

YUCATAN, in Central America, so remarkable for the remains of ancient cities and temples, is singularly deficient in natural supplies of water. In former ages, when a civilised people occupied the country, embankments and wells seem to have been formed to compensate as far as possible for the deficiency; but now the inhabitants, enervated by conquest and bad government, have no such resources. When the rainy season is past, during which they obtain the needful element from natural hollows and a few artificial tanks, they would be altogether destitute of water, were it not for the reservoirs which nature has formed in the recesses of certain profound caverns which occur here and there throughout the country, and from which a scanty supply can be drawn at a vast expense of human toil. A description of these cavern wells gives a striking idea of the difference there may be, with regard to so simple a matter as the supply of water, between a country in a rude state, and one in which civilisation and good institutions have allowed of combined efforts being made to promote general convenience.

Mr Stephens describes the village of Telchaquillo as wholly supplied from a cave in the centre of a square, round which the houses of the inhabitants have been built, the cave being probably the original cause of the village, as towns have originated round castles and at the mouths of rivers in our own country. The place at a little distance appears level and unbroken, and the stranger is surprised to observe women, as they walk across it, suddenly disappear as if they had sunk into the earth. A near approach brings in view a great orifice, like the mouth of a cave, from which rugged steps lead five hundred feet under an immense rocky roof to the water, where the cave rises clear twenty yards, the whole lit up from above. There is no current in the well; it rises a little during rain, but never falls below a certain point. Women are for ever ascending and descending, it being the sole means of supply to six hundred souls. At the ruins of Xcoch, however, is a well of still more singular character, evidently the sole supply of a large and populous city. In the centre of a grove of trees, so thick as to be close and sultry, and without a breath of air, is a circular cavity some thirty feet deep, at the bottom of which is a rude natural opening in a thick bed of limestone, narrow and low, and with a strong current of air rushing forth. This is the entrance to the well, and so violent is the wind as to cause the incautious intruder, who is unprepared, to be driven back gasping for breath. The opening is three feet high and four wide, descending at an angle of about fifteen degrees, and it must be entered on your hands and knees, with this strong current of air against you. A track in the floor, worn several inches deep by the treading of thousands and thousands of the denizens of this ruined city, and the blackened roof consequent on the necessary use of torches, are confirmations in themselves of the well having been the only watering-place of ancient Xcoch, if, indeed, the total absence of

the water elsewhere were not proof sufficient. At the end of about two hundred feet the passage widens considerably, and rises to twice the height of a man, the air being no longer agitated, and the temperature warmer. A great vaulted chamber, with vast stalactite pillars, succeeds. Climbing a high broken piece of rock, you again crawl through a long, narrow fissure, leading to a rugged perpendicular hole three or four feet in diameter, with steps worn in the rock. Descending this, you come out upon a ledge, with a yawning chasm on the left. One or two rude logs, laid along the edge, with a pole for a railing, serves as a bridge; crossing which, the passage turns to the right, narrowing to three feet in both height and width, and descending rapidly. The labour, fatigue, and exertion required to get through this is immense. At the end of sixty feet it doubles on itself, contracts, and still leads downwards to a more spacious cavern, containing another perpendicular hole, through which you descend, by means of a rude and rickety ladder, to a steep, low, and crooked passage, opening into a large rugged chamber, in which is the well. This is now unused, there being nothing save ruins in its vicinity; but two similar caverns, at present the sole watering-places of existing towns, show what seeming incredible things are of daily occurrence. The first is that of Chack. Women, in general, are in Yucatan the drawers of water, the men being the hewers of wood; but at Chack, the labour is too great for the tender sex. A perpendicular ladder down a hole, a great cavern, a second perpendicular hole, a resting-place, then a hole two hundred feet deep, a low narrow passage varying in height and width, a fourth hole, lead to another low passage, at the end of which is a basin of water, being the well. The toiling Indians bearing their torches, some above, some below in the long shafts, make a wild and unearthly scene. The whole length from the mouth to the well is fifteen hundred feet, and the water-carriers having to crawl a great part of the way, do not carry the calabashes on their shoulders, as in that case they would strike against the roof; the straps are passed across the forehead, and left so long, that the calabashes rest below the hips, and thus form no obstruction. From this cave the whole population of Chack derive their water, except in the dry season, when they resort to the rancho of Schawill, three miles distant.

At Bolonchen, during the rainy season, the people are supplied from nine circular openings of no great depth in the rock, which have evidently been the cause of the settlement of population at that place. But these drying up at the conclusion of the rainy season, the inhabitants are forced to resort to a cave about a mile distant, which is perhaps the most extraordinary of all these singular wells. The entrance to this cavern is through a magnificent opening, beneath a bold ledge of rock, following which for about sixty feet by the glimmer of a torch, you come to a ladder that descends some twenty feet. All light from the entrance is here lost, but the brink of a vast perpendicular descent is soon reached, to the very bottom of which a strong body of light is thrown from a hole in the surface. An enormous ladder, of the most rudely-primitive description, leads to the bottom of this shaft. It is seventy feet long, twelve wide, and made of the trunks of young pines lashed together lengthways, and supported all the way down by horizontal trunks fastened against the face of the precipitous rock. The ladder is double, having two sets or flights of rounds, divided by a middle partition; and the whole fabric is lashed together by withes. It is very steep, and seems dangerous. 'Our Indians,' says Mr Stephens, who visited it, 'began the descent, but the foremost had scarcely got his head below the surface before one of the rounds slipped, and he only saved himself by clinging to another. The ladder having been made when the withes were green, these were now dry, cracked, and some of them broken. We attempted a descent, with some little misgivings; but by

keeping each hand and foot on a different round, with an occasional crack and slide, we all reached the foot of the ladder.' Mr Stephens was unluckily there during the wet season, ere the ladders were repaired for their five months' duty. M. Fontanier, who was on the spot during the active period, describes them as solid and safe. We are as yet but at the mouth of the well, which is called Xtacumbi Xunan, or the lady hidden away. And here we must pause to explain these words. Every year, just as the nine wells are at their last gasp, the ladders undergo a thorough renewal, which done, a great fête is held in the cavern at the foot of this ladder. The walls of a lofty chamber, with overhanging roof and level floor, on the side leading to the wells, are ornamented with branches, and hung with lights; and the whole village comes out with refreshments and music. Now, be it told, that in the town of Bolonchen dwelt many years ago an Indian lady of great wealth and many possessions, who had, however, above all, a pretty and interesting daughter. Of course many fell in love with the young lady, and, equally a matter of regular occurrence, the most ardent lover, and the only favoured suitor on the part of the damsel, was a poor fellow of the name of Sacbey, who had nought save a handsome face to trade with. The mother would not even speak to him, and forbade her daughter holding any communication with Sacbey. The village fête of the cueva came round; Sacbey and his fair mistress were of course present; at the close of the day, these persons were nowhere to be found. For a whole month they were sought in vain, at the end of which period Sacbey presented himself very demurely before the angry mother, and asked permission to marry her daughter. It was given, and at Sacbey's request, the lady and the cura went with him to the cave. In a secret chamber which Sacbey had discovered they found the bride, with just enough provision left for one day. They were married on the spot, and hence the name of La Señora Escondida. On the side of the cavern is an opening in the rock leading to an abrupt descent down another long and trying ladder. This past, moving on by a slight ascent over the rocks, at the distance of about seventy-five feet, ladders, one nine, and the other five feet high, are ascended, and then one of eighteen feet is descended. A fifth, sixth, and a seventh—this one long and precipitous—are descended, when a broken and ascending passage is reached, two hundred feet long. An eighth ladder leads to a low stifling corridor three hundred feet long; creeping through which on the hands and knees, the water is before you in its rocky basin fourteen hundred feet from the mouth of the cave, and four hundred and fifty perpendicular in the bowels of the earth. This is the Chacka, or red-water basin. From the open chamber above alluded to, other passages lead to other basins. The first, reached by wearisome corridors, is called Puduelha, meaning that it ebbs and flows like the sea. The Indians, who testify to this fact, also say that forty women once fainted in the passage to it, which is the reason why men have since performed the task. The third basin is called Sallab, which means a spring; the fourth Akabla, on account of its darkness; the fifth Chocoha, or warm; the sixth Odiha, from being of a milky colour; and the seventh Chimaisa, because it has insects called *ais*. Seven thousand souls supply themselves during five months with water from these deep and singular wells.

In another part of Yucatan a scarcity of water caused a curious discovery, which further evinces the great industry and perseverance of the ancient inhabitants of Maya. A Señor Trego in 1835, failing to find water in a local well, obtained permission to clear out an aguada or pond of muddy water. Four feet deep of mud had to be removed, when the bottom was expected to be found, as Señor Trego was firmly convinced that the place was artificial. Fifteen hundred Indians were set to work, and on clearing out the mud, an artificial bottom of large flat stones lapping one over the other, and the interstices filled with a clay foreign to the neigh-

bourhood, was found. The stones were many layers deep. In the centre were four wells, five feet in diameter, faced with smooth stones, and eight yards deep; on the margin were upwards of four hundred casimbas, or pits: when the pond was exhausted, the holes and wells remained, lasting the inhabitants until next rainy season. The renovation of this aguada, as may readily be understood, caused the neighbourhood to flourish; and one year of unusual scarcity, more than a thousand horses and mules came to this place, even from the rancho of Santa Rosa, eighteen miles distant, and carried away water in barrels. 'Families,' says Stephens, 'established themselves along the banks, small shops for the sale of necessaries were opened, and the butcher had his shambles with meat.'

The aguada of Jalal, a pond to all appearance, being dry about ten years since, the Indians, in digging pits, struck upon an ancient well, which, on being cleared, was found of singular form and construction. It had a square platform at the top, and beneath was a round well, faced with smooth stones, and from twenty to five-and-twenty feet deep. Below this was another square platform, and under the latter a well of less diameter, and about the same depth. About forty wells were afterwards found, some of the ordinary construction, and others of the shape of cones, the narrow part being uppermost; others of bee-hive form. The whole aguada was then cleared out, and it affords a never-failing supply. These constructions were the result of the labours of the same Maya population which is now so helpless. Conquest, and three hundred years of subjection, have divested them of all spirit. The men whose ancestors reared mighty palaces of hewn stone, temples, pyramids splendid in structure, formed paved roads, dug wells, and executed works of art Egyptian in their vastness, now dwell in poor bark huts, and live on tortillas and frigoles, or slap-jacks and beans.

One running stream is recorded by modern travellers, which has given name to a village, Becanchen, the running well. On the declivity of a hill, water gushes from the rocks, filling a clear basin beneath. 'To our Indian carriers,' says Stephens, 'and the muleteers, it was like the fountain to the Arab in the desert, or the rivers of sweet water promised to the faithful in the paradise of Mohammed.' Twenty years before, the country was a wilderness of forest. A wandering Indian came upon it, and made a clearing for his milpa, or maize field. In doing so, he found the running water. Indians gathered together, and the village now contains six thousand inhabitants. Water in Yucatan always makes a town.

AN ANECDOTE OF MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

JOACHIM MURAT, if not the best-informed man, was undoubtedly the most gallant and intrepid soldier in the Imperial army of France. Having risen from the ranks to the high station of general, every part of a soldier's duty was familiar to him, and in all the details of the military art he had no rival. Napoleon designated him the best cavalry officer in Europe. His person was as manly as his manners were effeminate—his noble features and powerful limbs contrasting strangely with the eccentric frivolity of some of his actions. His best characteristics were, however, a strong natural sagacity, and an almost unbounded generosity both in public and private life. These qualities were frequently called forth when he was placed by Bonaparte on the throne of Naples.

When Napoleon, blindly imagining that his army could successfully contend with the severity of a northern winter, formed the gigantic project of subjugating Russia, Murat was summoned from the Neapolitan throne to Dresden, to take the command of the cavalry of the Imperial army. Previous to his departure, Murat, who had married Napoleon's sister, Caroline Bonaparte, established a regency, at the head of which he placed his queen. This lady, though not the handsomest, was cer-

tainly the most interesting and best-informed of all Napoleon's sisters. Besides many feminine accomplishments, she possessed great personal courage and tact in the management of political and administrative affairs. Unfortunately, however, she was, like her eldest brother, inclined to be despotic—a disposition which manifested itself as soon as the regency of the kingdom fell chiefly into her hands. This was unfortunate; for, under the mildest rule of a foreign power, a conquered nation seldom sits quietly; and the Neapolitans already bore with impatience the sway of a French king. Caroline's arbitrary character was known, and on Murat's departure, the discontent of the Neapolitans increased; they redoubled their efforts to overthrow the French dynasty, and to re-establish the exiled Bourbons on the throne.

The most powerful of the conspirators were the monks of the several religious orders which Murat had suppressed, and whose revenues he had made the property of the nation. These men possessed great influence over the Italian aristocracy, as well as over the lower orders, especially in the provinces, and exercised their sacred ministry to exasperate their flocks to rebellion. The moment the establishment of the regency was officially announced, the monks redoubled their efforts in favour of the expelled Bourbons, and enrolled in the conspiracy every class of the people, from the disaffected nobility down to military deserters and banditti. The most influential of the monkish agitators was Giusto Capezzuti, formerly of the order of St Martin, and for many years the manager and treasurer of all the estates and revenues left for the benefit of the poor. Not having been quite faithful in the discharge of his offices, Giusto amassed great wealth, and lived in splendid affluence at San Marcellino, a pretty village of Terra di Lavoro, about ten miles from the capital. All the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and especially the brigands who infested the marshes of Patria and Capua, held him in great estimation, and were so much under his influence, that they were ever ready to obey whatever he should command. His villa became the head quarters of the principal partisans of Ferdinand, the exiled monarch, then residing in Sicily, and he freely appropriated a portion of his vast wealth to the purchase of arms and munitions for his willing followers, all of whom were ready to commence the insurrection at any moment Fra Giusto might command. At length it was agreed that the grand explosion should take place on the anniversary of Napoleon's birth—the 15th of August 1812. It happened, however, that the measures of the conspirators were not taken so secretly as to prevent their proceedings from reaching the ears of the minister of police, and before the appointed day, Fra Giusto Capezzuti and the other chiefs of the rebellion were arrested and thrown into the state prison of Naples. The friar bore this reverse with the utmost fortitude; and although promises of pardon were repeatedly made on the condition that he should betray the secrets of the conspiracy, he indignantly rejected them. Some of his fellow-prisoners were not so honourable. Having been falsely persuaded that Capezzuti had become their accuser, they not only avowed their own guilt, but gave to the minister such information as enabled him to arrest a great portion of those conspirators who had hitherto escaped; and in a few days no fewer than three hundred and fifty individuals were lodged in prison. Preliminary examinations were instantly commenced, and the result was, that one hundred and forty-three persons were committed to take their trial: amongst whom were some of the first nobles of the land, besides military officers, and even chiefs of the police or *Sbirri*. To try these culprits, all the judges of the criminal courts were ordered by the regent to sit three times a-week, and the trials lasted from the 3d to the 22d of December 1812. Meanwhile the chief conspirators endeavoured, through their friends, to corrupt not only the juries, but the judges, by a lavish expenditure of money in bribery. They also retained the most subtle and eloquent counsel

in the kingdom for their defence. But these efforts were useless; all were found guilty of high treason: the least culpable were sentenced to imprisonment for life; others were condemned to the galleys; whilst Giusto Capezzuti and forty-seven more of the leaders were ordered to be guillotined.

All hope was not, however, given up. By the French law—then in force in Naples—the right exists in criminal cases of appealing to a court of cassation. To this court the friends and counsel of the convicted conspirators applied for a new trial, on the ground of informalities said to have occurred during the examination of witnesses. As the appeal was founded on a mere legal quibble, little good was expected to result from it, the chief object of the applicants being to obtain such a delay as would allow of Murat's return from Russia; for nothing in the shape of mercy could be expected from his queen. But she, indeed, exerted all her influence on the court of cassation to hasten on the proceedings, so as to bring the culprits speedily to execution. In a few days, therefore, the appeal was rejected, and Fra Giusto and his forty-seven associates were ordered to be beheaded on the 15th of January 1813. The monk, with three of his relations, were to be executed before his own villa at San Marcellino, and as it was feared that the brigands and peasants of the neighbourhood would make a desperate attempt to rescue the popular friar, that village was completely garrisoned with troops.

At this critical juncture Murat appeared in Naples. The disastrous retreat from Moscow, and a quarrel with Napoleon, had driven him back to his kingdom quite unexpectedly. Of course his mere presence in Naples at once annulled the powers of the regency, and before the conspirators could be put to death, his signature was by law necessary to the warrants. The Marquis Guicciardi, minister of justice, with a rueful countenance submitted them to the king for perusal. Murat examined the instruments with attention, and was evidently shocked at being required to sign away the lives of so many of his subjects. 'How is it possible,' he inquired, 'they could have hoped to succeed in so daring and difficult an enterprise?'

The minister replied that the conspirators were numerous, wealthy, and influential—were well supplied with arms—were supported by the enemies of the state from without, and by the lower classes from within.

'Can it be,' rejoined the king, 'that a few inexperienced rebels, backed by unmanageable brigands, could ever dream of overturning a government supported by a hundred thousand faithful and well-disciplined soldiers, and having in its secure possession all the military strongholds and all the civil and financial resources of the country? The truth is, Marquis, these unfortunate men must be insane. No one shall convince me that people in their right senses could have engaged in such a wild adventure. I am convinced they are mad, and shall therefore revise their sentence. Let them be confined in the lunatic asylum of Aversa, and kept there until they recover their senses!'

The will of Murat was law. The culprits, instead of being dragged to the scaffold, were transferred to the state mad-house. In a few months the merciful king affected to believe that their insanity had sufficiently abated to admit of their being allowed at large without danger to the public, and they were one and all liberated. The effect of this clemency was to convert them from conspirators into the most devoted subjects of whom Murat could boast. Amongst them, however, there were a few miserable exceptions.

At the final downfall of the French empire in 1815, Murat was driven from his kingdom, and, as is well known, made soon after an attempt to regain the throne far more insane than that of Capezzuti and his followers; though, alas! his offence was not so leniently dealt with as he had treated theirs. He landed on the shores of Calabria with a few companions, in the hope of being joined by the oppressed people. In this he was disappointed; was captured, and shot by the base sentinels.

of a Neapolitan court-martial. What renders this proceeding the more revolting is the circumstance, that amongst those who condemned Murat to death, were several of the conspirators whom he had so generously pardoned. He was in the first place arrested by a Captain de Conciliis, was condemned under the presidency of General Nunrianti, and by the vote of Prince Canosi, whose father, brothers, and other relations were amongst the condemned of the 15th January 1813.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

From a report of the officers of the railway department, Board of Trade, laid a short time ago before parliament, we gather some certain information respecting railway accidents and their causes. The report, which purports to be for 1843, establishes the important fact, that in railway travelling accidents would seldom if ever occur provided reasonable care were taken by the passengers, the attendants on the trains, and others. Railway accidents are divided by the writers of the report into three classes. First, those of a public nature, attended by personal injury to the public; that is to say, individuals injured by circumstances connected with the administration of the companies. Second, accidents attended with personal injury to individuals, owing to their own inadvertence or negligence. Third, accidents attended with personal injury to servants of the company, in circumstances involving no danger to the public.

In the first class of accidents three were killed and three injured in 1843; but of this number *only one* case of death occurred from circumstances not under the control of the sufferer. This death was occasioned by a collision of trains, owing to the fault of an engine driver. The other two deaths were partly ascribable to the parties themselves. The number of passengers travelling by railway in the course of the year was not less than 24,000,000, who were conveyed, on an average, about fifteen miles each. The announcement of the fact, therefore, that out of this vast number only one death occurred from a cause not imputable to the party injured, shows the high degree of security which has been attained in railway travelling, and demonstrates in a forcible manner the advantages that have resulted from the progress of scientific improvement in point of safety as well as of speed.

Of the second class of accidents, the report records twenty-four persons killed and seventeen injured; a ratio nearly the same as that of the previous year. As a general result, it may be stated that about twenty-four persons are killed annually on railways by their own imprudence. Their deaths cannot, properly speaking, be termed accidents. This will be best understood by a glance at the following causes of death:—'Fell across the rails in a state of intoxication. Boy riding without leave. Run over at night, trespassing on the rails. Passenger reaching imprudently out of the carriage, struck on the head by a wall. Passenger attempting to get in after the train started. Passenger jumping out before the train stopped. Jumping on wagons in motion. Run over, crossing imprudently before a train.' And so on with the others.

The third class of accidents refers, as has been said, to servants of the companies, and shows a list of forty killed and twenty-eight injured; also nearly what it had been the preceding year. A number of these accidents likewise arose from imprudence, or imperfect management on the part of the sufferer. As, for example—'Time-keeper attempting to jump on. Guard fell off. Fireman fell off. Labourer run over, crossing before wagons. Struck by a bridge,' &c. Heedlessness of companions, particularly in the dark, was a prevalent cause of injury.

A consideration of the whole cases, and the circumstances connected with them, leaves the impression,

that railway travelling is on the whole greatly safer, both to life and limb, than travelling by stage-coach, steamboat, or any other conveyance. Nor is this more than might be reasonably expected, seeing that the whole mechanic of a railway train, its velocity, stoppages, &c. are strictly under physical control, and not necessarily liable to those irregularities arising from inattention, caprice, exhaustion, and the like, which must ever more or less attend all modes of transit that are chiefly dependent upon animal power. The arrangements of the companies, being now under the control of a public board, may be regarded as upon the soundest footing which the case admits of, and the interest of all parties being to prevent accidents, the public may rest assured that, with reasonable care on their own part, they scarcely run any risk, entitled to the name, in this kind of travelling.

PERIODICAL WORKS.

We daily see periodical works commenced with an extremely narrow chance of success, or rather with a certainty of speedy extinction written in legible characters upon them. They struggle on for a time, are a source of loss to their conductors, and after all have to sink out of life ingloriously, or, at the best, get themselves incorporated with other works, which is but a shabby apology for an honest death. We have generally remarked that these unfortunate enterprises might have been prevented if the persons concerned had been in possession of a few principles which more experienced individuals have ascertained as governing this branch of literary business, and, knowing these principles, had been disposed to observe and act by them.

A vast number of periodical works are devoted to special objects, as religion, science, art, temperance, and so forth; and many are the organs of particular religious parties. These come not within the present inquiry, as they all exist by virtue of definite and easily-ascertainable means of support. It is with regard to such periodicals as reviews, magazines, and smaller miscellanies, which appeal to the whole public with literary matter more or less general in its nature, that any difficulty of calculation exists. Here it appears that success will only be attained through the efficacy of one or other of three principles. In the first case, the work must be mainly the medium of the productions of some particular writer possessing remarkable gifts, and whose writings have consequently in a high degree that peculiar though almost indefinable quality, acceptability with the public. In this case the public buy, in order that they may obtain the works of one of their favourites. They would purchase the same author's writings in any other convenient form: this periodical, being the medium of these writings, is purchased accordingly. In the second case, the work must bear a very decided and special character in respect of politics, or some other line of speculation, and thus appeal to the sympathies of a particular class in the community, whose thoughts and feelings it may be said to represent. In this case, too, it may be all the better that some master spirit animates and harmonises the mass; indeed this object cannot well be accomplished otherwise. Thus, it will be seen, the two first principles in a great measure resolve themselves into one: the work must have a strong individuality of character, whether this may be conferred by a dogma, or by a peculiarly-endowed contributor. It must be a distinct and uniform character, which the reader expects to meet with every time he opens a new number, and in which he finds so much to gratify him, that he never thinks of giving up the work, but receives it continually, as a friend whose visits have worked themselves into his habits, and become indispensable to the comfort of his life. The third principle is one which is seen to operate with or without either or both of the other two: it consists in the work serving, by its general character, as well as its form and price, some important useful end; as where, for instance, it supplies a certain description of literary mat-

ter required by a section of the public. Great caution is necessary in the formation of plans, for by some trivial external peculiarity—in its periods, its form, or its price—a work may fail to meet the desired reception, even although possessed of considerable internal merit. No also it may fail from a pre-occupation of the ground.

If the reader casts his mind back upon all the distinguished periodical works known in England during the last century, he will find that they each depended upon one or other of the three principles above-described, or upon two or all of them together. Watch narrowly, on the other hand, for the causes of the failure of periodical works, and they will be found in the absence of these principles. We often see a new venture of this kind, where the external appearance, the arrangements for publication, and the means of engaging public attention, have all been duly attended to. The work looks well; its writers are even respectable; yet it does not succeed, and this simply because there was no leading wit, no special doctrine or aim, and therefore no individuality. Being a mere congeries, chance-assembled, of tolerable papers—a miscellany which might have as well been formed by a selection from former numbers of contemporary works—motive for purchase is wanting; no special regard is inspired into any portion of the public; the work therefore acquires no hold, and its extinction becomes inevitable.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE NETTLE: ORDER OF PLANTS.

THE nettle, as it grows beneath a wall in some neglected spot, appears a plant sufficiently insignificant. And in the esteem of mankind at large, there are few which stand lower. Our readers will nevertheless be prepared to hear of something interesting under this head, when they learn how the nettle stands with the naturalist. With him, it is the chief or type of one of the most extensive of all the natural orders, comprehending not fewer than twenty-four genera, of which there are above two hundred species. This great assemblage of plants takes a general name, *Urticaceæ*, from the Latin name of the common nettle. And what are the plants thus described? We find amongst them some that are most interesting, even in the eyes of un instructed persons. The hop, so extensively cultivated in southern England, is ranked under the nettle order. The bread-fruit-tree and cow-tree, which furnish a ready-made meal in some favoured climes, take their places among the urticaceæ. To this order belongs the India-rubber-tree, from which we now derive a comfort so important in our rainy climate; also the upas-tree, of which so many strange tales are told. Under this head are likewise classed the sycamore and fig of Scripture, besides the hemp, the pellitory of the wall, the banyan-tree, and the mulberry. An order comprehending plants, many of which are at first sight so dissimilar, is apt to confound the uninitiated; but the difficulty is greatly removed by dividing it into two distinct tribes—the *Urticaceæ* proper, and the *Artocarpeæ*, or bread-fruits; the former embracing the herbaceous species with watery juice, and the latter the ligneous species, whose juice is milky. The botanical construction of the flowers, says Loudon, 'is, however, strikingly alike in all, from the nettle and humble pellitory of the wall, to the fig and bread-fruit-tree. In all the genera, the male and female flowers are distinct; that is, some of the flowers have only stamens, and others only a pistil; the latter, of course, being the only ones which produce seed. None of the flowers have any corolla; and in all the male flowers, the stamens which are erect at first spring back with elasticity, and discharge their pollen, and afterwards remain extended. The seeds are all enclosed in nuts, though the edible part varies—being in some, as the bread-fruit and the fig, the dilated receptacle; and in others, as the mulberry, the metamorphosed calyx.

Many of the genera have one or two species which produce eatable fruit, though the fruit of the other species of the same genus is unwholesome, an anomaly rarely to be met with in any other order except the *Solanaceæ* (nightshades); and though the milky juice of most urticaceous plants is poisonous, it affords in one species, the cow-tree, a wholesome beverage. Besides these, there are other peculiarities characteristic of the order. The leaves, for example, are alternate, and usually covered with asperities, or with hairs furnished with a stinging secretion; and this stinging property, so well exemplified in the common nettle, is participated in by many others whose acidity is intense. A narcotic principle is highly developed in the hemp, and the toughness of the fibre of that plant is common to numerous others of the order; while many species furnish caoutchouc of the finest quality. Such are the general features of urticaceous plants, the peculiar characteristics of which will be more clearly shown by treating respectively the two great tribes into which botanists have divided them.

The first tribe, *Urticaceæ* proper, contains all those plants—as the nettle, hop, hemp, and pellitory—which possess the common characteristics of the order, but agree with the stinging nettle in yielding a watery juice when broken. Most of them also agree in having rough leaves and angular stalks, the fibres of which are so tough as to be capable of being spun. At the head of the tribe stands the genus *Urtica*, which embraces those plants known under the common name of *nettle*, a term the same with the Anglo-Saxon word *netel* or *neadl* (a needle), and evidently applied on account of the stinging properties of the hairs or prickles. *Urtica*, it may be remarked, is also a descriptive name, but alludes to the sensation which the sting produces, being from the Latin *urō*, I burn. There are about forty species of true nettles, most of which are herbaceous plants or under-shrubs, growing extensively in Europe, Asia, and America; three of the species are British, namely, *U. pilulifera*, the Roman nettle; *U. dioica*, the great nettle; and *U. urens*, the small nettle—all of which are well known for their stinging qualities, and are found abundantly under hedge banks, amongst rubbish, and in other neglected places. None of the three species are ever found far from the habitations of man; indeed, let the traveller meet with a clump of nettles, and he may decide with certainty that man has, or has had, his abode not far distant. Of our native sorts, the *U. pilulifera* is regarded as the most virulent; but the sting of the small species is for the moment equally severe and painful. Why the nettle stings, is easily explained. Besides the hairs which cover the leaves, there are numerous bristles, somewhat longer, of a horny consistence, and most acutely pointed. These bristles are not, however, solid throughout, like a pin or needle, but are hollow, and have at their base a minute gland filled with an aerial fluid. So soon, therefore, as the point is touched, the sting pressing upon the gland forces the fluid through the tube; and if the bristle has penetrated the skin, the poison is injected into the wound, where it irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. All the stinging-nettles act upon the same principle, which is precisely analogous to the mode in which the fang of the serpent wounds and injects the poison at the same instant.

The stinging properties of the British nettles are feeble, however, when compared with those of some Indian species, which are so virulent as to cause the most excruciating pain, and even sometimes death. Leschenault de la Tour gives the following account of the effects of touching the *Urtica crenulata*, a specimen of which was growing in the Botanic Garden at Calcutta:—'One of the leaves slightly touched the first three fingers of my left hand; at the time, I only perceived a slight pricking, to which I paid no attention. This was at seven in the morning. The pain continued to increase; in an hour it became intolerable; it seemed as if some one was rubbing my fingers with a hot iron.

Nevertheless there was no remarkable appearance: neither swelling, nor pustule, nor inflammation. The pain rapidly spread along the arm as far as the arm-pit. I was then seized with a frequent sneezing, and with a copious running at the nose, as if I had caught a violent cold in the head. About noon I experienced a painful contraction of the back of the jaws, which made me fear an attack of tetanus. I then went to bed, hoping that repose would alleviate my suffering; but it did not abate: on the contrary, it continued nearly the whole of the following night; but I lost the contraction of the jaws about seven in the evening. The next morning the pain began to leave me, and I fell asleep. I continued to suffer for two days; and the pain returned in full force when I put my hand into water. I did not finally get clear of it for nine days. Violent as were these effects, they are not so severe as those produced by another Eastern nettle known by the name of devil's leaf, whose sting is said occasionally to cause death. The irritation produced by the common nettle of our hedges has a blistering effect on the skin like that arising from the application of ground mustard: and in old herbals we find nettle switches recommended for that purpose.

Notwithstanding the acrid properties of the nettle, the tops or young shoots in spring form an excellent pot-herb, and were at one time pretty extensively used by the humbler classes in the north of England and in Scotland. It was even cultivated by the higher classes for that purpose, being regarded as a purifier of the blood, and an alternative at a season when few other pot-herbs could be obtained. Sir Walter Scott alludes to the practice when he makes Andrew Fairservice say, 'Nae doubt I should understand my ain trade, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdail, near Glasgow, where they raise lang kail under glass, and force the early nettles for spring kail.' The custom of making nettle-broth is still more characteristically alluded to in the following popular rhymes:—

Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cow the nettle, stoo' the nettle;
Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cow the nettle early.

Cow it laigh cow it sunn,
Cow it in the month of June,
Stoo' it e'er it's in the blume;
Cow the nettle early.

Cow it by the auld wa's,
Cow it where the sun ne'er fa's,
Stoo' it when the day dawns,
Cow the nettle early.

Whatever value our ancestors may have set on 'nettle-kail' it is clear their tastes have not descended to their offspring—the pigs of the peasantry having by modern usage the sole and undisputed right to the dainty. The nettle, however, retains its place as a medicinal agent, and 'nettle-tea' is still a popular remedy for many diseases.

The stalk of the true nettles, like the hop, hemp, and others of the same natural family, yields a strong woody fibre, which is capable of being manufactured into cloth, ropes, paper, &c. For this purpose the cultivation of various species of nettles has been attempted; but, so far as we are aware, has not been persevered in, owing to the difficulty of separating the fibre. Could this be done readily and cheaply, there is little doubt of its superseding the hemp and flax for certain purposes, as, according to Dr Roxburgh, the produce of the *U. tenacissima* was the strongest of all the vegetable fibres which he subjected to experiment. This species is the *caloe* of the East Indies and adjacent countries, so highly valued for the beauty, fineness, and softness of its fibre. It is readily propagated, as the willow, from cuttings, grows luxuriantly in the northern as in the southern parts of India, and throws up numerous shoots as soon as cut down, which may be done about five times a-year. It is used by the Malays and others for sewing-thread and twine, and for making fishing-nets—a circumstance rendered more worthy of notice, seeing that the natives of Kamtschatka, as well as the Ameri-

can Indians, also make their cordage and fishing-tackle from the ligneous fibres of nettles. Besides these properties, some Indian species, as *U. tuberosa*, furnish root-stocks, which are eaten by the natives either raw, boiled, or roasted. This plant, it is said, was introduced into Britain, and bore its tuber-like root-stocks, and might have furnished a cheap food for pigs and cattle, as it could have grown in waste places; but the winter was too severe, and destroyed the plants. The root of the common nettle, when boiled with alum, yields a durable yellow dye; and a decoction of the plant, when salted, curdles milk without communicating to it any disagreeable flavour, and is therefore used in some dairies in preference to rennet. Among other properties of the true nettles, botanists mention their adaptation for ornamental purposes; for although our own sorts stand merely as humble and neglected weeds, some foreign species are remarkable for the grace and elegance of their foliage.

The nettle, however, is not the only genus worthy of notice in the first tribe of this natural order: the hop and hemp are of much higher importance in an economical point of view. The hop (*Humulus lupulus*), the female flowers of which are so extensively used for imparting a bitter flavour to malt liquors, and for the purpose of preserving them from fermentation, is, like the common nettle, indigenous to Britain and to many other parts of Europe. Its leaves and stems are, like many of the tribe, covered with hairs and bristles, but these are innocuous. The efficacious principle of the hop is contained in the scales which cover the seed-vessels, and consists of a substance called *lupuline*, which occasions the fragrance of the plant, and produces the bitter astringent so highly valued by the malster. Lupuline is a gentle narcotic; but though the fragrance of hops is said to produce sleep when inhaled in small quantities, an excess of it causes headache and vertigo, especially in nervous persons. The fibres of the stem, when separated by maceration, are found to possess the same tenacity as those of the nettle and hemp, and may be made into coarse cloth and cordage. The young shoots of the hop, like those of the nettle, are edible, and when boiled, are said to make a tolerable substitute for asparagus. The great importance of this member of the urticaceae consists in its value to the malster; and an idea of the extent to which it is cultivated may be formed from the fact, that between three hundred and four hundred thousand pounds are annually paid in hop-duties to government. The hemp (*Cannabis sativa*) presents many points of resemblance to its congeners, the hop and nettle. The smell of hemp, when growing, produces the same effects as that of hops in excess; and in hot countries is followed by a kind of stupor like that caused by opium. The fibres of the stem constitute the well-known hemp of commerce, and are extensively used in the manufacture of ropes, sail-cloth, &c. This plant is a native of India, but is now widely cultivated in various European countries.

The second tribe of the order, namely, the *Artocarpeae*, or bread-fruits, differ so widely from those of the preceding, that it is necessary to possess considerable botanical knowledge to perceive the resemblance between them. When examined, however, they are found to agree in almost every natural character, except in their juice, which is milky and glutinous, instead of watery. The members of this division are very numerous, and are chiefly inhabitants of tropical or warm regions. Many of them, as the bread-fruit-tree (*Artocarpus incisa*), which gives the name to the tribe, the banyan, the upas and cow-tree, have been long regarded as vegetable wonders, in consequence of the marvellous stories related by our earlier navigators. Our space will allow us to mention only a few of the more striking peculiarities of this subdivision. Their milk, which is always acrid, renders some of them intensely poisonous, as the upas-tree of Java, and certain Indian species of fig: nevertheless, if the milk is naturally absent from any particular part of an artocarpeous plant, that part be-

comes eatable, and even wholesome. Thus the fruit of the cultivated fig, up to a short time before its maturity, remains milky, and at that time it would prove exceedingly dangerous; but when ripe, the milk disappears, is replaced by sugar, and the fruit becomes, as we all know, extremely wholesome. The same explanation is probably applicable to the case of the bread-fruit, which forms an article of food with the South-Sea islanders.* The bread-fruit is a native of the South-Sea islands and many parts of the Indian Archipelago, inhabiting only such parts where it can obtain sufficient heat and moisture. It forms a moderately-sized tree, about forty feet in height, with large leathery leaves, which are deeply lobed, and having the male and female flowers on different receptacles. The male flower is arranged on a sort of catkin, the female on a round fleshy globe, which gradually enlarges and forms the edible bread-fruit. The edible portion is therefore not the seeds, which are few and small, but the fleshy receptacle in which they are imbedded. When ripe, this receptacle is green, and about the size of a large melon, having its surface roughened by the withered calyxes which remain attached. In using it, the fruit is generally placed in an oven or before a fire, and allowed to remain till the rind turns black. This is then scraped off, and the pulp is found to be soft, tender, and white, resembling the crumb of a newly-baked loaf, though others compare the flavour to that of a roasted potato. In Anson's voyages it is said to be delicious when ripe, and when mixed with lime or orange-juice, to have a grateful tart flavour not unlike apple-sauce. Besides the *Artocarpus incisa*, there are several other species, the most remarkable of which is the *A. integrifolia*, or jack-tree, also a native of the Indian Archipelago, and in its general appearance closely resembling the common bread-fruit. Its leaves are larger, and entire (hence the name), its fruit is also larger, weighing so much as sixty or seventy pounds, but though used by the natives, it is not in great repute among Europeans, who dislike its harsh dry crumb and offensive odour. Its nuts or seeds, however, are highly prized, being more delicious, when roasted, than the best chestnuts.

The cow-tree (*Galactodendron utih*) appears to be nearly allied to the bread-fruit-tree, and is mentioned by Humboldt as growing on the sides of the rocks, its thick roots scarcely penetrating the stony soil, and unmoistened during many months of the year by a drop of rain or dew. But dry and dead as the branches appear, if you pierce the trunk, a sweet and nutritive milk flows forth, which is in the greatest profusion at daybreak. At this time the blacks and other natives of the neighbourhood hasten from all quarters, furnished with large jugs to catch the milk, which thickens and turns yellow on the surface. Some drink it on the spot, others carry it home to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his kine. The upas, or poison-tree of Java (*Antiaris toxicaria*), has hitherto been described as a large tree, growing in that island, in the midst of a desert caused by its own pestiferous qualities; its exhalations were reported to be so unwholesome, that not only did they cause death to all animals which approached it, but even destroyed vegetation for a considerable distance around; and lastly, the juice which flowed from its wounded stem was said to be the most deadly of poisons. Much of this is pure fable; for not only may individuals approach it, but even sleep under its shade with impunity. Its juice, however, is a virulent poison when insinuated into any part of the animal system, and is speedily followed by excruciating tortures and death. There is now a specimen growing in the Chiswick Gardens at London, which parties may daily approach and sit under without suffering any inconvenience; though any part of the tree requires to be handled with extreme caution. Besides the above illustrations

of the tribe *Artocarpeæ*, there are the Osage orange, found in the country of the Osage Indians, near Red River, and celebrated for its fine-grained elastic wood, the spreading banyan, the fig, the sycamore of Scripture, various species of mulberry, and the India-rubber-tree—all of which are more or less valued for their fruit, their wood, or milky juice, which is that from which caoutchouc is derived, and from which the silk-worm derives its peculiar food in the leaves of the mulberry.

The nettle-trees, dead-nettles, and sea-nettles which we so commonly hear of, are in no ways related to the order urticaceæ. The *celtis*, or nettle-tree, of which there are many varieties, belongs to the order ulmaceæ, of which the elm is the type, and only takes its name from the similarity which its leaves bear to some kinds of nettle. The dead-nettles (*lamium album*, and *purpureum*) belong to the order labiata, and have no connexion in any of their botanical characters with urticaceous plants. They take their name from the sharp prickles which arm their ripened or dead seed-vessels, the stings of which are often attended with considerable danger to the part of the body afflicted. These prickles are doubly serrated on the sides, so that when they have pierced the skin, the jagged edges prevent their extraction, and aid their further insertion whenever the part is rubbed, precisely as a beard of barley will move forward in one direction only. Sea-nettles, again, are the *medusa*, or sea-blubbers of our coasts, and are so named because some of them sting and inflame the hand that touches them: the cause of this property is unknown. They have, it will be seen, like the tree-nettles and dead-nettles, no natural relation whatever to the *Urticaceæ*, which the reader may now perceive are a much more interesting class of vegetables than many are apt to imagine, considering the general worthlessness of the common stinging weed which botanists have taken as the type of the order.

MR CARLETON'S TALES.

THE lesser tales of Mr Carleton are now in course of republication in a cheap form, with embellishments, by Messrs Curry, Junior, and Company, and are amply deserving of public patronage. No late illustrator of Irish life exceeds this author, either in the fidelity of his pictures, or in general powers of creating amusement, while in fairness towards the various questions agitating Irish society he is superior to all. From a biographical memoir of Mr Carleton, we learn that he is about forty-six years of age, a native of the county of Tyrone, born of poor parents, but educated above his original position, having been intended for the priesthood. When a youth, without friends, and without money, he migrated to Dublin in search of whatever fortune might be open to him, and there he has since pursued a literary career, in which the lights and shades have been strangely mingled. As a specimen, not of Mr Carleton's powers in fictitious writing, for these we cannot well exemplify in our narrow space, but of his general powers of droll and descriptive writing, the reader may take the following account of a race of Irish pigs:—

'There was in Ireland an old breed of swine, which is now nearly extinct, except in some remote parts of the country, where they are still useful in the hunting season, particularly if dogs happen to be scarce. They were a tall loose species, with legs of an unusual length, with no flesh, short ears, as if they had been cropped for sedition, and with long faces of a highly intellectual cast. They were also of such activity, that few greyhounds could clear a ditch or cross a field with more agility or speed. Their backs formed a rainbow arch, capable of being contracted or extended to an inconceivable degree; and their usual rate of travelling in droves was at mail-coach speed, or eight Irish miles an hour, preceded by an out-rider to clear the way, whilst their rear was brought up by another horseman going at a three-quarter gallop.

* Penny Cyclopædia, article *Artocarpeæ*.

In the middle of summer, when all nature reposed under the united influence of heat and dust, it was an interesting sight to witness a drove of them sweeping past like a whirlwind in a cloud of their own raising, their sharp and lengthy outlines dimly visible through the shining haze, like a flock of antelopes crossing the deserts of the East.

But alas for those happy days! This breed is now a curiosity—few specimens of it remaining, except in the mountainous parts of the country, whither these lovers of liberty, like the free natives of the back settlements of America, have retired to avoid the encroachments of civilisation, and exhibit their Irish antipathy to the slavish comforts of steamboat navigation and the relaxing luxuries of English feeding.

Indeed their patriotism, as evinced in an attachment to Ireland and Irish habits, was scarcely more remarkable than their sagacity. There is not an antiquary among the members of that learned and useful body, the Irish Academy, who can boast such an intimate knowledge of the Irish language in all its shades of meaning and idiomatic beauty, as did this once flourishing class of animals. Nor were they confined to the Irish tongue alone; many of them understood English too; and it was said of those that belonged to a convent, the members of which, in their intercourse with each other, spoke only in Latin, that they were tolerable masters of that language, and refused to leave a potato-field or plot of cabbages, except when addressed in it. To the English tongue, however, they had a deep-rooted antipathy; whether it proceeded from the national feeling, or the fact of its not being sufficiently guttural, I cannot say: but be this as it may, it must be admitted that they were excellent Irish scholars, and paid a surprising degree of deference and obedience to whatever was addressed to them in their own language. In Munster, too, such of them as belonged to the hedge-school-masters were good proficient in Latin; but it is on a critical knowledge of their native tongue that I take my stand. On this point they were unrivalled by the most learned pigs or antiquaries of their day; none of either class possessing at that period such a knowledge of Irish manners, nor so keen a sagacity in tracing out Irish roots.

Their education, it is true, was not neglected, and their instructors had the satisfaction of seeing that it was not lost. Nothing could present a finer display of true friendship founded upon a sense of equality, mutual interest, and good-will, than the Irishman and his pig. The Arabian and his horse are proverbial; but had our English neighbours known as much of Ireland as they did of Arabia, they would have found as signal instances of attachment subsisting between the former as between the latter; and, perhaps, when the superior comforts of an Arabian hut are contrasted with the squalid poverty of an Irish cabin, they would have perceived a heroism and a disinterestedness evinced by the Irish parties, that would have struck them with greater admiration.

The education of an Irish pig, at the time of which we write, was an important consideration to an Irishman. He and his family, and his pig, like the Arabian and his horse, all slept in the same bed; the pig, generally for the sake of convenience, next the "stock." At meals, the pig usually was stationed at the *scrub*, or potato-basket; where the only instances of bad temper he ever displayed broke out in petty and unbecoming squabbles with the younger branches of the family. Indeed, if he ever descended from his high station as a member of the domestic circle, it was upon these occasions when, with a want of dignity, accounted for only by the grovelling motive of self-interest, he embroiled himself in a series of miserable feuds and contentions about scraping the pot, or carrying off from the jealous urchins about him more than came to his share. In these he was distinguished about the good things of this world by being treated with uncommon forbearance; in

his owner he always had a friend, from whom, when he grunted out his appeal to him, he was certain of receiving redress: "Barney, belave, avick: lay down the potstick, an' don't be batin' the pig, the crathur."

In fact, the pig was never mentioned but with this endearing epithet of "crathur" annexed. "Barney, go an' call home the pig, the crathur, to his dinner, before it gets cowl'd an' him." "Barney, go an' see if you can see the pig, the crathur; his buckwhist will soon be ready." "Barney, run an' dhrive the pig, the crathur, out of Larry Neil's phatke-field: an', Barney, whisper, a bouchal bawn, don't run too hard, Barney, for fraid you'd lose your breath. What if the crathur *does* get a taste o' the new phatics—small blame to him for the same!"

In short, whatever might have been the habits of the family, such were those of the pig. The latter was usually out early in the morning to take exercise, and the unerring regularity with which he returned at meal-time, gave sufficient proof that procuring an appetite was a work of supererogation on his part. If he came before the meal was prepared, his station was at the door, which they usually shut to keep him out of the way until it should be ready. In the meantime, so far as a forenoon serenade and an indifferent voice could go, his powers of melody were freely exercised on the outside. But he did not stop here; every stretch of ingenuity was tried by which a possibility of gaining admittance could be established. The hat and rags were repeatedly driven in from the windows, which from practice and habit he was enabled to approach on his hind legs; a cavity was also worn by the frequent grubblings of his snout under the door, the lower part of which was broken away by the sheer strength of his tusks, so that he was enabled, by thrusting himself between the bottom of it and the ground, to make a most unexpected appearance on the hearth, before his presence was at all convenient or acceptable.

But independently of these two modes of entrance, namely, the door and window, there was also a third, by which he sometimes scrupled not to make a descent upon the family. This was by the chimney. There are many of the Irish cabins built for economy's sake against slopes in the ground, so that the labour of erecting either a gable or side-wall is saved by the perpendicular bank that remains after the site of the house is scooped away. Of the facilities presented by this peculiar structure the pig never failed to avail himself. He immediately mounted the roof (through which, however, he sometimes took an unexpected flight), and traversing it with caution, reached the chimney, into which he deliberately backed himself, and with no small share of courage went down precisely as the northern bears are said to descend the trunks of trees during the winter, but with far different motives.

In this manner he cautiously retrograded downwards with a hardihood which set furze bushes, brooms, tongs, and all other available weapons of the cabin at defiance. We are bound, however, to declare that this mode of entrance, which was only resorted to when every other failed, was usually received by the cottager and his family with a degree of mirth and good-humour that were not lost upon the sagacity of the pig. In order to save him from being scorched, which he deserved for his temerity, they usually received him in a creel, often in a quilt, and sometimes in the tattered blanket, or large pot, out of which he looked with a humorous conception of his own enterprise that was highly diverting. We must admit, however, that he was sometimes received with the comforts of a hot poker, which Paddy pleasantly called, "givin' him a warm welcome."

Another trait in the character of these animals was the utter scorn with which they treated all attempts to fatten them. In fact, the usual consequences of good feeding were almost inverted in their case; and although I might assert that they became leaner in proportion to what they received, yet I must confine myself to truth, by stating candidly that this was not the fact; that there was a certain state of fleshlessness to which they

* That is, at the outside.

arrived, but from which they neither advanced nor receded by good feeding or bad.

At this point, despite of all hurgan ingenuity, they remained stationary for life, receiving the bounty afforded them with a greatness of appetite rescinding the fortitude of a brave man, which rises in energy according to the magnitude of that which it has to encounter. The truth is, they were scandalous hypocrites; for with the most prodigious capacity for food, they were spare as philosophers, and fitted evidently more for the chase than the sty; rather to run down a buck or a hare for the larder, than to have a place in it themselves. If you starved them, they defied you to diminish their flesh; and if you stuffed them like aldermen, they took all they got, but disdained to carry a single ounce more than if you gave them whey thickened with water. In short, they gloried in maceration and liberty; were good Irish scholars, sometimes acquainted with Latin; and their flesh, after the trouble of separating it from a superfluity of tough skin, was excellent *venison* so far as it went.*

A PARALLEL TO MR FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

THE picture which Mr Featherstonhaugh and other travellers give of the state of society in the north-western states of America—the slave-dealing, the lawlessness, the open unpunished assassinations, and the wretched state of filthiness in which a large portion of the people live—appears very appalling; but that it is only incidental to the rude and unsettled state of the country, must be evident to all who have any knowledge of the former state of our own favoured land. There is a book called *Letters from the North of Scotland*, which gives exactly such an account of that region, as it existed about the year 1730, during a king's reign which many living persons yet remember. 'This work was written by a gentleman named Burt, and its truthfulness has never been questioned.* It is written in a manner which makes it all the more valuable for the present purpose; for while our English travellers in America generally seem more than willing to find all the fault they can, Burt appears throughout in the character of a mild and good-humoured observer, who would rather speak favourably than otherwise of the people among whom he temporarily sojourned.

After a description of his journey northward, during which he found much reason for disgust at the Lowland inns, he enters upon a lengthened and minute account of all he observed in and around the town of Inverness, which duty obliged him, it is believed, to make his residence for a considerable time. He finds here that the jail holds no criminal of the same clan with the provost, or whose liberation is desired by any person of influence in the neighbourhood. At the same time, the Highland gentlemen made a regular practice of transporting to the colonies any of their dependents who offended them, though it might be only by asking what was their own. 'When any ship in these parts is bound for the West Indies, to be sure a neighbouring chief, of whom none dares openly to complain, has several thieves to send prisoners to town. It has been whispered, their crimes were only asking their dues, and such-like offences; and I have been well assured they have been threatened with hanging, or at least perpetual imprisonment, to intimidate and force them to sign a contract for their banishment, which they seldom refused to do, as knowing there would be no want of witnesses against them, however innocent they were; and then they were put on board the ship, the master paying so much a-head for them. Thus two purposes were served at once—namely, the getting rid of troublesome fellows,

and making money of them at the same time: but these poor wretches never escaped out of prison.

'All this I am apt to believe, because I met with an example, at his own house, which leaves me no room to doubt it. As this chief was walking alone in his garden, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand (as if he feared to be assassinated), and as I was reading in his parlour, there came to me by stealth (as I soon perceived) a young fellow, who accosted me with such an accent as made me conclude he was a native of Middlesex; and every now and then he turned about, as if he feared to be observed by any of the family. He told me that when his master was in London, he had made him promises of great advantage, if he would serve him as his gentleman; but though he had been there two years, he could not obtain either his wages or discharge. And, says he, when I ask for either of them, he tells me I know I have robbed him, and nothing is more easy for him than to find among these Highlanders abundant evidence against me (innocent as I am); and then my fate must be a perpetual jail or transportation: and there is no means for me to make my escape, being here in the midst of his clan, and never suffered to go far from home.

'You will believe I was much affected with the melancholy circumstances of the poor young man; but told him that my speaking for him would discover his complaint to me, which might enrage his master; and in that case I did not know what might be the consequence to him. Then with a sorrowful look he left me, and (as it happened) in very good time.' This gentleman, it will be observed, wore arms even in his own garden, and his arms included a dirk, which, as is well known, was then part of the ordinary habiliments of every Highlander. Burt afterwards describes the weapon. 'The blade is straight, and generally above a foot long; the point goes off like a tuck, and the handle is something like that of a sickle. They pretend they cannot do well without it, as being useful to them in cutting wood, and upon many other occasions; but it is a concealed mischief, hid under the plaid, ready for secret stabbing; and, in a close encounter, there is no defence against it.' In what respect does this deadly instrument differ from the Bowie knife of the Arkansas gentleman?

Of the disposition to use these weapons in private life in recent times, Mr Burt gives many anecdotes, out of which we select one. 'Some few years ago a company of Liverpool merchants contracted with the chieftain of this tribe [Glengary], at a great advantage to him, for the use of his woods and other conveniences for the smelting of iron; and soon after, they put their project in execution, by building of furnaces, sending ore from Lancashire, &c. By the way, I should tell you that those works were set up in this country merely for the sake of the woods, because iron cannot be made from the ore with sea or pit coal, to be malleable and fit for ordinary uses.

'The dwelling-house of this chieftain had been burnt by the troops in the year 1715; but the walls, which were of stone, remained; and therefore the director of the above-mentioned works thought it convenient to fit it up with new timber, for the use of himself or his successors during the term of the lease. This being effectually done, a certain number of gentlemen of the tribe came to him one evening on a seeming friendly visit, whom he treated in a generous manner, by giving them his best wines and provisions. Among other things (though a quaker by his religious principles, yet is he a man of polite behaviour), he said to them something to this purpose (for he told me himself how he had been used): "Gentlemen, you have given me a great deal of pleasure in this visit; and when you all, or any of you, will take the trouble to repeat it, let it be when it will, you shall be welcome to anything that is in my house."

'Upon those two last words one of them cried out—[Here a dreadful oath.]—"Your house? I thought it had been Glengary's house!" And upon those watchwords they knocked out the candles, fell upon him,

* There has been a doubt if Burt was the name of the author; but that it really was so, seems tolerably well evidenced by the following obituary notice from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"Feb. 4 [1756], Edmund Burt, Esq. author of a late Description of Scotland."

wounded him, and got him down among them; but he being strong and active, and the darkness putting them in confusion lest they should wound one another, he made a shift to slip from them in the bustle, and to gain another room. This he immediately barricaded, and cried out at the window to his workmen that were not far off, who, running to arm themselves and hasten to his assistance, those gentlemen made off.

Some traits of the inns may now be adverted to. The filthiness of the hotels of the new states, and the personal obtrusiveness and hauteur of the American innkeepers generally, are both curiously paralleled in the Scotland of 1730. At Kelso, which is within ten miles of the English border, Burt was received at the inn by 'a handsome genteel man, well dressed,' who gave him a kindly welcome to the house. 'This induced me to ask him what I could have to eat: to which he civilly answered, The goodwife will be careful nothing shall be wanting, but that he never concerned himself about anything relating to the public (as he called it): that is, he would have me know he was a gentleman, and did not employ himself in anything so low as attendance, but left it to his wife. Thus he took his leave of me: and soon after came up my landlady, whose dress and appearance seemed to me to be so unfit for the wife of that gentleman, that I could hardly believe she was any other than a servant; but she soon took care in her turn, by some airs she gave herself, to let me know she was mistress of the house. I asked what was to be had, and she told me potted pigeons; and nothing, I thought, could be more agreeable, as requiring no waiting, after a fatiguing day's journey in which I had eaten nothing. The cloth was laid, but I was too unwilling to grease my fingers to touch it; and presently after, the pot of pigeons was set on the table. When I came to examine my cates, there were two or three of the pigeons lay mangled in the pot, and behind were the furrows, in the butter, of those fingers that had raked them out of it, and the butter itself needed no close application to discover its quality. My disgust at this sight was so great, and being a brand-new traveller in this country, I ate a crust of bread, and drank about a pint of good claret; and although the night was approaching, I called for my horses, and marched off thinking to meet with something better.'

At a Highland inn, 'my landlady sat, with a parcel of children about her, some quite, and others almost naked, by a little peat-fire in the middle of the hut, and over the fireplace was a small hole in the roof for a chimney.' 'At a little distance was another hut, where preparations were making for my reception. It was somewhat less, but contained two beds, or boxes to lie in, and was kept as an apartment for people of distinction. * * The landlord not only sits down with you, as in the northern Lowlands, but in some little time asks leave (and sometimes not) to introduce his brother, cousin, or more, who are all to drink your honour's health in usky, which, though a strong spirit, is to them like water. And this I have often seen them drink out of a scallop-shell. And in other journeys, notwithstanding their great familiarity with me, I have several times seen my servant at a loss how to behave when the Highlander has turned about and very formally drank to him; and when I have baited, and eaten two or three eggs, and nothing else to be had, when I asked the question, "What is there for eating?" the answer has been, "Nothing for you, sir, but sixpence for your man."

'The host, who is rarely other than a gentleman, is interpreter between you and those who do not speak English, so that you lose nothing of what any one has to say relating to the antiquity of their family, or the heroic actions of their ancestors in war with some other clan. If the guest be a stranger, not seen before by the man of the house, he takes the first opportunity to inquire of the servant from whence his master came, who he is, and if he is going, and what his business is that country? and if the fellow happens to be surly, as

thinking the inquiry impertinent, perhaps chiefly from the Highlander's poor appearance, then the master is sure to be subtly gifted (if not asked) for the secret; and if obtained, it is a help to conversation with his future guests.'

Finally, as to the strange judicial proceedings of the back states, and the curious conduct of some of the judges, hear what Burt says of the administration of justice in a part of Great Britain under the government of the second George. 'I happened to be at the house of a certain chief when the chieftain of a tribe belonging to another clan came to make a visit; after talking of indifferent matters, I told him I thought some of his people had not behaved toward me, in a particular affair, with that civility I might have expected from the clan. He started; and immediately, with an air of fierceness, clapped his hand on his broadsword, and told me, if I required it, he would send me two or three of their heads. But I, really thinking he had been in jest, and had acted it well (as jesting is not their talent), laughed out, by way of approbation of his capacity for a joke; upon which he assumed, if possible, a yet more serious look, and told me peremptorily he was a man of his word; and the chief who sat by made no manner of objection to what he said.

'The heritable power of pit and gillows, as they call it, which still is exercised by some within their proper districts, is, I think, too much for any particular subject to be intrusted withal. But it is said that any partiality or revenge of the chief, in his own cause, is obviated by the law, which does not allow himself to sit judicially, but obliges him to appoint a substitute as judge in his courts, who is called the *baillie of regality*. I fear this is but a shadow of safety to the accused, if it may not appear to increase the danger of injustice and oppression; for to the orders and instructions of the chief may be added the private resentment of the baillie, which may make up a double weight against the supposed criminal.

'I have not, I must own, been accustomed to hear trials in these courts, but have been often told that one of these baillies, in particular, seldom examines any but with raging words and rancour; and if the answers made are not to his mind, he contradicts them by blows, and at one time even to the knocking down of the poor wretch who was examined. Nay, further, I have heard say of him, by a very credible person, that a Highlander of a neighbouring clan, with whom his own had been long at variance, being to be brought before him, he declared upon the accusation, before he had seen the party accused, that the very name should hang him.'

The general effect of these particulars respecting Scotland in 1730, taken in connexion with what is stated respecting the newer states of America, is to show that all countries, at a particular stage of social progress, are alike. To the England of Sir Robert Walpole, the northern parts of Scotland were exactly what Arkansas and Tennessee now are to the New England of President Tyler—an outlying district over which central institutions had not yet had time to assert their sway.

A VISIT TO EASTBOURNE.

THE public is already partly aware of the benevolent proceedings of Mrs Davies Gilbert upon her estate in Sussex, where she has now a large population settled comfortably upon small allotments of land, and has instituted a self-supporting industrial school; thus giving the means of an honourable self-support to people who would otherwise be paupers, and at the same time not in any way diminishing her own revenue.

The editor of the Norwich Mercury lately visited the scene of this interesting experiment, and gave an account of it in his paper. He begins with a description of the school, which is here omitted, as having been anticipated in these pages, and then goes on to speak of a plot of five acres occupied by a man, his wife, and seven children, who were in 1840 in the Eastbourne Union-house at an annual

expense of £70, 4s. in food and clothing, besides the Union expenses, which must have made it equal to the interest of £3000, 3 per cents. 'He was at work with several of his pigny labourers, who set to with heart and good-will. He spoke with delight of the exchange he had undergone, and indeed it was almost needless to make inquiry. His vigorous frame and healthy look, his apparel, and manner, all gave the most manifest proofs of satisfaction. He said he had grown fourteen coombs and a bushel of wheat per acre, and twenty-four coombs of oats. He had two cows, paid a full rent, and maintained his family in comfort.

'A third location exhibited a more curious scene. Here the possessor was a cripple, which he said taught him to train his cow to do the work he was unable to perform. His cow was harnessed to a small cart, which two boys had filled with manure, and she dragged the cart up hill to the spot where the manure was deposited for use. He spoke even in stronger terms of his various crops, and his entire satisfaction. He was obviously a man of shrewd capacity, which he had directed to make good his misfortune of lameness. The clergyman of the village met and accompanied us over this little farm, and added his cordial testimony to that of the man himself.

'In addition to these benefits, Mrs Gilbert has apportioned no fewer than four hundred allotments of different quantities of land, from half an acre to two acres each, to the labouring class of her village of Eastbourne. Some of them lie near Beachy Head, and all exhibit the clearest proofs of successful culture. The rent is fully equal to that paid by the neighbouring farmers—in some cases larger. There have been only three defaulters in thirteen years, though the tenants were taken without reference to character, and told that the rent would not be demanded if not tendered—a sufficient proof of their desire to possess the land on the terms it is held.

'After we had inspected these grounds, we conversed with one of the most intelligent agriculturists in the neighbourhood, who was thoroughly conversant with the project and its working. He said there could be no question as to its success, which was attributable to the superior interest and attention of individual culture; in a word, it was garden, not field culture. Another piece of curious information given us by this good lady was the exhibition of a moderate-sized hand-basin filled to the brim with wheat, the produce of one single grain, to which was added the following statement:—

'Wheat from Fubard's Prize White, brought by Mr T. Hurst from Oxford, all raised from one grain in one season. It was put in on July 22, 1841. The shoots were divided twice before Christmas, and once after, and consisted of—roots, 173; ears, 3272; grains, 97,023; and weighed 7lbs. 15½ oz. September 1842. Half an ounce of this wheat, carefully weighed, contained 382 grains.

'Here, then, we repeat, are given irrefragable proofs of the efficacy of the principle, if carried out judiciously. Pray, reader, bear in mind that a pauper, whose previous maintenance was equal to the interest of a capital of £3000 at 3 per cent., was taken from a workhouse and converted into an active, able, and productive labourer, and what is even better, into a moral and contented man. His family were brought into training, and he was placed as an instructor to give education, secular, religious, and industrial, to twelve little boys, at the cost of only one shilling per week to all their parents. The process which effected all this good brought also a better rent than could be otherwise made of the land to the owner of the soil. When we consider that all this has been achieved by an elderly lady, we cannot but wish others would give themselves the pleasure it evidently affords her. We know what will be urged in abatement of our plea for the pauper—"You will convert England into the same state of division under which Ireland has been placed." We deny the necessity of any such consequence. Ireland has been portioned out by middle-men, and liable to pay the middle-men's rent as well as their own, if the tenant be behind-hand; and with such insecurity, sufficient labour is not given to the soil; and if landlords understood the injury this insecurity does them, they would avoid it.

'One only point remains to be observed. The advantage would be greatly increased could the land thus allotted be taken from that which is now unproductive; for it is clear that, although the garden-culture may, and does increase the quantity produced, such increase is mostly the difference between the former and the improved tillage. Were the production drawn from land newly broken up, the

whole would be an addition to the fund for the maintenance of labour.

'We have thus brought this case, as comprehensive in its extent as noble in its intention, fairly and without exaggeration under the cognizance of the opulent inhabitants of the wide district through which our Journal circulates, and should Mrs Gilbert's example find any imitators amongst them, we are sure nothing would so cordially gratify that lady, whose exertions are prompted entirely by a sense of justice to those who have not land, and expediency to those who have, which land is of no value to them without labour—of which the Russians are so sensible, that when an English gentleman was questioned about his property, and stated the number of his acres, they laughed, and said—'You tell us nothing, without stating the number of your workmen on it.'

DISPOSITIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

It is the great wisdom and providence of the Almighty so to order the dispositions and inclinations of men, that they affect divers and different works and pleasures: some are for manly trades, others for intellectual employments; one is for the land, another for the sea; one for husbandry, another for merchandise; one is for architecture, another for vestimentary services; one is for fishing, another for pasturage; and in the learned trades, one is for the mistress of the sciences—divinity, another for the law, whether civil or municipal; a third is for the search of the secrets of nature, and the skill and practice of physic; and each one of these divides itself into many differing varieties. Neither is it otherwise in matters of pleasure: one places his delight in following his hawk and hound, another in the harmony of music; one makes his garden his paradise, and enjoys the flourishing of his fair tubs; another finds contentment in a choice library; one loves his bowl or his bow, another pleases himself in the patient pastime of his angle. For, surely, if all men affected one and the same trade or life, or pleasure of recreation it were not possible that they could live one by another; neither could there be any use of commerce, whereby man's life is maintained; neither could it be avoided, but that the envy of the inevitable rivalry would cut each other's throats. It is good reason we should make a right use of this gracious and provident dispensation of the Almighty; and, therefore, that we should improve our several dispositions and faculties to the advancing of the common stock; and, withal, that we should neither enroach upon each other's profession, nor be apt to censure each other's recreations.—*Bishop Hall.*

ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

The necessary wants of man are easily supplied; even moderate comforts and rational pleasures demand no great outlay of money. A man may enjoy all the real pleasures of life without overstepping the bounds of prudence or economy; because those pleasures are determined by the habits and income of the individual. There is no such thing as positive pleasure; all pleasure is relative to the person; and he who commands a moderate income may enjoy as much happiness as the rich and great. The amount of happiness to be enjoyed depends upon himself, and not upon any abstract or definitive idea. One glass of small may be as full as one of large dimensions, says one of our moralists. The wants of man may be few or many, according to the individual, and as they are regulated, so shall be his happiness. He who has fewest wants, says an ancient sage, comes nearest to the gods.—*Book of Symbols.*

PHOSPHORITE.

This rare and curious mineral, proposed to be used as a manure, is thus adverted to by Professor Daubeny in a verbal account of the Natural History of Spain, which he recently submitted to the Asinoleon Society of Oxford. The claystone at Lagrowan, near Truxillo, contains a vein of phosphorite, first noticed from its phosphorescent property by Bowles, and afterwards determined to consist of phosphate of lime by Proust. The latter chemist reported that entire hills were composed of it, and this erroneous statement becoming current, gave rise to the idea that it might be made available for manure, as a substitute for bones—the chief fertilising principle in which is the phosphate of lime. The mineral occurs, however, only in one solitary vein, which is indeed often as much as ten feet

wide, and may be traced along the surface for nearly two miles. The vein is by no means a pure phosphate; but is largely intermingled with quartz and other rocky substances. Besides the phosphate of lime, it contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium, as if it were intended to provide a material which enters as a constituent into the bones of animals both of this and of a former age. The bones of the cow contain 55, of the horse 67, and of the sheep 70 per cent. of phosphate of lime, and as this material is derived from the food on which the animals live, it is indispensable that it be present in the soil in which the vegetables grow. Bone-dust, and other manures that yield phosphate of lime, are both expensive and limited in supply; hence the importance originally attached to the discovery of 'entire hills' of phosphorite.

'BULLS OF GENIUS.'

'And forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a sang ava.'

Elfrick Shepherd.

'The feet of the rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.'—*Dr Maginn.*

'Or rose of sweet Provence,

All flung their odours on the listening sense.'

Derwent Conway.

'Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious DISCORD.'—*Derwent Conway (Forget-Me-Not: 1829).*

'I feel the fragrance of the thorns,
Where lovers love to meet.'

Alban Cunningham (Amulet, 1830).

'Tis the trowel to finish his work when 'tis done.'—*Juvenile Souvenir, 1831. Chapter on Tools.*

'It was a decent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matter.'—*Trails and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*

'I hear the vain shadows glide.'—*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

'The naked part of the hanger is now covered with thistles of various kinds.'—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

'The earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk for ever, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.'—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

'When Clarendon was employed in writing his History, he was in a constant study of Livy and Julius.'—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

'Gloomed o'er his brow the infernal diadem,
Like a black crag projected o'er a cliff,
White as the surge, the barrier of the main;
And, like a blasted orb once over-bright,
His eye a ruin burned; and on his cheek
Immortal beauty hideously shone.'

Heraud's Epic Poem—The Judgment of the Flood.

THE RATA OF NEW ZEALAND.

'One of the most extraordinary trees in a New Zealand forest,' says Simmond's Colonial Magazine, 'is the Rata, which, originating in a parasite, grows to such a size as to rank amongst the giants of the forest. It first makes its appearance in the form of a tender vine, clasping the trunk of some huge tree with its long tendrils, and growing both upwards and downwards, and increasing in bulk at the same time. After a while, the parasite, having killed the parent trunk, establishes itself upon its ropts, sends forth numerous branches aloft, which again send forth aerial roots clasping the neighbouring trees—and ultimately the Rata occupies a larger space than any tree of the forest. It is under this tree that the curiosity so well known as the vegetating caterpillar is found. Instances have occurred of natives lying down to sleep under the Rata having been found dead, and, in consequence, it is now always carefully avoided by them.' Well-informed botanists, on the other hand, describe this singular plant as perfectly innocuous, and maintain that if natives have been found dead beneath it, their death was owing to any other cause rather than the Rata.

From this description, it would appear that the Rata is botanically the same with the 'Bush-rope' mentioned by Washington in his *Wanderings in South America*:—'A vine,' says he, 'called by the woodcutters the bush-rope, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demerara. Some-

times you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted like a cork-screw round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times three or four of them, like, strands in a cable, join tree and tree, and branch and branch together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and appear like shrouds and stays supporting the main-mast of a line-of-battle ship; while others, sending out parallel, oblique, horizontal, and perpendicular shoots in all directions, put you in mind of what travellers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree, above a hundred feet in height, uprooted by the whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature; and hence it is that you account for the phenomenon of seeing trees not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots, though far from their perpendicular, and their trunks inclined to every degree from the meridian to the horizon.'

THE ALBATROSS.

This noble bird, which may be said to constitute the head of the gull family, is in body about the size of a common goose; but, to enable it to undertake the extraordinary flights which often carry it hundreds of leagues from any resting-place, except the billows foaming under its rapid course, it is provided with wings of immense length and power. With these, which often measure as much as twelve feet from tip to tip, it glides in search of prey over boundless tracts, often, it is said, sleeping even while soaring over the waters. Insatiable and voracious in appetite, it is always craving, and never satisfied. Not content with feeding on the inhabitants of the deep, it preys indiscriminately on everything which it comes across. The smaller aquatic birds are not free from its great voracity, which is not infrequently the means of its capture and destruction. A piece of pork or suet, fixed on a small hook, and allowed to drag by a long line in the wake of the vessel, often proves a temptation too strong to be resisted: the greedy bird stoops on his prey, swallows the bait, and then, with distended wings, is towed on board, and soon stands tottering on deck amidst his exulting captors; who frequently employ, with similar success, the same device to ensnare the smaller pintado, or Cape pigeon. The immense power of wing of the albatross enables it to cleave the air with the greatest facility and a motion peculiar to itself. Its widely-extended pinions, without any perceptible volition, carry it rapidly past from the extreme verge of the horizon; whilst its gliding and graceful movements appear to be extended with perfect ease, and to be under the most complete control, whether quietly floating in the calmest atmosphere, or riding the furious blast of the hurricane. Another peculiarity of the albatross is the shape of the bill, which has many of the characteristics belonging to a bird of prey. It is six inches in length, extending at first in a straight line, and then, suddenly sweeping into a curve, terminates in a most formidable hooked point. With this peculiarity of the eagle and falcon, it has the webbed feet, divested of claws, so clearly an attribute of the aquatic tribe, and which, with its enormous breadth of wing, appear to mark it as the exclusive occupant of the cloud and the wave, of the raging blast or heaving billow; for no sooner does it set foot on the vessel's deck, than it loses all majesty of appearance and grace of motion, staggers awkwardly, like a lubberly landsman, into the lee-scuppers, and, similar to the latter under identical circumstances, seeks relief by the same means that follow the application of an emetic.—*Colonel Napier's Wild Sports.*

TRUTH.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received, we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of Truth; as in passing base coin, it must have the impress of the good ere it will pass current. Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, are, when practised, direct compliments to the power of Truth; and the common custom of passing off Truth's counterfeit for herself, is strong testimony in behalf of her intrinsic beauty and excellence.—*Book of Symbols.*

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IS IT TO BE BELIEVED?

ONE of the most curious features of our age is the multitude of novel systems which go about claiming faith, each showing a tolerably imposing list of testimonies and evidences, but which the bulk of the community show no inclination to receive. This has become a matter of so much importance with regard to both the comfort of individuals and the interests of truth, that a few remarks upon it, in which I shall aim at perfect candour, may not be superfluous.

I shall suppose a simple member of the public, without prejudices on either side, to hear of hydropathy as one of the quack delusions of the day, cunningly devised for the purpose of extracting money from the purses of the unwary. Having received this impression, he meets an elderly gentleman at a dinner party, who makes himself remarkable by taking no beverage save water. This unusual circumstance leads to a conversation, in which the stranger informs him that he is under hydropathic treatment. 'Oh, indeed; how very strange! Pray, what do you do?' 'Why,' says the other, 'I drink two goblets of water every night, and as much every morning. In the morning also I rise about five, wrap myself in a thoroughly-soaked sheet, and lie down again with a great load of bed-clothes over me. This throws me into a violent perspiration, in the height of which I start up and plunge into a cold bath; after this I dress, take a walk, and come in to breakfast with the appetite of an ogre.' 'And what is all this for?' 'Why, I was long in a very bad state of health, and got no good from any doctor. I was travelling on the continent, when by chance, walking on the boulevards at Frankfort, I met Mr —, the well-known English convert to the system of Priessnitz. A conversation with him induced me to accompany him to the establishment of that extraordinary man in Silesia. I there put myself under the hydropathic treatment, and was soon completely cured.' 'And do you now put entire faith in hydropathy?' 'Of course I do,' responds the elderly gentleman in an animated tone; 'I should be sadly ungrateful if I did not, for it has certainly been the immediate means of giving me health and prolonging my life.' 'How strange!' So much for hydropathy.

The simple member of the public—for convenience let us call him Mr Smith—soon after steps up to the drawing-room, where he falls into conversation with a lady of somewhat delicate appearance sitting upon a retired sofa. He soon hears something which induces him to ask if she believes in homœopathy. 'Oh yes; and with good reason too.' 'Indeed! I have been told by many medical men that it is the greatest possible absurdity.' 'Well, they may think so; but I judge only from my own experience, which tells me a very

different tale.' 'Pray, ma'am, be so good as state some particulars.' 'I had lived in the country in bad health for a considerable number of years, never receiving the least benefit from ordinary medical practice. Hearing of a friend who had consulted a homœopathic doctor with advantage, I went to do so also. He carefully inquired into the case, and said he would send me some medicines. Soon after, I received a letter from him, accompanied by a paper of advices and instructions, and also a series of powders, the whole being under one penny postage label. I followed my instructions implicitly, and in a fortnight began to feel myself better; nor did the improvement stop till I was entirely restored to health.' 'But might not the cure be owing to other causes, or to the mere faith you put in the new treatment?' 'I cannot think so,' rejoins the lady; 'for all other circumstances were as they had been for several years, and I rather doubted than believed in the efficacy of the homœopathic system.' 'There is no more to be said by Mr Smith, who only can wonder that individuals should be under such impressions when the public at large are so differently disposed.

The other gentlemen by and by come to the drawing-room, and Mr Smith gets engaged with a small party composed of both sexes, who have chanced to seat themselves in a recess favourable for conversation. Some one introduces the subject of mesmerism, at which two or three break out into a laugh of scornful scepticism, while others look rather grave. A respectable, this-world-looking person says, 'Well, you may laugh, but I am a believer in mesmerism.' At which those who laughed before laugh again, but in a style not calculated to offend. Mr Smith sits in maiden meditation fancy-free. He knows nothing for or against mesmerism; he only feels a little interest in it as a mere matter of curiosity. 'Well,' says he, 'let me hear what has made you a believer in mesmerism.' 'I shall willingly do so,' answers the convert. 'At the time when the science, if it be one, was first exciting curiosity in the town near which I live, I was tempted to try it upon a boy in my employment, whom I supposed extremely unlikely to know anything about it. He was quickly thrown into the sleep, and I then proceeded to touch his head in various places. The manifestations which followed were precisely those which I had understood were witnessed elsewhere. Conceiving that the whole question depended upon the probity of the boy, I took pains to ascertain if he had ever shown himself as possessed of any knowledge such as might enable him to deceive me, if so inclined, when I found the most satisfactory reasons for a contrary conclusion. Since then, I have heard of many cases where deception on either side was as much shut out as in this case of mine; so I humbly conceive that mesmerism must be a trait of nature, though not observed as such till recent times.' 'I also,' says another

gentleman, 'can give testimony in favour of one of the alleged wonders of mesmerism. I was asked one day to the lodgings of a dentist, who had come to our town in the course of a professional tour. It was to witness the extraction of a tooth while the patient, a boy, was under the mesmeric sleep. I willingly went, though extremely sceptical. Before the operation, I inspected and felt the tooth which was to be operated upon. It was unquestionably firmly fixed in the jaw, and, what was worthy of note, it was a strong eye-tooth—a kind which, it is well known, are usually somewhat more hard to extract than others. Well, this usually painful operation took place, and I certainly, with all my care, failed to see the slightest symptom of a feeling of pain in the countenance of the patient, who, on awaking, expressed a very natural-looking surprise that his tooth was gone. I may add that the boy was the son of a person of character living in our town, and no way to be suspected of collusion with the operator for any deceptious purpose.' These things make Mr Smith wonder very much, and he begins to think there *must* be more things in the earth than had hitherto been dreamt of in his philosophy.

In this mood he rises to walk home, and as another gentleman has to go the same way, they propose proceeding together. Of this Mr Smith is very glad, as he had remarked that his companion appeared one of the most intelligent and agreeable men in the company. They enter into conversation on the subject of mesmerism, and Mr Smith makes the remark, that what adds to his difficulties in that case, is the sanction which it seems to give to another of the follies of the age, phrenology. 'For of course,' says he, 'the supposition that there can be any connexion between a bump on the skull and a particular mental disposition or power, is the greatest folly imaginable.' 'I am afraid,' remarks the other, 'that I must differ from you there, though not exactly upon the grounds which you state. The presumed connexion is not between a mental disposition and an external feature of the head, but between the disposition and a mass of brain within, which is in reality the organ of the disposition, and the volume of which, other circumstances being equal, indicates the degree of energy of that mental affection.' 'Oh, then, you are a phrenologist. I beg your pardon for my remark. But may I inquire what evidence you have yourself had for this system, that you are so confident in professing it?' 'Why, I have on so many occasions found a correspondence between large development of certain organs and the ordinary unconscious manifestations of the individual, that I cannot doubt of the system being in the main true. For example, I have been in a public room in a city where I was a stranger, but where I have been attended by a friend to whom the company were generally known. I have marked uncommon developments in individuals, and, on inquiry, found that the leading features of their character corresponded. Every day I hear of silly people going to a trading phrenologist, and coming away surprised at his detections of their character; whereas this seems to me no more a wonder than would be his telling them, from the form and volume of their muscular system, whether they were strong or weak.' 'I must own, however,' says Mr Smith, 'that these head-inspectors have rather added to my prejudice against the science: it makes it look so like palmistry and divination.' 'I do not wonder at such being your sentiments, for they quite agree with my own. Indeed I think phrenology is damaged more by a class of its own professors, than by any opposition it meets with. In my opinion, the whole system of the organology is mainly of importance, not as a means of telling the characters of individuals, but as a basis for a system of mental philosophy, telling us, first, that the mind is connected with the brain (though how, we cannot say), and, second,

what are the various faculties of the mind—a point not determined by the metaphysical inquirers. Thus, we have the satisfaction of seeing mind brought, as it were, within the circle of nature, and speculated on as something clear and distinct, instead of the unsatisfactory volatile *IDEA* it has hitherto been. With such conceptions respecting the mind, and viewing it as a thing under law, like all other departments of nature, we come to see in it the traces of an Almighty hand, as in the more obvious parts of our organization. We also acquire definite and serviceable ideas as to the means of training, improving, and regulating it—the practice to be followed where it is diseased—the duty of sound society towards the criminal—and many other questions upon which we have hitherto felt as men wandering in the dark. These I conceive to be amongst the uses of this much-despised system. To the world at large I know my words would be foolishness; but this cannot prevent me from being sensible of the merits of the system, from which I every day am deriving some practical benefit.' Smith is surprised to hear so much that is plausible said by a sensible-looking person in behalf of what he had always been accustomed to regard as a tissue of mere whim and absurdity, and takes leave of his companion with a declaration that, for his part, he scarcely knows what to think of it.

I have here supposed an individual coming in contact with a few of the more conspicuous hypotheses of the day, and reported only such testimonies about them as I have myself actually heard from the lips of respectable persons. Go where one will, he finds individuals under these and similar convictions, while the bulk of the community either give no attention at all, or only occasionally indulge in a complacent laugh. It cannot be said that any of the systems have a recognized existence, and yet there are multitudes to whom they are a form of faith, and who are consequently actuated by them in much of their thoughts and actions. Of this we have a striking and unequivocal proof in the multitude of publications to which the various systems give rise. certainly, the books on the two last would form of themselves a bulky library. As to homeopathy, we hear of four thousand patients treated in one year on this system in the town of Liverpool alone. An equal number of copies of a small book on homeopathy are stated to have been sold. There is a hydropathic society, I observe, in our own city. All of these, I repeat, are curious features of our age. Errors they may be to the last extent required by their opponents, but they are also, in themselves, remarkable facts, and it seems desirable that some distinct ideas should be arrived at as to the view which ought to be taken of them.

We hear it repeatedly proclaimed by the partisans of these new systems, that the opposition they meet with is no more than what has been experienced by the circulation of the blood, Newton's physical laws, and many other truths now generally accepted. And this is very true, and it may be that these systems are also well-founded, and therefore are now unjustly opposed. But unfortunately the same argument might be adduced in behalf of the most ridiculous dream that ever proceeded from a visionary's brain. And it is necessary to remember, that for every one of the new ideas which have asserted their soundness, and gained a deserved place in our philosophy, there have been multitudes which perished by the wayside, and deserved to perish. Clearly, this argument can only have weight to a certain degree. Say that there have been five hundred new hypotheses within the last two centuries, and that five of these have proved true. This only would allow one chance in a hundred for the probability of a good issue to any new hypothesis. Were it otherwise, and four hundred out of the five had proved true, then the chances in favour would have been four to one. Now, it is impossible to say exactly how many theories, out of all that have been suggested within the last two centuries, have come to be established; but certainly the

number of the rejected greatly exceeds that of the accepted. We are not, therefore, to wonder that mankind in general are incredulous, and say, 'Who shall show us any good?' They act on the strength of a vast experience of disappointments. It is here exactly as in the simplest affairs of life: duped often, we come to look on all as deceivers. It may be said, 'But why not examine, and condemn only on special grounds?' The answer is, 'There is no time to examine. Men must be content, in the multiplicity of their avocations, to judge by general appearances, and by references from one thing to another. If many novelties in medicine have in the long-run proved mere crotchets, or worse, all such novelties must unavoidably be looked on in the same light by the bulk of the community. The difficulty, as far as the mass is concerned, seems insurmountable; but there is still a chance for all such doctrines that have any truth in them, in the protection which they are sure to find from a few who either have happened to enjoy opportunities of acquiring special knowledge, or are naturally disposed to take up with novelties. By favour of such persons, they are usually enabled to maintain a struggle till the time of general favour arrives.'

Another difficulty lies in the uncertain nature of all evidence. A man says, 'I'll believe my own eyes, and thinks himself a very knowing person; but let him go to Herr Dobler or the Northern Wizard, and then say how far his eyes are to be trusted. He feels disposed to put trust in competent eye-witnesses; but the simplest fact is generally found reported differently by different witnesses.' For example, the circumstances attending the escape of the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) from Paris, have been stated with a violent discrepancy by himself and another person; and the only cause for the difference that can be detected, lies in the fact of their having come up to the coach by different sides. And not only do men see things differently, and therefore take up diverse impressions of them, but it is next to impossible to report rigidly what is seen: we unconsciously theorise about the most trivial facts, and state them with a mixture of imagination. Perhaps nothing is so well calculated to moderate our ideas of the value of human testimony, as a recollection of the many impossible things which have been well attested. For example, at the Hertford assizes, in 1629, a clergyman came before Sir John Maynard, and deposed with regard to a murder which had been committed in his parish, 'That the body, being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants (suspected of murdering her) being required, each of them touched the dead body; whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face; the brow turned to a lively and fresh colour; and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again three several times: she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass.' All this was confirmed by the testimony of the minister of the adjoining parish. Another example. There are few things more amply evidenced, as far as the testimony of travellers will go, than that, every year at a place near Cairo, there was a resurrection of a number of people, who had been killed there at an early period while met for Christian worship. The dead bodies are described as being partially thrust up from their graves, some to the extent of an arm or leg, others of half the body, and this used to last for two or three days, after which all sank back once more into the ground. Several books published during the sixteenth century state these particulars with the greatest gravity. In one called *Méditations Historiques*, by Philip Camerarius, it is set down by the author, 'that one Stephen Duplais, a goldsmith, a very intelligent man, about five-and-forty years old, who had, when he was much younger, travelled in Egypt, told

him that he had seen the same thing about fifteen years previous to their then conversation, in company with an apothecary from Chablais of the name of Claude Rocard, and several other Christians, the party being headed and conducted by another goldsmith of the name of Maniotti. He declared to me,' says Camerarius, 'that he and several of his companions actually touched the limbs of the revived corpses, and that he was on the point of laying hold of a child's head, which was rising out of the ground, when an Egyptian who was there called out, "Kali, kali; ante matasardé," which means, Leave it alone, leave it alone; you do not know what it is you touch.' When we consider how much room for doubt is left where we think we see most clearly, or have a testimony the most indubitable, it is evidently well that new systems, professedly depending upon facts, should be received with coolness. Then, again, as to those which may be considered as speculative questions, how often do they prove, after a few years, unworthy of the partial support they have received! For example, the doctrine of Mr Malthus. Twenty years ago, none of the more active and forward-going intellects thought of doubting that theory, and those who did doubt it, were usually set down as men under the influence of prejudice. But time has passed, and this doctrine is now generally seen to be destitute of a sound foundation. Of course it is to be presumed that, if this strange theory had been admitted at once, and used as the basis of legislative measures, extensive error might have been committed, and serious consequences might have ensued. The heart of man has here been wiser than his head. The natural feelings always revolted from the Malthusian doctrine, though they could not well say why, and now they are seen to have been in the right.

There is, on the other hand, a scepticism which does not strictly follow reason, but depends in a great measure upon ignorance, prejudice, self-conceit, and other unworthy feelings. We are apt to pronounce an unfavourable opinion of a new hypothesis without any examination, merely because it does not agree with ideas already established in our minds, when, if these ideas were rigidly tested, they might be found either erroneous, or far short of the full measure of the truth. It has been remarked by Adam Smith, as the cause of the feeling of wonder, that we lack something to connect our ordinary ideas with the new one presented to us: not seeing the whole chain of natural causes, we marvel. Now, marvelling is so agreeable to some minds as to form an inducement to their believing in novelties; while with others, of a more rigorous or cautious character, it presents only a ground of suspicion. Thus to treat novel doctrines may be well so far; but if it be allowed to operate beyond the extent of a salutary caution, if we invariably shut our ears against new hypotheses, and persist in refusing them all opportunity of showing evidence in their own favour, merely because some weaker, wonder-loving persons receive them too readily, we obviously incur the risk of repressing the advance of truth. And it cannot be doubted that if those who receive all without discrimination are reprehensible, so also are those who reject all without discrimination. When their doing so is partly, as often happens, a result of mean personal feelings, it is certainly worthy of the strongest reprobation. It is impossible to imagine a sincere lover of truth acting in such a manner.

Viewing the liabilities to error on both sides, what is the duty of the simple member of the public with respect to the various new systems which meet him when he goes into the world? In one word, caution. Let him hear much, and say little. Let him receive with politeness, but a perfectly unimpassioned mind, all the statements and arguments of the partisans of these doc-

* A fuller account of this extraordinary delusion occurs in a work where one would little expect it; namely, Hook's novel of *Garney Married*, vol. I. 253-258.

trines; and at the same time let him hear with equal coolness the merely prejudiced objections and thoughtless ridicule of those who choose to condemn in ignorance. By and by the time for a definite judgment will arrive, and when it does so, he will be prepared for a verdict, without having to take any shame to himself, either on the score of the encouragement of falsehood or the repression of truth.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SEADOW.

A TALE.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

PART SECOND.

'How is Clement to-day, Esther?' inquired Mr Fulwood, as he entered the small flower-plot before Mrs Grainger's door, and kindly shook hands with the young girl who came forth to meet him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, tall and graceful in figure, and with a face, though not pretty, yet very pleasing. Her eyes, however, were soft and expressive, and the paleness of her cheek was rendered more visible by the contrast of her dark, braided hair. A slight blush mounted to her temples as she replied, 'I hope better—much better. The cough is subsiding, and he has had fewer of those terrible flushings. I think he will soon be strong again; do not you, sir?'—and she looked up anxiously in his face.

'I think there is much in his own power, Esther,' was the reply. 'Clement is a fine creature, but too dreamy, too excitable, and, I must also say, too obstinate. So naturally delicate as his constitution is, it is almost too much for him to pursue his studies so as to enable him to take orders at all, and yet he will persist in striving for attainments which require strength and nerve far beyond what he possesses. But I shall say no more to him; I saw he was displeased with me the last time I spoke to him, and even his mother thought I was too severe.'

'She alluded, I think, to your saying that such exertions as Clement was making were no better than suicide.' She is proud of him, as is very natural; but she is uneasy about him many a time, and by no means wishes him to work so hard.'

'Listen to me, Esther, whilst I tell you the truth. You know how Clement's father brought worldly ruin on himself and his family by his wild speculations, and I can tell you that, in another form, the spirit of the father lives in the son.'

'Surely, my dear sir, you cannot think for a moment that Clement is covetous, or that he is so overstraining mind and body in the hope of acquiring riches?'

'Indeed I do not. Nevertheless he is speculating; and the capital he is risking is his health, perhaps his life. Believe me, Esther, health is a talent as well as money, for which we must hereafter give an account. He is following after a shadowy fame, an unsubstantial triumph. I doubt much if he will ever overtake it.' But by this time poor Esther's eyes were full of tears, and Mr Fulwood, changing his tone, entered the house, saying, 'Come, we will go and see our patient. I am truly glad you can tell me he is better.'

Esther Corbett was a niece of Mrs Grainger, who had been for the last few months residing at the cottage. She had been early deprived of her mother: Her father was captain of a merchantman; and her two young brothers, for whom she had kept house until lately, were already following their father's profession. She had always been a favourite with Mrs Grainger, and on being thus left alone, it had been arranged that she should board with her aunt. And truly, Esther Corbett was as a daughter to the lonely widow, lightening her household tasks, attending to her comforts, and performing all the domestic offices which are only well performed when the mother is in them.

Clement Grainger had lately come home for the vacation, and stood high amongst his comrades,

over most of whom, by excessive assiduity, he had obtained a decided superiority. But what to another might have been comparatively easy, to him was difficult. His intellect was, like his person, more graceful than vigorous, his mind more imaginative than deep or reflective; the drudgery he submitted to, in order to acquire the character of a first-rate scholar, told terribly on both his mind and body. He could not be satisfied with the superficial knowledge which by happy chance might serve to drag him through an examination. He dared not be questioned on any subject of which he was not thoroughly master in every part, for the very knowledge that failure was possible, might of itself have produced failure. He had no boldness, no dash in his manner of answering. He would have given the world for the careless confidence, and trust in good luck, with which he saw many below him both in talent and acquisitions force their way on. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honours, and had already carried them off, on more occasions than one, from confessedly clever competitors. It was just after a hard struggle of this nature that he had returned home, and the tears of pride with which his mother hailed the news of his victory were chased away by less happy drops as she remarked his flushed cheeks and attenuated form. Days passed by, and though seriously ill, Clement persisted in spending several hours of each in study; and long after the widow and her young inmate had retired to rest, his candle, secretly relighted, was shedding its faint lustre on his high pale forehead and the thin hands that turned page after page of the Greek or Latin book with which he was engaged. But soon an attack of feverish cold and inflammation came on with such violence, that Clement was obliged, though reluctantly, to surrender himself to the care of doctor and nurse, and under their judicious treatment he was gradually recovering, when Mr Fulwood reached the cottage, and held the conversation with Esther which has been just recorded. As they entered the little parlour, Clement, who was as usual surrounded by books and papers, arose to greet Mr Fulwood, who could not but admit that he was greatly improved in appearance since he had last seen him. The young man's satisfaction at finding himself better, seemed, however, sadly damped by regrets for the loss of time which his illness had caused. 'But I must make up for it now,' he said, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing himself to any one. 'If it had not been for this, I should have been sure of honours; but now it will be a hard struggle. I must not fail—I could not bear to fail!' Although Mr Fulwood had vowed on a former occasion to argue with Clement Grainger no more, he found it impossible to forbear; and in firm but kind language he endeavoured to convince his patient of the folly, nay, the actual wickedness, of continuing to make efforts so far beyond his strength. 'If you would only be content, Clement,' he said, 'to walk in the plain path that is before you—to prepare yourself simply for what you have so often wished to be—a useful country clergyman, depend upon it you would be performing your duty far better than in running after the name of being "a great scholar." I am not, remember, deprecating the usefulness of great learning in some persons; but let every one fill his proper place. Had Providence designed you for the course you will persist in forcing yourself into, depend upon it more bodily strength and healthier nerves would have been allotted to you. In following a phantom, you are taking the surest means to prevent your future usefulness, and to destroy your own health and your mother's happiness.' Mr Fulwood did not then know how deeply the happiness of another was concerned in Clement's welfare, nor was Clement himself at all aware of the circumstance.

Clement Grainger returned to college, bearing his anxious mother's fervent blessings, and unconsciously removing the object that was dearest to Esther Corbett's heart. But his mother was quicker in discerning the truth; she had not been blinded by the splendid dreams

of the future that rendered her son all but insensible to what was passing in the actual world around him, and she rejoiced in the discovery of the state of Esther's affections. She already cherished a half-formed vision of a pretty parsonage, her own place by the cheerful fireside, the happy laughter of children ringing through the little mansion, and Esther, no longer Corbett, with her light step and noiseless activity moving here and there on her household duties—her daughter in very deed and truth. The picture was so soothing and delightful, that she turned to contemplate it again and again, until the coinage of her own hopes and dreams seemed like a real prospect, and she came to regard the future marriage of Clement with Esther as a thing that must at some time take place as inevitably as her own death.

Another vacation came round, and again Clement was at home; still delicate in health, but apparently not worse than before. And so he came and went three or four times; and now he was at home for the last vacation that would occur before his necessary college course would be completed. Then his mother, in the fullness of her heart, spoke to him of all her hopes and wishes, and was both surprised and disappointed at the quiet manner in which he listened to her.

'Indeed, mother,' he said calmly, 'I have no thoughts of marrying; and I have never looked upon Esther except as a friend and sister. I hope you have not spoken to her on this subject?'

'My darling Clement! my dear son! do you suppose for one moment I would act so improperly? But can you not see yourself that she loves you? Do you think her intense anxiety, her earnest wishes for your welfare, could proceed from any other cause?'

'It never struck me before in that light, dear mother. If it be really as you say—but it would be absurd in me to speak to her about it at present, as I intend to read for a fellowship.'

Now, poor Mrs Grainger scarcely knew what a fellowship meant, except that it was a post of some honour and dignity. She was quite unaware that the course of study necessary to obtain one is almost murderous, as also that it excludes from marriage during the time that it is held. So she simply replied, that she hoped, as soon as he got the fellowship, he would have time to think about what she had said; and the matter ended for the present.

Clement was awakened by Mrs Grainger's hint, to observe the various symptoms of affection which poor Esther unwittingly manifested towards him. Gentle and kind in all his feelings, to love him was the surest way of obtaining his love; and before he left home again, he was the affianced husband of Esther Corbett. But he told her of the ambition that was in his heart. He might at once have been ordained to a small living, which, small as it was, would have been wealth to them.

'But I must win this fellowship, Esther,' he said; 'I cannot bear to stand on the ladder without reaching the top, even though I should descend again at once. And—dear Esther, I am growing worldly for your sake—I can, probably, on giving up my fellowship, obtain a better living than that which offers now.'

Study, study, study; little rest even during the brief time he allotted to himself for sleep; hasty meals, to which he brought no appetite; a perpetual bending over books; a continual struggle to bear up against the insidious approaches of creeping illness; such is an epitome of the next few months of Clement Grainger's life. Very anxious were those two hearts who loved him best on earth, though they strove to cheer each other with words of hope and comfort, and were less unhappy than they would have been had they known the ruinous extent of his exertions. Their chief distress was the infrequency and brevity of his letters. 'I am well, but very busy,' was the substance of them all; and it would have added to Esther's grief, could she have known that her long affectionate letters were now merely glanced

over, and then laid aside for the leisure hour which never came.

The time of trial arrived at last. There were only three candidates for the vacant fellowship who appeared to have any chance of obtaining it, and of these Clement was one. He slept not on the previous night; and ere he left his chamber, he flung himself on his knees, and prayed, long and passionately, that the triumph might be his. Something fortified with the internal courage inspired by this act of devotion, he entered the examination hall.

It was over; and Clement Grainger returned to his chamber an altered man. A hundred years seemed to have passed over his head in a few hours. The proud dream of his hopes had dispersed into empty air; his privations, his prayers, his labours, had been all for nought: another won the prize. But he walked with quiet step and calm demeanour; he even replied tranquilly to the greetings of some, who, knowing the tremendous efforts he had made to succeed, sincerely pitied him for his failure. He closed the door of his apartment; wrote a few lines to Esther, simply stating his defeat, and that a few days would find him at home again; and then he bowed down his head, and gave himself up to such an agony of anguish, as can only be felt by one whose whole hope has been risked on one unsuccessful cast. Burning tears forced themselves from his eyes; heavy sobs laboured from his heart; his whole frame seemed writhing in convulsive torture. He grew calmer. He remembered that, by this behaviour, he was showing a terrible want of submission to the will of Providence. He tried to rally his mind, to think it possible that some future success might yet be his. But no; his mind actually seemed to fall back from the very idea of such a hill of difficulty as he had lately climbed; and, utterly weak and exhausted, he sunk down again, and wept like a child.

In a few days he left the seat of learning where he had known such high hopes and such bitter disappointment, resolving never to enter it more. The first arrival at home was a severe trial to him, though the warmth of the welcome he met there, and the joy his presence seemed to diffuse, could scarcely have been greater had he returned triumphant. But their consolations, kindly as they were meant, were daggers to his soul. He could bear no allusion to his failure. 'Let us never name it again, mother,' he said. 'Do not strive to comfort me, dear Esther. Try, both of you, to forget it as soon as you can. The die is cast.'

From the time of his return home, Clement appeared to have abandoned all the pursuits that had once been his delight. He was now never seen with a book or a pen, but spent all his days in sauntering through the fields and lanes, or gazing through the window, or sitting in silent melancholy abstraction. An old college friend, of superior rank to his own, called to see him, and endeavoured to rouse him from his lethargy, kindly inviting him to join him in a tour, which he imagined would be serviceable to his health. But Clement declined the offer; nor could all the persuasion of his friend, his mother, and his betrothed, induce him to accept it. He next tried to re-awaken Clement's hopes by promising him a considerable living which would probably soon be vacant, the incumbent being old and infirm. The colour deepened in Esther's cheeks as she heard that promise, but her heart sunk as she perceived it produced no corresponding emotion in Clement. He thanked his friend for his kindness, but expressed no pleasure in the prospect.

Summer passed away, and before winter set in it was evident to all that serious illness had fastened on the unfortunate student. His strength was gradually declining, the cough of former years had returned with aggravated vehemence, his cheeks were now flushed, now white as snow, and the thinning hair and the burning emaciated hand, all bore witness that there was no mistaking. It was in autumn that Mrs Grainger and Esther

tried to speak words of comfort to each other, and looked into each other's eyes for hope. The fact that the days of this beloved one were numbered, would ever and anon glare through the false veil of hope which they endeavoured to wrap around the truth. Mr Fulwood came regularly to see the invalid, but his opinion was only expressed in an ominous shake of the head, more terrible than words. He did not once allude to the cause of Clement's illness, though 'I saw how it would end' was plainly written in his countenance. Mrs Grainger had never asked him his opinion of the state of her son, but his silence was enough, and she soon perceived that the medicines he administered were merely palliatives, resorted to when there was no hope of cure. To Clement's mind the conviction of the reality of his danger came more slowly, and, strange to say, it brought with it a contradictory longing for life. He who had seemed so desponding, so wearied of the world, so careless for the future, now evinced a wish to live; an affection for the loveliness of nature, and a consciousness of the enjoyments of life, that he had never displayed before, as if his eyes were now first opened to the beauty and the value of the things he had formerly slighted. He now gave himself up to the guidance of those around him with the docility of a child, and the hopes of Esther rose again. 'Even yet he may be saved by care,' sobbed she, as she conferred with her aged friend apart. 'Oh, God! spare my son, for it is thou alone who canst heal!' ejaculated the mother with something like reviving hope. But the hot days of a peculiarly sultry May supervened, and produced increased languor and weakness. No longer could Clement Grainger traverse the green fields that lay behind their house, even with the help of Esther's arm. Fits of sudden slumber, occasional failure of memory, and dulness of hearing, all these things proclaimed that the end was nigh.

Yet was there another strange revival. For several successive days the patient appeared gradually gaining strength, and his mind was clearer and calmer than it had been for weeks. He had been raised from his bed one morning, and was sitting by the window enjoying the summer air as it breathed over a vase of sweet scented flowers which Esther had placed on a little table near him. Just then a letter was brought in for Clement, who desired Esther to open it. She did so, and found it was from the noble friend who, a few months before, had promised Clement a living. It was now vacant, and this letter requested him to come at once to W—, and receive it from his friend. For a moment the blood rushed tumultuously through Clement's heart—for a moment he forgot the sad circumstances of his case, and starting up with supernatural energy, he flung his arms round Esther's neck, exclaiming, 'Now, now we shall all be happy.' He buried his face in her bosom, and as she wound her supporting arms around him, she hoped that a relieving gush of tears was the cause of that hiding of his countenance. But she was soon undeceived. He leaned heavily upon her, and in spite of her efforts to support him, she found he was sliding from her clasp. Mrs Grainger hastened to her assistance, and they placed Clement again in his chair; but the eyes, though still open, were fast fixing for ever—the parted lips were white and dumb. The dream of life was over.

Mrs Grainger, immediately after the first shock from his death, returned, though with a saddened heart, to her habits of meek submission. She even thanked God that her beloved son had been removed before her. 'I was thankful,' she often said, 'for a child on earth; should I not be still more thankful for a child in heaven?' She did not survive Clement many months.

Esther Corbett remained single for several years, but she at length married a person who was fully worthy of her, and spent with him a long life, chequered with sorrow, but bringing forth a counterpoise of happiness.

not been the wish of the writer of this tale to

depreciate the value of useful exertion or honourable ambition. She has only desired to show the evils attendant on a wish to grasp at more, either in the world of wealth or of intellect, than there is a reasonable chance of obtaining. She writes from cases which have occurred in her own experience, and where it was evident that affluence might have been kept, and health preserved, but for the *spirit of speculation*. Whoever risks the fortunes of himself and his family on a speculation where failure must bring ruin, in her opinion speculates unlawfully. *Whoever devotes himself to higher and more intellectual pursuits with such perseverance as to injure his health, can scarcely be said to be performing a duty. Alas that avarice and ambition should have such power to lead from the true road to happiness! that men, and women too, will still prefer the SHADOW to the SUBSTANCE!

THE POLICE COURTS OF PARIS.

IN a former number of the Journal* we gave a sketch of the organization of the Parisian police; we now proceed to add to it a view of the interior of the courts to which criminal offenders are first brought to be examined, and in which punishment for trifling offences is awarded.

The name given to this department of police is 'Correctional,' which conveys as false an idea of its real effects as is implied by the houses of correction in England. It neither produces amendment in individuals, nor reduces the pressure from what in France are called the Dangerous Classes. We shall not, however, enter into any discussion here with regard to the great and rapid increase of crime in Paris, but proceed to give some description of the scenes usually presented in the police courts of that capital. They are three in number, all opening into one hall, but the central and original is the only one worthy of particular attention. About nine in the morning a municipal guard will be seen pacing before its door; around it, a crowd of the curious and the idle generally congregate. A stranger who endeavours to penetrate this crowd, will in all probability be assailed with orders to 'go behind!' in support of the equitable principle of 'first come, first served.' If, however, he possess energy and confidence enough to fight his way to the front rank near the door, the municipal guard will, most likely, seize him by the collar, and demand by what right he dares penetrate into the midst of the public auditory in waiting? 'Are you a witness?' he asks; 'if so, show your summons.' 'I have not one.' 'In that case you cannot go in.' 'But I am waiting.' The officer interrupts with, 'You cannot stay here; go behind!' Further reply is useless; policemen are enemies to colloquy. The only argument he deigns to use in continuation is a no very gentle push, to assist you in returning to your proper place at the back of the crowd.

But the initiated know of an easier mode of entrance. At the foot of the grand stone staircase, in a dark angle at the end of the hall, is a sort of niche, at the back of which is a smaller flight of steps. These are spiral, and shrouded in darkness till about half-way up, when a kind of doubtful twilight is reached. Here is felt, rather than seen, a small door, at which it is necessary to ring gently. A porter in a white cravat and blue coat, with manners as soft and polite as those of the policeman below were coarse and abrupt, half opens the little door, and asks what the applicant wants? To answer this question a little tact is necessary. If you own that your business is nothing but curiosity, the civil porter will, with an appropriate expression of regret, shut the door gently in your face. To gain admission, therefore, you must either be a client of some well-known counsel, the intimate friend of a complainant, or the first cousin of a principal witness. There is another plea which, in polite France, is sure not to be rejected; that is,

* No. 576 (volume 12th).

being a foreigner, especially when this plea is backed by showing a passport.

We must suppose that when the visitor enters, the business of the day has not yet commenced. The judges have not taken their places on their leather-covered seats; but the body of the court is filled with the public auditory, witnesses, advocates, and law-students. The crowd of spectators is generally kept in a constant hubbub by the restlessness of some among them more ambitious than the others for front places; to which they fight their way, preserving their coveted position by right of conquest. In the witness-box little better order is preserved. Those amongst the witnesses who are concerned in the same case always manage to group themselves together, and persist in volunteering their version of the affair which has brought them there, pronouncing by anticipation the condemnation or acquittal of the individual whom they have come to accuse or to defend by their testimony. Though the hour of attendance mentioned in their summonses is ten, yet the court is seldom opened till eleven.

Before business begins, the stranger will do well to make up to an old gentleman whom he will be sure to find among the auditory of the police court. He is neither a witness, a complainant, nor a defendant, yet he is as punctual in his attendance as the judges, the criers, the municipal police, or the reporters. The moment the doors are opened he takes his seat, and, supporting his chin on his hands and the head of his cane, patiently awaits the entrance of the judges. This worthy is simply an amateur of police cases. A small tradesman, retired from business, moreover a bachelor, without relations, having nothing at home to amuse him but his cat and his canary-bird—too poor to frequent cafés and join in the hazardous amusement of dominoes or tric-trac, too virtuous to sponge upon his neighbours, too good a citizen to take an interest in political discussions—he finds that the most suitable mode of passing his days is to spend them in listening to the proceedings of the police courts. To a stranger he is invaluable, for it is his peculiar delight to impart all the information concerning the official routine of the court which he possesses. 'You perceive, sir,' he will commence when questioned, 'to the right of the judges' bench—that is to say, to your left—that the floor is raised, and the space railed off by a partition breast-high—that is the prisoners' bar.'

'But, sir,' says the stranger, 'no one occupies the place but a municipal guard. Where are the prisoners?'

'I will tell you, sir. Do you not remark that at the back of the small enclosure the wall is pierced by a small yellow door? Well, sir, that door leads by a narrow staircase to a small chamber, scarcely lighted or ventilated, where the prisoners remain till it is their turn to be called into court. This small dungeon they call the "Little Mouse-trap;" but before being introduced into it, the accused have had to wait in a large reception vault, situated at about sixteen feet below the hall of the Palace of Justice. This is called the "Great Mouse-trap." It is here that the prisoners who are to appear in the course of the day in one of the three correctional chambers are collected every morning from the various prisons in the metropolis. This transfer is made under a guard of mounted gendarmes in a police carriage, called the "Sallad Pannier."

'What a singular name!' exclaims the stranger.

'These carriages, sir, were so named because they were originally made of basket work, and were similar in appearance to the vehicles in which vegetables are brought to market. At present, they are constructed of stronger materials, and their form is that of a covered cart (*cariole*), in spite of which they still retain their old name.'

By this time the venerable informant is cut short by the entrance of the officials and the voice of the tipstaff, who exclaims, 'L'Audience! Gentlemen, take off your hats!' At these words the barristers rise and remove their caps, while the judges and their subordinates take their seats. The registrar tries his pen, the reporters

of the legal newspapers repair to their allotted places. The old *habitué*, with a pleased and satisfied air, takes a huge pinch of snuff, silence is established, and the president pronounces the formula—'The court is opened. Crier, call the first case.'

The cases usually commenced with are those of vagrants and mendicants. The first batch is always children, amongst whom are chiefly found little chimney-sweeps, cymbal-players, exhibitors of monkeys, white-mice, &c. and, lastly, urchins—not regular mendicants—who are either badly taken care of by their parents, or not cared for by anybody; and a melancholy spectacle they present. The parents, obliged, perhaps, to leave home early in the morning to follow their vocations, abandon the children, who frequently beg or steal to procure for themselves the necessities of life. Frequently detected, they fall into the hands of the police. In such cases the magistrate demands the presence of the parents, among whom are too often found fathers abandoned to drunkenness, and unnatural mothers who appear glad that the care and expense of keeping their children should pass from their own hands into those of justice. They refuse to claim their children, and often say to the bench, 'Do what you like; we are able to do nothing; send them to the house of correction!' It is in vain that the child bursts into tears, and promises to be wiser for the future; it is in vain that the president endeavours to awaken in these bad parents sentiments of nature and duty. They are immovable; and the tribunal is forced to send the little sinner to the house of correction. Sometimes one of the auditory—a benevolent witness or a charitable stranger—offers to take charge of the child, and to bring him up at his own expense. These examples are by no means of unfrequent occurrence in the correctional police courts, and form a consoling compensation for the wretched scenes which so often take place.

'After childhood, age takes its turn,' the friendly *habitué* remarks. The juvenile vagrants make way for adults in rags, whom the agents of police have caught in the act of begging. The misery, great age, and infirmities of some, are pleas of excuse which the judges comprehend and admit; but others, with whom mendicancy is not an accident, but a profession, are differently dealt with. Many of this class pretend to be blind, but the dog they have to guide them, with a wonderful instinct, turns into another street at the sight of the policeman, be he ever so far off. Another feigns paralysis, and seems to drag his limbs painfully along on crutches; but in case of arrest, he has been known quite active enough to throw his crutches at the legs of the officer, and to make very rapid use of his own.

The offenders next brought into court are those who, having been previously condemned to the surveillance of the police for a certain time, had broken the rules their punishment imposes. When a culprit is placed under this ban, his liberty is much restricted, by his being constantly under the eye of the police. He cannot pass the barriers of the city without its especial permission. A card is presented to him, which he is bound to get renewed about every fortnight, to insure his presence at the police-office of the district in which he resides at least once during that short period. When this duty is neglected, the offender is arrested, brought before the correctional tribunal, and condemned to close imprisonment. It is thus that a great number pass their lives in a continual alternation of close captivity and partial liberty. Lately, a man appeared before the tribunal with the shocking stigma of seventeen previous convictions attached to his name. His age was forty-two, out of which he had passed twenty-five years in prison, and on this occasion the court sent him thither again for five years longer. This is an example of the corrective effect of the correctional police.

When the cases of simple vagabondage and mendicancy have been disposed of, the countenance of the amateur brightens. He takes a pinch of snuff with the greatest relish, exclaiming, 'Now we shall have

the amusing cases!" Alas! the poverty and wretchedness existing in Paris, as in other great cities, send these batches of the houseless and the idle before the tribunal at each of its sittings as a regular matter of course; and such cases, from their frequency, cease to interest the habitué; his taste lies among the thieves, who come next.

A criminal statist has declared that in Paris there are twenty thousand individuals who begin the day without knowing how to procure a dinner by honest means. Now, if, when evening arrives, these twenty thousand persons have dined, it clearly follows that a very large number of thefts must have been committed during the day. The vast number of robbers, the consequent competition in dishonest industry, and the efficiency and skill of the detective police, render thieving a science in Paris; it is there carried to a higher perfection than in any other community in the world. One or two specimens of this misapplied ingenuity now come before the tribunal, to fulfil the hope of amusement which the attentive habitué has expressed.

The first case is one in which a gentleman from the provinces appears as plaintiff. 'Gentlemen,' said he, addressing the president and his colleagues, 'I was quietly crossing the court of the Louvre, when the individual at the bar, who was walking in an opposite direction, suddenly embraced me. While clutching me in his embrace, he exclaimed, "My dear friend, what a happy meeting! How delighted am I to see you once more!" Whereupon I replied mechanically that I was equally delighted, for his frantic hug prevented me at first from examining his features. Presently, however, I perceived that I had no knowledge whatever of the fellow, and told him so. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I beg a thousand pardons; I have made a mistake; but really you resemble a friend of mine most wonderfully." With that he walked away, and it was not until he had gone to a great distance, that I perceived this very dear friend had managed, during the throes of his affectionate embrace, to snatch from me my watch and appendages.' The prisoner was unable to deny the charge, for he had been arrested while attempting to sell the watch to a broker. The prosecutor, who seemed much shocked that the sacred feeling of friendship should have been so vilely abused, demanded a severe punishment on the culprit, which the president thought fit to inflict. This species of robbery is called, in the thieves' slang, 'the snatching theft' (*le vol à la tire*).

Another delinquent had to answer at the bar of the correctional police for the 'good day' theft (*le vol au bonjour*). The houses in Paris let off in furnished lodgings are very accessible. Early in the morning the thief ascended the stairs of one of these houses, trying each of the chamber doors as he passed, until he found one which opened. He entered the room, and noiselessly collected all the clothes, trinkets, and other moveables he could find, while their possessor was snugly asleep in his bed. But an accident occurred to awaken the sleeper, and he naturally exclaimed, 'Who's there?' upon which the thief answered with the utmost politeness, 'Bonjour, Monsieur. Excuse me for interrupting your rest. It is I, the tailor whom you ordered to be here at this hour.' 'Pshaw,' cried the other, 'you have made a mistake,' and quietly turned to finish his nap. The thief bowed and made off with his booty, but was captured—like his predecessor at the bar—while trying to sell it.

The most elaborate trick exposed by the investigations of the tribunal is called the 'American theft' (*le vol à l'Américaine*). It is a little comedy performed by three characters, consisting of two confederates and a dupe. The case was as follows:—A glazier of Auvergne had travelled to Paris in the hope of making his fortune; but finding, after a few months' sojourn, that there were too many glaziers established in the capital to afford him a chance of earning his daily bread, he determined to return before he had spent all his money, now reduced to one hundred and fifty francs, or little

more than six pounds. On quitting the office of the coach in which he had taken his place, he was accosted by a person whom he took for an Englishman, and who asked to be directed to the Luxor obelisk, promising him five francs if he would show him the way. The glazier was delighted, for he would have walked five miles for as many halfpence. On they trudged, till they were joined by a stranger, with whom they entered into conversation, during which the American—for such he declared he was—boasted of his riches, and exhibited several rouleaux of gold. While crossing the garden of the Tuilleries, he expressed a desire to visit the exhibition of arts and manufactures; but dreaded being robbed in the crowd, and wished to conceal some part of his money for safety. It was presently arranged that the glazier should dig a hole at the foot of a tree, in which to hide the treasure. This was done, and they left the place to enter a café. Here a new fear seized the American. 'Supposing,' he exclaimed, 'that any one saw us, and should go and exhume my money?' The glazier readily offered to go and see that it was in safety. 'Yes,' said the other, 'that is all very well; but how can I be assured that you will not run off with my property? You had better leave me some guarantee.' The Auvergnat immediately laid down his six pounds, his watch, his umbrella, and his blouse, and ran to the Tuilleries. He sought the hole, and found it—empty! He returned to the café—the American and his companion were gone! Astounded, ruined, and in despair, he sought in the evening the diligence, to quit Paris, in which such ill fortune had befallen him. The coach started; but in crossing a neighbouring square, the dupe set up a loud cry, insisted on the driver stopping, descended from his seat, and scampered after some one, bawling out lustily, 'Stop thief!' A policeman joined in the pursuit, and the false American was captured. He turned out to be a native of St Omer, and was sentenced by the court to five years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.

A volume might be filled with details of the numberless expedients which are put in force to break the eighth commandment; but the above will be sufficient to show the nature of an average day's business in a Parisian police court. At its close the president, with the rest of the officials, retire; the counsel at the bar respectfully rise; the prisoners are taken to their penal destinations; the habitué returns to his lodgings, his canary-bird, and his cat; and the philosophic auditor retires to reflect on the utter inadequacy of the present system of correction to prevent and repress crime, and to alleviate its consequent miseries.*

THE TRUE TALE OF MACBETH.

THE marvellous genius of Shakspeare may be said to have made Macbeth, for without that illustration, of what interest or value would have been the name of a semi-barbarian Scottish monarch of the eleventh century? But it has also destroyed him, for it has fixed the misrepresentations of his character on such a basis, that nothing can ever annul them: Macbeth must be the moral of murder and usurpation in his rank unto all time. Nevertheless, our curiosity is interested to know who and what this man really was, and perhaps all the more so, that our poetical conception of him is so different from the reality. It chances that on this point some new historical light has of late been thrown, which may be presumed to give an additional interest to the subject; we shall therefore, without any apology or further remark, proceed to give a brief account of the Macbeth of fact.

The true history of this period is for the first time related in Mr William Skene's work on the *Highlanders of Scotland* (2 vols. Murray, 1836), being compiled

* We are indebted for much that is contained in this article to *L'illustration*—the pictorial French newspaper, which we have previously quoted.

mainly from the Irish and Norwegian annalists. It is surprising how much it differs from the meagre and semi-fabulous accounts which descended, becoming more fabulous as they went along, from our early native historians to Hollinshed, who finally gave the full-blown tissue of marvels to Shakspeare. It appears that, in the year 1034, the Scottish monarchy came to a sort of pause on the overthrow and slaughter of a King Malcolm by a powerful Norwegian chief or Earl of Orkney named Thorfinn. By this great warrior the northern and eastern parts of Scotland were subdued, as far as the Firth of Tay, but leaving, apparently, certain districts still under their native chiefs. And this division of the country by a Norwegian sway lasted thirty years, though it is a fact hitherto totally unknown amongst us. The rest of the people of Scotland raised up a monarch in the person of Duncan, whose mother was a daughter of the deceased Malcolm, his father being Crinan, nominally Abbot of Dunkeld, but in reality a powerful chief in the district of Athole. To pursue Mr Skene's intelligent narration: 'In personal character Duncan was far from being well-fitted for the difficult situation in which he was placed, but being the only chief of the northern Picts who remained unsubdued by the Norwegians, he was the most likely person to preserve the rest of Scotland from their grasp; and during the whole of his reign, he appears to have been unmolested by Thorfinn in his circumscribed dominions. The Scots having thus enjoyed, during Duncan's reign, six years of repose, began to consider their strength sufficiently recruited to attempt the recovery of the extensive territories in the north which Thorfinn had conquered. Taking advantage, accordingly, of the temporary absence of Thorfinn, who was engaged with the greater part of his Norwegian force in an English expedition, Duncan advanced towards the north of Scotland, and succeeded in penetrating as far as the district of Moray, without encountering apparently any resistance. The Gaelic inhabitants of the north, however, who preferred remaining under the Norwegian yoke rather than submit to a chief of their own race whose title to the throne they could not admit, opposed his farther progress, and Macbeth, the maormor of Moray, attacked him near Elgin, defeated his army, and slew the king himself. Macbeth immediately took advantage of this success, and, assisted by the Norwegian force which still remained in the country, he overran the whole of Scotland, and speedily made himself master of all that had remained unconquered by the Norwegians. The sons of Duncan were obliged to fly; the eldest took refuge at the court of England, while the second fled from the vengeance of Macbeth to the Hebrides, and surrendered to Thorfinn himself. Macbeth, with the sanction, probably, of the Earl of Orkney, assumed the title of king of Scotland, which he claimed in right of his cousin Malcolm, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Scots, he maintained possession of the crown for a period of eighteen years.

Although Macbeth was a native chief, and one of the Gaelic maormors of the north, yet his conquest can only be considered with regard to its effects as a Norwegian conquest. He had previously been tributary to that people, and it was by their assistance principally that he became king of Scotland; so that at this period we may consider the whole country as having been virtually under the dominion of the Norwegians; Thorfinn himself ruling over the northern districts, while with his concurrence Macbeth reigned in the southern half.

During the reign of Macbeth, the adherents of the Atholl family made two several attempts to recover possession of the throne, but they were both equally unsuccessful. The first occurred in the year 1045, when Crinan, the father of Duncan, attacked Macbeth at the head of all the adherents of the family in Scotland. Crinan's defeat was total, and the slaughter very great; for, in the concise words of the Irish annalists, "In that battle was slain Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and many with him; namely, nine times twenty heroes." This

defeat seems for the time to have completely extinguished Duncan's party in Scotland, and it was not till nine years afterwards that the second attempt was made. Malcolm, Duncan's eldest son, who had taken refuge in England, obtained from the English king the assistance of a Saxon army, under the command of Siward, the Earl of Northumberland; but although Siward succeeded in wresting Lothian from Macbeth, and in placing Malcolm as king over it, he was unable to obtain any further advantage, and Macbeth still retained the kingdom of Scotland proper, while Malcolm ruled as king over Lothian, until, four years afterwards, a more favourable opportunity occurred for renewing the enterprise. The son of the king of Norway, in the course of one of the numerous piratical expeditions which were still undertaken by the Norwegians, had arrived at the Orkneys, and on finding the great state of power to which Thorfinn had raised himself, he proposed that they should join in undertaking an expedition having no less an object than the subjugation of the kingdom of England. To this proposal the enterprising Earl of Orkney at once acceded, and the two sea-kings departed for the south with the whole Norwegian force which they could collect. It was not destined, however, that they should even land on the English coast, for their fleet appears to have been dispersed and almost destroyed in a tempest; such was probably at least the calamity which befell the expedition, as the words of the Irish annalist, who alone records the event, are simply, "But God was against them in that affair."

It appears that the king of England had no sooner become aware of the discomfiture of the threatened invasion of his territories, than he sent an English army into Scotland for the purpose of overthrowing the power of the Norwegians in that country, and of establishing Malcolm Kenmore on his father's throne; and in the absence of the Norwegians, the Saxon army was too powerful for the Gaelic force of Macbeth to withstand. The English accordingly made themselves masters of the south of Scotland, and drove Macbeth as far north as Lumphanan, where he was overtaken and slain in battle. Upon the death of Macbeth, Lulach, the son of his cousin Gilcomgain, succeeded him; but after maintaining a struggle with Malcolm for the short space of three months, he was also defeated and slain at Esse, in Strathbogie. In consequence of this defeat, Malcolm Kenmore obtained, by the assistance of the English, quiet possession of the throne of Scotland, which his own power and talents enabled him to preserve during the remainder of his life. He was prevented, apparently by the return of Thorfinn, from attempting to recover any part of the northern districts which the Norwegian earl had subjugated, and consequently his territories consisted only of those southern districts which Macbeth had acquired by the defeat of his father Duncan.

From the accession of Malcolm Kenmore to the death of Thorfinn, which took place six years after, the state of Scotland remained unaltered, and the country exhibited the remarkable spectacle of a Gaelic population, one-half of which obeyed the rule of a Norwegian earl, while the other half was subdued by a prince of their own race at the head of a Saxon army.

This narrative puts the idea of murder and usurpation entirely out of the question. Duncan was only an adventurer himself, slain in battle by another, who, it now appears, had pretensions to the throne according to the Celtic mode of succession, by which the ablest collateral relative of the deceased king was always selected, passing over all hereditary claimants. Macbeth, as we learn from George Chalmers, who investigated his history with great diligence, was by birth maormor, or chief* of Cromarty and Ross, and by marriage enjoyed the same dignity over the more important region of Moray, which is described by Mr Skene as almost a kingdom itself, extending from sea to sea. His wife

* Maormor signifies literally great man.

Gruoch, the widow of the former maormor of Moray, and whose progeny actually succeeded in that character, was granddaughter of a former king of Scots who had been slain by Duncan's grandfather. Macbeth was a sort of pacha or hereditary sheriff; but, it will be observed, in a district over which Duncan only aimed at establishing a government, so that he never was, properly speaking, a subject of that monarch. He is rather to be considered as the representative of an opposite interest in the country, that of the northern Highlanders and the Norwegians, and his warfare with the gracious Duncan seems therefore to have been as fair as any warfare of that age ever was.

Taking the poetical story in its details, the rencontre with the witches shrinks into a very simple matter. The earlier writers speak of it as only a dream, in which Macbeth imagined himself as addressed by the Three Fates. The incident is thus related by honest Andrew Wyntown of Lochleven, who wrote about 1390:—

'As night he thought in his dreaming,
That sitting he was beside the king
At a seat in huffing; sae
Till his leish had grew hounds twae
He thought, while he was so sittand,
He saw three women by gangand;*
And thae women than thought he
Three weird sisters maist like to be.
The first he heard say, gangand by,
"Lo, yonder thife Thane of Cawdor!"
The ither woman said again,
"Of Moray yonder I see the Thane."
The third than said, "I see the kine."
All this he heard in his dreaming.'

Thane, it will be understood, is a Saxon term for the Gaelic maormor, and it may further be explained, that the maormorship of Moray is what is implied in the term 'Thane of Cawdor,' the seat of the Moray chief being at Calder, in the county of Nairn.† We can easily believe that the above story had a foundation in truth, and that such a dream really did help to impel Macbeth to attempt gaining the kingdom, for incidents of this kind were amongst the motives of great actions in that and subsequent ages. But this admission certainly fixes no culpability upon Macbeth. The story has, however, been greatly exaggerated in the course of time; and, for one thing, the whole portion of it referring to Banquo is a fiction. There was no such person; therefore he never was murdered. And at the time when he is represented as learning that he was to be the progenitor of the house of Stuart, the actual ancestor of that family was living in Normandy, under the name of Fitzallan, not even dreaming of ever possessing a foot of land in Britain.

The death of Duncan, instead of a private murder, was, we have seen, the overthrow of a rival in battle. The scene of this fight is not precisely known. The old chronicles say it took place at Bothgowanan, which George Chalmers fixes near Elgin; but it was as probably near Inverness, where there actually is a cairn, or heap of stones, called Clachar Donaichie (that is, Duncan's Cairn), implying probably the scene of his death.‡ The whole story of the reception of Duncan by Macbeth at his castle, the killing of the king during the night, and the concealment of the murder by the slaughter of the two servants, which Shakspeare derived from Hollinshed, is a transposition from a different period of history, being a recital of the actual circumstances attending the death of a King Duff, in the castle of Forres, about a century before, the governor of the castle being the murderer. Thus the greatest stain of all which rest on the memory of Macbeth vanishes in a moment. That such stains should have ever attached to the memory of an innocent man, may create surprise;

* Going past.

† Of Angus or Glamis Macbeth never was maormor.

‡ Near this there actually was, thirty years ago, a smith's house, which in Gaelic would be called *Bothgowanan*. As smith's shops or forges are usually of very old standing in the Highlands, it is not impossible that this particular spot may have been the site of such an establishment for several centuries.

but we should remember that he was immediately succeeded by a hostile dynasty, whose interest it would be to blacken him as much as possible, and whom writers would of course be disposed to flatter by saying all the evil they could of the deceased monarch.

This influence, however, has not been able to suppress the fact that Macbeth was a successful ruler, and, for the greater part of his reign, extremely popular. Buchanan describes him as 'a man of penetrating genius, of an exalted spirit, and delighting in great affairs.' Perhaps this character was partly owing to a set of wise laws which he was then believed to have framed, but the authenticity of which has long been given up. Yet that he was a sagacious and vigorous ruler for his time, there is no room to doubt. It is curious that the only certain document proceeding from this supposed murderer and his 'fiend-queen,' should be a deed in which they are associated in conferring a piece of territory upon the peaceful Culdee clergy of Lochleven. Such, however, is the progress of error, that, three hundred years later, a priest of this very establishment, probably deriving his support in part from the gift of Macbeth, gravely records a story which makes out the devil to have been the natural father of that prince.

The circumstances attending the conclusion of Macbeth's career are given by Shakspeare as he found them in the chronicles. The story of the rearing of a castle on Dunsinnan hill, the flight of Macduff, and slaughter of his family, the conversation of Macduff with Malcolm in England, the march of the English army to Birnam, the moving wood, and the attack on Dunsinnan, are all stated by Andrew Wyntown, who, however, represents Macbeth as retreating to the north, and being slain at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, which, there can be no doubt, was the true scene of his death. Wyntown speaks of Macbeth as one who

—*—
In fanton freits had great fay.

That is, had great faith in fantastic superstitions. And he describes him as at the last defying the knight by whom he was first overtaken with the taunt, that no man born of woman could harm him, to which the assailant makes the answer which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Macduff. It must be admitted that all these particulars, which Shakspeare has fixed in our minds like the tenets of a creed, are at the best doubtful. It is, however, ascertained that Macbeth met his enemies in a great battle near Dunsinnan,* where Osbert the son of Siward fell, but which ended in the defeat of the Scottish monarch, who then withdrew northward. The war was protracted about two years, but at length ended in the overthrow and death of Macbeth (December 5, 1056) at Lumphanan, where a son of his also fell. Macbeth's cairn, a memorial of his fall, is still seen about a mile from Lumphanan kirk, on the brow of a hill; and a few miles northward is a huge stone, which the country people believe to mark the spot where the son was slain. Even this last defeat did not entirely destroy

* Dunsinnan [etymologically, a hill like a nipple] is one of the Sidlaw chain, and is separated from the neighbouring hills by a deep valley, and about eight miles north-east from Perth. It towers in an oval form to the height of 1024 feet above the level of the sea. The summit was surrounded by a strong rampart of stones. It had the additional defence of a fosse and a ledge of rocks. The original height of the rampart is uncertain; as the part of it which remains entire is six feet high, and is covered with an immense mass of ruins, the height of which must have once been considerable. A road, which takes the hill on the north-east, ascends in a slanting direction, crosses the esplanade, and enters the rampart and area on the south-south-west. Another road, which was cut through the rock, went up from the Long Man's Grave, in a straight direction, and enters the centre of the esplanade. The interior area of the fortress was of an oval form, 210 feet in length and 130 in breadth. A section was made across the top of the hill by Dr Playfair, and flags, charcoal, and bones of several species of animals were discovered, but no appearance of any building. Having penetrated seven yards horizontally into the mass of stones and rubbish which had composed the rampart, part of the wall was discovered quite entire, nicely built of large stones bedded in clay or mortar.—Chalmers's *Caledonia*.

the strength which had rallied round Macbeth; for his step-son, Lulach (by birth maormor of Moray), was made king in his stead, and reigned for four months. This prince fell, April 1057, at Eße, in Strathbogie, in a battle which finally gave the crown to Malcolm Kenmore.

Such is the real history of Macbeth. Inquiring antiquaries find in him merely a Highland chief contending for, and temporarily holding, empire on the strength of the ancient Celtic right of succession, and representing the Highland or Celtic portion of the people against similar adventurers who represented the Lowland interests, and an English mode of succession. He was, for his day and generation, a wise and good king; but he failed to maintain his ground, and, like other representatives of suppressed systems, he has been traduced. Here, however, good has most assuredly come out of evil; for from these obscure calumnies and ridiculous monkish fables, genius has ultimately formed a grand tale of human passion, which must remain to evoke sublime sensations of pity and terror for all time.

WRANGELL'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A new and considerably improved edition of Wrangell's narrative of an expedition to Siberia and the Polar Sea, performed from twenty to twenty-four years ago at the command of the Russian government,* is the means of attracting our attention to a work which cannot be read without the deepest interest; and which, as illustrating very forcibly the condition, social and physical, of the extreme north-eastern part of the Russian empire, will form a useful accession to all libraries of a popular kind. The objects of the enterprise were to settle certain points connected with the geography and hydrography of the region visited; in particular, to ascertain whether an isthmus connected the Asiatic and American continents, and if there was any truth in the report that there was a district of country to the north of Kotelnoi and New Siberia. To remove these obscurities, the Emperor of Russia ordered two divisions of an expedition to be fitted out—one, under Lieutenant Anjou, to commence operations from the mouth of the Iana; the other, under command of the present writer, from the mouth of the Kolyma. Both divisions left St Petersburg for Moscow on the 23d of March, (this and subsequent dates, old style) 1820.

The early part of Von Wrangell's work is devoted to an account of his overland journey from the capital of Russia to the point on the river Kolyma, where his principal operations commenced. To make the journey as rapid as possible, the small party of travellers took only portmanteaus, and proceeded by the ordinary post in light carriages, changed at every station, and adapted in every case to the nature of the road. Thus accommodated, they sped across a vast district of northern Russia, including the Ural chain of mountains—passing in a few days from the magnificent palaces of St Petersburg and Moscow, to the tents of the wandering Tunguses; from the vast oak and lime-tree forests of Kasan, to the desert and snow-covered banks of the Alascia and the Kolyma. On the 18th of May they reached Katschuga, a distance of 5317 wersts from Moscow.† At this town Wrangell was joined early in June by Lieutenant Anjou and other members of the expedition, with the instruments for scientific investigation. On the 25th of that month the party left Katschuga, full of gratitude for the kindness, friendship, and sympathy which they had there enjoyed; and which they prized the more, from a knowledge that they

were now in a great measure taking leave of the civilised world, and of all the enjoyments of social life. From Katschuga they descended the river Lena by means of boats of different kinds to Jakutsk, which they reached on the 25th of July. The Lena is described by Wrangell as one of the largest rivers in the Old World; passing through a mountainous country covered in many places with impenetrable forest, its banks offer a succession of views of picturesque and varied beauty. As they descended, this beauty in appearance gradually gave place to savage sterility. 'We had seen at Olekma,' says our author, 'the last traces of either field or garden cultivation: beyond it, the natives subsist entirely on the produce of their cattle, hunting, and fishing. There are scarcely any settlements, except the post stations, and the few inhabitants appear miserably off. Those who came to us were in rags, and bowed down by want and sickness. This is especially the case with the Russian settlers, who are found as far north as within 50 wersts of Jakutsk. Further north, the population consists entirely of Jakuts; who, as the true Aborigines, know how to encounter the climate better, and suffer less from its severity and privations.'

Jakutsk, a miserable town of about 4000 inhabitants, is a centre point of the interior trade of Siberia. 'All the most costly furs, as well as the more common kinds, walrus teeth, and mammoth bones, those curious remains of an earlier world, are brought here for sale or barter during the ten weeks of summer, from Anabar and Behang's Straits, from the coasts of the Polar Sea, and from the mountains near Olekma, and even from Ochotsk and Kamtschatka; the whole value often exceeding two and a half millions of roubles.' Crossing the Lena from Jakutsk, the expedition now left that river, and proceeded by means of horses through a desolate tract in a north-easterly direction towards the head waters of the Iana, and thence for some days down the valley of that stream. The yourtes, or huts of the Jakuts, being scarcely endurable, the travellers were fain to bivouac at night in the open air, on a bear-skin mattress, and wrapt in a covering of furs; although in the month of August the cold had become unpleasantly perceptible. One morning the temperature was 28 degrees Fahrenheit, which was rather sharp for dressing in the open air; 'and I thought,' says the traveller, 'with something of a shudder of the approaching winter, when several degrees below freezing would be called by the natives warm weather. However man is a creature formed for all climates, and necessity and determination soon reconcile him to anything. A few weeks later, I had learned to think eighteen or twenty-two degrees below the freezing point mild weather.'

A superstition of the natives is thus referred to:—'Our way led over a hill covered with pines, and I noticed that several old trees near the path had tufts of horse-hair fastened to their branches, and that a number of sticks were stuck in the ground near them. Our leading postilion got off his horse, plucked a few hairs from the mane, and fastened them to the tree with much solemnity of manner. He told us that this was a customary offering to the spirit of the mountain, to obtain his protection during the journey, and that foot passengers placed a stick in the ground with the same intention. This is a general practice amongst the Jakuts, and is even persevered in by many of those who have professed Christianity. My Jakuts sung almost incessantly. Their style of singing is monotonous, and rather melancholy, and is characteristic of this gloomy and superstitious people: their songs describe the beauties of the landscape in terms which appeared to me to be exaggerated, and which I attributed at first to a poetic imagination; but my sergeant told me it was usual to try to propitiate the spirit of the mountain by this flattering description of his territory.'

The expedition having reached the valley of the Iana, on crossing a mountain range 64 degrees 20 minutes north, began to experience the hardships of a

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823. Commanded by Lieutenant (now admiral) Ferdinand Von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Second edition. Edited by Lieutenant Colonel Sabine. London: Madden and Co. 1844. (A cheap small octavo volume.)

† A werst is about two-thirds of an English mile.

Siberian winter. The route lay amidst morasses, forests, torrents, and rocks, without any artificial shelter but small rude huts, called *poovarnas*, established at certain points for the accommodation of travellers. 'We proceeded along the left bank of the Iana, and on the 25th of September we came upon a little hut formed of branches of trees, which at first we thought could not be inhabited. To our astonishment there came out of it a Tungese, who had settled in this desert with his daughter and a couple of dogs, for the purpose of reindeer hunting. One must have known the climate, and seen the country, and the half-transparent hut, to imagine the situation of these two persons. The poor girl was most to be pitied. Often alone for days together, whilst her father was absent in pursuit of game, in a wretched hut, which could hardly afford sufficient shelter from the wind and rain even in summer—thus helplessly exposed in total solitude to the most intense cold, and often to hunger, and to entire inactivity.' What, however, might our author have added, will a daughter's affection not endure?

On the 26th the travellers reached a post station called Baralas, where they were delighted to find a good roomy *yourte* prepared for persons in their circumstances. 'Near the door we saw pieces of transparent ice ranged along the clear snow, ready for the soup or tea-kettle. The interior was well swept, clean hay was laid on the benches along the walls, and a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The windows were closed by smooth transparent panes of ice, carefully cemented with the same ready material. After being nine days and nights in the open air, in snow and cold, unable to take off our clothes, or to wash ourselves, lest we should be frost-bitten, we thought ourselves in a palace, and a thorough toilet seemed to give us new life.' Recruited by a short stay at Baralas, the party proceeded further down the valley of the Iana, then crossed that river on the ice, and went in an easterly direction towards the valley of the Indigirka. On the 10th of October they reached the little town of Saschiwersk, on the right bank of the last-mentioned stream, after encountering much toil over a desolate track of country, and exposed to a temperature varying from 4 to 22 degrees below zero.

Saschiwersk consists of only a church and a few huts, 'but, poor as this place is, it has one feature which renders it well deserving of notice, in the person of the clergyman, who is known far and wide by the name of Father Michel. At the time of our visit he was eighty-seven years of age, and had passed about sixty years here as deacon and priest, during which time he has not only baptised 15,000 Yakuts, Tunguses, and Iukahirs, but has really made them acquainted with the leading truths of Christianity; and the fruits of his doctrine, his example, and his counsels, are visible in their great moral improvement. Such is the zeal of this truly venerable man, for the extension of the gospel among the inhabitants of these snowy wastes, that neither his great age, nor the severity of the climate, nor the countless other difficulties of the country, prevent his still riding above 2000 wersts a-year, in order to baptise the new-born children of his widely-scattered flock, and to perform the other duties of his sacred calling, as well as to assist his people in every way he can, as minister, as teacher, as friend and adviser, and even as physician. Yet he sometimes finds time and strength to go to the neighbouring hills to shoot argalis and other game; and has bestowed so much pains and skill on his little garden, that he has reared cabbages, turnips, and radishes. He placed before us sour Krout soup and fresh-baked rye bread, and his pleasure in seeing us enjoy these excellent and long untasted national dishes was at least as great as our own. On the 13th we took leave of Father Michel, who gave us at parting his blessing, and some little provisions for our journey. The two days which I passed in his hospitable cottage are among the few bright points of remembrance in my journey.'

Proceeding in an easterly direction across morasses and a bare country generally uninhabited, they reached a station at Sardach on the 21st of October, after which the journey, still easterly, became a little more lively by the appearance of lakes and groves of larch. On attaining the valley of the Kolyma, the vegetation was more abundant. On the 25th they reached the town of Srodne-Kolymsk, which, consisting of a church and thirteen houses, is the usual residence of the authorities of the district. The cold had been daily increasing; during the latter half of the journey from Sardach, the temperature had ranged from —9 to —33 degrees (that is, 9 to 33 degrees below zero), with a clear sky, but happily no wind. It was necessary to stay a day in Srodne-Kolymsk to obtain a travelling equipment of fur clothing. Thus fortified against the excessive cold, the party now continued their journey on horseback along the left bank of the Kolyma, meeting occasionally with settlements. After travelling 320 wersts, they came to a Russian village, where they quitted their horses and took their places in light narrow sledges, called *narty*, drawn by dogs. Two days more brought them to Nijnei (Lower) Kolymsk. They arrived at this northern settlement on the 2d of November, when the temperature was —40 degrees. The distance passed over from St Petersburg had been 11,000 wersts, and had occupied 224 days.

Nijnei-Kolymsk, which becomes the head-quarters of the expedition during the ensuing three years, is situated on a low island in the Kolyma, in latitude 68 degrees 32 minutes, and longitude 160 degrees 57 minutes; and, possessing a small fort and church, with certain government authorities, is one of the chief settlements in this remote part of the Russian empire. From the account given of the climate of the district, many will think it remarkable that human beings should be found living in such a place. Surrounded by barren mountains, and at a short distance from a sea covered with perpetual ice, the cold is aggravated by other circumstances than highness of latitude. A wind blowing almost without intermission from the Polar Sea, meets with no impediment, and brings with it violent snow storms, not only in winter, but frequently in summer. The river freezes in September; but loaded horses can often cross on ice as early as the 20th of August; and the icy covering never melts before the beginning of June. 'It is true that in the course of the three months which are here honoured with the name of summer, the sun remains above the horizon for fifty-two days, but from its nearness to the horizon, the constant light is accompanied by little heat; the disk often assumes an elliptical form, and can be looked at with the naked eye without inconvenience.'

'During the season in which the sun does not set, the usual order of nature is still perceptible; when the sun approaches nearest the horizon, evening and night [may be said to] come on, and all is in repose; as the sun gains in altitude, nature again awakes; the few little birds hail the new day with their cheerful twittering; the small folded yellow flowers venture to expand their petals, and everything living appears anxious to partake in the enjoyment which the faint sunbeams afford. As under the tropics there are only two seasons, spring and summer, so here there are only summer and winter, in spite of the opinion of the inhabitants, who talk seriously of a spring and an autumn. They think they recognise a spring in that period when the sun is first visible at noon; though in this vernal season the thermometer is often 35 degrees at night. They reckon autumn from the first freezing of the rivers in the early part of September.'

'The vegetation of summer is scarcely more than a struggle for existence. In the latter end of May, the stunted willow bushes put out little wrinkled leaves, and those banks which slope towards the south become clothed with a semi-verdant hue; in June, the temperature at noon attains 72 degrees; the flowers show themselves, and the berry-bearing plants blossom, when some-

times an icy blast from the sea turns the verdure yellow, and destroys the bloom. The air is clearest in July, and the temperature is usually mild. But, as if to embitter to the inhabitants of this dreary region this semblance of summer, and to cause them to wish for winter again, millions of mosquitoes darken the air, and oblige every one to take refuge in the thick and pungent smoke of the dymokuries [or heaps of burning leaves, moss, and damp wood set fire on purpose], which affords protection from these tormentors. But as everything in nature has a beneficent purpose, and all disadvantages are compensated by some good, these insects render an essential service to the inhabitants, by forcing the reindeer to leave the forests, and to take refuge in the cold open plains near the sea. This they commonly do in troops of many hundreds, or even thousands; the hunters then lie in wait for them, especially as they cross the rivers and lakes, and kill numbers without difficulty. The mosquitoes render also another service, in preventing horses from straying away in the vast plains, where they feed without keepers. Their natural instinct teaches them to keep near the dymokuries, which protect them from their enemies. One sees them grazing on the lee side of these glimmering heaps, in the cover of the smoke. When the pasture is fed off, the smoke heaps are established in a fresh place. They are generally enclosed by a slight fence, to prevent the horses from coming too near the fire.

Winter, properly so called, prevails during nine months of the year. In October, the cold is somewhat mitigated by thick fogs, and by the vapour rising from the sea; but in November the greatest cold begins, and in January increases to -65 degrees. Then breathing becomes difficult; the wild reindeer, that citizen of the Polar region, withdraws to the deepest thicket of the forest, and stands there motionless, as if deprived of life. The night of fifty-two revolutions of the earth is relieved by the strong refraction, and by the whitened surface of the snow, as well as by frequent auroras. On the 28th of December a pale twilight begins to be visible at noon, but is not sufficient to dim the stars. As the sun returns, the cold becomes even more sensible, and the intensity of frost which accompanies the rising of the sun in February and March is especially penetrating. Perfectly clear days are extremely rare in winter, because the sea winds, which always prevail, bring with them continual vapours and fogs, which are sometimes so intense as wholly to conceal the stars of the blue Polar sky.

Notwithstanding the meagreness of vegetation, the country abounds in elk, reindeer, wolves, bears, foxes, and many kinds of aquatic birds and other animals; yet all this manifold life cannot alleviate the dreariness of the desert, or repress the thought, that here is the limit of the animated world. The animals either visit or inhabit these icy deserts in obedience to the unerring laws of instinct; they have no choice to exercise. But what induced man to fix himself in this dreary region? I speak not of the few Russians whom hope of gain has attracted hither, but of the tribes who came here without motive, and who now dwell in these countries. Nomadic races, under milder skies, wander from one fruitful region to another, gradually forget the land of their birth, and prefer a new home; but here there is nothing to invite. Endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. Life is a continual conflict with privation, and with the terrors of cold and hunger. What led men to forsake more favoured lands for this grave of nature, which contains only the bones of an earlier world? It is in vain to ask, adds the author of this vivid account of a Siberian climate; yet doubtless the inhabitants, knowing no better, and relying on the pleasures of the chase, and of their fishing expeditions, cling as fondly to their desert homes as do the inhabitants of other regions to their fertile fields and comfortable residences. After the toils of the short summer are over, and the long winter commences, they are not without enjoyments. With the

walls of their huts calked afresh with moss, and newly plastered with clay, and a solid mound of earth heaped up around as a shelter, the habitation is rendered proof against the cold. The light of the fire, and that of one or more train-oil lamps, are seen through the ice-windows; and from the low chimneys rise high columns of red smoke, with magnificent jets of sparks, occasioned by the resinous nature of the wood. The dogs are outside, either on, or burrowed in the snow. A low door, over which hangs the thick skin of a white bear or of a reindeer, leads into the dwelling-room. There the father and his sons are seen making nets of horse-hair, and preparing bows, arrows, spears, &c. The women are sitting on the benches or the ground, making the skins which the men have brought, home into different garments, in doing which they use reindeer sinews instead of thread. Two large iron kettles are hanging over the fire, in which are boiling fish for the dogs. One of the women prepares the frugal dinner or supper, which usually consists of either fish or reindeer meat boiled or fried in train-oil. As an occasional delicacy, they have baked cakes of fish-roe, or of dried and finely-pounded muksuns, which are the substitutes for meal. The cakes are sometimes flavoured with finely-chopped fish-bellies, or with reindeer meat and powdered makarscha, mixed with train-oil. If a travelling guest arrives, all that is best in the larder is produced. The table, which is at the upper end of the apartment, is covered, instead of a cloth, with several folds of an old fishing-net; and instead of napkins, thin rolled-up shavings of wood are used; but, indeed, this last is a town refinement. In the little towns of Nijnei and Sredne-Kolymsk, the richer people have tea and Chinese sugar-candy. Bread is everywhere rare. From the meal, which is so dear that only the rich can buy it, a drink is prepared called saturan: the meal is roasted in a pan, and butter or train-oil is mixed with it, so as to bring it into a paste, which is thinned by the addition of boiling water. When this drink is carefully made, and with good butter, it has an agreeable flavour, and is very nourishing and warming. It is drunk hot like tea, out of glasses or cups. At certain festivals and seasons there are evening parties for dancing, singing, and conversation. Tea is then drunk in great quantities; and ten cups a-piece are far from uncommon. Such is life in these icy, and, as we would call them, utterly comfortless deserts.

Here we close our first notice of Mr Von Wrangell's entertaining work; an account of his expedition over the Polar regions from Nijnei-Kolymsk will form the subject of a second article.

ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

It is remarkable how, in an age so eager for exact knowledge as the present, there should be so many popular errors on subjects in natural history. But this, however remarkable, need be no matter of surprise, when we find much that is untrue set gravely forward, and not once, but many times, in books which profess to convey information on natural history to unlearned readers. The sad truth is, that there is a strange mixture of the true and false in most English works of this kind. We are sorry we cannot except from our verdict Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, a book still universally popular on account of the charm of the writer's style, but which is apt to mislead the mind on many of even the most familiar points in the science. Nature made Goldsmith a poet, but, alas! it was the booksellers who made him a writer on zoology.

Were instruction in this branch of knowledge made part of ordinary education, as it ought to be, and not left to be acquired by chance or through erroneous sources, we should surely not see popular writers making such gross blunders as they often do when they have to refer to matters in natural history. The editor of a little periodical work under our eye, mentioning the house-fly, says—'Or, to speak more learnedly, *blatta*

domestica. More learnedly! when *blatta* means a cockroach, not a house-fly. The editor of a similar work tells his readers that 'the chetah is an animal between a tiger and a leopard.' The fact is, it is no hybrid, but a separate species. Under the head of 'Ball,' the editor of the *Encyclopædia Londinensis* says, 'Balls of silk-worms and spiders are little cases of silk wherein those insects deposit their eggs.' This is the first time that we have heard of silk-worms' eggs being deposited in balls of silk. The chrysalis is enveloped in a silky cocoon; but the eggs have no such covering. Hammer, one of the editors of Shakspeare, says 'the sparrow-hawk is the female of the musket-hawk.' So, then, it follows that sparrow-hawks are all females. Absurd as this is, it is repeated in Dr Johnson's *Dictionary*, in which learned word a weasel is defined as 'a little animal that eats corn.' We should be rather surprised to see a weasel eating corn. The author of the pleasant book called *Philosophy in Sport*, terms limpets *sea-insects*. Strange insects they would be indeed; they belong to a totally different class. Then as to *sea-insects*, although the sea abounds with minute creatures, it is well known to naturalists that no insects, properly so termed, are found in marine waters. A popular scientific magazine now before us contains the following:—'A student in natural history informs us that this year (1837) is singular for the want of brilliancy in the colours of butterflies; also for the weakness of the gnats that feed on reeds, and inhabit ponds on which willows grow, and the length of the proboscis of those which are found near marshes. He inquires whether these facts have attracted the attention of other naturalists.' Certainly not; for the colours of butterflies, and the length of a gnat's proboscis, are not regulated by the weather. This gentleman's gnats that feed on reeds cannot, we think, be much more plentiful than Johnson's weasel that eats corn. Nature is full of wonders, but much more so when she is seen in books. The mis-statements that are so common in children's books are more especially to be regretted, for it is very difficult to eradicate early-sown error. In Mrs Sigourney's *Essays for Children*, the queen-bee is described as 'ruling and governing' the hive; each thread of a spider as composed of finer threads 'twisted together'; ants are stated to 'show a prudent care for the future by storing up grains of corn.' Now, however popular may be the notion that the queen-bee rules and governs the hive, it is perfectly devoid of truth; for although bees will not work without a female bee in the hive, yet she is rather a prisoner to be ruled, than a queen permitted to rule. The queen-bee is merely the individual appointed in her particular community to be the mother of the new generation. On no subject has so much fable and fancy been put forth as on that of bees, both in popular works and in treatises on the management of them. The spiders' thread is composed of several finer threads longitudinally adhering to each other, but not 'twisted together.' Ants do not store up grains of corn; and what hasty observers suppose to be corn, are in reality only the white pupæ or chrysalides of their own species. Mrs Sigourney repeats Plutarch's story, that hive-bees during strong winds carry 'a particle of stone or gravel, to give weight to their bodies, that they may not so easily be blown away.' The bees which Plutarch saw do this were probably not hive-bees, but mason-bees, such as *anthrophora retusa*, *megachile muraria*, *osmia bicornis*, or some other species which, like them, constructs a nest with particles of sand, chalk, and other hard materials. Lastly, Mrs Sigourney states that 'the pinna, being entirely blind, lodges in its shell a small quick-sighted crab, which goes out to find its food. When it returns with provisions, it taps gently on the shell of its blind friend, who opens the door to receive it. But this crab performs a higher office of friendship; for it gives notice to the sightless pinna when the cuttle-fish, its mortal foe, is near, and thus often saves the life of its defenceless companion.' Surely this fable from Aristotle and Pliny ought not to be admitted as a fact

into a book for children of the nineteenth century. The soldier-crab is a preflacious and parasitic crustacean, and just the very reverse of being the friend, provider, and watchman of the pinna. Neither the pinna nor any other shell mollusc would desire the acquaintance of the soldier-crab for half an hour or less.

Professors themselves, who will write correctly on some favourite branch of zoology, frequently commit strange mistakes when they allude to another department. Thus a distinguished living writer on Ornithology says the rock-dove is very fond of slugs, 'particularly of that which inhabits the *helix virgata*.' The latter is inhabited by no slug at all, but by a snail. In the *Linnean Transactions*, vol. xvi., Mr Jeffreys tries to explain the circumstance of heaps of empty snail-shells being found, by supposing that they have afforded a meal to small birds of the finch tribe. The fact is, that the finch tribe, strictly so called, feed exclusively on seeds; and it is the thrush tribe and the ox-eye tit which feeds so largely upon snails. The editor of the *Naturalist's Poetical Companion* says, 'the glow-worm is not the larva of an insect, but the perfect female of a beetle.' We can as positively state, in correction, that the glow-worm is the larva as well as the female of a species of beetle, the male of which is also luminous, but in a less degree. This insect, in fact, is luminous in every stage of its transformation, and even its egg is so.

Poets play rare vagaries with natural history. The habits of so common a bird as the skylark are misrepresented in the following quotation from a series of *Sonnets* published within the last few years:—

'His only mate is now the mistlelark,
Who chants her morning music on his bed.'

Thus, a hen lark is represented singing on the grave, not over it. Another modern poet speaks of male gnats stinging, whereas the fact is, that only female gnats sting; and he attributes great powers of memory to bees, when their want of that faculty is pretty well proved by their frequently flying in search of honey to the very flowers which they had already visited and exhausted. This poet also speaks of the 'song divine of the humming-bird.'

PEASANTS' SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is much to interest the feelings, as well as to instruct, in the following account of a Swiss school, which we extract from the first report, by Dr Kay Shuttleworth and Mr E. C. Tufnell, of the Training school at Battersea, presented in a volume just published under the title of *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education*, 1842-3. Dr Kay Shuttleworth and Mr Tufnell are describing a tour which they made in Switzerland for their information in school matters, previous to commencing their seminary at Battersea for the training of teachers for the pauper children of England:—

The normal school at Kruitlingen is in the summer palace of the former abbot of the convent of that name, on the shore of the Lake of Constance, about one mile from the gate of the city. The pupils are sent thither, from the several communes of the canton, to be trained three years by Vehrli, before they take charge of the communal schools. Their expenses are borne in part by the commune, and partly by the council of the canton. We found ninety young men, apparently from eighteen to twenty-four or twenty-six years of age, in the school. Vehrli welcomed us with frankness and simplicity, which at once won our confidence. We joined him at his frugal meal. He pointed to the viands, which were coarse, and said, 'I am a peasant's son. I wish to be no other than I am, the teacher of the sons of the peasantry. You are welcome to my meal; it is coarse and homely, but it is offered cordially.'

We sat down with him. 'These potatoes,' he said, 'are our own; we won them from the earth, and therefore we need no dainties, for our appetite is gained by labour, and the fruit of our toil is always savoury.' This introduced the subject of industry. He told us all the pupils of the normal school laboured daily some hours in a garden of several acres attached to the house, and that they per-

formed all the domestic duties of the household. When we walked out with Vehrli, we found them in the garden digging, and carrying on other garden operations, with great assiduity. Others were sawing wood into logs, and chopping it into billets in the courtyard. Some brought in sacks of potatoes on their back, or baskets of recently-gathered vegetables. Others laboured in the domestic duties of the household.

After a while the bell rang, and immediately their outdoor labours terminated, and they returned in an orderly manner, with all their implements, to the courtyard, where, having deposited them, thrown off their frocks, and washed, they reassembled in their respective classrooms.

We soon followed them. Here we listened to lessons in mathematics, proving that they were well grounded in the elementary parts of that science. We saw them drawing from models with considerable skill and precision, and heard them instructed in the laws of perspective. We listened to a lecture on the code of the canton, and to instruction in the geography of Europe. We were informed that their instruction extended to the language of the canton, its construction and grammar, and especially to the history of Switzerland; arithmetic; mensuration; such a knowledge of natural philosophy and mechanics as might enable them to explain the chief phenomena of nature and the mechanical forces; some acquaintance with astronomy. They had continual lessons in pedagogy, or the theory of the art of teaching, which they practised in the neighbouring village school. We were assured that their instruction in the Holy Scriptures, and other religious knowledge, was a constant subject of solicitude.

The following extract from Vehrli's address at the first examination of the pupils in 1837, will best explain the spirit that governs the seminary, and the attention paid there to what we believe has been too often neglected in this country—the education of the heart and feelings, as distinct from the cultivation of the intellect. It may appear strange to English habits to assign so prominent a place in an educational institution to the following points, but the indication here given of the superior care bestowed in the formation of the character to what is given to the acquisition of knowledge, forms in our view the chief charm and merit in this and several other Swiss seminaries, and is what we have laboured to impress on the institution we have founded. To those who can enter into its spirit, the following extract will not appear tainted with too sanguine views:—

‘The course of life in this seminary is threefold.

‘1st. Life in the home circle, or family life.

‘2d. Life in the school-room.

‘3d. Life beyond the walls in the cultivation of the soil.

I place the family life first, for here the truest education is imparted; here the future teacher can best receive that cultivation of the character and feelings which will fit him to direct those who are intrusted to his care in the ways of piety and truth.

A well arranged family circle is the place where each member, by participating in the other's joys and sorrows, pleasures and misfortunes, by teaching, advice, consolation, and example, is inspired with sentiments of single-mindedness, of charity, of mutual confidence, of noble thoughts, of high feelings, and of virtue.

In such a circle can a true religious sense take the firmest and the deepest root. Here it is that the principles of Christian feeling can best be laid, where opportunity is continually given for the exercise of affection and charity, which are the first virtues that should distinguish a teacher's mind. Here it is that kindness and earnestness can most surely form the young members to be good and intelligent men, and that each is most willing to learn and receive an impress from his fellow. He who is brought up in such a circle, who thus recognises all his fellow-men as brothers, serves them with willingness whenever he can, treats all his race as one family, loves them, and God their father above all, how richly does such a one scatter blessings around! What earnestness does he show in all his doings and conduct! what devotion especially does he display in the business of a teacher! How differently from him does that master enter and leave his school whose feelings are dead to a sense of piety, and whose heart never beats in unison with the joys of family life!

‘Where is such a teacher as I have described most pleasantly occupied? In his school amongst his children, with them in the house of God or in the family circle, and

wherever he can be giving or receiving instruction. A great man has expressed, perhaps too strongly, “I never wish to see a teacher who cannot sing.” With more reason I would maintain that a teacher to whom a sense of the pleasures of a well-arranged family is wanting, and who fails to recognise in it a well-grounded religious influence, should never enter a school-room.’

As we returned from the garden with the pupils on the evening of the first day, we stood for a few minutes with Vehrli in the courtyard by the shore of the lake. The pupils had ascended into the class-rooms, and the evening being tranquil and warm, the windows were thrown up, and we shortly afterwards heard them sing in excellent harmony. As soon as this song had ceased, we sent a message to request another with which we had become familiar in our visits to the Swiss schools; and thus, in succession, we called for song after song of Nageli, imagining that we were only directing them at their usual hour of instruction in vocal music. There was a great charm in this simple but excellent harmony. When we had listened a while, Vehrli invited us to ascend into the room where the pupils were assembled. We followed him, and on entering the apartment, great was our surprise to discover the whole school, during the period we had listened, had been cheering with songs their evening employment of peeling potatoes and cutting the stalks from the green vegetables and beans which they had gathered in the garden. As we stood there, they renewed their choruses till prayers were announced; supper had been previously taken. After prayers, Vehrli, walking about the apartment, conversed with them familiarly on the occurrences of the day, mingling with his conversation such friendly admonition as sprang from the incidents, and then, lifting his hands, he recommended them to the protection of Heaven, and dismissed them to rest.

We spent two days with great interest in this establishment. Vehrli had ever on his lips, ‘We are peasants’ sons; we would not be ignorant of our duties, but God forbid that knowledge should make us despise the simplicity of our lives. The earth is our mother, and we gather our food from her breast; but while we peasants labour for our daily food, we may learn many lessons from our mother earth. There is no knowledge in books like an immediate converse with nature, and those that dig the soil have nearest communion with her. Believe me, or believe me not, this is the thought that can make a peasant's life sweet, and his toil a luxury. I know it, for see, my hands are horny with toil. The lot of men is very equal, and wisdom consists in the discovery of the truth, that what is without is not the source of sorrow, but that which is within. A peasant may be happier than a prince, if his conscience be pure before God, and he learn not only contentment, but joy in the life of labour which is to prepare him for the life of heaven.’

This was the theme always on Vehrli's lips. Expressed with more or less perspicuity, his main thought seemed to be that poverty, rightly understood, was no misfortune. He regarded it as a sphere of human exertion and human trial preparatory to the change of existence, but offering its own sources of enjoyment as abundantly as any other. ‘We are all equal,’ he said, ‘before God; why should the son of a peasant envy a prince, or the lily an oak? are they not both God's creatures?’

We were greatly charmed in this school by the union of comparatively high intellectual attainments among the scholars with the utmost simplicity of life, and cheerfulness in the humblest menial labour. Their food was of the coarsest character, consisting chiefly of vegetables, soups, and very brown bread. They rose between four and five, took three meals in the day, the last about six, and retired to rest at nine. They seemed happy in their lot.

Some of the other normal schools of Switzerland are remarkable for the same simplicity in their domestic arrangements, though the students exceed in their intellectual attainments all notions prevalent in England of what should be taught in such schools. Thus, in the normal school of the canton of Berne, the pupils worked in the fields during eight hours of the day, and spent the rest in intellectual labour. They were clad in the coarsest dresses of the peasantry, wore wooden shoes, and were without stockings. Their intellectual attainments, however, would have enabled them to put to shame the masters of most of our best elementary schools.

Such men, we felt assured, would go forth cheerfully to their humble village homes to spread the doctrine which

Veluri taught of peace and contentment in virtuous exertion; and men similarly trained appeared to us best fitted for the labour of reclaiming the pauper youth of England to the virtues, and restoring them to the happiness, of her best instructed peasantry.

LEGAL PROVISION FOR THE POOR NOT PRECLUSIVE OF PRIVATE CHARITY.

Mr William Palmer, barrister-at-law, in an able pamphlet on the 'Principles of the Legal Provision for the Relief of the Poor,' recently published (Butterworth, London), thus meets the common objection that there is no charity in the legal provision for the poor, because it wants the voluntary character of charity; exciting no charitable feeling in the dispensers, and no gratitude in the receivers of relief, but rather placing the two classes in a state of contention and mutual ill-will, one seeking to pay as little, the other to get as much as they can. 'This objection,' says Mr Palmer, 'seems grounded on a wrong understanding of the law. The charity of the legal provision is not the charity of the individual rate-payers or poor-law officers, but the charity of the nation, or of its rulers in their public capacities. So far as the rate-payers are concerned, in order to be certain, it must be compulsory; and poor-law commissioners, guardians, and relieving officers, are merely the instruments of its administration. So far as these parties are concerned, it wants the voluntary character of charity; and the poor may reasonably feel under no special obligation to the individuals for the relief to which they are entitled by the law. But on the part of the nation and its rulers, the legal provision is clearly voluntary; and where founded, as was the poor-law of Elizabeth, on a principle of charity, calls for the gratitude of the poor to the nation, and to the public authority by which it was ordered. Every individual also of the nation is a sharer in the national virtue; and if the rate-payer pays cheerfully, considering the charitable purposes of the rate, and the poor-law officer similarly administers the charitable law in a charitable spirit, they will win for themselves some further share in the charity of the nation, and will deserve, and, I trust, generally obtain, the gratitude of the poor. * * It is said that the legal provision destroys private charity; in which case, indeed, it would do more harm than good. For the law can scarcely do more than uniformly provide the means of subsistence; while private charity, expanding according to the circumstances of the case, should be limited only by the extent of the necessities of the poor or the ability of the rich. And if private charity was destroyed, there would be no security for the continuance of the law. The people, by desuetude, would lose the charitable habit; and the legal provision would soon be condemned by public opinion. But the legal provision has no such general operation. It may usefully remove the necessity for indiscriminate alms-giving; which wastes the means of the charitable, who are not always the wealthiest, to encourage idleness and mendicancy, while honest want is unrelieved. Indiscriminate alms-giving appears necessary in its absence; for few have both leisure and ability to inquire into the cases of the poor, or the means of finding employment, the legitimate test of destitution. Hence, if the relief of the poor were left to private charity, the majority would often give indiscriminately, or suffer want to be unrelieved. But the legal provision for the poor supplies a ready test of destitution, and should be a guarantee to the private individual who would not encourage the idle beggar, that the necessities of the really destitute will certainly be relieved. * * It has been justly observed, that "the municipal law, which enforces an annual rate for the support of the poor in every parish, presents no obstacle to the exercise of charity in every department, public or private." The charity of individuals should rather be stimulated by the public charity of the law, which should never supersede, but only be supplementary to private charity. Such, unquestionably, was the intention of the legislature in the reign of Elizabeth, who, while the church put forth her homilies to move compassion to the poor and needy, at the same time perfected the law for the relief of the poor, and passed other excellent statutes for the encouragement of private charitable foundations. And such, I apprehend, has been the operation of the law. The stream of charity flowed no less copiously in the succeeding century; and though latterly its supply may have fallen short of the

demand, I know not the nation more rich in charitable foundations, or more ready than the English to relieve suffering, whether at home or abroad.'

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—*Addison*.

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE!

It is not well that a man should always labour. His temporal as well as spiritual interests demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary after a life of industry and activity. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a slave all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit, can hardly be fit for another world. The release from toils of old age most men have the prospective pleasure of; and in the reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind. Such advantages, however, can only be gained by prudence in economy in youth; we must save, like the ant, before we can hope to have any rest in the winter of our days.—*Book of Symbols*.

THE RETURN FROM EXILE.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

As memory pictured happier hours, home-sickness seized my heart;
I never thought of English land but burning tears would start;
The faces of familiar friends would haunt me in my sleep,
I clasped their thrilling hands in mine, then woke again to weep!

At last my spirit's fevered dreams so wrought upon my frame,
That life itself uncertain seemed as some worn taper's flame;
Till o'er the wide blue waters borne, from regions strange and far,
I saw dear Albion's bright cliffs gleam beneath the morning's star.

That radiant sight redeemed the past, and, stirred with transport wild,
I trod the swift bark's bounding deck light-hearted as a child!

And when among my native fields I wandered in the sun,
It seemed as if my morn of life had only just begun.

The shining golden butter-cup—the daisy's silver crest—
The living gems of every hue on nature's verdant breast—
The cheerful songs of British birds that rose from British trees—
The fragrance from the blossomed hodge that came on every breeze—

The white cot peeping through the grove, its blue smoke in the sky—
The rural group of ruddy boys that gaily loitered nigh—
The silent sheep-beaprinkled hill—the rivulet-watered vale—
The lonely lake where brightly shone the fisher's sun-lit sail;

Awhile these seemed illusions brief of beauty and delight,
A dear but transitory dream—a mockery of the night—
For often in my slumbering hours, on India's sultry strand,
In visions scarce less palpable I hailed my native land.

But when upon my wildering doubts reflection flashed the truth,
Oh! never in my childhood years, nor in my fervid youth,
So deep a rapture thrilled my breast as while I gazed around,
And recognised the thousand charms that hallow English ground!

—*Literary Leaves*.

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A VISIT TO THE CHARTER HOUSE.

ON a late occasion I had the satisfaction of fulfilling a long-expressed desire to visit the Charter House. Rich as the metropolis is in beneficent institutions, I doubt if any can be compared in point of gracious munificence to this venerable establishment. Originating in the philanthropy of a wealthy English commoner, it is English throughout in its character and arrangements—English in its old-established respectability—English in its bounteous management—English in the domestic comforts of its 'ancient gentlemen'—English from the neat and antique chapel to the roaring kitchen, with its jolly row of spits, its dining-hall and 'buttery-hatch.' It can scarcely be that the world contains the equal, or anything nearly the equal, of this cozy establishment, where a man would be sharp-sighted indeed who could detect a vestige of scraping economy, shabbiness, or mean indifference to feelings. The Charter House is a 'Foundation': a 'Charity' would clearly be a misapplication of terms.

We get to the Charter House by going through Smithfield market. Having passed this pleasant zoological resort, we hold on by a thoroughfare towards the north, and then turning up a short street to the right, find ourselves at an old-fashioned-looking archway. This gives entrance to a quadrangle, through which we are led to another of similar appearance—the whole being an assemblage of buildings in the Elizabethan style, enclosing green and sunny squares, and forming, as one can fancy, a regular fortalice of good living and tranquil enjoyment—an eddy corner into which any of us would be thankful to find ourselves drifted after a life of expedients, misfortunes, and all sorts of annoyances. With the murmur of city sounds dying away in our ears, do we enter the inner quadrangle, where the spectacle of silence and repose—the casements thrown open to admit the fresh air into the neat apartments, and groups of the aged brethren sunning themselves on seats out-of-doors—presents a pleasing antithesis to the struggle going on at a short distance without.

Covering, one way and another, as much as fifteen acres, and situated beyond the walls of London, the Charter House was at one time surrounded by fields, and formed a convent of Carthusian monks—a 'domus Salutationis Matris Dei Ordinis Cartusienensis'—and hence its modern name, which is but a variation of the term *Chartreuse*. The establishment, including a place of sepulture for the poor, was founded on a complete and ample basis by that 'Valiant soldier and gentleman, Sir Walter de Manny,' a retainer of Edward III., and who, at his death in 1371, was solemnly entombed in the chapel of the monastery in presence of the king and 'his royal family of houses.' The monastery of Carthusians, like all monasteries in these times,

continued in the enjoyment of its endowments and privileges till the 'fatal reign of King Henry VIII.,' when it perished in the general havoc of the religious houses.*

Cleared out, and with revenues confiscated, the monastery and its site were granted to Edward Lord North, a lawyer and courtier, who had the happy knack of squaring his religious opinions with whatever chanced to be uppermost through the perilous reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; and accordingly had the good fortune of always preserving the royal favour. Elizabeth, shortly after her accession,

* Bencroft, the historian of the Charter House, gives the following straightforward account of this barbarous affair:—

'This monastery continued to flourish, and was endowed with great privileges, till the fatal reign of King Henry VIII.; in the beginning of the 26th year of which John Howgton, prior of this monastery, and Humphrey Midylmore, the procurator, were imprisoned in the Tower of London for refusing to swear to the succession, as then settled by act of parliament, and to acknowledge King Henry VIII. head of the church of England, expressly renouncing the pope. But after a month's imprisonment they complied, and both, with some others of the monastery, swore what was required of them, and gave an authentic certificate thereof under their hands the same day, namely, the 29th of May 1534. However, the major part of the convent then refused, 'till, after a very mature deliberation, they likewise swore, and subscribed what was required of them on the 6th of June following. But Prior Howgton could not hold his tongue, and was convicted of speaking against the king and his supremacy, when it was now, by a particular act of parliament, made treason to do it, and together with two other Carthusian priors, originally monks of this convent, and a monk of Sion-house, condemned on the same account, hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 4th of May 1535: Stow placeth this on the 29th of April, but I choose rather to follow Maurice Chauncy or Chaney, who was then a monk of the convent, and hath wrote a treatise entitled *Passio Octodecim Carthusianorum* [The Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians], on purpose to celebrate Prior Howgton and the suffering monks of this convent as martyrs for truth; for it is most probable he is right in the particular dates. The heads and quarters of these unhappy sufferers were fixed up in the most proper places, to strike terror into the monks; and particularly one of the fore-quarters of Prior Howgton was put over the great gate of the Charter House, as a warning to the convent. But notwithstanding this, Humphrey Midylmore—who had been the year before imprisoned with the prior—William Exmen, and Sebastian Nudigate, three of the chief monks of the convent, were soon after apprehended, condemned, and executed for the same crime—namely, on the 19th of June 1535.'

In a similarly cool and precise way Bencroft proceeds to narrate how other ten monks, having refused to renounce their opinions in terms of the 'new statutes enacted,' were thrown into close confinement in Newgate, and there nine of them sickened and died: the tenth alone recovered; but he, also, had better have sunk under the horrors of the foul den in which he and his companions had been immured; 'for he was left to languish in prison above four years, and was at length executed on the 4th of November 1541.' The remaining members of the convent, terrified by these atrocious cruelties, and more accommodating in their doctrines, gladly resigned the monastery and its endowments, amounting to £642, 4s. 6d. yearly, to the crown, and on small annuities for life retired from the exercise of their vocation.

Velrli taught of North the honour of visiting him at the tion ; and mer- house, where she was courteously entertained for the labo- al days. Roger, son of Lord North, sold Charter to the vir- to the Duke of Norfolk for £2500, and this best ing- e to the Duke of Norfolk for £2500, and this gentleman made it his place of residence in town, till committed to the Tower in 1569 for his projected marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. Liberated in 1570, on his promise 'never to think more of that match,' he again resided in Charter House till his recommitment on accusation of the same offence, for which he finally suffered with the loss of his head. Queen Elizabeth, considering the state safe by his death, 'was pleased to restore the family in blood and to the estate,' and Charter House came to the share of Lord Thomas Howard, the unfortunate duke's second son. We must allow old Bearcroft to tell what happened next in his own way.

'King James, on his succession to the throne of England, was pleased to show a very remarkable regard to the family of the Howards, as having been sufferers for his mother the Queen of Scots. And out of an especial respect to Lord Thomas Howard (and at the same time to imitate the steps of Queen Elizabeth), when the lord mayor and aldermen and five hundred of the chief citizens, all in velvet gowns and gold chains, met his majesty on horseback at Stamford Hill, near Highgate, on the king's approach towards London from Scotland, on the 7th of May 1603, his majesty was pleased to be conducted in a grand procession to Charter House, and to keep his court there four days, and before his departure on the 11th of May, to make more than eighty knights, to do this lord more abundant honour, whom he soon after created Earl of Suffolk.

'Of this Earl of Suffolk, Mr Sutton bought Charter House, and disposed of it in the foundation of the *present most noble hospital*. And thus the soil which of ancient time was given by Sir Walter de Manny, a knight and a soldier, for the sepulchre of poor men when they were dead, is now by Thomas Sutton, an esquire and a soldier, converted and consecrated to the sustenance of the poor and impotent whilst they live. And therefore a man may truly apply to this place the saying of the Royal Prophet:—"Thou, Lord, of thy goodness, hast prepared it for the poor, for the honour of our religion, that hath produced such a work of piety and charity as never was in the Christian world; nay, the eye of time itself did never see the like."

From this right excellent and pious flight of Bearcroft (the worthy preacher at the Charter House somewhat upwards of a century ago), we come down to a few plain particulars respecting the founder, Mr Sutton. This gentleman, a descendant of the Suttons in Lincolnshire, was born in the year 1532, and having received 'a genteel education,' entered himself a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. Becoming tired of this sedentary life, he went abroad, spent some years as a soldier, and ultimately became a merchant in London, where, 'if tradition will be allowed of any force, it is strong,' that he was the wealthiest tradesman and ship-owner in the city. Like many great men, however, before and since, he experienced no great degree of happiness from the wonderful success of his undertakings. 'And now [1590] advancing in years, being himself without issue, he grew sick of the great multiplicity of his affairs, and began seriously to reflect that he walked in a vain shadow, and disquieted himself in vain, while he heaped up riches, and could not tell who should gather them; and therefore contracting his great dealings, he brought them into so narrow a compass as permitted him to quit London, and to reside at one or other of his country seats, for he had purchased several good estates'—including the Charter House, which, with the orchards and gardens belonging to it, cost him £13,000. This truly pious and benevolent man died in 1611, having previously by will endowed the Charter House as an hospital for the reception of decayed merchants and others, and the education of poor children, the foundation being incorporated by letters patent of James I.

At first the yearly value of the lands conveyed for the maintenance of the establishment was £3500; from which, a century ago, it had increased to £6000, and now it is understood to amount to about £25,000—a revenue, as I have said, munificently distributed according to the intentions of the founder.

The Charter House presents a remarkable instance of a reformed monastic establishment standing almost in the heart of the metropolis. Comprising an entire community within itself, and strictly exclusive in its rules and regulations, its history and transactions are best known to its members, as was not unusually the case with large religious establishments in former times. As most of the brothers, previously to their becoming so, have been more or less intimately mixed up with the great world of business without—not a few having, by misfortunes, been reduced from the greatest affluence to a state of comparative poverty—the collegiate and conventual character which the establishment has preserved is somewhat singular. There is a reclusive silence which must strike every one on entering the exterior court; it breathes of retirement from the world, and absence from care and bustle; and the spectacle of aged men sitting about at the hours of prayer or dinner, in their monkish-looking cloaks, carries one in imagination back to the days of the Carthusians and their patron, Walter de Manny. The very porter, qualified by a thirty years' service under the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, has a penitential air about him; and you cannot but admire the quiet and decorous manner in which he marshals you through the establishment, pointing in veneration to any object of particular interest or unknown antiquity.

After looking through and admiring a few of the dwellings of the brethren, each of whom has a separate apartment with his name inscribed on the door, we proceeded across the inner court to a passage or cloister which, amidst some of the older parts of the structure, leads to the chapel. This edifice, from a date on the roof, appears to have been erected in 1612, though then most likely a re-creation of the chapel formerly on the spot. Of a square form, divided in the middle by four pillars of the Tuscan order, the interior is handsomely fitted up with pews, desks, and stalls of oak, tastefully ornamented. At the corner of the aisle on our left is the tomb of the founder, a fine piece of workmanship, extending from the floor to nearly the roof. On the wall of the aisle opposite is a figure of the late Lord Ellenborough, who was buried in the vaults beneath; his early education in the Charter House having raised a desire in his mind to be buried within its precincts. A number of other memorials of the dead are seen on the walls around, chiefly, however, of aged functionaries of the establishment.

From the chapel cloister we are conducted into a pile of ancient building, formerly a portion of the palace of the Duke of Norfolk, and containing some apartments of great interest to the visitor. Ascending a broad old-fashioned staircase of oak, decorated with carving, we are led into a large room, in the progress of restoration from decay, hung with tableaux of old tapestry, and ornamented in an appropriate style on the roof. From the royal arms over the huge fireplace, we learn that the embellishments are of an era subsequent to the union of the crowns. The walls, unless where tapestried, have been lately covered with modern paper-hangings—an instance of bad taste somewhat unexpected in such a scene. In the same building, and on the ground-floor, is shown the Grand Hall, a lofty and spacious apartment, more like a church than a hall, used for the purposes of a dining-room. At the north end of this noble apartment there is a music-gallery, which communicates with a similar gallery on the east side over the fireplace, for spectators. On the south or upper end of the hall is the portrait of Mr Sutton, dressed in a black robe, seated in a chair, and holding in his right hand the ground-plan of the Charter House. This

fine apartment, which appears to have been the banquetting-hall of the Duke of Norfolk, is now used by the officers of the house and the brethren: the former take their repast under Mr Sutton's portrait, at a table placed crosswise upon an elevated part of the floor, and the latter sit at tables arranged longitudinally on each side of it. An adjoining and low-roofed apartment is pointed out as having been the refectory for the lay-brothers and assistants of the Carthusian monks. By a door at an angle in this room you descend into an ancient cloister of great length, facing a wide and open area, now used as a playground for the boys at the Charter House school. It was the period of vacation at the time of my visit, and therefore having seen nothing of the educational part of the institution, I am unable to offer any opinion of its character.

A few particulars respecting the internal arrangements of the general establishment will probably not be unacceptable. The brotherhood, eighty in number, is governed by a master, who is generally resident, and who has all the power formerly vested in an abbot or prior by the ancient rule of St Benedict. The brothers, for example, are enjoined to pay him implicit obedience, and always to stand bare-headed in his presence. No brother must absent himself without his permission; he has the power to punish the refractory by fine as well as by suspension from commons; and if necessary, with consent of the other governors, he can proceed to the length of expulsion. He is assisted in his administration by various authorities, all resident within the walls of the foundation. Among these may be mentioned the preacher, the reader, the registrar, the medical officer, the manciple, or house steward, and, within the last fifteen years, a matron. Formerly, with the exception of the nurses, who clean the rooms of the members, and otherwise attend upon them, females were excluded from the establishment: this injunction has, however, been most properly abated, and among the general improvements, the institution of matron has been not the least beneficial to the members.

The church service is performed regularly twice a-day, morning and evening, in the beautiful chapel of the establishment, and on one of these occasions at least, the brothers are expected to give attendance. On Sundays and saints' days the scholars on the foundation, and pupils, attend and assist in the services. The greatest liberality is exercised with respect to the outdoor recreation of the members, who are no way restrained in going out or paying visits to friends daily within reasonable hours; and they are permitted to be absent for a certain number of weeks annually, during which they are entitled to a pecuniary allowance. A bell is regularly rung at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer, to summon such of the brothers home as may be absent. An hour after this long-established warning, the gates are closed, and those who make their appearance later are reported to the master, who, however, kindly overlooks an occasional trespass in this respect. There is one peculiarity attending the ringing of the evening bell calculated to excite pious reflections among the aged brethren. It tolls as many times as there are brothers on the foundation; and if one dies, his demise is made known by the bell tolling one less, until his place is filled up by a new appointment. A veteran dramatist and poet, over whom the Charter House has beneficently thrown its mantle, put into our hands the following stanzas composed in reference to this touching indication that a brother had taken his departure:—

How oft at close of parting day,
When light has bid the sky farewell,
The traveller pauses on his way,
To list the Charter's evening bell!

Which, from prayer's shrine peals as around,
In Heaven's own voice, with cheerful tone,
That eighty wanderers there have found
Rest, plenty, and a kindly home!

Blest sound! the breast with gladness swells,
That hears—we but feel heavy hearted
When one knell *less* in silence tells—
A brother hath in peace departed!

Yet death is robbed of half its sting,
And e'en the grave gains calmer rest—
To think, when heavenward, one takes wing,
'Twill make some other lone heart blest!

In agreement with that tenacity of old usages, whether right or wrong, which distinguishes most English institutions, the brethren, till within the last fifteen years, continued to eat their meals off the same species of awkward wooden discs that had been in use since the foundation of the Hospitium. Modern plates are now substituted, with the luxury of clean knives and forks, and all other appliances of a respectable table. Thanks, likewise, to the judicious arrangements of the present manciple, the dietary is of the best and most ample description. He would, indeed, be a fastidious gourmand, and no true Englishman, who would quarrel with the following routine of dinners. On Sundays throughout the year, roast beef and plumpudding—the plums stoned, and the meat with bread and vegetables of the finest quality, and no limit placed to the exercise of the brothers' appetites. (N. B. The fire in the kitchen can roast fifteen sirloins.) Mondays, roast legs of mutton, cold meat, and other trifles. Tuesdays, boiled beef and cold meat, with puddings. Wednesdays, same as Mondays. Thursdays, roast beef and cold meat, with fruit pies according to season. Fridays, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, excellent pea-soup, and roast and boiled pork alternately; from Lady Day to Whitsuntide, pea-soup, roast veal, and bacon; and from Whitsuntide to Michaelmas, pea-soup, and lamb and peas. Saturdays, boiled or roast legs of mutton alternately. Salads during the summer months three times a-week, with cucumbers, and the different vegetables as they come in season. Roast goose on Michaelmas day, and poultry and wine on the founder's day, the 12th of December; a gallon of ale at Christmas. Besides all this, which constitutes the commons in the hall, each brother has a daily supply of bread, fresh butter, milk, and table-beer. They are also supplied with coal, candles, and clean linen; leaving nothing to be bought but tea and sugar—articles not in vogue in the days of the pious Sutton—but to purchase these and general clothing, an allowance is made to each member of £26, 12s. annually, which they receive in quarterly instalments. The only garment furnished by the house is a black cloth cloak, which every brother must wear at dinner in the hall, and in chapel, or when coming before the master. It is but justice to the very reverend Archdeacon, the present master of the Charter House, to say, that, while attentive to discipline—which is absolutely necessary—he is kind, impartial, and considerate, and ever ready to make any improvement he may think will contribute to the comforts of the brothers. The governors are likewise to be praised for the firmness with which they have resisted every attempt that has been made to diminish the number and privileges of the brotherhood for the purpose of extending those of other branches of the foundation, thus preserving intact the original intentions of the founder.

I might enlarge on the utility of this excellent foundation, and perhaps, as a statist, make out some remarkable facts to show the advantages of tranquillity in lengthening days beyond the usually allotted span. I need, however, only say, that, like annuitants generally, the ancient gentlemen of the Charter House apparently enter on a new lease of life on coming into the establishment, and in general drop off only when they attain an extreme old age. In illustration of this happy spirit of cheerfulness and vitality, I cannot do better than close my visit to the Charter House with the following humorous dialogue, overheard between two brothers in the chapel before service, and thrown into verse by the aforesaid dramatist and poet—poet-laureate, as he may be called, of the Charter House:—

'How find you yourself, brother Balding, to-day?'
Of a fellow poor brother asked poor brother Grey.
'Why, many thanks, brother; I can't say I'm ill,
Yet I cannot, exactly, somehow, say I'm well.'

'Do you sleep well at night, sir?' inquired brother Grey.
'Yes, I sleep pretty well, that I cannot but say;
I usually go to my bed about ten,
And don't wake till the same hour next morning again!'

'Well, that's a great blessing,' said poor brother Grey;
'I'm not quite so lucky, I'm sorry to say;
When I wake in the night, 'tis a full hour or more
Ere again I can sleep.' 'Bless me, that's a great bore!'

'But how is your appetite?' asked brother Grey;
'Do you find, sir, your appetite falling away?'
'Why, no; I can eat, and drink too, for that matter;
There's no one more quickly can empty a platter.'

And yet, I, somehow, though I cannot tell why,
Feel at times just as if I was going to die.
And then I am not quite so strong as I was;
My sight fails me sadly.' 'You don't say so? poz!'

'It can't be from age, for there's poor brother Bell
Is my senior three years, and he's perfectly well;
I was but eighty-one on my last natal day.'
'Eighty-one! you're a boy, sir,' said old brother Grey.

'A positive boy! Why, sir, I'm eighty-seven.
[Here the clergyman enters.]
But stop; let's be thinking of going to heaven;
When we eat, drink, and sleep, well yet ain't the thing
quite,
Depend on it, sir, that there's something not right!'

BAÏA.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF ARABIAN MANNERS.

DURING a temporary pause in the warfare of the French against the people of Algeria, an Arab encampment was pitched on the borders of the Isser. Apart from the rest of the tents was one set up on the slope of a hill, at whose foot flowed a small stream. Within this temporary resting-place were seated three Arabs; the eldest, though well stricken in years, was evidently one of those men privileged by nature to escape the infirmities of old age. His name was Brahim-ben-Zaragout—a man universally respected by the tribes, as much on account of his courage in war as for his wisdom in council. Of the two younger men seated in the patriarch's tent, the first was Kaddour, a rich member of the Geafera tribe; the second, Hassan, a kinsman of his host, who had already proved himself a brave soldier in many battles against the French. Seated in a circle around a brazier filled with fire, the Arabs maintained a profound silence. The two younger men cast now and then a furtive glance at a corner of the tent, where, half-concealed by the fast dimming twilight, lay an object of peculiar interest to them both. In fact, the tent covered a fourth being. Seated languidly on a lion's skin, and watching the graceful forms assumed by the blue smoke of her *narguilé* as it escaped from her beautiful lips, was Baïa, daughter of Brahim. It was manifest that she had endeavoured to render herself more captivating than usual: a necklace of coral intermixed with sequins adorned her neck; large rings of gold encircled her wrists and ankles; an ample robe of white cashmere, open at the neck, and confined at the waist by a silken tissue, enveloped her figure, whilst a light gold-embroidered *hukh* was placed upon her head so as to allow her beautiful black hair to fall in tresses over her shoulders. Her eyebrows and nails were newly tinged with henna, and the little star tattooed on her forehead had been fresh dyed with the juice of the *salman*. Baïa, in her turn, failed not to cast

a look of deep interest on the faces of her companions, illumined as they were by the dull fire in the brazier. The situation of the whole group was painful, the more so from the deep silence which prevailed. The truth is, Hassan and Kaddour were rival suitors for the hand of Baïa, and that night they had met to have their claims determined by their father and herself. A subject so deeply interesting to all, was naturally slow in being opened, but, the silence increasing the agitation of the whole party, at length Brahim determined to break it. He threw into a vase in which water was already heated some coffee ground extremely fine, poured out the favourite beverage, and offered it to his guests. He also placed before them some tobacco, with which they filled the bowls of their pipes. Having arranged these preliminaries, he broke the irksome quiet by words. 'Baïa,' said he, 'sing that song which you used to sing when I lay on the mat of suffering from the wounds I received from the fire of the infidels.'

'I will obey,' answered the maiden.

Baïa immediately unhung from the side of the tent a musical instrument made of glass, in shape like a wide bottle, the bottom of which was formed by asses' skin being stretched tightly over it. On this species of drum—called a *dabourka*—she struck with the tips of her fingers a few preliminary measures, and then commenced the following song:—

1. May Allah be with you, O Son of the Arabs! defender of Islamism! May peace be with you! May happiness be yours!
2. When God created the fleet courser that you ride, He called to Him the wind of the desert, and said to it, Be condensed! He was obeyed!
3. He took then a handful of this new element, and breathed upon it. It is thus that your horse was created.
4. To make your heart inaccessible to fear, He took a piece of steel, and said to it, Be the heart of the Arab! He was obeyed!
5. Also, do you see him fly to the pursuit of the enemies of God! At the sound of his steps the Infidel has trembled! At the sound of his voice he has melted like lead.

The song was ended: but ere its delicious echoes had died on the ears of the two lovers, a terrible sound was indistinctly heard. Hassan, hitherto mute, entranced, now stretched out his hand to impose silence. His every sense seemed strained to discover whether his ears had not deceived him. Kaddour and the old man held their breath; and Baïa, pale and trembling, sought refuge under the folds of her father's burnous. Hassan, still doubtful as to the fatal sound, shook his hair from his brow, and placed his ear to the ground. He had not been deceived; the distant growl assured him that the dreaded lion of Mount Karkar was approaching the tent. But if a doubt of the approaching danger still lingered, it was dissipated by the instinct of the horses attached by halters to the inner circumference of that part of the tent partitioned off as a stable. By the trembling light of the lamp suspended over them, they were seen with outstretched necks, their ears thrown forward, their tails straight, their nostrils widely distended, and their eyes straining, as if in a vain endeavour to distinguish an approaching enemy. To the snorting of these horses were soon added the mournful cries of camels, and the plaintive bleating of sheep, as they approached to seek shelter near the tent. The truth was now confirmed. The great lion of Mount Karkar, whose retreat had as yet proved inaccessible to man, had chosen this night to ravage the encampment. Once assured of the approaching danger, Hassan and Kaddour nerved themselves to encounter it. While mentally devising means of resistance, they appeared calm; but it was not so with the old man. At a distance from his tribe, placed, as it were, at the outpost of danger, he was thinking of his trembling daughter, whose hand shook like a leaf in his own. The sole resource left to him was to confide in the courage of his two guests.

Hassan untied the long gun of Brahim from the post which supported the camel-hair covering of the tent, examined the lock, and renewed the powder, which had become damp from the dews of the evening. Kaddour

seized his pistols, and unsheathing his yataghan, stuck it into the earth by its point, to be able the more readily to use it. Brahim watched these preparations with intense interest. Suddenly a light seemed to dart into his mind. He clasped his daughter to his side, looked eagerly at the two young men from one to the other, and like one inspired, he exclaimed, 'Glory to the Prophet! Hear me! Both of you love Baia. Danger approaches. Prove the strength of your love by the strength of your courage, and he who shall bring to me the skin of the Karkar lion shall be rewarded with her hand!' On hearing these words Baia raised her eyes to heaven, and uttered a prayer; then she cast a look at Hassan, which asked him for the victory. Kaddour shuddered, and raised his hand instinctively to his pistol.

Brahim having released Baia from his arms, she retreated, according to his wish, into the interior of the tent.*

Hardly had she disappeared, when the flocks commenced bleating in the particular manner usual to them when their instinct reveals the approach of a wild beast. In the midst of these noises one louder, hoarser, more terrific was heard. Hassan raised his gun; Kaddour pointed his two pistols towards the entrance of the tent; and Brahim protected the asylum of Baia.

These precautions had not been taken for an instant ere a crash announced that the infuriated beast had chosen Brahim's tent for his attack. Deceived by the darkness of the night, and by the black covering of the tent, the lion had sprung upon it as if on some hard substance. The impetus of his fall broke the supports, and the beast, frightened for a moment to find his footing fail him, stopped to utter a fearful roar. Nothing separated him from the Arabs but the camel-hair covering of the tent, and this he sought to tear with his claws. Hassan, still preserving his calmness, unsheathed his yataghan, and glided to the spot where the lion was trying to tear an opening. Making a few thrusts at hazard, he found at length that he had wounded his enemy. The beast, now more infuriated, redoubled his efforts; he made an opening in the tent, and the destruction of its inhabitants seemed inevitable.

At this juncture a second calamity happened. The fire in the brazier having been thrown on the ground, had communicated its flames to the boarded partition, and thence to the covering. The smoke and stench issuing from the latter nearly stifled Hassan, and with a desperate effort he cut a passage with his dagger through the burning mass, rushing forward to meet his enemy face to face. Happily, however, the new misfortune averted for a time the greater one: the lion, alarmed by the flames, withdrew a few paces, and extended himself on the ground, eagerly watching the prey which instinct told him must soon fall into his fangs. Upon this Hassan flew to that part of the tent under which Baia was buried, and cutting open the tent cloth, extricated her senseless form, and placed it in the open air behind the fire, which was now a protection from the attack of the lion. Brahim had already escaped—but there was a third person to be rescued from the flames. A violent struggle arose in Hassan's breast. At this moment he could, by merely remaining inactive, rid himself of a rival; but the arm of that rival was necessary to protect the life of Baia. Love overcame hatred, and Kaddour was saved.

All this time the lion was to be seen by the light of the flames at a short distance stretched on the earth, and licking his wounded foot. How to combat him? The Arabs had left their fire-arms under the wrecks of their awnings, and four explosions now told them but too truly that they were no longer of any use. The fire began to diminish. Would it last long enough to keep off the ter-

rible animal until they received succour? or must they recommence the combat with their yataghans? Suddenly hope was renewed in the breasts of these unhappy beings. A confused sound of human voices told them that friends were approaching. Awakened by the roarings of the lion, by the explosion of the fire-arms, and by the light of the conflagration, several Arabs advanced uttering the cry of combat. The lion's attention was diverted from the victims he had been so closely watching. He raised his head, and turned his glaring eyes towards the approaching Arabs. Hassan whispered to his companions that the danger had passed. He was right. The rescuers fired upon the beast, and he, furiously lashing his sides, bounded into the very midst of them. A cry of horror, which was succeeded by dreadful groans, announced that one of his new enemies had been fearfully disabled. But satisfied with having tasted human blood, or afraid of longer facing so many antagonists, the lion of Mount Karkar bounded away towards his lair.

The rescuers now assembled around the three Arabs and Baia, who had recovered her senses. They extinguished the flames by covering them with sand. A new tent was raised, and the dispersed flocks, and all that the fire had spared, were reassembled. In the midst of the tumult Baia approached Hassan, saying, 'This night will I wait for you under the three palm trees of Isser.'

The Arab pressed her hand, and answered, 'I will be there.'

A complete calm soon reigned throughout the camp. Each Arab regained his tent; Brahim returned to that prepared for him, accompanied by his daughter; and Kaddour departed for the Geafera, to prepare himself for the hunt of the next day; while Hassan immediately wended his way towards the three palm trees of Isser. This spot, at some paces only from the Beni-Smiel, was shaded by olives, the branches of which were entwined with garlands of the wild vine; enormous aloes and fig-trees of Barbary concealed it from every eye, whilst thousands of shrubs grew among the rocks and stones on the edges of the river, now almost dried up. On both sides arose the mountains of the Atlas. This was the rendezvous Baia had chosen.

Hassan had to wait a long time ere Baia appeared. He followed anxiously with his eye the movement of the stars, which announced to him the near approach of day. Exhausted with bodily fatigue, and by the emotions of the night, his eye was often upon the point of closing: but the Arab soon shook off his torpor, aroused as he was by the mewings of the jackal, or by its passing through the shrubs. In this state of drowsiness a hand fell upon his shoulder. He shuddered, and raised his head; Baia stood upright before him. By the light of the stars, which, during the summer in Africa, sparkle so magnificently, he saw the young girl robed entirely in white; she held in her hand a yataghan, and appeared like one of those apparitions in which the superstitious Arabs implicitly believe.

'You sleep, Hassan; oh, how happy are you! As for me, fatal presages have not ceased to assail me, and sleep has not once fallen on my eyelids. I tremble.'

'Say but one word and I shall conquer. Do you love me?'

Baia cast a tender but reproachful look at the Arab. 'Does not my presence tell you enough? This night, even—but it is now too late, I was going to reveal it all to my father. I was going to tell him that it was you whom I loved; but now that Heaven has spoken by the mouth of my father, it is to you that I confide my fate. Take this weapon; I have brought it from the wrecks of our tent. It was formerly worn by Sidi-Chafi, the celebrated Marabout. With it will you conquer. Remember, oh Hassan! added she, 'the words which I have spoken. Go, and may Heaven protect you!'

In saying these words Baia disappeared amongst the shrubs as a shadow. Hassan regained his tent to take repose, so necessary to enable him to encounter the

* The tent of the Arabs is divided into two parts. The outermost is destined for the men, and it is there that strangers are received. The innermost is separated from the former, sometimes by awnings, at others by boards or mats. This is the apartment of the women.

fatigues of the morning. The dawn of day found him on foot. He saddled his favourite horse, of a milky whiteness, its waving tail dyed with henna. He did not encumber himself uselessly with the long gun of the Arabs, but suspended to his saddle a hatchet of steel, placing in his belt his trusty pistols and the blade which Baia had given him. Thus accoutred, he took the road to the Mount Karkar, first seeking Brahim's tent, to find the tracks of the lion. Baia and her father were upon the threshold contemplating the disasters of the night. Hassan advanced towards them, alighted from his courser, and respectfully kissed the old man's hand. On raising his head he perceived a tear in the eye of the maiden. Brahim also saw it, and in a tender tone said, 'Go, my son. I give you my blessing.'

Hassan departed to follow the bloody marks which the lion's wounded foot had left upon the ground, assured that these traces would eventually conduct him to his lair. After a long ride, he arrived between two elevated mountains covered with bushes and bristling precipices, perfectly impenetrable to any other being than an Arabian horse. Hassan's steed appeared to sport with the difficulties of the ground. With a wonderful instinct he felt the soil with the end of his hoof before he descended the almost perpendicular path which led to a dark abyss; then, when he felt a resistance, he placed his whole hoof on the ground, steadying it before he brought his hind leg to make the same movement; this first step terminated, he fixed his hinder hoofs firmly on the earth ere he advanced his fore foot a second time.

By the more numerous traces of blood, it was evident that the lion had begun on this spot to slacken his pace. But Hassan was far from having reached the Karkar, the bare and gray summit of which raised itself like a giant in the midst of the surrounding mountains.

After a march of indescribable fatigue during several hours, Hassan descended into a valley at the foot of the Karkar. This valley, like a great number in Algeria, was full of enormous rocks, torn in the course of ages from the face of the mountains by the rains of winter; other rocks, being undermined, seemed to hang in the air, and threatened to fall at every moment. A little rivulet flowed sometimes noiselessly in its rocky bed, and at others bounded, to form a cascade, over the crag which opposed its passage. Nature displayed all her magnificence in this place. Hassan alighted from his horse, henceforth useless to him, to ascend the mountain in the track of the wounded lion. He took a little water in the hollow of his hand, bathed the nostrils of his steed with it before he allowed him to drink in the stream or withdraw the bridle. The noble animal, seeing the preparations for a halt, raised his fore foot, and presented it to his master; it being the custom to prevent horses from straying by attaching a cord from a knee to the hoof, which is thus prevented from touching the ground. But in this instance Hassan forbore to hobble his faithful steed; 'for,' he said aloud, 'should I not return, who will here be to release you?'

The adventurous Arab now took off his burnous, or outer garment, the long folds of which might embarrass his future movements, tightened his girdle, and, grasping the axe, began to ascend the precipitous Karkar. That his approach might be noiseless, he advanced bare-footed, gliding like a jackal amongst the arms of the cactus-trees, which cover the sides of the mountain. Occasionally he stopped to listen, but nothing was audible in the death-like silence of the place but the beating of his own heart.

After ascending for more than an hour, Hassan's toils were rewarded; if, indeed, the sight of a monstrous lion, stretched at full length at the mouth of a cave, can be looked upon as a reward. The beast raised his head, as if conscious that some one was approaching, and cast a proud look around; but Hassan, hidden under the broad leaves of a cactus, remained unperceived and motionless. Suddenly the lion again dropped his head between his fore feet. A calm courage now took possession of the

Arab's heart as he contemplated the immensity of his danger. Armed with that cool intrepidity which is inspired by the fatalism that forms the strongest part of a Mohammedan's creed, he advanced to the terrible attack, thinking of nothing but the will of God. Accustomed as he was to hunting wild beasts, he knew that, face to face, address, activity, and coolness, were preferable to arms—particularly fire-arms, which become dangerous when injudiciously used. Thus did Hassan rely chiefly on his trusty hatchet to preserve his life. He waited, to assure himself that the lion slept. He had already rejoiced in his heart to find that the male, and not his partner, had remained to watch over the safety of their cubs—for the lioness never sleeps on such occasions. Being now convinced that his enemy slept, he rose stealthily from his hiding-place. For a moment he hesitated, and his firmness partially forsook him; but on turning his head to get a better view of the sleeping brute, a new stimulus to action was presented. To his astonishment he beheld an Arab of the tribe of Geafera rapidly ascending the precipice. Hassan no longer hesitated. With his right hand he grasped his hatchet, while with his left he held a pistol. Thus equipped, he stepped cautiously from stone to stone to the spot where the lion still slept. Twice did he brandish the hatchet in the air, and twice did it fall, each blow rendering a fore foot powerless. Swift as lightning the assailant retreated, to leave the lion to exhaust his fury. The beast roared terrifically; and, rolling in anguish, scattered about in every direction fragments of flint which he ground between his teeth. He endeavoured to rise; but the effort was useless, and only increased his pain. By this time Hassan had ascended a projecting rock which overhung the grotto, and fired the heavy charges of his pistols into the monster's flanks. Irritated by these new torments, the lion assembled all his remaining strength to spring upon his enemy. He reared his wounded paws against the rock on which Hassan was stationed, and with a desperate effort bounded on the shelf, fixing himself there with his teeth. Again the Arab raised his axe, but ere it had time to fall, a gun was discharged by another hand, and the lion fell dead at the entrance of his lair.

In another moment an Arab stood beside Hassan. It was Kaddour; for from him did the lion receive his death-wound. 'Son of the Beni-Smiel!' he exclaimed, 'it was my misfortune to owe my life to you. You saved me from the flames which devoured the tent of Brahim. I have now saved you, and we are even. This skin is mine!'

Hassan, trembling with rage, replied, 'You have not saved my life. The beast was disabled by this arm. Like the vulture, thou hast come to feast on the prey which the hunter hath slain. Away! for when the hunter appears, the vulture flies!'

'This spoil is mine,' answered Kaddour; 'cursed shall you be if you dare to touch it!'

'Son of the Geafera,' rejoined Hassan calmly, 'let us not decide this here. There are wise men in the camp. Do thou choose the sheik of the Geafera, and I him of the Beni-Smiel; they shall judge between us.'

Kaddour replied, 'Be it so;' and both drawing their small poniards, dexterously stripped off the skin of the lion. It was agreed that in their way back each should carry the trophy in turn. They regained their steeds, and journeyed to the camp in moody silence.

At the sight of them, Baia's heart, agitated between fear and hope, beat violently, and her eye no longer distinguished the objects around her. The whole tribe went out to meet them, and surround them with cries of victory and joy. The recking skin was placed at the feet of Baia, and the whole tale was faithfully related by its heroes to the old man.

On the morrow the sheiks of the Geafera and of the Beni-Smiel assembled under the tent of Brahim, who was also present. The skin of the lion was placed before them. None other than Kaddour and Hassan were admitted to this council. Hassan related briefly what

had taken place. The three judges conferred together, and pronounced their opinion in a loud voice, the eldest taking precedence. Each and all of them decreed that the victory belonged to Hassan; for the lion, said they, in the state of feebleness to which he had been reduced, could only offer a vain and useless resistance. Kaddour departed, pale with rage and disappointment. Hassan went, alone, to lay his trophy at the feet of Baia. Moment of rapture! She was his! The old man, her father, smiled, and ordered the marriage to be immediate. The portion having been agreed to by Brahim, Hassan conducted Baia before the sheik of the Beni-Smiel, who addressed to the maiden the usual question. 'Baia, daughter of Brahim-ben-Zaragout, now, in presence of the witnesses assembled, do you consent to take Hassan for your spouse?' A similar interrogation was put to Hassan, and the union was finished in these terms:—'The marriage is accomplished; may Allah bless it!'

On the next day all the relations came to congratulate the new couple, and to offer presents to them commensurate with their fortune. Baia, who stood at the threshold of the tent, gave to each a handful of dried fruits, which she took from a basket placed beside her. Among those who were present at this ceremony was an Arab of the tribe of the Geafera. He made a sign to Hassan that he wished to speak to him: the latter approached.

'Son of the Beni-Smiel,' said the unknown, 'here is the nuptial present which Kaddour has charged me to give to you.' The Arab held in his hand a brass coin, which he delivered to Hassan, saying, 'By this pledge of his vengeance he declares unto you eternal hatred. The fire is kindled at the foot of the mountain. It is there that my master awaits you.' Hassan shuddered; for well he knew that the ceremony his enemy had prepared would ratify an oath of hatred never to be extinguished but by the death of one of them. To refuse the summons was impossible. 'That would have branded him with cowardice; hence he replied, 'Let it be done. Guide me to him.' Hassan followed the messenger, and arrived at the appointed spot. There Kaddour was found standing near to a fire which he had kindled upon a hearth, formed of three stones placed side by side. Kaddour instantly drew forth a coin exactly similar to the one he had sent to his rival, and, casting some dry herbs into the flames, exclaimed ferociously, 'Where is the piece of money I sent to thee?'

'It is here!' replied Hassan. Upon this, each put his coin into the fire, and when it was heated, drew it forth; Kaddour saying in a loud voice, 'Hatred to the death!' placed it on the back of Hassan's outstretched hand: Kaddour afterwards submitted to the same ceremony, while Hassan repeated the words he had just spoken. The two Arabs now seated themselves, silently enduring the torture caused by the red-hot brass as it burnt its way into their flesh. Not a movement was made, not a muscle quivered, no feature was allowed to indicate the torment they were suffering. When the coin was cold, each threw it from his hand, and spreading some grains of gunpowder on the seared wound, spoke in grave and solemn tones—'So long as this mark shall last, so long will I be your enemy.' After a ceremony of this kind—which the progress of civilisation has not yet done away with amongst the Arabian tribes—nothing is held harmless from the ruthless destruction the infliction of which future opportunities may afford to either party. Even wife, children, parents, are not exempt from the savage fury of the sworn enemy. No ties or space of time can obliterate the vow of vengeance thus taken by the Arab.

Hassan returned to his tent, determined to watch over his wife, and guard her, with untiring vigilance, from the machinations of Kaddour. He constantly wore arms during the day, and at night they were never out of his reach; and on leaving his tent, he invariably left Baia in charge of a trusty negro slave to watch over and protect her. Months, however, passed away before

anything occurred to awaken his apprehensions. Hatred had either died within Kaddour's heart, or he was planning some elaborate scheme of revenge; and Hassan remained in a state of continual suspense; but at length his suspense was ended. One evening, on entering his tent, Hassan perceived the following words, in Arabic characters, traced on the sand:—'I waited until you hoped to become a father.' He entered his dwelling overwhelmed by a terrible presentiment, which, on beholding his wife, was in a measure fulfilled. He beheld her on her mat writhing with pain. Hassan divined the truth, and a few hasty questions put to the attendant confirmed it. A strange Arab had presented himself with dates for sale. Baia unsuspectingly bought some. She had eaten them; they contained poison; and death was fast overtaking her. At this terrible information Hassan's firmness gave way; he groaned heavily; he fell at his wife's feet and bathed them with tears. Brahim, who, attracted by his lamentations, had entered the tent, learnt the dreadful news, and endeavoured, by administering large draughts of asses' milk, to relieve his daughter from the torment she was suffering. But Kaddour had chosen his poison too well—it had taken too deep a root for any remedy to avert its effects. Two hours of indescribable torture, and Baia was dead!

Hassan hurried the distracted Brahim from the tent, and remained during the whole night with the remains of his well-beloved. The next day he saw that the horrible words written at the threshold of the tent had been effaced, and others substituted. They ran thus—'Have I struck justly?'

The body of Baia was, according to custom, enveloped in her wedding clothes by women of her tribe, and a sort of cradle was made to receive it of palm leaves. The corpse was borne by friendly hands to the place of sepulture. A weeping crowd of relations and friends followed. On their arrival, the remains were placed near the grave, and four Arabs stationing themselves towards the four points of the compass, exclaimed, 'Sons of Beni-Smiel, alas! alas! Know that Baia, the daughter of Brahim-ben-Zaragout, is dead.' To this the mourners responded with deep groans. The pit was deep and broad, and at the bottom a further depth was dug just wide enough to receive the deceased. The body was lowered, and several large stones were placed over it, their edges resting on the brinks of the actual grave.* The immense pit was then filled up, and several large flat stones were placed upright on the surface to indicate that the place was sacred—hallowed by the remains of a human being.

The crowd now withdrew to Hassan's tent, where a repast in honour of the dead awaited them. It consisted of goats'-milk cheese and cakes soaked in oil and butter—which are always eaten on such occasions. After all the guests had drunk coffee, each out of the same cup, they separated.

Hassan, absorbed by a terrible hope of revenge—which only relieved his one bitter grief—set out next day unattended for the mountains. He had been directed to a valley where Kaddour often hunted. Thither he repaired, and passed a month. By night he enveloped himself in his burnous, and slept under a tree; by day he concealed himself in a spot which commanded a view of the whole valley, which was of immense extent. There, immovable as the rock against which he leant, did he wait for his enemy, with that patience which the hope of vengeance inspires in the breast of an Arab. Once and only once, during that time did he perceive Kaddour, at a very great distance, much too great to enable him to reach his perfidious enemy.

One morning Hassan espied a horseman in the valley; his eye, sharpened by the instinct of hatred, recognised Kaddour, who was advancing by a narrow pathway which wound along the side of the mountain. This

* These precautions are used to prevent the shifting of the desert sands from lying bare the corpse, and also as a protection against jackals, who would otherwise disinter the body.

road was well chosen; for, being completely open and unsheltered, it afforded a view of everything around. In a single spot, however, at a little distance from the path, there grew several shrubs, amongst which it might be possible for an enemy to conceal himself.

A transient smile played upon Hassan's lips, the first which had passed over his countenance since the burial of his wife. He examined his gun, charged it, and crept stealthily amongst the bushes. Leaning patiently against a branch, he raised his gun ready, when the right moment should come, to fire. Kaddour advanced towards the thicket, and stopped within a short distance of it to scrutinize every leaf; but as nothing occurred to excite his suspicions, he continued his route. Hassan took deliberate aim at his enemy, and fired. Kaddour fell. The ball, which had broken his arm near the shoulder, obliged him to relinquish the hold of his gun; but raising himself by a desperate effort, he endeavoured unsuccessfully to draw out his pistol. Hassan in one bound stood before him, and, seizing him round the body, threw him upon the earth, and undoing his own belt, bound his victim tightly; whilst Kaddour, foaming with rage, and his teeth gnashing from the effects of pain, offered but a vain resistance. Intoxicated with the savage joy that vengeance gives, Hassan placed his foot upon the breast of his prostrate enemy. He showered bitter taunts on him, and repeated the words which were written on the sand on the morrow of the death of Baia.

'And I, also, have I struck justly!' Kaddour, be your own judge. It is you who have killed my wife; it is you who have killed my child; it is you who have condemned me to everlasting misery. What vengeance have you not prepared for yourself! But Allah be praised, he has given you up to me in the state I could most have desired. Oh, Baia! Brahim! my child! you shall all be avenged!

The Arab of the tribe of the Geafera made no answer, but began to recite his prayers.

Hassan, with his head leaning upon his hand, was seated near Kaddour: he was reflecting upon the kind of death which he intended to inflict upon his enemy. Fixing his eye upon him, he seemed to hold a conversation with himself, for his lips moved; sometimes he shook his head, as making a negative sign; at others a smile of contentment passed over his face. At length he rose, and drawing from his purse, of the form of a portfolio, a piece of money enveloped in a cloth, he showed it to Kaddour, saying, 'Do you recollect this coin?'

The Arab was silent.

'Well,' continued he, 'it is the same piece of money with which you imprinted your hatred upon my flesh. Look how well the mould of it adapts itself to the wound. One of us shall die, said you: it is you. However, what had I done to you to incur your hate? What had Baia done to you? What had my child done to you?' The voice of Hassan was moved in pronouncing these words. Then he resumed in a different tone, 'At last I have you in my power!'

Hassan assembled three stones, gathered some brambles, and placing some dried moss upon a pebble, obtained a light by striking it with the back of his blade. The fire was communicated to the moss, then to the brambles of the hearth, upon which he now placed the piece of money.

'Coward!' cried Kaddour, 'kill me quickly.'

'Kill you quickly! oh! no, no. Baia and my child, did you kill them quickly? Ah! on the contrary, why cannot I make your tortures last as long as my grief?'

It only could distress the reader to pursue the details of Hassan's revenge. Suffice it to state that he exercised all the refinement of cruelty which half-civilised nations know so well how to practise, maiming his limbs, searing his eyeballs with the burning coin, &c.; thus destroying the life of his victim slowly, and rejoicing over every expression of despair and suffering which was wrung from him. It was only when death had

ended the ferocious raptures of the one, and the agonies of the other, that Hassan retired, leaving the body a prey to the beasts of the desert. He mounted his horse, and directing his course northward, reached Oran, where he entered the ranks of the French. He is now serving amongst the irregular spahis, or native cavalry.

MUTUAL AND PROPRIETARY LIFE-ASSURANCE.

LIFE-ASSURANCE being a subject of great and growing interest to the public, we deem it not superfluous to make a few remarks on the comparative merits of the two modes—the mutual and proprietary—which now contend for notice.

The Proprietary System is that of oldest standing. Life-assurance was first (speaking generally) practised by joint-stock companies advancing money to sustain the risks of business, and looking for a profit on the capital risked. And this plan was very suitable at the time, for, with the defective means of calculation which then existed, life-assurance business was as much a matter of speculation as would be a transaction in hops or foreign wheat at the present day. But afterwards, when tables of mortality were formed, and the decrement of human life came to be reduced to a simple mathematical problem, it was seen that life-assurance might be conducted by mere societies of the persons assuring, whose payments should form the fund for discharging the emerging claims, and who should appropriate to themselves any surplus which might arise after all such claims were satisfied—that is to say, receive back what, in a company, would be distributed amongst the shareholders as profits. The plan of Mutual Assurance, as this last is called, has within the last thirty years made a considerable advance upon the older proprietary system; yet the great bulk of the life-assurance business of the country is still transacted in proprietary offices, the numbers of which are as more than three to one of the mutual offices.

After a careful examination of the two plans, with some benefit from practical experience, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that the mutual system is the only one which the public at large are concerned to support. The proprietary system, originating only by favour of the darkness in which the subject was at first buried, could only, it appears to us, have since been supported by the efforts of interested individuals. It is perhaps to be considered by mercantile men as a legitimate mode of making money; but, examined more rigidly, and by persons like ourselves, perfectly disinterested, it seems by no means a blameless one. To illustrate this, let us see how a life-assurance company generally proceeds. A set of speculators start it with a large apportion of capital, of which only a few thousand pounds need be paid up. By means of a handsome-looking office, incessant advertising, and active managers and agents, business is obtained. After a few years, this has generally increased considerably, and large dividends begin to be made amongst the shareholders. In one instance under our immediate notice, ten thousand pounds of paid-up capital now stands, after seventeen years' business, at the value of £70,000, in the stock-market, being £600 per cent. of premium. What is it that has thus so much increased its value? Only those surpluses of payment by the public which, in a mutual office, would all come back to the assured. Generally, it is to be remarked, proprietary offices, besides their usual scales of rates, where, as in death's own list, there is no return, have a scale where the payments are somewhat higher, and the assured are to have periodical bonuses as in the mutual system; a concession much like the celebrated one which vice is said to pay to virtue. But here the benefits sink far below what are to be usually obtained from a respectable mutual office; as they well may, seeing that the company looks for a profit to itself, which is just so much abstracted from the pockets of the assured without any equivalent. Were

we to draw out tables contrasting the sums which individuals will realise in a course of years under the mutual system, with those which the same payments will obtain under the proprietary or trading system, even where shares of 'profits' are professedly divided among the assured, our readers would be startled at the difference of results. It would appear almost incomprehensible that the proprietary system should have contrived to exist so long, when a rival plan, free from all selfish principle, and securing to the public the utmost possible advantages, was daily contending with it for public favour. This, however, is no real mystery, when we consider the ignorance of most persons on the subject of life-assurance, and what a powerful interest is concerned in maintaining the repute of the proprietary system, and bringing business to its bureaux.

The leading pretext of the proprietary system is, that the subscribed capital affords a guarantee or security for the payment of claims which the mutual system lacks, and that the assured is thus compensated in safety for what he wants in money. But the hollowness of this pleading is seen in a moment, when we consider that a combination of assurers, each paying fully what science says is necessary to make good their mutual engagements, is a transaction free from all risk, in the ordinary sense of the word, and only can fail in the event of a change in the laws of nature, or such an alteration in the condition of the country (affecting the value of money) as no kind of security would withstand. Attempts have been made to liken the case of a life-assurance company to a bank of deposit, and to make out from that analogy that a stock is necessary for the security of the assurers. But the cases are totally diverse, seeing that the assurance company has not, like a bank, to trade with its deposits, but only to lay them out to the best advantage in permanent investments, and thus hold them till they fall in the due course of time to be returned. A bank which appropriated to itself half the ordinary rate of interest for deposits, on the pretence of its having a few thousand pounds of stock to afford a security, would be in strict analogy, but no other. In fact, the capital is a mere stalking-horse: there is no instance of its ever being called into requisition. Were such an instance to occur, it would probably prove a mere trifle in comparison with the extent of the obligations. We may go farther, and say that this capital is not only unnecessary, in consequence of the unavoidable formation of large funds from the mere payments of the assured, but, if on a large scale, it would be a positive disadvantage, as, if there is any real difficulty in the conducting of life-assurance business, it is in the disposal of the funds. Capital for life-assurance can at the most only be needed at first, while the accumulated premiums of the assured are of slender amount; but admitting that it is ever so needed, it almost immediately becomes superfluous, and should be therefore withdrawn. There is an instance of an office commenced on the proprietary system, with an arrangement for the gradual buying up of the shareholders, which is now effected, so that the office, after twenty years' existence, has made a transition to the mutual system. This is so far laudable: only there was no need for the shareholders drawing profits for so long as twenty years, or for their being allowed at last to get double the original price of their shares. Beyond a very short time, at the most, the capital of a life-assurance company, as far as it is a reality at all, only serves—and this purpose it serves very well—to justify a small set of men in appropriating to themselves funds properly due to others. As might be expected, the means taken for obtaining business by the proprietary offices is not, in general, of a very scrupulous nature. They make extensive use of the system of commission—that is, large and tempting allowances to solicitors and others to induce them to bring their friends or clients to these instead of any other offices. Some men have almost an income secured to them by the allowances they are entitled to

in consequence of having taken a few customers to some of the more liberal class of offices, such allowances being, as we have elsewhere shown,* neither more nor less than a bribe to induce a man of business to betray the interests of those who confide in him. Such a use of funds, however reprehensible it may be on moral grounds, is justified on pecuniary considerations to the shareholders, if it only leaves themselves a profit, seeing that they have no other object to look to. Very different is the case of the mutual offices, where money so employed would be a subtraction from funds properly belonging to the whole circle of the assured.

In fine, the system of mutual assurance—pure and undefiled—is that which the public should, for its own sake, and partly for the sake of morality also, support. It is an institution contemplating unmixed good to mankind, and where no grosser interests than those of a few officials can possibly be concerned. Conducted on a large scale, and upon a proper footing, it involves no risk, and at the same time, from the system of divisions of surplus, the charges must be held as reduced to a perfect square with the necessities of the case, excepting only the expenses of management. Contrasted with this, the proprietary system cannot for a moment be defended—a business pretending to incur risks, and drawing all the profits which can only be due where risks are real—a business which can only thrive in the proportion in which it puts on imposing appearances.

A STORY-TELLER OF THE LAST AGE.

ALL who knew the literary society of the last age in Edinburgh, speak with rapture of the stories told at happy convivial moments by William Creech the publisher. Creech, who had ushered into the world the principal works of talent produced in Scotland during fifty years, and was himself a man of no small literary ability, had ripened into all the quaintness of the bachelor character; a little stiff in his ordinary demeanour, but capable of brightening up into something marvellously amusing when seated with friends of his own kind, who knew how to humour him. He was particularly happy in the narration of a certain old-fashioned class of Scottish anecdotes, such as are now entirely lost to the world, his favourite hero being a Laird Carnegie of Balmamoon, a Forfarshire gentleman, who, though Creech was not aware of this circumstance, had been out with Prince Charles in the year 1743, for which he and his estate escaped destruction only by a narrow chance. The venerable bookseller was always reluctant to exhibit in the character of a story-teller, but, when once begun, never failed to go on with unflagging spirit, keeping the whole company in a state of the highest enjoyment as long as he chose to talk. Of course much of this was owing to the humorous manner of the narrator—looking, as John Ballantyne used to say, 'like a mouse smelling at a piece of toasted cheese'—and to the quaint and whimsical effect of his pronunciation of the old Scottish phraseology which he employed: and all this effect is of course not to be reproduced; yet it may amuse a vacant half hour even to read such a faint report of the story of Balmamoon as one of the survivors of the circle can now give. It ran somewhat in the following strain—that is to say, in general; for Creech, it was remarked, never told the story twice in exactly the same way.

In the north of Scotland, on a small entailed estate of his own, called Balmamoon (or, as the common people would have it, *Bonnymoon*), lived, some sixty or seventy years ago, an old gentleman, whose real name I never heard, as he seldom got any other than 'the laird,' or, more familiarly, 'Bonnymoon.' He was the merriest, blithest body that ever lived, imperturbably good-na-

* See No. 12, New Series, article entitled 'A Dishonesty in a High Walk.'

tured, save when he got fou,¹ and then only testy a wee. We have a' our faults; he loved the bottle far owre weel; but let *that* pass (pushing the bottle to his next neighbour). All unavailing was the sage advice—the frowns no few—he got frae his trusty serving man John; redson or nane, he wad hae the drappy. This serving man, I should premise, was a perfect character, an honest, sober, truthful, worthy creature, whose services were thoroughly appreciated by his master, who would never stir a foot without him; for he had grown gray in the laird's family, by all of whom he was treated rather as a humble friend than a domestic; and many a weary night has honest John, by lantern light, or whiles by the glow-worm's lamp, trudged—tramp, tramp—after Bonnymoon, or trotted weary by his side, lest mortal fou as he was, he should fall into a bog. In short, John was factotum; holding him on his horse when he could, and when he fell off—which was gayan often²—helping him on again; not without many a long sermon; for John was privileged, and might preach with impunity. Early one bitter cold morning in December the laird rang for John, and when the serving-man answered the bell, he told him to call his two sisters, Miss Betty and Miss Katie, instantan, for that he intended that day to tak his kail wi' Laird Toomstoups (a regular five-bottle man), and as he had far to ride, he must start betimes. The aforesaid damsels were two stiff-starched old maids, lean and scraggy, with white cheeks, red nebs, and waists like fiddle-cases! They adored their brother, and sometimes almost killed him with their officious fondness. 'Noo, dawties,'³ cried the laird as the misses made their appearance—'noo, dawties, I'm no to dine at hame to-day, so ye needna fash the cocky-lecky; mak yoursel's as happy and merry as ye can till I come back; I'll soon be hame; ye ken I'm never late; and John, get ye the meare ready, and pit the horse-rug owre her hips.' 'Oh, brither!' screamed both the ladies at once, 'do be advised, and tak the carritch—ye've gotten a sair hoast⁴—and here's my mantle, a' lined w' fur, and Katie's comforter to pit roun' your chin: ye ken the nights are bitter cauld; and, brither, tie your hat tight down: dinna be late, noo; come back early.' 'Ye're surr o' *that*,' quo' Bonnymoon. 'And row this napkin roun' your chaffs; there, noo; that's fine—whisht, noo, laird—wait till I get it roun' your neck: is't owre tight?' 'I'm no *clean* throttled,' quo' the laird (mumbling through the mountain of duds and happings which his kind sisters had forced on him), looking like a mummy or a great clothes-horse, with his arms sticking out on each side; for he had three or four coats and waistcoats under the top-coat, or, as it was called, the 'trot-cozey.' 'Noo, brither, mind your promise.' 'Never fear,' answered Bonnymoon. 'God bless you baith, my doos; I'm awa'!' 'Stop, stop a wee, brither—ye'll get your coat a' jappit wi' the glaur⁵—wait till I pin up your tails.' 'Pin up a fiddlestick!' exclaimed the laird, out of all patience; 'gi'e a dram, and dinna fash my tails.' So putting spurs to his mare, he trotted off, wi' honest John close at his crupper.

Bonnymoon's libations were no joke; he said champagne might pass, it was weel enough; but claret he called *shilpit stuff*—cauld, nasty, trashy gear—dub-water, dirt, or sour sma' beer. On his return home, the laird, as usual, being *fou*, and having a dangerous ford to pass in a very dark night, his mare Daisy's girth got loose, and off soussed his honour like a sack! 'John, what's that faun, d'ye ken?' 'I dinna ken,' quo' John; 'but oo'll see. Trowth, laird, its just your honour.' 'Me, John! I daresay ye're no far wrong; eh! what a water's i' my lugs!' 'Its better *there* than in your mou,' responded the sapient serving-man; 'for, as the auld Scotch song says, ye ne'er lo'd *water* a' your days, laird.' 'Hoot, man, haste ye, gi'e a heeze,' and get me up again.' 'Hoo that's to be accomplished, laird, I dinna ken.'

'Why, sure enough, John,' answered his honour; 'that's *your* concern.' 'It may be sae; but I'm thinking ye're a wee mair *concerned*, than I am, for a' that!' 'John, gi'e owre haversing, and catch the meare.' 'Wo! Daisy, wo! lass [plash! plash!] wo! wo!' 'Come, haste ye, John, I'm cauld—my teeth's a' chattering in my head—gi'e's my hat!' 'Your hat! weel that's a good joke—your hat indeed! be thankfu' that I've found your wig, and that ye're no gaun this blessed night, mortal fou, wanting baith hat and wig. Your hat! my certy, hats are no sae rife here awa. I can tell ye.' 'Aweel, aweel, John, let us just be jogging, and if the road be nae owre *wide*, the length o' shall never fash us; we've gotten rather an over-dose o' water to our whisky, I maun confess.' 'My certy, laird, there's unco' little o' the whisky come *my* way; but here's your jazy, clap it on your pow, and I'll try and get you mounted ance mair.' 'That's no *my* wig, John, 'at is it no!' 'I'm thinking ye maun tak it though, for *there's nae wale! o' wigs here, laird!*' 'Gi'e's a laud o't, then, giu I maun tak it; but it's no mine.' So, after sundry twistings and turnings, on went the wig lint side afore, 'All's right,' cried Bonnymoon, and away they trot again.

But now they had a toll to pass, which, when the laird was *vera* fou, he always mistook for an inn, which the keeper knew well, and was always prepared for the laird's reception with something he liked better than the cauld water, of which he had previously got too plentiful a dose. On alighting, his honour called lustily for port, instead of which the loon of a toll-keeper plied him hard, glass after glass, with cherry brandy. The laird smacked his lips; 'My certy, landlord, that's prime *port!* Whaur got ye that? Capital! Hère, ostler, waiter, bar-maid, boots, run for your lives, ye rogues; bring me a bottle o' port! Hoo long maun I stan' here and ca? Ken ye wha I am? I'll tell ye what, I'll gie a croon—a *croon*—I'll gie a kingdom for't!' 'Deil ding that port oot o' your crazy pow,' cried John, 'for ye dinna ken port fra' aquafortis!' 'Gin it be aquafortis, it's doon, John,' cried the laird, tossing off another glass.

On another day—a winter's day—the laird being 'no vera weel,' and intending to dine with a friend in the country, his sisters persuaded him not to expose himself on horseback, but to take what they called the carritch. The laird didna like this plan at all, but at last he was induced to consent to it. So John was asked in the first place to go and *shur out the hens* out o' the carritch, for, as it stood in its shed, it had been taken possession of in the course of time by the poultry, and the chuckies, I can assure you, were not easy to dislodge, possession being nine points o' the law. Well, the carritch was cleared o' the hens, and then pulled out to the yard, and then John got it a' *scarrit oot*,² and made as nice as it could well be. So the laird got into it, and drove off, followed by a thousand benedictions and cautions by his sisters. It was an extraordinary machine this coach—a kind of Noah's ark on wheels, that went squeaking, grinding, and growling along the road like thunder. Nothing happened on the way to dinner; but there, as usual, the lot sat very late, and got most dreadfully fou. So, after the party broke up, John got his honour into the coach, and off they set on their way home, in a very dark night. Some hollow in the road having given it a terrible jolt, the laird was awakened out of his sleep, and popped out his head. 'John, what'n a pea-hotch is this? Div ye ca't a coach?—let me oot! Div ye think I'll sit howlding here a' night? Let me oot, I say, and bring Daisy. Stop, stop; d'ye hear?' The dickey had faun doon a' gleyd;³ so John had enough to do to keep his seat, and take care of himself, as he ga'e aye the tother hotch and slide, stoutly wo-ing and wo-hoying. He had no great occasion for the whip; for, scared by the squeaking o' the wheels and the clanking o' the crazy machine, Daisy cockit her lugs,

¹ Topsy.
² Scarrit oot.
³ Hoist.

² Pretty frequently.
³ Respattered with mud.

³ Darlings.
⁴ Fallen.

¹ Choice.

² Scraped out.

³ All awry.

and made clever heels. Poor John's *perch* had now begun to give way; and sitting with his nose and knees close together, it was first 'ghee-hup,' and then 'ghee-ho,' till at last doon he fell, holding fast by Daisy's tail, who, not relishing practical jokes, scampered off at full speed, broke from the harness, and left the coach behind her! Lo! there lay his honour and his serving-man half *scomfished* among dirt and snow, in a night as dark as pitch. The laird began to *greet*; wo for the dignity of history when we have lachrymals to record; but, be it remembered, the laird was *greetin' fou*. However, John, who was as sober as a bishop, wo-hoying on wi' might and main, contrived to catch Daisy, and get her yoked once more.

Snack went the whip, round went the wheels;

but, as misfortunes seldom come single, a plank at the bottom of the coach gave way, and the doughty laird fell through the aperture, and was left by the unconscious John sprawling on the road! Arrived at home, the misses came running out, each with a light in her hand, to receive the laird. 'Hoo are ye, brither? Sic a night ye've gotten. Let down the steps, John. I daresay my brither's no weel. Bonnymoon! John, whaur's his honour?—whaur's the laird?' 'That's mair than I can say,' answered John. 'I scarcely ken whaur I'm myself! But dinna greet and tak on sae sair, ladies; I daresay he's lying in the gutter, or in some glaur-hole on the road, and we a' ken that's naething by common. He's safe enough; there'll naething fash him; I'll rin and get the huriburrow;' and in a jiffy John brought hame the laird, and whumbled out his honour, whack! *With a whole skin, and not quite sae fou as usual, for his late sad disaster had sobered him a wee. 'Aih, brither, I'm feared ye hae gotten your death the night, lying sae lang on the road, and in sic a pickle.' 'Nae fear o' me, dawties,' said the laird. 'I'm as weel as can be. But next time, hinnie, I think we maun hae a loom that'll hand in!'

WRANGELL'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first notice of M. Von Wrangell's work* brought us to the period of his settlement for the winter in Nijnei-Kolymsk, a small town on the river Kolyma, in an extremely remote part of Siberia, near the Frozen Ocean. Here preparations were made for a start early in February, when the cold was somewhat abated. The instructions from the Russian admiralty directed that the first year the expedition should proceed to Cape Chelagskoi, where, being divided into two parts, one under Wrangell was to go in search of a northern land, while the other was to examine the coast as far to the eastward as circumstances would permit. To do this efficiently, there were required fifty sledges, six hundred dogs, and at least forty days' provision. As it was necessary to proceed in February, there remained only three months for preparation.

While forwarding operations for the journey, M. Von Wrangell was surprised at the arrival of the well-known English traveller, Captain Cochrane, on the 31st of December, and in conversation with this eccentric person, the new year (1821) came in with a temperature of —50 degrees. In order to show his guest some of the amusements of the place, as well as to give a general treat, the commander of the expedition invited all the principal inhabitants for Twelfth Night, and engaged for the evening one of the best and roomiest houses, belonging to a Cossack who could play the violin. The assembly-room was lighted up with train-oil lamps, the walls

ornamented by a little drapery, and the floor strewed with yellow sand. The refreshments for the ladies were tea, some lumps of white sugar, and cedar-nuts. Supper consisted of fish-cakes, struganina, dried fish, and frozen rein-deer marrow. Our guests arrived at five o'clock in their best furs, and after the first burst of admiration at our arrangements, the ladies took their seats, and began to sing national songs; afterwards the younger ones played at various games, and danced with slow and apparently laborious effort to the sound of the old hunter's violin. At ten o'clock the company took their leave, with endless thanks for the entertainment; nor were these mere words of course, for, a year or two afterwards, they still spoke of our agreeable and brilliant party as a bright spot in their remembrance.

The preparations for departure being completed, it was necessary to bid adieu to these simple-minded Siberians, and to proceed on a preliminary excursion to Cape Chelagskoi. Fully equipped, the party set out on the 19th of February. The loads, independently of provisions, consisted of a conical tent of rein-deer skin, two hatchets, an iron plate on which a fire could be lighted, a trivet, a soup-kettle, a tea-kettle, a pocket-lantern, a few wax candles, some changes of linen, a bear-skin a-piece to sleep on, and a double rein-deer skin coverlet for every two persons; also the requisite philosophical instruments and arms. The weather was clear and pleasant, with a temperature at noon of —20 to —26 degrees, which was not troublesome when the wind did not blow. When a breeze sprung up, the cold became intense, and could with difficulty be faced by the dogs. In spite of a fire, a thick covering of furs, and the shelter of the tent, ice formed on the persons of the travellers, and in the morning hoar-frost was visible on everything affected by the breath. One night M. Kasmin, one of the officers, had omitted to change his boots and stockings on going to rest, and next morning, to his great alarm, he found that his stockings were frozen to his feet. Happily, by gentle rubbing with brandy, no serious effects followed. As the expedition approached the confines of the snow-covered land, the increasing cold and violent wind made travelling very difficult. 'To guard the dogs from being frozen, the drivers were obliged to put clothing on their bodies, and a kind of boots on their feet, which greatly impeded their running; and the intense frost had rendered the snow loose and granular, so that the sledger-runners no longer glided smoothly over its surface.'

On the 5th of March the party reached the north-west point of the Chelagskoi Noss, and doubled the cape with great difficulty and danger. They had often to ascend steep icebergs ninety feet high, and to descend at great risk to the sledges. At other times they had to wade up to the waists in snow, harnessing themselves to the sledges, which the poor dogs were unable to drag after them. M. Von Wrangell pursued the south-east coast of this remote cape (latitude 70 degrees, longitude 171 degrees), and having made certain observations, returned in his route to Nijnei-Kolymsk, which he reached on the 14th of March. A few days after his arrival, M. Von Matiuschkin, who had set out on an expedition in a different direction, also returned, bringing with him some information respecting the Tchuktches, a nomade tribe, who, receding into the extreme wildernesses of Siberia, have hitherto defied Russian conquest. These barbarians, as may be supposed, are heathens, and all attempts at converting them to Christianity have failed, partly in consequence of their language being deficient in words to express new and abstract ideas. Polygamy is general amongst them; and they kill not only all deformed and weakly children, but their own parents, when they become unable to endure the fatigues and hardships of a wandering life. They can-

* A vessel that will hold in.

* One volume, small octavo. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

not be said to have any religion, but are influenced by gloomy superstitions, and consult, on all important occasions, a set of highly imaginative and half-crazy fanatics called Shamans. Worked upon by solitude, the contemplation of a savage nature, long vigils, fasts, and the use of narcotics and stimulants, these men become persuaded of possessing supernatural powers, and keep up an intercourse with the invisible world by beating in the silence of midnight on their magic drum. 'A true Shaman is not a cool and ordinary deceiver, but a psychological phenomenon, well deserving of attention. Whenever I have seen them operate, they have left me with a long-continued and gloomy impression. The wild look, the blood-shot eyes, the labouring breast and convulsive utterance, the seemingly involuntary distortion of the face and the whole body, the streaming hair, even the hollow sound of the drum, all contributed to the effect; and I can well understand that the whole should appear to the uncivilised spectator as the work of evil spirits.'

M. Von Wrangell now set out on a second journey along the shores of the Polar Sea, taking only thirty days' provisions, and trusting to an occasional replenishment by success in bear-hunting. The ocean was an extensive plain of ice, broken only by a few scattered masses. To avert the ill effects from the reflection of the snow on the eyes, some black crape was distributed as veils to the party. Having made observations on the position and character of certain small islands, they proceeded on their journey; but, owing to the mildness of the weather, it was attended with some danger. The surface of the icy plain was occasionally wet by the melting of the snow, and not well calculated to bear the sledges. In latitude 71 degrees 32 minutes, when going in a north-easterly direction, the difficulty seemed to increase. 'At first we got on pretty rapidly, notwithstanding occasional salt patches, but these gradually increased until we had gone about fifteen wersts, when we found ourselves in what may be called a deep salt moor, where it was impossible to advance. I examined the ice beneath the brine, and found it only five inches thick, and so rotten, that it was easily cut through with a common knife. We hastened to quit a place so fraught with danger; and after going four werst in a south by east direction, we reached a smooth surface covered with a compact crust of snow. When we had gone a couple of wersts over this, I had the ice examined, and found it one foot two inches thick. The depth of the sea was twelve fathoms, and the bottom greenish mud. We halted one or two wersts further on, near some inconsiderable hummocks, where the thickness of the crust of ice and the depth of the water were examined, and found the same as before. The water gushed up through the holes which had been made in the ice, and overflowed to a considerable distance in all directions, and soon imparted its bitter salt taste to the snow. When the watery particles evaporate in the sun, they leave behind a thick brine, part of which forms crystals, and part contributes to destroy the ice. Meanwhile the north wind increased in strength, and must have raised a considerable sea in the open water, as we heard the sound of the agitated element beneath, and felt the undulatory motion of the thin crust of ice. Our position was at least an anxious one; the more so, as we could take no step to avoid the impending danger. I believe few of our party slept, except the dogs, who alone were unconscious of the great probability of the ice being broken up by the force of the waves.' From this situation of extreme danger the party were glad to make a hasty retreat. The most northern latitude gained on this occasion was 71 degrees 43 minutes. In proceeding towards the land, the narrowest escapes from engulfment in the breaking surface were made, and sometimes the open fissures of water had to be crossed on boards carried in the sledges for the purpose. The 10th of April found the party still struggling with difficulties; and this being Easter day, it was resolved to dedicate it to rest and devotional exercises. 'We joined,' says M. Von Wrangell, 'in the prayers of our far-distant

friends by the prescribed service, which was read by M. Bereshnoi, and the hymns were sung by our Cossacks and sledge-drivers. A block of ice was carved to represent an altar, and the only wax-light we possessed was burned in front of it. The day was one of rest and refreshment to all. Our festive fare was frugal enough: we had reserved for it a few rein-deer's tongues and a little brandy: a much greater treat was a small fire, kept up during part of the day.' On the 11th, the dogs and men being refreshed and the sledges repaired, the party hastened onward, impelled by the noise of the crashing ice, which sounded like distant thunder. Fortunately land was reached without any serious accident, and the expedition arrived safely at Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 28th of April.

The summer of 1821 was devoted to several land and coasting excursions by different divisions of the corps, each adding something to the ascertained knowledge of this part of the world. The winter which followed was more than usually severe, and a new misfortune overtook the district around Nijnei-Kolymsk, in a malady among the dogs. One hundred of these useful animals were required for M. Von Wrangell's third excursion to the Polar Sea in 1822, but it was with the greatest difficulty that thirty-six could be procured. With these a party set out on the 14th of March, and on this occasion reached latitude 72 degrees 2 minutes, but still without discovering any large tract of land. From the nature of the ice, the increasing depth of the sea, and other circumstances, M. Von Wrangell appears to have come to the conclusion that there was really no great mass of land in this part of the Polar Sea, and that it was useless pursuing an investigation fraught with so much danger. He accordingly once more returned to land, making in his course some new observations on the coast. He reached his old quarters at Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 5th of May.

Part of the summer was devoted to an expedition westwards, through a singular tract of country called the Stony Tundra; and an expedition of a more important kind was performed by Lieutenant Anjou thence northwards to the islands of New Siberia, Fadejevskoi, and Kotchnoi, lying under latitude 75 degrees, beyond which it was found too hazardous to proceed by sledges; and to attempt the journey by boats would have been not less dangerous. An important object was gained by these united expeditions, in laying down a correct chart of the northern coast of Siberia, and of the few islands with which the frozen ocean is here studded.

M. Von Wrangell undertook his last expedition to the Polar Sea in March 1823, provided with a few good teams of dogs. The object was to penetrate as far eastward as possible; and, after difficulties as great as were ever previously encountered, he reached latitude 70 degrees 51 minutes, longitude 175 degrees 27 minutes. From this point, which was about sixty miles from the nearest land, the party hurried rapidly back, the rising temperature and increasing number of fissures in the ice giving signal to lose no time in the retreat. But the nearer they approached the coast, the danger fearfully augmented. The icy plain broke into huge fragments, and driving became impossible. The situation of the forlorn travellers was now truly awful, and we shall leave the author to describe it in his own words.

'After driving only three wersts, we found our old track completely obliterated by fresh hummocks and fissures, which rendered our advance so difficult, that we were at last forced to abandon a part of the stores which we carried. After toiling on for two wersts more, we found ourselves completely surrounded by lanes of water, opening more and more, until to the west the sea appeared completely open with floating ice, and dark vapours ascending from it obscured the whole horizon. To the south we still saw what appeared a plain of ice, but it consisted only of larger fragments, and even these we could not reach, as we were separated from them by a wide space of water. Thus cut off on every side, we awaited the night with anxiety. Happily for us, both

the sea and the air were calm, and this circumstance, and the expectation of a night-frost, gave us hope. During the night (March 26-27) a gentle breeze sprung up from the W.N.W., and gradually impelled the ice-land on which we were towards the east, and nearer to the larger surface before-mentioned. In order to get over the remaining space, we hooked with poles the smaller pieces of ice which floated about, and formed with them a kind of bridge, which the night-frost cemented sufficiently to admit of our crossing over upon it before sunrise on the 27th. We had hardly proceeded one verst, when we found ourselves in a fresh labyrinth of lanes of water, which hemmed us in on every side. As all the floating pieces around us were smaller than the one on which we stood, which was seventy-five fathoms across, and as we saw many certain indications of an approaching storm, I thought it better to remain on the larger mass, which offered us somewhat more security; and thus we waited quietly whatever Providence should decree. Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze suddenly sprung up from the west, and increased in less than half an hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little party remained fast on our ice-land, which was tossed to and fro by the waves. We gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hunked against a large field of ice. The crash was terrific, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation implanted in every human being saved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed; they flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, on which were several hummocks, and where the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved: we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril. But the continued raging of the tempest, and the crashing of the ice around, warned us not to delay; and after a few moments' repose, we hastened onwards, guided by our view of the coast, to our first deposit of provisions, four versts from the shore. There we loaded our sledges with as much as they could carry, and before it was perfectly dark, reached the land.

Thus rescued from destruction among the melting ices of the Polar Sea, the party proceeded along the coast by Cape Chelagskoi, visited the settlements of the Tchukches, and returned to Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 10th of May. Having now completed the execution of their instructions, as far as practicable, the members of the expedition prepared to set out homewards. They departed on the 19th of November, following a track towards Yakutsk, usually taken by trading caravans, and accompanied by a few wandering Yakuts. The degree of cold and exposure which this hardy people can endure in their journeys was a matter of surprise to the travellers. 'The Yakuts,' it is remarked, 'do not use any kind of tent or covering, nor any of the larger fur garments, without which we could not venture into the open air when the cold had attained a certain intensity. An Yakut, when travelling, wears only his usual in-door clothing, and at night spreads a horse-cloth on the snow, which, with a saddle for his pillow, forms the whole of his bedding: his only covering is the fur jacket which he has worn during the day, and which he pulls off and puts over his back and shoulders, while the front of his body has scarcely any covering, and is turned to a blazing fire. When he has lain for some time in this way, and feels so warm that

he is near perspiring, he stops up his nose and ears with little bits of fur, and covers his face so as to leave only an exceedingly small aperture for breathing, and this is all that he requires in the most intense cold not to be frozen during sleep. Even in Siberia the Yakuts are called *iron men*, and I suppose that there are not any other people in the world who endure cold and hunger as they do. I have seen them frequently, in the severe cold of this country, and when the fire had long been extinguished, and the light jacket had slipped off their shoulders, sleeping quietly, completely exposed to the heavens, with scarcely any clothing on, and their bodies covered with a thick coat of rime.'

Here we may take leave of M. Von Wrangell's most interesting production, which we confidently recommend as a valuable addition to popular literature. The intrepid author, it is agreeable to learn, reached St Petersburg in safety on the 15th of August 1824, having by his perilous wanderings added not a few important facts to the general stock of information respecting the polar regions.

LIVING IN SPLENDOUR WITHOUT APPARENT MEANS.

THAT one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, is a sweeping axiom, which, if not literally true, is near enough to truth for an adage. There is, however, a special small class, whose subsistence is a mystery to all the rest, even after every reasonable effort has been made to discover the secret. They are persons who keep handsome, if not magnificent establishments, and act in all respects as men of the first fortune, without any visible means of obtaining the most humble subsistence.

In the lax court of Charles II. there were several specimens of this sort of adventurer. The most conspicuous was the Count de Grammont, a banished courtier of France, who lived in great style: he, however, belonged to a good family, who were in affluent circumstances, so that some part of his revenue may have been derived from home, though not enough to support the extravagant splendour with which he surrounded himself. A much more remarkable example is presented in Beau Wilson, who lived with a degree of magnificence rivalling that of Grammont, without possessing apparent means to the amount of a single penny.

Notwithstanding his efforts to conceal every circumstance connected with his private history, it was ascertained that Wilson was the younger son of parents who were sufficiently respectable to procure him a commission in the army. Accordingly, he went to Flanders, where hostilities were going on; but behaved with such cowardice, that he was cashiered, and was so poor, that he was obliged to borrow forty shillings of a friend to pay his passage back to England. From that time Wilson's history is under a cloud, till we find him bursting forth in London as the brightest star in the hemisphere of fashion. His house was furnished with splendour, and attended by a complete retinue of servants. His coaches were magnificent, his stud complete, being made up of saddle, harness, hunting, and race horses of the best breeds. His dress (then a formidable item of expenditure), dinners, and parties, were the admiration of the town; whilst the sources of all this expenditure were equally its wonder. The most obvious conjecture is to refer such mysterious revenues to success in gaming; but Wilson seldom played, and if he did, it was for inconsiderable stakes. Though frequently set upon by the inquisitive, he kept a strict guard over his words, even in moments of excessive conviviality; and all the ingenious devices which were put in force against his prudence were not successful in making him reveal his secret. There was nothing mysterious in his manner; on the contrary, he was of a free and open disposition, and was accessible at all times, so that it was clear he

had no secret method of making money either as a coiner or an alchemist; for he was accused of being both by persons who were unable to invent more plausible suppositions to account for his wealth. A hundred other reports were set afloat. Some said that when in Flanders, he had robbed a Holland mail of an immense value in diamonds, and though another individual suffered for that crime, yet, because that person denied it to the last, Wilson was pointed out as the real perpetrator. Others declared that he was supported by the Jews as a decoy to obtain advantageous money transactions with the nobility. At last these reports multiplied both in number and extravagance, till Wilson found it expedient to make an effort to put a stop to them. This determination led, unfortunately, to a tragical issue. Having traced one of the injurious rumours to a Mr Law,* he challenged him, and was found dead near the place appointed for the duel, having been, it was asserted, run through the body by Law before he had time to draw his own sword. Mr Wilson lived in unabated splendour to the last: and what crowned the mystery of his munificent expenditure was the fact, that after his death only a small sum of money was found amongst his effects. He had no debts, and the world was left in total ignorance of the funds out of which he supported his stately magnificence.

Another instance is of later date. In 1814-15, during the congress of princes and nobles at Vienna, a person named Reilly attracted general attention by the frequency and splendour of his dinner parties. They must have been sumptuous indeed, to have caused remark amidst the most brilliant and magnificent series of entertainments which perhaps ever were given; for never before was such a galaxy of princes and plenipotentiaries assembled in one place. Though no person knew precisely his origin, yet it was evident from his manners—which were far from refined—that it was not noble. He had, however, been met previously in the highest circles; one gentleman had encountered him in Calcutta at the table of the governor-general of India, then at Hamburg, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he stated he had just returned from Madrid. In Vienna he outdid the most opulent. He lived in a magnificent hotel—that belonging to the counts of Rosenberg—his furniture and equipage were of the first style, his servants wore the richest liveries, his dinners were on the grandest scale, and composed of the most exquisite dishes imaginable. His guests were the hereditary princes of Bavaria, the Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, several ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*, and other persons of high distinction. How all these expenses were supplied, remained a mystery; for though Reilly gained deeply, and had an associate in a Mr O'Bearn, who was doubtless a confederate, yet they could hardly have cheated to a sufficient extent to support his princely establishment.

In the end, however, it proved that Reilly's secret income was not of so enduring a character as Wilson's. In 1821 he appeared in Paris, a beggar and an outcast, his money, carriages, diamonds, all gone. To show the depth of poverty into which he was sunk, he called on the Count De la Garde, whom he had met in Vienna, declaring he had exhausted everything. 'except,' he added, 'this bracelet, which contains my poor wife's hair. It would have followed everything else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot.' De la Garde inquired why he did not address those illustrious persons whom he regaled so magnificently at Vienna? 'I have done so,' replied Reilly, 'but have received no reply.' The wretched existence of this man was protracted for three years longer, at the end of which time he died of hunger in the streets of

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

THE great importance of a careful correction of the press, may easily be conceived from the numerous and lengthy disputes that have arisen among literary men relative to the typographical accuracy and proper construction of many remarkable passages in celebrated authors, especially in those of ancient time.

Robert Stephens, a Paris printer, celebrated for his classic editions, used, in order to insure perfect accuracy in his works, to exhibit the printer's proofs for public inspection, rewarding any person who could detect an error in them, so that it might be corrected previous to publication. Yet one of his editions of the Greek Testament is known by the appellation of 'the *plures* edition,' from the circumstance of the word *plures*, in the Latin, being misprinted, owing to a transposition of the letter *l*, an error which was long supposed to be the only one in the work, till a closer examination in recent times discovered four others in the Greek text. Bishop Lowth has said that he could only discover one error, the omission of an *iota* subscribed to a dative, in that most beautiful and accurate edition of Homer's works published at Glasgow in 1756. Gibbon, too, applauds this edition for the beauty of its type, and says that Homer consequently imparts more delight through its pages than those of any other edition.

Many a good book is sadly disfigured by typographical errors. Lady Mary Fox's handsome work, entitled *The Country House* (1843), published under royal patronage, abounds in errors of the press and of punctuation, causing the most ridiculous and nonsensical blunders to interlard much good reading. While some authors are so negligent about correcting their printers' proofs, others are extremely diligent in making unnecessary alterations. When the printers sent Burke the proof of his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (the most spirited, glowing, and sportive of all his effusions), he made so many alterations and interlineations, that the compositors, refusing to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. In a recent historical work, an instance is related of three volumes of corrections being written to one volume of proofs; and it is, we believe, a fact past doubt, that a book published in Edinburgh a few years ago, was made half a guinea dearer than had been intended, in consequence of the unexpected addition to the expense of printing, which the editor had occasioned to the publishers by his numerous corrections of the press. It is related that when Ben Jonson was asked to revise a sermon full of printers' errors, he declined the task, but recommended the tract to be sent to the house of correction.

Works that are hurriedly produced, such as newspapers, are more liable than any to contain typographical errors which have escaped the correction of their authors or editors. Thomas Moore, in his *Fudges in England*, makes the accomplished Fanny Fudge say—

'Tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it from "fleshy brown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross aunt, I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her clique who'd just died,
Having said he had taken up in heaven his position,
They made it he'd taken up to heaven his physician.'

From a file of newspapers, we learn that a silver medal has been given to Mr Clark for *sealing* geraniums, instead of seedling geraniums; that a live *surgeon* was caught in the Thames, and sold to the inhabitants at sixpence per pound; a bishop is stated to have been highly pleased with some church *iniquities*, instead of antiquities; a noble lord is prevented from attending to his parliamentary duties by a violent *scold*, instead of a cold; a grand *consort*, instead of a concert, will be given every evening; a factory boy has been *slaved* to death, for *slaved*; the hospital contains many cases of *confusions* of the limbs, instead of contusions; a lady has been cured by the Cheltenham *waiters*, instead of waters; great excitement has been created by a highway *bobbery*; and that ants reside in subterranean *laverns*, instead of caverns. In James I.'s reign, an act was passed to prevent the further growth of popery, but the printers

* The same, it is believed, who afterwards made such a noise in France by his Mississippi system of finance.

For the account of Reilly we are indebted to the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for January 1844.

made it an act to prevent the growth of poetry. Ross's translation of Lessing's *Laocoon* contains this singular misquotation of Pope—

'Who could take offence,
'When pure description held the place of *sauce*,'

Instead of 'the place of sense.'

The folio edition of the Holy Bible and Common Prayer, published by Thomas Buck (Cambridge, 1638), contains a material error of the press in the substitution of the word *ye* for *we* in Acts vi. 3, imputed to the Independents, and sometimes to the Presbyterians, but without foundation. In Stawell's notes on Virgil's *Georgics*, p. 471, occurs this amusing erratum:—For 'Every friend to literature must be *anxious* to see Murphy's translation of Vaniere,' read 'Every friend to literature must be *distressed* to see Murphy's translation,' &c. There is something beyond a slight difference in these two readings.

MENTAL EXERCISE CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

[The following reasoning upon this subject occurs in a recent American publication entitled 'Mental Hygiene, or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions, designed to illustrate their influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By William Sweetser, M.D.' Of this work, which we can recommend as one presenting much useful information, we are glad to find that a reprint has just been issued in a cheap form—Macdonald and Stewart, Edinburgh.]

THE mind, like the body, demands exercise. That the proudest faculties of our nature were intended for slothful inaction—that talents were given us to remain buried and unproductive—is repugnant alike to reason and analogy. There is, in fact, no power of the living economy, however humble, but needs action, both on its own account, and on that of the general constitution. So closely united by sympathies are all our functions, that the judicious exercise of each one, beside conducing to its individual welfare, must contribute, in a greater or less degree, a healthful influence to every other.

Man, already affirmed, discovers a natural desire for knowledge; and the very exertion necessary to its attainment, and the delight experienced in the gratification of this innate curiosity, diffuse a wholesome excitement throughout the system. There is a pleasure in the exercise of thought, in whose kindly effects all the functions must in some measure participate. Agreeable and well-regulated studies or mental occupations are as essential to the integrity of the mind, as are judicious exercises to that of the body; and as the health of the latter, as all admit, conduces to that of the former, so also does a sound state of mind communicate a salutary influence to the functions of the body.

The mind, then, needs occupation, not only for its own sake, but also for that of the organism with which it is so intricately involved. Mental inactivity, in the existing constitution of society, is the occasion of an amount of moral and physical suffering which, to one who had never reflected upon the subject, would appear scarcely credible. From this proceeds that *tedium vite*, that dreadful irksomeness of life, so often witnessed among the opulent, or what are termed the privileged classes of society, who are engaged in no active or interesting pursuits, and who, already possessing the liberal gifts of fortune, and consequently the means of gratifying all their natural and artificial wants, lack the stimulus of necessity to awaken and sustain in wholesome action their mental energies. Hence, although they may be objects of envy to those whose straitened circumstances demand continued and active exertions, yet is their situation too often anything but enviable. Their cup of life drugged with the gall and bitterness of ennui, their paramount wish is to escape from themselves, from the painful listlessness of a surfeited existence. The mind must be occupied, else discontented and gloomy, if not wicked feelings, will be likely to take possession of it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, yet is it questionable if a much heavier curse could be imposed on man, with his present nature, than the complete gratification of all his wishes, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles. The joy and animation of the huntsman last but with the chase. The feeling that life is without aim or purpose, that it is destitute of any motive to action, is of all others the most depressing—the most insupportable to a moral and intellectual being.

Men of different constitutions, habits, talents, and education, will, as might be expected, require different sorts and degrees of mental action. Such as are endowed with vigorous intellectual powers, and in whose exercise they have been long accustomed to indulge, are liable to suffer the most when their minds are left unemployed. Those, for example, who are fond of study, and have been long used to devote a part of their time to its prosecution, may even sustain a manifest injury, both in their moral and physical health, by a sudden and continued interruption of such habit; a painful void being thus left in the mind, indirectly depressing its feelings, and, by a necessary consequence, all the important functions of life.

It is told of Petrarch, when at Vaucluse, that his friend the Bishop of Cavillon, fearing lest his too close devotion to study would wholly ruin his health, which was already much impaired, having procured of him the key of his library, immediately locked up his books and writing-desks, saying to him, 'I interdict you from pen, ink, paper, and books for ~~the~~ space of ten days.' Petrarch, though much pained in his feelings, nevertheless submitted to the mandate. The first day was passed by him in the most tedious manner; during the second, he suffered under a constant headache; and on the third, he became affected with fever. The bishop now, taking pity on his condition, returned him his key, and thus restored him to his previous health.

Those, again, who, while yet in the vigour of life, retire from their wonted business, be it mercantile or professional, and thus all at once break up their habits of mental application, are apt to fall into a painful state of listlessness or ennui, and which, in certain temperaments, will often grow into a morbid melancholy, shading every scene and every prospect with a dismal and hopeless gloom. And sometimes the disgust and loathing of existence become so extreme, that they rid themselves of its hated burden with their own hands. This state of morbid depression, if long continued, may also originate painful and fatal physical infirmities, or may pass into some settled form of insanity, especially that of monomania. In some instances it will change its form, or alternate with a reckless and ungovernable excitement, the individual running into wild extravagance or rash speculations—giving himself up to habits of gambling, or gross intemperance, to relieve the painful void in his purposeless existence.

Elderly persons, who all at once give up their accustomed occupations, and consequently their mental activity, and retire to enjoy their ease and leisure, will not rarely, especially if they have been previously free livers, experience a rapid breaking up of their mental, and perhaps bodily powers, passing sometimes into a more or less complete state of what has been termed senile dementia.

Under the circumstances of mental *inertia* to which I have been referring, it is often observed, that anything arousing the mind to exertion, even positive misfortunes, will, by reviving the almost palsied feelings, be attended with a manifestly salutary influence. Thus is it that the retired opulent are oftentimes, if not past the age of action, made happier, healthier, and, I may also add, better, by the loss of so much of their property as to render renewed exertions necessary to their subsistence. Retirement from long-established and active duties demands intellectual and moral resources of which few, in the present condition of society, have a right to boast.

It is an opinion not uncommonly entertained, that studious habits or intellectual pursuits tend necessarily to injure the health and abbreviate the term of life—that mental labours are ever prosecuted at the expense of the body, and must consequently hasten its decay. Such a result, however, is by no means essential, unless the labours be urged to an injudicious excess, when, of course, as in all overstrained exertions, whether of body or mind, various prejudicial effects may be naturally anticipated. I mean not to assert that those in whom the intellect is chiefly engaged will enjoy the same athletic strength, or display equal muscular development, with others whose pursuits are of a more mechanical character—for Nature seldom lavishes upon us a full complement of her various gifts; but I do believe that, under prudent habits of life, and with a naturally sound constitution, they may preserve as uniform health, and live as long as any other class of persons. In support of such belief abundant instances may be cited, both from ancient and modern times, of men eminently distinguished for the amount and profundity of their mental labours, who, being temperate and regular in their habits, have continued to enjoy firm health, and have at-

tained a protracted existence. It has indeed been said by some eminent writer, that 'one of the rewards of philosophy is long life.' But let me illustrate by a few examples. Among the moderns, Boerhaave lived to seventy, Locke to seventy-three, Galileo to seventy-eight, Sir Edward Coke to eighty-four, Newton to eighty-five, and Fontenelle to a hundred. Boyle, Leibnitz, Volney, Buffon, and a multitude of others of less note that could be named, lived to quite advanced ages. And the remarkable longevity of many of the German scholars, who have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the pursuit of science and literature, must be sufficiently familiar to my readers. Professor Blumenbach, the distinguished German naturalist, died not long since at the age of eighty-eight; and Dr Olbers, the celebrated astronomer of Bremen, in his eighty-first year.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.
Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.
Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.
Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempests, speaks of Thee.
And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm, upon the mid-sea blue,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and sleepless City while it sleeps.

—From a selection entitled 'Poetry of Common Life.' London: Clarke. 1844.

THE SENSATION OF STARVING.

The following description of the tortures of starvation is taken from the narrative of the Texan Santa Fé expedition:—For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by a nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterwards his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in

hideous processions through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile, the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

At a late meeting at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr Samuda read an interesting paper respecting Atmospheric Railways. It commenced with the general principles of the system, describing it as a system of working railways in which the moving power is communicated by means of a continuous pipe or main laid between the rails, and divided by valves into suitable lengths, for exhaustion; a partial vacuum is formed in the pipe by air-pumps, worked by machinery, at intervals along the line. Along the upper side of the main is a continuous aperture, which is covered by a leather valve, guarded above and below with iron plates, hinged on one side to the pipe, and falling into a groove containing a mixture of wax and tallow on the opposite side, so as to close the aperture. A piston is attached at some distance in front of, and beneath the leading carriage of the train, and, by means of a packing of leather, fits within the main pipe, so as to be nearly air-tight. When a vacuum is formed in the main in front of the piston, and in the direction in which the train is to travel, the air, impinging on the other side of the piston, carries it forward with a velocity due to its pressure upon the area of the piston, which, being attached to the leading carriage, carries the train forward with it. The valve which covers the continuous opening along the main is opened by a frame and wheels which precede the carriage, and it is closed and sealed down, as the train proceeds, by a heater, which slightly melts the wax and tallow as it passes over it. The details of all these parts of the contrivance were then given, and were illustrated by a series of drawings. The paper then proceeded to notice the early attempts at using the pressure of the atmosphere for conveying goods and passengers, the proposals of Medhurst in 1810, of Vallance (of Brighton), and others: it appeared that the first intentions were to have exhausted cylinders of considerable area, within which the carriages should travel; but as it naturally was objected that the passengers might not approve of this mode of conveyance through a continuous tunnel, means were devised for connecting the piston within the tube with the carriage travelling upon the rails outside it, and, after numerous attempts, Messrs Clegg and Samuda succeeded in the system described, and which, after being tried for some time imperfectly at Wormwood Scrubs, has been carried out practically on the line from Kingston to Dalkey, near Dublin, a distance of 1½ miles, up a series of inclines averaging one in a hundred and fifteen.—*Atlas*.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be over-spread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected uncultivated mind a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley*.

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'IT IS ALWAYS CIRCULATING MONEY.'

It is very common to hear acts of unusual extravagance palliated with the phrase, 'It's always circulating money,' there being a prevalent notion that money does good by being spent, more particularly if any of it goes directly into the hands of persons engaged in humble occupations. A young man newly come into the enjoyment of his fortune, who impoverishes himself by reckless expenditure upon dogs, horses, and other over-costly means of amusement, is never for this reason a very unpopular character: 'he is at least circulating money.' A few thoughtless men about town meet at their club, and, in a fit of ultra high spirits, resolve to have a good—that is, as expensive a dinner as the steward can produce; it costs five pounds a-head,* which is as much as would have given a good meal to a hundred persons, and is in fact exactly the cost of the daily dinner of about one thousand poor people in a work-house. This coarse and unenjoyed—unenjoyable excess is not of the class of things which the bulk of mankind condemn: 'it is always circulating money.' At an election, say each candidate spends two thousand pounds in beer to regale the populace; that is, to purchase their favour by gratifying one of their lowest appetites. All sober people see that the beer does harm, in as far as it produces idleness, and interrupts good habits; but the expenditure is never quite regretted: 'it is always circulating money.' On the other hand, men who husband their means carefully are generally not much liked by the multitude. 'They bind up money, and thereby prevent it doing any good. Nobody is ever the better of it, not even themselves.'

It is really surprising what an amount of error there is here, and that the world should continue in ignorance on a matter of so much importance. There is, in reality, not the least public good in an expenditure of money upon objects foolish and worthless; on the contrary, it is a public evil. In the first place, to suppose that money which is taken due care of is not doing good, is a complete fallacy. The accumulated funds of the merest miser—unless in the rare morbid instances where they are kept in a strong box—are as actively serviceable as the coin in a shopman's till, seeing that they are usually employed in bank business, joint-stock companies, the improvement of land, or some other such ways. And all the great operations of concentrated labour which make a country great, are the results of saved capital thus expended. How directly the poor are often interested in the accumulation of such capital, may be very well seen when it is employed in cutting a canal, or building a bridge, or forming a railway, in which operations hosts of workmen are necessarily employed.

* A dinner of actual occurrence is here referred to.

The savers of money are in fact amongst the greatest benefactors of a country, being those by whom its material, and even, in many instances, its moral interests, are chiefly advanced. It is only an ignorant ingratitude which holds them up to ridicule or condemnation.

Every one can readily see that when one spends his money in such ways, he is employing worthy, honest, and it must also be in many cases ingenious labourers, upon objects which will be likely to redound to the future advantage of mankind. For example, if it be employed in improving land, it gives work to multitudes of farm-servants; it perhaps employs mariners in importing foreign manure; it calls for the engagement of skilful superintendents, to whom salaries must be paid, and the consequence of the whole is, that where a hundred persons could once be supported, the food of two hundred is now raised, room is thus made for a hundred more human beings to enjoy a Creator's bounties, and yield him the worship of their happiness. Or, for another example, if the money be expended upon a railway, there equally are men employed, some in cutting and embanking, some in mining for the metal and forging it at the foundry, others in the construction of the various works: the labour of all these men is useful and respectable; and behold rising under their hands a convenience by which many things must be cheapened and the circle of public happiness extended; by which, moreover, future and permanent employment is provided for a vast number of persons.

What, in contrast with this, is the effect of the expenditure of money upon senseless extravagances? Say it is spent upon the turf; are not the persons to whom it falls generally a worthless class, whose existence does rather harm than good to the community? Say it is spent upon any other ministers of unworthy pleasures, does it not then equally support beings who form foci of corruption to the public? But it is not necessary that vice or licentiousness should be pursued. It is enough that, when money is spent in a foolish way, it maintains persons whose labour is of no real benefit to the spenders or to mankind. For example, suppose it is spent upon luxurious delicacies or high-priced wines, and not for enjoyment, but by way of mere vanity. Here equally, as in the improvement of land or the formation of railways, labour is paid for—the labour of raising, preparing, transporting, and retailing the luxuries in question. But if the result of this labour is not enjoyed, and tends to no future good, is it not misdirected labour, when it could have been as easily devoted to useful purposes? The raisers, preparers, transporters, and retailers of the unenjoyed delicacies might have all been employed in operations tending to give real gratification to their fellow-creatures; they would have been equally happy so em-

played, and the profits would have been the same; but the fact of thoughtless and ignorant men demanding such delicacies, causes a diversion of labour from right to wrong channels, and the consequence is, that so many human beings are put, as it were, *hors de combat*, as far as the exercise of their industry, ingenuity, and acquired skill is concerned. The whole problem, in short, resolves itself into this. All men have to be supported: it concerns the community that each should give a return in utility for his support: where the support is given for a return not useful, an evil is sustained to that extent by the community.

The rule here concerned might even be applied in some cases where money is spent for benevolent purposes. A kind-hearted country gentleman, seeing around him a great number of labouring people with little employment, thinks of setting them to trifling duties about his grounds, not so much for any good they can do there, as for the sake of succouring them without the loss of their independence. In such cases there is often a strong dash of the 'It is always even-lating money' fallacy. The employer regards his funds as a fertilising medium permeating the neighbourhood, and thinks no more of the loss he is incurring. Now, as far as succour is absolutely needed by the poor, it is most laudable to bestow it; it is still more laudable to bestow it with delicacy, and a regard to the feelings of the poor. But it is well at the same time to be aware that no further good is attained, if the work done be of no use. It may even be doing harm, as the having this fictitious employment may prevent individuals from searching about and finding work that would really tend to useful purposes. It may be a distressing consideration to both parties, but the fact undoubtedly is, that a gentleman giving wages for work which he does not desire to see performed, and which has no measurable utility, is only pauperising his humble neighbours. In exigencies, such a course may, or rather perhaps must be taken; but it should be regarded in its true light, and every effort made on both sides to exchange it for an employment really useful, and by accepting which the poor man does not forfeit his independence.

It will not, we hope, be surmised that there is any objection here intended against labours which tend to ornamental purposes, or even to the production of luxuries, as distinguished from those which result in the rigidly useful. Matters gratifying to the finer tastes are indeed as useful as the merest substantialities, provided they really can furnish a rational and innocent enjoyment, and that the production, preserving, and consumption of them are attended by no immoral results. Reasonable latitude must be allowed to the tastes of individuals having wealth to spend, otherwise the incentives to human industry, and the public happiness generally, would be much diminished. But yet it is a truth in political science, that there are merits and demerits in the modes of spending money. The ruined gambler or man of pleasure is not entitled to lay the flattering unction to his soul—'Well, at least, my money did good to those amongst whom it was spent.' All ought to be made to know that, if they have spent much money upon the worthless and idle, or even upon industrious persons whose labours are of no real good either to individuals or the public, they have not acted nearly so good a part, or deserved so well the approbation of their fellow-creatures, as if they had distributed it in the purchase of rational gratifications, or for the promotion of public works which will redound to the permanent benefit of mankind. The

right use of money is, indeed a department of morality, and we hope to see the time when the abuse of the gifts of Providence will be as much condemned by public opinion as the more glaring breaches of good manners.

BAPTISTE BROWN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

It was my good fortune, during one of my American wanderings, to fall in with Baptiste Brown, a famous trapper of the Rocky Mountains. Few men had seen more than he had of the wild life of the great prairie wilderness, he had hunted with the Shoshonies or Snakes in the Bayon Salade, and the Bull Pen, as well as on the borders of Great Salt Lake—he had been chased by the Crows near the head waters of the Platte and Yellowstone rivers, by the Blackfoot on the Marias; but his recollections of adventure round Fort David Crockett, in Brown's Hole, were by far the most interesting to me, who had seen that curious locality. While relating his marvellous and soul-stirring narratives, his huge bulk appeared to dilate, he sucked furiously at his corn cob pipe, and his animation was so contagious, that I fairly wished myself once more over the dreary desert which separated me from the place, and enjoying the hospitality of the St Clairs and Robinsons. One of Baptiste's adventures with the Arrapahoe Indians was so characteristic and singular, that I give it in the order in which I received it.

The valley which is known as Brown's Hole is situated south of the Wind-river Mountains, on the Sheet-skadee, or Prairie Cock-river. Elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea, only about fifteen miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty hills on every side, it is aptly, though not elegantly, characterised as a hole. The green and nutritious mountain grasses, the scattered thickets of cotton-trees, the elegant groves of willow, the red, and fertile soil of this sequestered vale where vegetables are reared in profusion, are all nourished by the Sheet-skadee, or, as some have it, the Green River, which enters the Hole from the north, leaving a by a pass similar to the vale of Tempe towards the south. The temperature is exquisite; hence hundreds of trappers make it their winter quarters. Indians, too, of all nations, but more especially the Arrapahoos, frequent it to trade with the white men. These Indians bear a better character than any others amid the red-skins of the Rocky Mountains; are brave, warlike, and ingenious; hospitable to the last degree; and, unlike many of their brethren, own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat, hence they are called dog-eaters, or Arrapahoos. Their blanket manufacture proclaims a great advance towards civilisation; it being, however, a native, not an exotic art.

Now, amongst the damsels who came and located round about Brown's Hole, when the tribe paid their visit to trade with the white men, was a young and merry Indian girl, who, after one or two interviews, took forcible possession of Baptiste's heart. Nothing more common, and, according to the habits of the Rocky Mountains, nothing more in the course of things than a union with the handsome red-skin. Many a man of higher position in the world had abandoned home, the appliances and arts of civilised life, to mate with a fair denizen of the wilds. Apart from women of their own colour, the daring pioneers of civilisation forget that they are white, which, considering the embrowning influence of exposure and the sun, is little to be wondered at. During a portion of the year, too, the various game are not to be hunted, and idleness is the order of the day: then the hunters seek amusement in the wigwams and village greens of their dark neighbours, who differ

much in their habits from those who have been expelled from their homes in the United States. The women dance here, and many a heart is lost to them while their bright bare heels foot the green; moccasins and leggins have to be made, and blankets wove, and the young trappers, like many an enamoured one nearer home, linger round them while engaged in these duties, which they beguile and lighten with their rich and tender songs. It was upon one of these occasions that Baptiste first loved the young Arrapahoe. The plain course, then, was to win and wed her. But, alas! savage papas are wonderfully like certain papas in other places, though perhaps they are more open and matter-of-fact, since they require here a consideration in exchange, which consideration, being kept for the parents' use, must be of equal marketable value with the daughter. The usual course is to select your best horse, and leading it to the wigwam of your fair one's parents, there tie him to a post and walk away. If the horse upon examination be approved of, an interview ensues, and matters are soon brought to a final issue; while if, on the contrary, the girl should be considered more valuable than the horse, other presents are required ere the relatives can be induced to part with what is of goodly price. Many a rich white man has thus carried off the fairest girl of a tribe; and one instance has been known of seven hundred dollars being offered to a fortunate swain who had in his wigwam an *Entaw* wife of great beauty; to his honour be it said, the offer, though continually repeated, was never accepted.

Baptiste unfortunately had parted with all his hard year's earnings ere his heart was taken by storm. Luckily, he had spent them in those expensive equipments of spirits and tobacco, which bring so many of those stalwart and hardy frames to premature death. He had not, therefore, left himself wherewith to buy a horse; and without a horse no wife was to be had. The hunting season was over long since, and it wanted a month of the new time for starting. Baptiste, however, pondered his wife, and left the comforts and amusements of Fort David Crockett to seek the bear in his wildest haunts, the beaver in his dams, and the bounding elk on his grassy plains, hoping to raise, by his laborious prosecution of the chase, the means of winning his loved one from her parents.

The labour of many days brought to the trapper's cache, or hiding-place for skins and furs, a goodly supply. Others were trapped, beavers caught, deer shot, and success appeared crowning the indefatigable exertions of my friend Baptiste. In the pursuit of game he wandered over much ground, but once loaded, he came back with his pack to the hiding-place, and depositing his treasures at head-quarters, started off once more. Three weeks and more were passed in this fashion, when, following a new path, the adventurous trapper entered a deep and woody glen that evidently led to an open plain, where game might very probably be found. Pushing through thicket and brier, cutting his way even by means of his hunting knife, Baptiste at length burst from the cover of the wood, and stood on the edge of the open glade. An exclamation of surprise followed this action, and after slowly raising his eyes for an instant, the trapper backed into the wood, and there paused to reflect. To explain his conduct, we must glance at a peculiar custom of the Arrapahoes.

No young man, though his father were the bravest chief of the tribe, can range himself amid the warriors, and be entitled to marry or enjoy other rights of citizenship, until he shall have performed some act of personal daring and intrepidity, or be sprinkled with the blood of his enemies. In early spring, therefore, all the young men who are of the proper age band themselves together, and take to the woods in search, like the knight-errants of old, of adventure and peril. Having found out a secret and retired spot, they collect together poles of from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lashing them together at top, form a huge conical hut, with the addition of branches and leaves. A green buffalo head,

kettles, scalps, blankets, and a white buffalo hide, are then suspended inside as offerings to the Great Spirit; after which certain incantations are performed, the first of which is smoking the medicine pipe. One of the parties fill it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the top a coal from the fire in the Spirit's mystic lodge, inhales the smoke, and expels it again through his nostrils. The ground is then touched with the bowl, and with various other minor ceremonies the pipe goes round the lodge. Many days of feasting and dancing pass ere they are ready for the campaign; at length, however, they abandon the hut, and death is the sure portion of him who shall be known to enter or otherwise desecrate it in their absence.

Upon one of these mystic lodges it was that Baptiste had suddenly stumbled, and various were the reflections suggested in his mind by the accident. Within the lodge were articles doubtless more than sufficient to purchase the necessary horse, but Baptiste had too much honour to think of robbing the red-skin temple. There is an intuitive respect for religion—a governing principle of right in the minds of these rude men, which is not the least singular of their peculiarities. Still, my friend was sorely tempted. 'It looked so plaguily like thrown across my path, I couldn't hardly say no,' was his remark. Besides that, he recollected the time when a poor white trapper, being robbed of his poncho at the beginning of winter, made free with a blanket found in one of the Arrapahoe lodges. Upon being brought before the elders, charged with the sacrilege, his defence was, that having been robbed, the Great Spirit took pity on his defenceless condition, and pointing out his blanket, bade him clothe himself. 'The Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property,' was the decision, and the trapper was freed. Still, Baptiste shook his head, and was about to move away, when a hand was laid on his shoulder behind, and an Indian warrior in his war paint stood before him. The greeting of the wanderers was cordial and friendly, for the youth was the brother of the trapper's love, and Baptiste Brown had given him, the previous season, the handsomest tomahawk pipe in the tribe.

'My white brother is very wakeful; he rises early.'

The hunter laughed, and, indeed, almost blushed, as he replied, 'My wigwam is empty, and I would make it very warm for the sister of my Unami. He will be a great warrior.'

The young brave shook his head gravely, as he pointed to his belt, where not a scalp was to be seen, and said, 'Five moons have gone to sleep, and the Arrapahoe hatchet has not been raised. The Blackfeet are dogs, and hide in holes.' Without adding anything to this significant hint, that none of the young men had been able to fulfil their vows, the young chief led the way to the camp of the Arrapahoe war party. Baptiste glad to see the face of a fellow-creature, followed the footsteps of the Arrapahoe, which were directed from the lodge towards the glen which the trapper had already traversed. In the very centre of the woody defile and within twenty feet of where Baptiste had passed, was the Indian camp, where the hunter was cordially received, and invited to share the meal which the party were about to partake. Nothing loath, the keen air of the mountains having inspired a wonderful appetite, the request was complied with, and various huge slices of buffalo were despatched by Baptiste, who then smoked a pipe with his friend, and heard from him the history of the failure of the expedition. A short time passed, and certain signs made Baptiste somewhat uncomfortable. It was apparent the Indians were whispering something of interest concerning him, and, after a short pause, a hot discussion was on foot, in which the young chief joined. To use the words of the narrator of the tale, 'they all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the great tribe of their natural enemies, and that, with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their

friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and a brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger the Spirit, and by no means relieve them from the obligation of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to him: he had indeed been their friend; they had called him brother; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the great one to whom they had made their vow would not release them at all from their obligations if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to himself. The other party rejoined, that although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an invasion of its sacred obligations, a blot upon their courage, and an outrage upon the laws of friendship: that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life. To the consternation of Baptiste, these reasons did not appear to have their due weight with the majority, who, eager to regain their homes, and probably their loves, were bent on sacrificing him in fulfilment of their engagement. Seeing this, the young chief, and friend of our hardy trapper, rose, and waving his hand, intimated his intention to speak. 'The Arrapahoe is a warrior; his feet outstrip the fleetest horse; his arrow is as the lightning of the Great Spirit; he is very brave. But a cloud is between him and the sun; he cannot see his enemy; there is no sculp in his wigwam. The manitou is good; he sends a victim, a man whose skin is white, but his heart is very red; the pale-face is a brother, and his long knife is turned from his friends the Arrapahoes; but the Spirit is all-powerful. My brother,' pointing to Baptiste, 'is very full of blood; he can spare a little to stain the blanket of the young men, and his heart shall yet be warm. I have spoken.' As the trapper expressed it, the proposal was 'considerable agin the grain;' but he felt that the young chief had saved his life. Loud acclamations followed the speech; many of those most clamorous against the trapper being only actuated by the earnest desire of returning home with their vow accomplished, when all would be received into the list of warriors, and each of the young men would have a wigwam, a wife, and all the honours which accrue to an Indian father of a family. A flint lancet was now produced, the white man's arm was bared, and the blood which flowed from the slight wound was carefully distributed and scattered over the garments of the delighted Arrapahoes. The scene which followed was entirely unexpected on the part of my poor friend Baptiste Brown. Quite satisfied that their vow of shedding an enemy's blood had been fulfilled, the Indians were all gratitude for being removed from the horns of a dilemma which had lasted for five months; and to testify their gratitude in a substantial form, each man sought his pack, and laid at their white brother's feet, one an otter-skin, another a beaver, another a bear or buffalo, and so on, until his riches in furs far outstripped his most sanguine expectations. The young chief stood looking on, and when the rest had successively honoured their guest, advanced, leading by its bridle a magnificent saddle-horse and a sumpter-mule (doubtless a stray one from a trader's flock), and handed them to Baptiste. To refuse would have been against the etiquette of the desert, and, besides, our friend was too alive to the advantages which would accrue to him, to be any other than thankful. Rising therefore with a grim smile, he said, speaking in the Arrapahoe tongue, 'A friend of mine was marching from St Louis to Fort Bent, and of course he crossed the trail of the Cumanches. Well, one day a party of them Indians came upon him, and having looked at him for about tu tu's,

seized him, and dragging him to a pool, thrust his head into the water several times. Failing to obtain their object, they plastered his hair with mud, and washing it out again, were at length satisfied that it really was red, and not dyed. Delighted with so extraordinary a prize, they denuded his head, and having given him a dozen horses in exchange, very politely sent him on his way. Now, my friend used to say that he wished he had a few bushels more of the article, since it went off so well; and I, like him, wish I had more red water in my veins, since you find it so very valuable.' The Arrapahoes, who had seen red hair on others besides Brown himself, listened gravely, and when he had done, gave an expressive 'hugh!' after which they broke up their camp, and were soon lost to the trapper's view in the arches of the forest. Baptiste, who felt weak, mounted his horse, after loading the mule, and made the best of his way to the cache, where he remained some days. At the end of a fortnight, restored to his usual health, the trapper took his way to Brown's Hole. So early in the season, his furs obtained high prices, and having bartered them for knives, beads, powder, ball, &c. a few days brought him to the Arrapahoe village. The horse was considered a fair exchange for the maiden, and from that day the wigwam of his red-skin bride, in Old Park, on Grand River, was the head-quarters of Baptiste Brown, the hardy trapper of the Rocky Mountains.

FOWNE'S PRIZE ESSAY—CHEMISTRY, AS
EXEMPLIFYING THE WISDOM AND
BENEFICENCE OF GOD.*

THIS essay springs from a private endowment under the care of the Royal Institution. The author is Mr George Fownes, chemical lecturer in the Middlesex Hospital. We are now familiar with books tracing divine wisdom and beneficence in physics, physiology, and the mental constitution of man. Mr Babbage has called even the unpromising subject of mathematics into the same field. But this, as far as we are aware, is the first systematic attempt to draw inferences of design from the chemical constitution of the earth and its inhabitants. The book is a very able one, and, as a virtue which we know will be a great further recommendation, it is short.

Mr Fownes starts by explaining that in the earth, its atmosphere, and inhabitants, there are but fifty-five simple (undecomposed) substances or elements, of which, however, only a few are in any considerable amount. Oxygen and nitrogen (forming the atmosphere), hydrogen (forming, with oxygen, water), the non-metallic body silicon, the metals aluminium and calcium, and in a less proportion potassium, sodium, and iron, may be said to constitute the bulk of the inorganic materials subjected to our observation. Another, carbon, is the principal constituent of all organic bodies. Mr Fownes's first object is to trace the constituents of vegetable and animal bodies back into the inorganic world (the dust of the earth) out of which they have been formed; finding potash, for instance, in the felspar, one of the materials of granite, and phosphorus, a large constituent of our bones, in porcelain clay and other substances. 'The whole subject,' he says, 'of the formation of cultivable soils, and their distribution over the earth's surface, is replete with interest and instruction. Every earthquake which has in bygone times fractured and dislocated the solid strata, every flood which has swept over the ancient continents, every change of level which has elevated the bed of the ocean or depressed the land beneath

* Churchill, London: 1844.

its surface, has contributed more or less to bring about that mixture of materials—sand, clay, and calcareous matters—which now form the earth's upper covering—the fruit-bearing soil, the inexhaustible source of prosperity and strength. Surely it is not too much to infer that all these things had reference to that future condition of the earth when it should become the habitation of beings capable of appreciating the wonders around them, and deriving mental support and guidance from the contemplation of these wonderful provisions, while enjoying with thankfulness the physical comforts to which they give rise.

Mr Fownes then traces the course of certain of the solid substances of the globe, as washed down by running waters into the sea, which forms a great depository for them. The salt of the sea—whence is it derived? Entirely from the land, out of which it is carried by rivers. The ocean must needs be salt, for it is the ultimate recipient of all such matters. And lakes that have no outlet, as the Aral, and the Dead Sea in Judea, are salt for the same reason. It becomes interesting to ascertain the uses of these foreign substances in the sea. 'It is highly probable that the iodine of sea-water is connected in some way with the wellbeing of submarine vegetation; that it forms an indispensable component of the food of these plants. It is difficult to account, on any supposition, for its constant occurrence in certain of them. They appear to have the power of seeking out and appropriating to themselves the almost infinitesimal quantity of iodine which analysis indicates in sea-water. Again, the lime-salts have their use, and a most important one it is. Shell-fish and coral-polyps depend upon them for the material of their curious structures. It is very possible, also, that what we are accustomed to call impurities in ordinary water, may be of great service to the living system. These matters are admitted to exercise an influence upon the body in particular states of disease, and if so, it is unlikely that they should be altogether inactive in health. Pure distilled water, even after long exposure to the air, is exceedingly rapid and disagreeable to the taste, which may be taken as a sort of indication of its unfitness for ordinary use.'

The chemistry of the atmosphere presents a very striking example of what can scarcely be considered in any other light than Design. The gases composing the atmosphere are, as is well known, not chemically, but only mechanically combined. They have, however, a surprising tendency to a mutual diffusion; inasmuch that if a jar of carbonic acid gas be brought into connexion with one of hydrogen, a gas twenty times lighter, the communication being by a tube, and if the heavy gas be placed lowest, nevertheless in a little while a complete mixture of the two takes place. Now, see how important is this law of gaseous diffusion. Carbonic acid gas is expired in great quantities by animals: it is prejudicial to human life: if it were to have the least tendency to stagnate near the ground, it would work dreadful effects wherever great multitudes of animals were assembled. Large cities and crowded rooms would be scenes of extensive destruction. Diffusible as it is throughout the other two gases composing the atmosphere, it is comparatively harmless. The benefit is equally clear with regard to these two gases. Were these to obey the law of gravity, they would arrange themselves in two layers of unequal thickness, the oxygen below and the nitrogen above. 'In such an order of things, animal existence would be out of the question: an atmosphere of pure oxygen is as fatal to life as one destitute of that element; all the phenomena of combustion and oxidation generally would be exalted tenfold in power and energy; in fact, the present arrangement of nature could not be maintained in its integrity a single hour. The equable diffusion of vapour of water through the atmosphere is no less important than that of the carbonic acid. In many warm countries, during a great part of the year, rain seldom or never falls, and it is only from the copious dews depo-

sited in the night that vegetables derive the supply of moisture required for their growth, and to sustain them, by the cooling effects of evaporation, from the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Were the invisible elastic steam disengaged from the surface of the sea, or other large bodies of water not subject to the diffusive law in question, it is probable that other and very different phenomena would be observed.'

We have not room to follow Mr Fownes into his very interesting speculations on vegetable and animal chemistry, but may present a few of his observations on the complicated processes which ever go on within our bodies. After showing how carbon and hydrogen are burned in the blood—not, as hitherto supposed, in the lungs, but in the capillaries, to which, according to Liebig's theory, the oxygen is carried by the iron in the blood—he pronounces, as a fact of which there can no longer be any doubt, 'The internal capillary combustion is the source of animal heat. Thus much,' says he, 'for the body. Every part where blood-vessels are to be found, every part where nervous influence is perceptible, every organ, every tissue, muscle, and brain, and nerve, and membrane, waste away like a burning taper, consume to air and ashes, and pass from the system rejected and useless; and where no means are at hand for repairing these daily and hourly losses, the individual perishes—dies more slowly, but not less surely, than by a blazing pile. He is, to the very letter, burned to death at a low temperature; the various constituents of the body give way in succession: first, the fat disappears; this is the most combustible, but at the same time the least essential. It is sacrificed; then the muscles shrink, and soften, and decay. At last the substance of the brain becomes attacked, and madness and death close the scene. "This is starvation."

After details showing the adaptation of the chemical nature of food, both vegetable and animal, to the chemical nature of the bodies of the animals by which respectively these kinds of food are devoured, Mr Fownes goes on to say, 'The bodily frame and constitution of the human race have been so adjusted as to admit of the maintenance of life and health under a variety of circumstances truly surprising. Extremes of heat and cold, of moisture and dryness, are borne with impunity so long as the habits and mode of life of the individual remain in accordance with his physical condition.'

'In tropical countries, where the high temperature of the air, and the abundance of aqueous vapour it contains, develop to the utmost the resources of vegetable life, the amount of personal labour required for self-support is extremely trifling. The heavy and laborious culture of the temperate regions, the unceasing tillage of the soil so necessary with us, are altogether uncalculated for. In those smiling regions of almost perpetual sunshine, "here the teeming earth gives its increase with the least possible toil on the part of the cultivator, and all Nature invites to repose and indolence, the energies of the mind itself are unstrung by the removal of that sharp spur of necessity which goads men to the task of labour, until exertion becomes a habit, which carries them onward beyond their immediate wants, and impels them to seek the permanent improvement and exaltation of their state. The sustenance furnished to the human race by a wise and bountiful Providence has been so adjusted *chemically* to this condition of things, as involuntarily to excite in the observer the deepest feelings of admiration and gratitude.'

'Where the temperature of the air approaches within a few degrees that of the body, the generation of animal heat by the burning of organic matter in the blood may be reduced in amount. Where muscular power and motion are less required and less employed, the waste of the body is diminished in the same ratio; a comparatively small quantity of food, both for fuel and for nutriment, is in such a case required. The stomach, however, must be filled, the uneasy sensation of want must be removed; and this has been done. In the rice, and fruits, and other products of the countries in

question, we find a food extremely agreeable to the taste, but possessing little sustaining power; much of it is mere water, and the solid portion itself is chiefly made up of neutral non-azotized bodies, containing oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions to form water; bodies which, in burning, furnish far less heat than those in which carbon and hydrogen greatly predominate. The azotized portion of the food of hot countries is always very small in comparison with the rest; it is, however, sufficient for the purpose of repairing the trifling daily loss the body sustains. The desire for animal food is very slight, and often is altogether absent.

'The North American hunter lives wholly upon flesh; he patiently follows the footmarks of his game through the wild woods for days together, until he finds an opportunity of surprising it; fasting meanwhile, or at best subsisting on a few scraps of dried meat: rivaling the beast of prey in his power of endurance—in his quick yet stealthy step, and in the searching glance of his eye: careless alike of frost and heat, sleeping on the bare ground, a thin blanket or a buffalo robe his only protection. It is his food which enables him to do and to suffer all this; to bear exertions which would destroy him were he not supported from within by a kind of nourishment so concentrated in its form as to supply abundantly during the period of repose the losses of bodily substance, the deficiencies occasioned by change of matter, and even to render the exertions themselves, violent and continued as they are, actually sources of pleasure.

'It is not by any peculiarity of physical constitution that the Indian is enabled to bear hardship, and fatigue, and privation, which to us appear extraordinary: the European, under similar circumstances, and *under a similar regimen*, exhibits the same remarkable powers. The hunters and trappers employed by the fur companies of British America lead a still harder life. These men are, as is well known, accustomed to disperse themselves, often singly, along the rivers and streams, the haunts of the beavers and other animals they seek to capture; a rifle and flint and steel their only household goods, without shelter in the midst of a trackless wilderness, often suffering the extremities of cold and hunger, subsisting entirely on the flesh of the creatures they succeed in taking, and this for months together, until each has collected the number of skins he deems sufficient to repay his labour, or the fast-falling snows of approaching winter drive him to seek the protection of the trader's fort.

'And yet this wild existence is said to possess a charm of its own, powerful enough to bind to the end of their days those who have once practised it: the unbroken solitude of the lake and the river, the freedom of the desert, and even the very dangers of the pursuit, have their own peculiar attraction. The men themselves, when not cut off prematurely by starvation, or any other of the common accidents of this life, or murdered by the Indians whose vengeance they have provoked by their aggressions, live to old age, exempt from a host of sorrows and afflictions known to a more luxurious race; and perhaps, on the whole, enjoy as much real happiness as commonly falls to the lot of man.

'Take again the condition of the Esquimaux in his hut of ice-blocks or drift-wood, his only food the seal and the walrus, which he spears with his bone-pointed weapon, from a little frail coracle of skins. The air is cold enough to freeze quicksilver; he wraps himself in his dress of furs, and forth he goes with perfect impunity, and the cold of the shore of the frozen sea affects him less than that of a chilly January day does the Englishman by his warm fireside. Yet the Esquimaux has no fireside; he cooks his food by the heat of a lamp fed with oil, the product of the chase; his country produces no fuel, and he cannot think of devoting the few fragments of wood, brought by the ocean-currents from more favoured climes, which he

finds upon the sea-beach, to this purpose; they are far too valuable to be so employed. How, then, it may be asked, is he capable of supporting this intensity of cold? The peculiarity of his food furnishes the reply.

'We are accustomed to look with horror and disgust at the food of these poor people, as we in our ignorance and presumption dare to call them; to commiserate the taste of those who, as our northern navigators relate, prefer a piece of tallow-candle or a draught of train-oil to the fare of an English man-of-war; but a little more consideration might perhaps show us that the blubber and fat of the arctic cetacean and fish, the only food the inhabitants of these countries can obtain, really constitute the only sort of food which could enable them to bear up against the extremities of cold to which they are subject. There is no other substance but fat, and that in very large quantity, which would answer the purpose required. It is a substance exceedingly rich in hydrogen, and in the body eminently combustible; weight for weight, it will generate a far larger amount of heat, when burned in the blood, than anything else which can be taken as food. It will be wiser, then, instead of condemning, as filthy and abhorrent, the tastes and propensities of the Esquimaux, to consider them as a special adaptation, by an unspeakably benevolent Providence, of the very wishes and inclinations of the individual to the circumstances of his life.

'But this is not all. The same individual who, when in a warm or temperate climate, craves a large proportion of bread and vegetable food, and turns with aversion from fatty substances, experiences, when transported to the frozen regions of the north, a complete revolution in his tastes and desires. Nothing will then satisfy him but fat: the flesh of deer, fish, to be acceptable, must be loaded with fat; he takes delight in sucking the marrow from the bones; nothing in the shape of grease comes amiss to him; he longs for it; he desires it as much as he formerly loathed it. But this new, this induced state, only lasts as long as his mode of life requires; removal to a milder region restores to a very great extent the first condition.

'This is no imaginary statement; it is perfectly authentic, and serves to place in a novel and striking point of view the power of accommodation to circumstances possessed by man.'

We conclude with a few remarks, in which we can most cordially concur with our intelligent author. 'In whatever light we consider these matters, the argument of benevolent design and contrivance deduced from the obvious facts themselves remains unaltered. The care and beneficence of the Creator is not less shown in the connexion he has established between physical and moral health. The labour which a man is obliged to exert to procure for himself the necessities of life, is not less essential to the maintenance of a healthy tone of mind than of a sound and active condition of the bodily organism. No evil can be greater than the rust, alike of body and soul, which results from inactivity. The state of labour is the very condition of enjoyment; not, indeed, the excessive and slavish toil to which a very large portion of mankind have, by a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, been reduced, but that moderate and well-regulated labour of mind and body which conduces so much to the welfare of both, and which would be, under more favourable auspices, fully sufficient to impart comfort and abundance to all. If men only knew and felt how inseparably their own individual happiness is connected with the welfare and prosperity of their species; if those who have intellect, and power, and wealth at their disposal, could only be persuaded to thrust aside the petty jealousies and cares, the idle parade and prejudices of society, and join heart and hand in the great work of human improvement, how much might be effected! How much happier, and how much better all might become if a sound and universal spirit of philanthropy were once awakened, capable of embracing within its pale all orders and conditions of men,

considering them, as they really are, the children of one common Parent, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, each having a special duty assigned to him to perform, not independently of, but in conjunction with the rest, and exciting all to render each other mutual assistance in surmounting the difficulties and trials of this life of discipline and pupilage.'

THE KINGDOM OF SHOA.

It was supposed in the middle ages that there existed in the heart of Asia a Christian prince called Prester John, or the priest John. The first European traveller who mentioned him was a Franciscan friar, who was sent in 1246, by Pope Innocent IV., on a mission to Mongolia. He was not, however, successful in his search for the mysterious priest. Still, the existence of such an individual in Asia continued to be believed till the end of the fifteenth century. At this time the Portuguese, having found the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, determined to look for Prester John in Africa. Accordingly Pedro Covilliam penetrated into Abyssinia,* where he discovered at Shoa a body of Greek Christians, governed by a Christian monarch. This sovereign was pronounced to be the long-sought Prester John, whose whereabouts had puzzled the papal world for so many centuries, although neither himself nor his predecessors had adopted the title. Indeed he claimed far higher pretensions, tracing his lineage to Solomon through the queen of Saba, called Makada. All his successors, down to Sahela Selassie, the present monarch, claim the same ancestral honours.

The existence of a small body of Christians amidst the strongholds of the heathen and Mohammedan, excited in the religious world of Europe the warmest interest and curiosity. A mission was sent into Shoa by the Jesuits, for the purpose of converting the Abyssinians from their rude and imperfect system of Christianity to the Roman Catholic faith; but these efforts were unsuccessful, and they ceased to be persevered in about the middle of the seventeenth century. From that time no European penetrated into Shoa till 1836, when two Frenchmen, Messrs Combes and Tamisier, entered it, and were followed by their countryman Rochet d'Hericourt. The first Englishman who reached Shoa was Dr Beke, whose notes in the journals of the Royal Geographical Society contain the earliest precise information regarding the geography of the country which had hitherto been published. After him came Major Harris, at the head of a political mission, of which an account was given in a former number of this journal. The latest visitor to his most Christian majesty Sahela Selassie, Negoos or Autocrat of Shoa, was Mr Johnston, whose interesting work is now in our hands.†

This gentleman, a naval surgeon, was appointed to superintend the conveyance of additional stores to Major Harris, while the British mission which he commanded was at Shoa. Leaving Bombay, Mr Johnston embarked from Aden, crossed the sea of Bab el Mandeb, and landed at the opposite African port of Tajourah. Here he joined a kafilah, or trading caravan, about to start for Shoa. Although the only European of the company, and intrusted with stores which constantly excited the cupidity of his half-savage companions, yet he managed not only to convey his own charge to its destination in safety, but also to recover a quantity of valuable articles which had been previously wrested from Major Harris and his strong escort during their progress through the country. Mr Johnston arrived within the precincts of the Shoa territory in May 1842, and after some delay reached Angolahlah, the town in

which the superior officers of the mission were quartered.

As regards Major Harris, it was somewhat unfortunate that his visit was of a diplomatic character. The fear of being overreached in the treaty of commerce he had to negotiate, caused not only the Shoa king, but his subjects, to be exceedingly cautious in their intercourse with the English. The consequence was, that the aspect under which Major Harris saw the monarch and his people was far less favourable, and perhaps far less true, than that of travellers who were unencumbered with political duties. It was therefore lucky, rather than otherwise, that Mr Johnston, soon after presenting himself, had a misunderstanding with the commander of the expedition; for, this completely detaching him from the mission, he obtained the protection of the king, and was enabled to live among his subjects as a private individual. The result is a fuller detail of the domestic life of the Shoa than he would have been able to furnish had he partaken in any of the political functions of the mission.

Our traveller paid a visit to the Negoos, who gave him a gracious reception, and ordered him, as is customary, rations for his support during the time he should stay in the country. Having given an account of the monarch and his court in our notice of Major Harris's book, we shall not pause for the details of Mr Johnston's visit. On his way from Angolahlah to a more healthily situated town, the traveller rested at Ankobar, and was entertained by the sister of his servant Walderheros; he was thus enabled to give a description of a Shoa residence. 'The house was of the better sort, built of splinted teak, and consisted of a central apartment, with recesses formed by the division of the space between two circular walls, which were placed at about four feet distant from each other. In one of these recesses was placed a bedstead, covered with an ox skin tanned with the bark of the kantuffa, which gives to this kind of leather a red colour. A skin so prepared is called *net*. The kantuffa is a pleasing-looking tree, and might be cultivated as a lawn shrub in England. It is a species of acacia; and the bright-red seed-vessels, formed like those of the English ash, remaining after the foliage disappears, would diminish considerably, I think, the dreary aspect of a shrubbery in that season.

In the other two recesses were numerous jars containing ale, grain, and water, and side by side stood four pedestal hand-mills, in the rear of which a hole, knocked through the mud and stick wall, served the double purpose of a window and chimney. The large circular hearth occupied the usual situation, nearly in the centre of the apartment, which was itself not more than twelve feet in diameter. Two solid planks of the *sigbar* tree, each of which had been cut with no little labour from a single tree, formed a pair of folding-doors. The hinges on which they revolved consisted of strong projecting extremities on one side of the top and bottom of each, which were received into corresponding holes on the wooden lintel and threshold. At night, the two flaps were secured by an iron hasp shutting upon a staple, that admitted a kind of wooden linch-pin to be thrust through.' In honour of the guest a supper was given, for which the following preparations were made. 'A large round table of wicker-work, the diameter of which was about three feet, and about one foot in height, was reached down from a peg, where it had been suspended against the wall, and laid upon the floor before me. In the centre of this, Eichess, the lady of the house, placed a round saucer-like dish of red earthenware, full of the cayenne pottage which had been long preparing upon the fire, and in which were boiled to a hot fricassee the disjointed limbs of a fowl. A separate heap of three or four of the thin teff crumpets, folded fourfold, was then put for each person. Walderheros, for a few beads, had purchased at the palace about a yard of yellow wax taper, which was merely a long rag dipped into the melted material. Having cut off and lighted a portion of this, he carried it flaring about in his left hand as he

* Abyssinia is divided into three distinct territories, Tigré, Amhara, and Shoa, which includes Efat. The latter only is governed by a king.

† Travels in Southern Abyssinia, &c. By Charles Johnston, M.R.C.S. Two vols. London: J. Madden and Co. 1844.

assisted most busily in the arrangement of the supper things. Musculo, not to be idle, had seated himself upon one corner of the bed I occupied, and with the bullock's horn upon his knee occasionally replenished my drinking-horn, and as frequently assisted me in finishing its contents.

'Everything at length being pronounced ready, I was requested to take my seat at the table, a boss of straw being placed for my accommodation. I, however, preferred remaining on the bed, watching their whole proceedings for want of other amusement. The company, who soon seated themselves, consisted of Eichess (the hostess), Musculo (her husband), Walderheros, and Mahriam, and a younger brother of the host named Abta Mahriam, one of the king's gunmen, who had come in during the preparation of the meal. Musculo took the straw seat, the rest squatted around the table upon their heels, and formed altogether a good picture of an Abyssinian family. Eichess commenced by dipping several folds of the thin bread into the cayenne pottage, until well saturated with the condiment. With a quantity of this she supplied each individual, taking for that purpose the topmost layer of the heap of bread assigned to them, which, after sopping, was returned to its previous situation. The party now proceeded on their own account, tearing off portions of the under bread, and wiping it upon the moistened morsel above, by the contact giving to it the required hot relish, in a manner somewhat analogous to our putting mustard upon meat.

'The supper drew gradually to a close, and as the viands disappeared, matter for conversation seemed to increase. As the appetites of the party were appeased, I noticed little choice bits of the fowl that remained at the bottom of the *wort* basin were taken out by the fingers of the lady of the house, and being rolled up in a mass of bread far too large for the mouth, were successively handed to all around. Each one, as he received the compliment, slightly rising from the ground, kissed the joined wrists of his own hands as he offered to support the hand of Eichess, whilst she held the morsel to the mouth until it had entirely disappeared. Mahriam, the slave-girl, who sat with the rest, was not neglected, for a larger portion came to her share than any of the others. Slaves, generally, are considered by their owners in the light of near relations, or rather, perhaps, as foster children.

'The repast being concluded, all wiped their pottage-soiled fingers upon the last fragments of the bread, which were then duly swallowed. Mahriam now got up, and from out a gourd-shell poured a little water upon the hands of each of the party, who, rubbing the fingers together a little, then dried them upon their ample tobes. A gambo of strong ale, called thalal, containing at least five gallons, was now opened, and deep horn cups were frequently replenished, whilst a lively conversation concerning the events of the last two or three days was kept up; a very highly-coloured account of my reception by the Negroes, no doubt, having been given by Walderheros, who, as principal speaker upon the occasion, was in the happiest mood possible, and though generally very careful of his tapers on other occasions, he found himself obliged to light the remaining half yard to afford him time to conclude his long narration.'

'The town in which it had been arranged that Mr Johnston should reside was called Aliu Amba; and after a time a house was allotted to him by his royal entertainer. Once an established housekeeper, it was of course necessary for our countryman to go to market—this in Aliu Amba is held every Friday. 'A very short descent led us to an equally winding road, but broader, and having more of the character of a public way than the little lane from my house. Here we met market-people hawking their wares with loud cries; or loud-talking disputants carrying on a strong argument, as they battered away, with heavy but harmless blows of their long sticks, upon the goat-skin sacks of grain or cotton with which numerous donkeys before them

were laden, and which were being conveyed to the market-place.

'The low hum of distant voices gradually increased into a murmur, and then into a hubbub, as we entered the market-place, which was a large plain occupying the southern half of the table rock, bare and stony, except in the centre, where a high circular hedge of a thin pipe-formed euphorbia fenced in the Mohammedan burial-place of the town. Its limits, besides, were well defined by a low stone wall, carried all around, and upon that portion of it facing the entrance of our road into the market-place sat Tinta,* wrapt up in the customary manner in his tobe, save his head and one arm, with which he gave directions respecting the receiving of toll, or deciding such cases of dispute as might arise in the course of the market. As soon as he saw me with Walderheros, he called me to him, and as I approached, he shifted his position, so that I might sit upon the sun-dried ox-skin by his side—a favoured visitor, honoured thus by a seat upon the bench.

'I observed that everything that is exposed for sale in the market pays a kind of duty. This is generally either in kind, or an equivalent in salt pieces, the only money in Shoa. Grain is examined by the governor, who determines the amount to be taken as toll, this impost being regulated according to certain customary laws. Such toll is measured by single handfuls, a species of measure very usual in Shoa, and called *ting*. Butter is submitted to a similar process, the officer appointed scooping out of the gourd-shell, in which it is generally brought, a quantity with his fingers, which is then put into a recipient, jar that stands by his side. The salt merchants, cattle sellers, and, in fact, all dealers, pay for the convenience of bartering their goods, and during the day large heaps of almulahs and of market produce accumulate around the feet of the governor, whose perquisites of office they appear to be. A less profitable employment for him is the settlement of disputes, as very long-winded debates sometimes occur before a settlement can be established between the disputing parties; and for this business no fees are demanded, although I have no doubt such a situation of general referee in matters of the kind is very productive of private gifts. People in the habit of attending the market, compromise their tolls by a regular payment of from one to three almulahs weekly, and they are then allowed to bring whatever produce they choose. I also understood that the people of the town were exempted from any imposition of toll for such articles as they exposed for sale. After amusing myself for some time watching the proceedings at this place for the "receipt of custom," and having witnessed a decision in this counterpart of the ancient *l'epoudre* courts of feudal times, I left Tinta for a while to stroll about the market.

'Excepting the dress and appearance of the people, the articles exposed for sale, and the language in which the transactions were carried on, the Abyssinian market, in its more prominent character, exactly resembles similar assemblages of people in English towns; the same confused hum of voices, busy ever-changing figures crossing and recrossing, stooping to look at wares, or pushing through the crowd to make way to the seats of those selling that which they may require. All is bustle and apparent confusion, over which loud cries of hawking sales-people reach to the very outskirts of the town.

'The town of Aliu Amba being occupied by Christians and Mohammedans, its market presents a much more varied appearance than either that of Farree or Ankobar; the former being almost exclusively frequented by Mohammedans, whilst the latter (which is held in the meadow adjoining to the mill of Demetrius, on the road to Tehakkah) is as exclusively Christian in its dealings. To judge from the character of the produce

* This individual, besides being Mr Johnston's 'balderabah,' was also governor of Aliu Amba.

sent to Aliu Amba market, it would not be difficult to assign the greater amount of wealth in Shoa to the possession of the Christian subjects of Sahela Selassie; but, on the other hand, it appears to be a principle of religion almost among the Mohammedans to conceal the riches they possess, so that appearances are not to be trusted. Had I not known that the more wealthy of their religion invariably invest their money in slaves, to supply the Dankalli and Hurrah dealers, I should certainly have inferred, from the scanty and very limited stores placed before the salewomen of that faith in Aliu Amba market, that the Islam inhabitants of Shoa were exceedingly poor. Many of these women sit for a whole day, offering, in exchange for anything in the shape of corn that may be offered, a thimbleful of "col" [kohl?] (antimony used for blackening the edges of the eyelids), a few lumps of gum myrrh, a handful of frankincense, or a little shumlah, the blue and red threads of unwoven cloth brought from the sea-coast, and which is used in forming the ornamental borders of their large body-cloths. Sometimes their scanty stock is increased by three or four lemons, or as many needles. On the contrary, the Amhara (the name now given only to Christians of this country) bring an abundance of cotton cloths, of cattle, of corn, and are the only money-changers I saw, some of them sitting behind high walls of new and good-conditioned salt-pieces.

Trade, in a great measure, is carried on by barter, an exchange of commodities being much more general than purchasing with ahmulahs [pieces of salt]; except in the case of cattle-buying, when the price is generally fixed at a certain number of these salt-pieces. For two ahmulahs a very fine young sheep or goat may be bought, and the very best of the kind will not sell for more than five. A good-sized goat, however, commands a much higher price, ten or twelve ahmulahs being sometimes asked. An ox for ploughing brings about seventy ahmulahs, or, if small, and intended for killing, may be bought as low as thirty. Horses and mules vary in price from seven to twelve dollars. The latter are preferred by the Abyssinians. I have been offered a very excellent horse for two dollars, and have seen one blind, but in good condition, sold for twelve ahmulahs, or about two shillings and sixpence. The next principal thing in the market is the cotton cloth, which are woven of one general width, about three quarters of a yard, and from ten to fifteen yards long. Of the common kind are made the "sennafil," or wide short trousers of the men, and the "shumlah," or waist-cloth of the women. The body-cloth, or tobe, is common to both sexes; but those of the men being much larger than those of the women, are generally double folds of the cloth, or four cubits in breadth, and at least seven cubits long. Sometimes they are of an extravagant size. A narrow border of the blue and red woollen stuff, called shumlah, woven into the cloth, is the only ornament, and these coloured stripes will be sometimes repeated at the distance of a foot from each other through the whole length of the cloth. These tobies vary in price according to the number of these ornamental additions to the simple cotton thread, of which the greater number are entirely composed. Four or five dollars is a great price to give for one, but the one forwarded to our queen by Sahela Selassie was worth thirty dollars. I gave for a cloth for Walderheros, which was ten yards long and three quarters broad, ten ahmulahs; but when I wanted one a little finer, with a stripe across each end of the blue and white worsted, for my own use, I had to give a dollar for it.

Except weaving, which is performed by means of a rude loom, and a very primitive mode of turning with a lathe, there are no manufactures worthy of the name carried on in Shoa. Although the sugar-cane is grown in the country, no means of extracting the pure sugar are employed; the cane being cut into small pieces, and masticated as a sweetmeat. Mr Johnston therefore extracted a quantity of the pure sugar, and presented it, at his next interview, to the Negroes. The king received it

with every expression of gratification, although, as Mr Johnston discovered, he had been forestalled in this manufacture and present by M. Rochet. Both gentlemen also made some gunpowder for his majesty, with which he was extremely delighted. Mr Johnston declares his regret that he was unable, from ignorance, to teach the art of knitting, and recommends future travellers to acquire it, as there is nothing which Sahela Selassie appears to desire so much as a knowledge of the useful arts himself, and their dissemination amongst his subjects.

After remaining about eight months in the country, Mr Johnston abruptly closes his narrative without letting his reader know how he got back to England. That he did so in safety, there can be no doubt, for he dates his preface 'London;' and he has made one or two appearances at the Royal Geographical Society's meetings, at which he communicated some valuable corrections to the not very correct information we possess concerning the district through which he has travelled. Of these corrections it is our intention to avail ourselves, in an article on Abyssinia, in a future number.

THE EXPOSITION IN PARIS.

For part of the present summer, Paris has been a scene of more than ordinary bustle. Strangers have flocked to it not only from all parts of France, but from England, Germany, and other foreign countries. Hotels and lodging-houses were for two months crammed with temporary residents; and such was the demand for accommodation, that the price of house-room rose to double and triple the usual amount. The cause of this excitement was an exhibition of articles produced by the arts and manufactures of France, which takes place once in five years under the encouragement and patronage of royalty, and in which, as might be expected, something like a national interest is felt. Not to be behind in the general scramble of travellers from London, I got over to Paris about the middle of June, and had the pleasure of paying my respects to the exhibition some dozen times previous to its close. Exhibitions usually make but dull work in description; but this one, as a French exhibition presented to the consideration of Englishmen, and as an indication of the progress made by a rival nation in some of our own lines of exertion, may possess more than ordinary interest.

The weather, to begin with, was excessively hot. The sun beat down in his greatest fervour; in crossing the Place de la Concorde, I almost felt as if exposed to the heat of a furnace, and gladly hastened to seek refuge in the cool shade of the Champs Elysées. Many having followed the same impulse, I found streams of people pursuing their way beneath the trees towards the open glade in which the building for the exhibition has been erected. Emerging on the scene, we observe a large edifice, covering probably a hundred yards square, and rising to a height of sixty or seventy feet, with its glass-covered roof, therefore, nearly on a level with the tops of the tallest trees. Soldiers guard the various entrances, and over the principal, which faces the roadway to the Arc de l'Etoile, is conspicuously inscribed—'EXPOSITION DES PRODUITS DE L'INDUSTRIE NATIONALE.'

Well may it be called national. The thing is on a gigantic scale, so as at once to impress us as something worthy of a great and aspiring people. England perhaps requires to give no such proof of its advance in the useful arts. The shop-windows of London are in themselves an Exposition; and the tokens of England's greatness in this line are scattered over the globe. The case is different with France, which, being a comparatively new country as regards the arts of peace, stands in need of some such

means of collecting and exhibiting examples of its manufactures, and of showing by comparison what progress is from time to time made. A glance at the present vast assemblage of articles cannot fail to give a conviction that the French are not more eminent for their inventive faculties than their powers of imitation. Peace, and the gradual accumulation of capital, have latterly permitted them to make the most gratifying advances in the useful arts. That the policy of Louis Philippe has contributed to this result, no one will deny. Friendly to social advancement, and acquainted with the principles of mechanism and manufacture, as well as with the humanising influence of commerce, he has had the advantage of living in an age when the human mind, disgusted with the empty results of a struggle for military glory, was disposed to something more honourable and useful than war and its accompaniments. At the close of the last Exposition in 1839, when the king assembled the exhibitors for the purpose of distributing honorary rewards, he said, 'Accept my thanks; by your labours you protect and aid humanity: your talents, your success, tend to the melioration of all classes; and you thus fulfil the dearest wishes of my heart. Our progress, great as it is, will not stop here. To what extent it will go I know not. We will continue to respect the independence of our neighbours, as our independence is respected by them. No man can predict or estimate the impulse which our national genius will give to the conquests of industry—conquests which contribute to public wealth, which despoil no man, violate no rights, and which cause no tears to flow.' Sentiments like these will be responded to by every friend of humanity.

Having made these general remarks, we may now enter the body of the building, and take a view of its contents. The difficulty, however, is to know which hand to turn to. The large square area is divided into long arcades or walks, parallel to and crossing each other at right angles, the whole interspersed with rows of pillars supporting the roof. The general aspect is that of an extensive and miscellaneous bazaar. Piled on counters along the sides of the arcades, the various classes of goods are arranged in regular order, those of every individual exhibitor being under the charge of a keeper—generally a young woman, who sits reading a book or newspaper within the velvet-covered railing which separates her stall from the broad thoroughfare in front. The ground throughout is floored, neat, and kept as cool as possible by constant watering. According to the catalogue, the number of kinds of articles exhibited is 3969, and the whole, if spread out in an even line, would extend over two or three miles. Within the vestibule stands a large railed-in table, on which are divers clocks and automatic objects, that fix a constant crowd of admirers. Beyond this is the great central arcade, devoted to the exposition of iron and brass ware, engines, machines, and apparatus of different sorts. Taking this line of walk in preference to the others, the first objects that engage our scrutiny are those of miscellaneous hardware, such as pots, pans, knives, locks, scythes, iron castings, &c. In all these the French have made considerable advances, but it is evident they are still behind the English. At present there is a heavy duty on the importation of iron articles from England, which acts as a prohibition; and there being thus no competition, not to speak of the want of good examples to copy, the manufacturers are not forced to do their best. The door-locks and bolts of home manufacture remain a disgrace to France; and no Frenchman will use a native razor, and no Frenchwoman a native needle, who can get an English one. The specimens of iron castings in which ornament is a conspicuous element, strike us with a different feeling. Here we are decidedly excelled. M. André exhibits some articles of great elegance; among which I may mention his statues and candle-bras, the latter highly tasteful. At the termination of the first walk, we arrive at a corner in which there is an extensive exhibition of apparatus for light-

houses, executed by Lepante, Rue St Honoré. A tall apparatus of brass wheel-work, surmounted by lenses revolving round central lights, rivets the attention of the visitor. I believe the French are allowed to have carried the construction of lenses to a very high point, and in this respect have outstripped the English—not that we could not fabricate lenses as well and as cheaply as our neighbours, but to advances in this useful department of the arts a serious bar has been unwisely placed by the excise regulations, and I understand that it is now not unusual to procure the principal part of the apparatus of English lighthouses from Paris.

Next to this interesting group of objects we find a number of church-bells of different sizes; and passing them, in turning up another walk, we arrive at the machine department. Here there are many products of industry; iron turning-lathes, planing machines, cutting apparatus, steam-engines from one to a hundred horse-power, printing and paper-making machines, and spinning frames for factories—all deeply interesting to Frenchmen as novelties in their country, but which are less or more familiar to the eye of an English visitor. An eminent machine-maker from Yorkshire, conversing with us on the merits of this part of the exhibition, observed that every machine was a copy from England, and on the whole inferior to the original. I cannot say I saw any new piece of apparatus; and it struck me that the workmanship was not particularly well executed. In the smoothest work, for example, I noticed portions of rough iron, as if the material were unsound. Yet, laying aside critical fastidiousness, it might be allowed that many of the machines, including a very handsome locomotive, were as well executed as need be, and suitable for every practical purpose. These, however, like other iron products, are dearer in France than in England. A long arcade adjoining the machines is devoted to the exhibition of cooking and heating apparatus. Amongst the articles is everything likely to be required, from the *cuisine* of a small family to the *fourneau économique* of a large hotel or restaurant, with novel processes for warming houses and manufactories. Compactness of construction seems the principal peculiarity in these branches of domestic apparatus. Some of the room-stoves are elegant, but expensive. Near these articles are several specimens of iron bedsteads, handsome, but fifty per cent. dearer than they could be made for in England. In the weighing machines much ingenuity has been employed. At a short distance from them we arrive at a great variety of articles in coarse stoneware, such as vases, statues, and flower-pots for gardens and green-houses. If as imperishable as they seem, they must be considered a pleasing accession to the ornamental arts. Adjacent is a large machine for making bricks on an expeditious and cheap scale. We have near this some pretty specimens of artificial marble in different colours, formed, I believe, of baked plaster of Paris and alum, and though not calculated to resist the action of the weather, deserving of encouragement for use in lobbies, passages, and other apartments. Whilst in the moist state, it is susceptible of receiving any engraved design, and the indentations being filled up with a coloured paste of the same composition, the whole when dry forms a beautiful substance, at one-tenth of the cost of real marble.

The most prominent articles in the row next in order are specimens of carriages and harness. Stimulated by the many English equipages brought to Paris, the French have lately made the most marked progress in this department. The specimens before us are extremely elegant, being done up with splendid silk lining, and richly ornamented with brass and gilding; but, after all, I thought them deficient in finish compared with the produce of Long Acre. In leaving the machine-room we pass an apparatus, of English invention, I believe, for composing types, and which a female in attendance explains and puts in operation. As a curiosity, the machine is worthy of examination, but there

are many difficulties in the way of its becoming practically useful.

On entering the gallery on our left, a new order of objects bursts on the sight. The first table we come to is loaded with a variety of crystal wares, cut, tasteful in design, and of divers colours, the produce of the famous glass-works at Choisy-le-Roi. I was informed that the reputation acquired by this manufactory, as well as the low price at which it is enabled to sell its articles, is due to Mr Jones, an Englishman, who has the management of the stained-glass department. As in the case of lenses, already noticed, there are no fiscal arrangements in France to prevent improvement in the fabrication of tinted and gilt glass; hence the great advance in this department of art. Much of the produce of Choisy-le-Roi is exported to England and other countries. The stoneware of a common kind, of which there are numerous specimens, is as far behind that of Staffordshire as the coloured crystal is in advance. The French, it appears, have yet had no Wedgwood; and though the products of Sévres excel as works of art, they exert no perceptible influence in improving ordinary domestic wares. The next articles in order are artificial diamonds and gems, done up as necklaces, bracelets, and other bijouterie. The brilliance and beauty of these objects could not, I think, be greatly surpassed by stones from the hand of nature. The most remarkable articles which fill up the remainder of the gallery are specimens of plate, in the form of dinner, tea, and coffee-services. A dinner-service, by Durand, claims special notice. The articles are elegant in design, and chased in the Colini style. There are likewise some handsome specimens of the workmanship of Gilot, one of the first silversmiths in France. Lebrun, another of the same craft, exhibits some pretty silver articles, among which are four champagne vases, ordered by Baron de Rothschild, costing 5000 francs each. Next in order are specimens of plated articles, showing approaches to the English workman. The silver and plated spoons throughout are inferior. At a short distance from these specimens is an altar-piece, in good style, intended for a country church, and which is to cost 14,000 francs. The specimens of jewellery, both in solid gold and gilt, are, as might be expected, tasteful and beautiful, and so likewise are a number of articles in bronze. The candelabras of this material are elegant in pattern, but somewhat heavy. Of table-lamps there are many specimens, and in these great ingenuity has been displayed. Instead of burning oil, some are designed for self-generating gas from a mixture of turpentine and alcohol. They give, as I am told, a brilliant light, but are dangerous, and not economical. While on this subject, it is but fair to state, that for nearly all the improvements in lamps, from the time of Argand downwards, the English have been indebted to French inventiveness. At the present moment the English have still much to learn in this department. There are here lamps of an elegant description for the table, economical in their consumption, which are yet unknown in England.

We shall now take a turn down the arcade devoted to the exhibition of specimens of household furniture and musical instruments. In the furniture department we see nothing superior to the wares of a respectable London cabinet-maker, but much that is highly ornamental and elegant. A number of the articles, such as cabinets, secretaïres, and small side-tables, are richly carved after old designs in the Renaissance. A finely sculptured bookcase, calculated to hold 800 volumes, is charged 8000 francs. Two beautiful buhl-cabinets are offered at 9000 francs, and a highly ornamented table at 5000 francs. In looking through and admiring the numerous specimens of this class, I felt that there was a great deficiency in plain joinery—a department in which the French must still be pronounced a century behind the English. A clever door and window-maker would assuredly make a fortune in France. Near the articles of furniture are exhibited some specimens of

stamped or embossed leather, resembling rich mountings for roofs, cornices of apartments, and other objects. In this department the English have lately made advances equally great with those of the French, as may be witnessed in the public exhibition of articles designed for the new houses of parliament in Westminster. In an analogous branch of art, the making of ornaments from peat, the French have, as I learn, made some remarkable discoveries well worth notice across the Channel. The peat, when taken from the bog, is reduced by beating to a fine pulp, and is then placed under a press, to force out all humidity except such as is necessary to keep it sufficiently moist to receive impressions in the mould in which it is placed. In this state it may be converted into ornaments of every kind, such as are made in embossed leather. Rendered firm by a solution of alum or other adhesive material, it forms flooring of a cheap and durable kind. Of billiard tables there are various specimens: one, rich and beautiful, is offered at 15,000 francs. There are some, however, at a fourth of the price; and we are informed that one of a cheap class was lately furnished by the same maker to Queen Pomare of Tahiti. A few of the slabs of these billiard tables purport to be of stone and iron—neither material an improvement on well-seasoned wood. From the billiard tables we turn to the pianos, of which there are numerous specimens by the most eminent makers of Paris—Erard, Pleyel, Pape, and Hertz. Several are in very finely carved cases, of handsome shapes. Of the tones, however, I can say nothing, and it would have been of no use trying them, for all delicate sounds would have been drowned in the loud blasts of a coarse-toned organ which some one was playing at a few feet distance. Still further on, amidst rows of trombones, clarionets, flutes, harps, and other instruments, we find a person playing vigorously on a large keyed harmonicon, or some such instrument. Occasionally, also, as if to master these hostile sounds, there is sent forth from a corner a burst of martial music, performed by an automatic combination of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments. It is impossible to get a look of this noisy apparatus, as it has attracted around it a large and admiring crowd. Carried away by these competing performances, the visitor is apt to overlook some plain and neat violins, manufactured at Mirecourt in the Vosges, a mountainous district in the east of France. Made by a rustic people, with moderate desires, and whose time is of little value, some of the violins of the Vosges are sold at as low a price as three francs each. It is pleasing to know that there are men in the very heart of rural simplicity who turn their attention to the production of instruments of harmony. The facility with which the peasants of some countries practise the mechanical arts connected with music is marvellous. In Switzerland, the peasant, whilst watching his flocks, manufactures musical boxes; the serfs of Russia, in the depths of their forests, make flutes and hautboys, inlaid with the bark of different trees; and in the Tyrol, many of the best musical instruments are made by the peasantry.

The gallery into which we next direct our steps contains a large show of paper, bookbinding, leather, soap, perfumery, shoes, and other small articles. Paper for writing has latterly undergone great improvements in France, from the introduction of machinery and capital into the manufacture. The article paper is also generally cheaper than in England, in consequence of rags not being allowed to be sent out of the country. Of course, while this practice serves the paper-maker, it is nothing short of a tyranny on those who have rags to dispose of. The specimens of the finer sorts of leather are creditable to the skill of the French carriers. In this branch, also, they are ahead of the English. In the making of shoes, particularly those for ladies, the French likewise excel; but, stimulated by the large importations of shoes into England, our makers are now striving to rival the French workmen—a natural result of such na-

tional competition. It is curious to observe, that in this part of the Exposition are several specimens of wooden shoes or sabots—an article even so humble as this boasting of some improvements in its construction. Those exhibited are lighter and more neatly cut than usual, without, as is said, losing strength. Wooden shoes are universally worn by the peasantry and poorer classes of France and the Netherlands, and though, from their unyielding quality, they are not very convenient in walking, they are of great value in keeping the bare feet from the damp earth or cold floors. They are worn by many even of the higher classes over leather shoes, when going a short way out of doors, or when sitting at home. Strange, therefore, as French wooden shoes may appear, they are by no means deserving of that contempt which the English wits have poured upon them. Before joining in the ridicule, let us consider how much injury is done to health, how many consumptions promoted, by damp feet. That the use of wooden shoes in some situations—in earthen-floored cottages, for example—would prevent many chronic complaints, can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

I must pass over a vast number of articles, to notice which in detail would require a volume. Lace of the most beautiful sorts, made into robes, pellerines, and other articles; brocades of silk and gold; carpets and rugs; dye stuffs; drugs; raw cotton, silk, and wool, in all stages of manufacture, attract our attention, one after the other, and bring us to the galleries devoted exclusively to the general products of the loom. In cotton yarn the French are still far behind, but their woollen manufacture is in a highly advanced state. In plain silks they have been rivalled by the English ever since the tissues of Lyons were permitted to come to England; but in the figured sorts the French are still observably in advance. In cotton fabrics they have made very considerable improvements within the last quarter of a century. The first impetus to the French cotton manufacture was given by a person of extraordinary energy of character, Richard Lenoir. This man, the son of a poor peasant of Normandy, began life as a washer of glasses in a coffee-house, and by dint of saving and enterprise, rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers in France. His fortune, however, rested on a hollow foundation—Bonaparte's exclusion of English goods from France—and when this was modified by a more enlightened policy at the restoration, he could no longer compete in the market, and was reduced almost to beggary. Seven or eight years ago, the ruined manufacturer owed the bread he ate to the private subscriptions of a few friends, who had remained faithful to him in his calamity. He is now no more; but the spirit which he infused into French industry has survived him, and many of the manufacturers who have specimens of their productions in the present exhibition, began to realise fortunes when the crisis which destroyed Richard Lenoir had passed away.

Having walked down the long alleys of cloth of different descriptions, we are brought to the terminus of this vast collection; and making our exit, gladly seat ourselves outside under the refreshing shade of the Champs Elysées, and meditate on the singular spectacle which has for two long hours been engaging our attention. To those who may peruse the present imperfect sketch, without having seen the establishment to which it refers, I would wish to convey the impression, that the Exposition generally is highly creditable to the present state of French industry and talent. While in numberless instances the articles exhibited are inferior, or at least dearer, than those of English manufacture, it is equally evident, that in point of elegance and beauty of design the French are still considerably in advance of us. They clearly beat us in ornament. Some of the patterns of their higher classed laces and other tissues are among the finest products of taste. The establishment of schools of design will doubtless tend to improve our artisans in this respect; but a more general love of the beautiful would also require to be inspired in the minds

of the people at large; and to all appearance an improvement is happily setting in in this very desirable direction. Meanwhile, let us do an act of simple justice to our neighbours, and give them credit for their great and meritorious advances in the useful arts, demonstrated by the present national Exposition.

THE DISINTERRED.

Why from its sacred home
Bear the tired dust?
Would ye, too, bid the winged spirit come
Back to a broken trust?

THE grave, the last resting-place of our 'frail humanity,' has been invested, by the common consent of mankind, with so much of sanctity, that its wanton desecration is always looked upon with horror; and even those disinterments which are sometimes, as in cases of suspected murder, necessary for the ends of justice, are generally conducted with as little publicity as possible. Exceptions, however, there are to this, as to most other prejudices and customs of society; and there are on record some disinterments so remarkable as regards the feelings that occasioned them, as to have become matters not only of history, but also of poetry, and that too of the highest order. Many have thrown the halo of poetic colouring round the romantic story of Inez de Castro, the unhappy lady of Portugal, who, being privately married to Don Pedro, the heir of the kingdom, was assassinated by the order of her royal father-in-law, as not being noble enough to share the power of his son. This occurred in 1355, and Don Pedro submitted in silence to the blow that thus ruined his happiness. For thirteen years, during the lifetime of his father, he took no measure of revenge, only brooding on his loss; but no sooner did the death of the king render his own power supreme, than he put to a cruel death the assassins of his wife, and issued orders for a splendid coronation in the cathedral of Santa Clara in Coimbra. There, at noonday, in the presence of the assembled chivalry and beauty of the land, all that remained of Inez de Castro, 'his beautiful, his bride,' was clad in purple and cloth of gold; a royal crown was placed on those hollow temples once so fair to look upon, she was raised high on a chair of state, and Pedro stood beside her to see that none of the shuddering nobles failed to do homage by touching that fleshless hand. Time, place, and circumstance, all conspired to make the spectacle one of splendid horror. Never before nor since was the great lesson of the frailty of human life and the nothingness of earthly grandeur so sternly taught; for even he who had summoned this vast assemblage, that he might thus vindicate the fame of Inez and his own fidelity to her, was only mocked by the pageantry of the scene. It restored her to him, indeed, but not in the living and breathing loveliness which had first won his affections. He had avenged her death: he had made those haughty nobles, who feared degradation if she came to be queen over them, humble themselves before her dust. Still, the heart yearned for more; but all that remained for him to do was to restore his queen to the loneliness of the sheltering grave. She was re-interred with great state in the church of Alcobaca; and her tomb, rich in elaborate sculpture, and containing at a later period the remains of Don Pedro also, was long a shrine for the visits of pious or curious travellers. It was finally desecrated and destroyed by the soldiery during the Peninsular war.

The histories of Spain and Portugal, almost more than those of any other country, mingle with their records of campaigns, treaties, and insurrections, those traits of individual character and feeling which are of the deepest

interest not only to the general reader, but to the student of human nature. Beneath a proud and cold exterior, the Spaniard concealed a passionate tenderness and jealousy in love, and a lofty courage and honourable faith in arms, which made the national character, some three centuries ago, the *beau idéal* of European chivalry. Never were sovereigns more deservedly celebrated than Ferdinand and Isabella, who, by their marriage, and the subsequent expulsion of the Moors, consolidated the Spanish monarchy, and who were, moreover, the friends and patrons of Columbus; yet, fortunate as they were in all their undertakings, they could not escape a painful kind of misfortune—they were unhappy in their children. Their eldest son Juan, gave promise of much goodness, but he died just as he attained to manhood; their eldest daughter Isabella, beautiful and virtuous, died soon after her marriage to the prince of Portugal; their youngest daughter Catherine, married to our Henry VIII., deserved, for her many virtues, to have met more happiness than fell to her lot with her tyrant husband. Joanna, their second daughter, married to Philip of Austria, surnamed the Handsome, was unlike all her family; she neither inherited the talents and virtues of her illustrious mother, nor the worldly wisdom of her sagacious father; and she had no attraction of person or manner to compensate the deficiency. She was singularly wayward and imbecile, and her affections, for want of due regulation, annoyed the husband on whom they were indiscreetly and fitfully lavished. Philip was not only young and handsome, but gay and fond of pleasure; he disliked the haughty formality of the Castilian court, and treated the royal circle, including his wife, with an insolent indifference that offended the pride of the Spanish character, and awoke, in the bosom of Joanna, a jealousy that alternated with love and bigotry in directing her conduct. During the life of Isabella, the quarrels of the young couple, though frequent and violent, ended in reconciliations; for the queen, who was a true wife, a wise and affectionate parent, a kind mistress, and a judicious and warm friend, could bend all who came within her influence to her own will; but when death deprived Joanna of this best monitor, her capricious conduct entirely estranged the affections of Philip. As she was the next in succession to her mother, she was immediately declared sovereign of Castile; and after some delay, and in despite of opposition from her father, Philip was joined with her, and he assumed his new authority with an eager enjoyment that contrasted strongly with the morbid indifference of Joanna. Scarcely, however, was Philip seated on his so-much-coveted throne, scarcely had he taken his first draught of the intoxicating cup that seemed filled with happiness, when he was seized by fever; and in the very prime of manhood, just as he had attained the summit of power, after a few days of severe suffering, he died. Then came that 'late remorse of love,' which made the really injured Joanna forget all his unkindness and neglect: the shock was so severe and unexpected, that she could not at first be brought to comprehend that he was really dead; but when that was beyond all doubt, her mind, which had been long harassed by the conflict between love, jealousy, and a blind and bigoted religious belief, became absorbed with the one idea that he might be restored to life. Her confessor had told her of some monkish legend, which related, that even after fourteen years, by faith and prayer, a dead king had been restored to life, and she resolved to watch and pray, that a similar miracle might be wrought on her behalf. Full of this hope, she looked, without shedding a tear, on the remains of her idolised husband; she suffered the royal obsequies to be performed with all the usual pomp; but, as soon as they were concluded, and the actors in the ceremony were all dismissed, she caused the body to be exhumed, and taken back to her own apartments. Yet even here, in her lonely vigil over the coffined clay, she betrayed the same jealousy that had mingled with her love for him in his lifetime, and she suffered no female to approach the apartment. We,

who now sit in judgment on her conduct, know that thus to feel and act was madness; but with the charity that is

‘so holy in the heart,
And gentle on the tongue,’

let us draw a veil over her infirmities, and pity her sorrows. Though quite incapable of exercising the functions of royalty, she would not relinquish her right to the sovereign power of Castile: she still watched and waited for the return of Philip, withholding for him the right to govern which had descended to their son, the well-known Emperor Charles V. This prince, though manifesting towards the close of life something of the superstitious melancholy of his mother's temperament, seems to have inherited the characteristics of his maternal ancestors, Ferdinand and Isabella; as if talent, like a vein of precious metal, could be lost for a time only to re-appear, in another generation, with greater richness, brilliancy, and depth.

Great as are the diversities of human character, it is scarcely possible to find two individuals whose sex and station in life, being the same, present so great a contrast to each other as Joanna of Castile and Catherine II. of Russia. Both had sensible and highly-gifted mothers, who diligently superintended their education, to fit them for the sovereign stations they were expected to fill. Joanna's natural incapacity defeated her mother's care, but Catherine had superior talents, and profited by the instructions bestowed upon her. They were both married early; and while Joanna's misery arose out of her exceeding affection for the gay, careless, handsome Philip, Catherine's career of crime commenced in her aversion to the imbecile, ill-favoured, brutal Peter; yet, offensive as were his habits, they form no excuse for the guilty ambition which led her to commit at, if she did not contrive, his murder. Scarcely could his body have been cold, when his murderers proclaimed her his successor: he was interred, after a short public exposure of his corpse to the gaze of the public, in a convent, and Catherine at once assumed all the powers of the imperial autocrat. For thirty-five years she retained this vast authority in her own hands, not even suffering her son Paul to enjoy any share of it, much less to ascend that throne to which, at the completion of his minority, he had an undoubted right.

Unlike the weary solitary widowhood of Joanna, Catherine spent her days in the bustle of the camp and the gaiety of the court, maintaining to the last day of her life her established habits of activity. After completing her seventieth year, she fell into a stupor or swoon, in which she remained thirty-seven hours, and then, uttering a fearful shriek, expired. It has been thought that she would, if her senses had returned after the first seizure, have named some other than her son as her successor, so great an aversion had she always seemed to entertain towards him; but he was, as of right, immediately proclaimed czar. One of the first acts of his reign was to order the disinterment of the body of his father; he caused the coffin to be opened in his presence, and shed tears over the remains of his murdered parent. The coffin was then closed, a crown was placed upon it, and it was removed with great pomp to the palace, and thence to the citadel, the royal burying-place. The body of the empress had, in the meantime, been embalmed, and the two coffins were placed side by side. Separated for so many years, husband and wife met again—

* Where none had saluted, and none had replied;*

he from his mouldering rest and companionship with the worm, she from a long course of luxury and unbounded indulgence in vices that every law, social, moral, and divine, discountenances and forbids. One, by the royal mandate, watched over their solemn rest, a man of gigantic stature, with iron nerves; yet did he not tremble as he kept his vigil with the dead? He was more than suspected of being the murderer of Peter; but Paul could not so far outrage his mother's memory

as openly to proclaim such a terrible fact; he therefore avenged his father by thus honouring his remains, and making Alexius Orloff, the reputed murderer, watch over and follow them to their tomb.

BENNIE MINORIE—ANECDOTE OF SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

ABOUT forty-five years ago a poor man, usually, though fictitiously, called Bennie Minorie, perambulated the south of Scotland with a racee show-box, by which and a few sleight-of-hand tricks he made a living. Many a simple farm house in Peebles and Selkirkshires retains agreeable recollections of the visits of this innocent old man, whose kindness to children and general simplicity of character made him a favourite with old and young.* The writer of this anecdote remembers well his coming occasionally to his father's house in a border county, and there amusing the inmates for an afternoon with his show and his feats of legerdemain.

One of Bennie's chief tricks was an exhibition of three pieces of wood like barrels without ends, which were strung like beads upon a double piece of whipcord. When he held the ends of the cord firmly in his hands he defied any one to take the barrels from off the cords without breaking the strings; but when another person held the ends of the cords, he caused the barrels to fly off the strings as if by magic.† The thing appeared to those unacquainted with it to be impossible, but nevertheless it was quite simple to those who knew the secret of the puzzle.

This trick of the 'sour-milk barrels' Bennie Minorie taught to a brother of the writer, then a boy of ten years of age. This youth in time went to sea, and, after a service of about twenty years, attained the command of a merchant-ship. It happened one day, while the ship was at Messina taking in a cargo for South America, that a native juggler made his appearance among the ship-ping in the port. He carried a basket containing trinkets of various sorts, which he sold to the crews of the vessels in the harbour; and he, besides, drew considerable sums of money from the wondering sailors, by exhibiting to them a great many sleight-of-hand tricks. Amongst others of his performances, the captain of the British ship was surprised to observe the identical feat of Bennie Minorie's 'sour-milk barrels,' which the old man had taught him in his youth among the heath clad hills of Scotland. Not one of the many shipmasters and sailors of the different nations present could understand the juggler's puzzle, or imagine how the barrels could be taken off the cords without breaking them.

The juggler, like all others of his calling, went strutting about in the crowd, boasting and magnifying his extraordinary dexterity. The captain, recollecting distinctly all the particulars of the same puzzle which Bennie Minorie had taught him, stepped forward to the bombastical conjurer, and feigned to wonder at the extraordinary powers which he showed in his art. The juggler, with great arrogance, at once challenged the captain to any man in all Sicily to take the barrels from the cords. The captain still pretending to be entirely ignorant of the trick, said he thought the thing might be possible, although it appeared to be very difficult. The gasconading conjurer instantly said he would wager his whole basketful of trinkets, worth several pounds, that the captain could not take the barrels from the cords. The captain, with feigned hesitation and apparent fear, took the bet, engaging to pay *twenty dollars* against the basket in case of failure. The twenty dollars were immediately lodged in the hands of a third party at the request of the juggler, that his prey might not escape him. The gentleman in whose custody the money was placed for security, with other onlookers, was astonished at the simplicity of the captain, and tried to dissuade him from foolishly throwing away his money to a professed trickster, being quite sure he would lose the bet. The captain, however, persisting in his resolution, commenced handling the barrels in a very awkward manner, as if he had been completely ignorant of the trick. This only produced a smile of contempt, and increased the confidence of the self-sufficient man, who now thought himself quite sure of the twenty dollars.

But on the captain again putting his hands upon the barrels and cords in a more easy and confident manner, as if familiar with the trick, the juggler's countenance instantly fell. He perceived the trap laid for him, and exclaimed, 'My basket is lost.' The captain, after some flourishes with his hands, as if he had been an adept at the juggling trade, immediately undid the mysterious puzzle, to the great amusement of the bystanders, and infinite mortification of the poor juggler. The captain immediately ordered one of his crew to carry the basket on board his ship and secure it in the cabin.

The bombastical conjurer was now completely chaf-fallen. Another basket of merchandise was not easily to be obtained; and, besides, the crowd present burst out laughing at his embarrassment, and at seeing the biter so effectually bitten. After keeping the basket for some time in his possession, the captain returned it to the humbled necromancer, warning him at the same time to be more cautious in future, and not again to peril his whole fortune and fame upon a single throw of chance. The captain only retained a tooth-brush or other trifle out of the basket; and the juggler was so much pleased and gratified at his wares being returned to him, that he pressed the captain to accept of some articles of more value than the tooth-brush, but which he declined to receive.

The necromancer now spoke to the captain in a familiar, friendly, and subdued tone, as if he had met with a brother magician, and wished to try him with more of his sleight-of-hand feats; but the captain being only in possession of the single one of the 'sour-milk barrels,' declined having anything further to do with him. The transaction produced considerable interest at the port of Messina, and was the topic of general conversation for some time.

EARLY AND LATE WRITERS.

AN unusually early development of the intellectual faculties is among the least agreeable presages which can be observed in infancy. It is often argued the presence of morbid conditions of mind as extraordinary talent. Judge Dodgridge declares that he found, by experience, that, 'among a number of quick wits in youth, few are found in the end very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to the commonwealth.' Yet instances of early talent of a healthy kind will always prove interesting, and appeal to generous sympathy and admiration. Sir Francis Palgrave, author of various works, translated Homer's *Batrachomyomachia* at the age of eight years. Goethe, when only eight or nine years old, wrote a short description of twelve pictures portraying the history of Joseph. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when in his eighth year, contributed various articles to the magazines. At the age of fourteen Kirke White wrote the following 'Address to the Muse':—

'Ill fated maid! in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen—
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene—
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns, the jers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal?

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom—
That bid fair views and fluttering hopes arise,
Then lure them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that route to go,
In which innumerable before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone?

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found—
I who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aeolian hill—
I through whose soul the muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh, I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languished, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let what'er will betide.'

Barre Roberts, at the age of nineteen, was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and well versed in antiquities and numismatics. He died in his twenty-fourth year, leaving so extensive and valuable a collection of coins, that the

* Bennie died about three years ago in the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, aged 103. An ample account of him is given in the Journal, No. 326.

government purchased it for the British Museum, at the price of four thousand pounds. His works were reprinted by his father for private distribution, in a handsome quarto volume. John Banim wrote many of his prose and poetic pieces while in the fresh bloom of boyhood. When scarcely seventeen, he became editor of the *Leinster Journal*. At eighteen he produced his play of *Damon and Pythias*, and at nineteen his poem of *The Cell's Paradise*. When about twenty, he married, and proceeded to London, where he immediately undertook the editorship of the *Literary Register*. In his twenty-sixth year he published *The Novels*, which established him as the very first of Irish writers of fiction. Howard Dudley, when not sixteen years old, compiled, printed, and engraved the plates for his *History and Antiquities of Horsham, in Sussex* (1836). William Roscoe was in his sixteenth year when he wrote his poem entitled *Mount Pleasant*. The celebrated traveller, Dr E. D. Clarke, wrote, before he was of age, his now exceedingly scarce *Tour through the South of England, Wales, and Ireland* (1793), the style of which is natural and eloquent, full of youthful ardour and spirit, and strongly indicative of feelings that do honour to the goodness and humanity of his heart. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Charles Lloyd, when neither was twenty-one years of age, published a small unpretending volume, containing specimens of their abilities in poetical composition.

On the other hand, there are remarkable instances of authors of distinction having commenced their literary career at a ripe age. It was not until he had attained his twenty-eighth year that the talents of Sir Walter Scott developed themselves. 'I happened to be in Scotland,' says Lord Dudley, 'when Scott discovered his great genius—just as a man finds a treasure buried in his garden, or a great mine upon his estate.' Allan Ramsay, the Doric poet of Scotland, was twenty-six ere he wrote verses. It must, however, be owned that generally literary talent shows itself before twenty.

Of exertions of mind at an advanced period of life, many remarkable anecdotes are told. When the celebrated Arnauld, author of an excellent work entitled *The Art of Thinking*, asked his friend Nicholl to assist him in a new work, the latter declined, saying, 'We are now old, and it is time to rest,' to which Arnauld made this memorable reply, 'Rest! have we not all eternity to rest in?' Dr Johnson, the year before his death, acquired a perfect knowledge of the Dutch language. Accorson, the celebrated lawyer, did not commence the study of the law till very late in life, saying that he should then master it the sooner. The late venerable Marquis of Wellesley cheered and consoled his old age by writing Latin and English verses. At the age of seventy-eight Voltaire re-wrote in one year the *Sophismata of Marcus*, and composed his tragedy of the *Laws of Minos*; and when arrived at his eighty-second year, he wrote his *Epistle to Bolcau*, his *Epistle to Horace*, the *Tuilets*, the *Dialogue of Pegasus*, and several other little pieces. Cato was eighty years old when he began to learn Greek, and Plutarch was about the same age when he acquired a knowledge of Latin. Socrates was in his old age when he began to learn to play various musical instruments. Bernardino de Sahagun, a Franciscan friar, having gone as a missionary to Mexico in 1529, conceived there the design of illustrating the antiquities of the Aztecs, and for this purpose wrote in the Mexican language a work containing an immense mass of curious information. From jealousy, however, he was deprived of his manuscript by the provincial of his order, till he had reached the age of eighty, when, through a friendly and powerful intercession, he recovered it, and began even then the laborious task of translating it from the Mexican into Spanish. This translation, when finished, occupied, with its numerous paintings, two folio volumes, but being sent to Madrid for publication, the manuscript was lost, and did not make its appearance before the world until nearly three centuries had elapsed; for it was first published at Mexico in 1827, and republished in the following year by Lord Kingsborough, who thought himself the first to introduce it to notice. Louis Cornaro, the celebrated abstemious Venetian, writing at the age of eighty-three, speaks of his having just penned a mirthful and pleasant comedy. Theophrastus was upwards of ninety when he commenced his admirable work on the *Characters of Men*. Ludovico Monaldesco was a hundred and fifteen years old when he wrote the celebrated memoirs of his time. Thus we see that sometimes a man's genius

'Blooms in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.'

TOO EARLY SCHOOL TASKS DISCOMMENDED.

Children ought not to be too soon dismissed from an education *exclusively* domestic. They ought not, I mean, to be sent to school at too early an age. A practice the contrary of this threatens to be productive of serious, not to say irreparable mischief. Parents are often too anxious that their children should have a knowledge of the alphabet, of spelling, reading, geography, and other branches of school-learning at a very early age. This is worse than tempting them to walk too early, because the organ likely to be injured by it is much more important than the muscles and bones of the lower extremities. It may do irreparable mischief to the brain. That viscus is yet too immature and feeble to sustain fatigue. Until from the sixth to the eighth year of life, the seventh being perhaps the proper medium, all its energies are necessary for its own healthy development, and that of the other portions of the system. Nor ought they to be diverted, by serious study, to any other purpose. True, exercise is as essential to the health and vigour of the brain at that time of life as at any other; but it should be the general and pleasurable exercise of observation and action. It ought not to be the compulsory exercise of tasks. Early prodigies of mind rarely attain mature distinction. The reason is plain: their brains are injured by premature toil, and their general health impaired. Were parents fully sensible of this, they would no longer overload the brains of their mere babes with study, any more than they would their half-organized muscles and joints with unmerciful burdens of brick and mortar. They would even know that the latter would be the less destructive practice of the two. Instead of seeing infants confined to inaction in crowded school-rooms, with saddened looks, moist eyes, and aching heads, we should then meet them in gardens and lawns, groves and pleasant grounds, breathing wholesome air, leaping, laughing, shouting, cropping flowers, pursuing butterflies, collecting and looking at curious and beautiful insects and stones, listening to bird songs, singing themselves, admiring the bright blue arch of the heavens, or gazing at the thickening folds of the thunder-cloud, and doing all other things fitted to promote health, develop and strengthen their frames, and prepare them for the graver business of after-life. And instead of pale faces, flaccid cheeks, and wasted bodies, we should find them with ruddy flesh, firm muscles, and full and well-rounded limbs. Exercises and pastimes such as these constitute the only 'Infant School' that deserves to be encouraged; nor will any other sort receive encouragement when the business of education shall be thoroughly understood. The brain of infants will be then no longer neglected as a mass of matter of little importance, skin, muscle, and bone being thought preferable to it. On the contrary, it will be viewed in its true character, as the ruling organ of the body and the apparatus of the mind, and its training will receive the attention it merits. I repeat—and the repetition should be persevered in until its truth be acknowledged and reduced to practice—that most of the evils of education under which the world has so long suffered, and is still suffering, arise from the mistaken belief, that in what is called moral and intellectual education, it is the *mind* that is exercised, and not the *brain*. Nor will the evils cease, and education be made perfect, until the error shall be exploded. Knowing nothing of the nature of the mind, and supposing it to be, as a spirit, somewhat *impassive*, we are neither apprised nor apprehensive that any degree of action will impair it. Indeed we can form no conception of an injury done to it as a separate essence. Perhaps the most rational belief is, that it can suffer none. But the case is different as respects organized matter. We witness daily injuries done to it by injudicious exercise. Nor is there perhaps any portion of it so easily or ruinously damaged by excessive action as the brain, especially the half-formed and highly-susceptible brain of infants. Let this truth be realised, and lethally and skillfully acted on, and human suffering from hydrocephalus, rickets, phrenitis, idiocy, epilepsy, madness, and other cerebral affections, will be greatly diminished. It would be infinitely wiser and better to employ suitable persons to superintend the exercises and amusements of children under seven years of age, in the fields, orchards, and meadows, and point out to them the riches and beauties of nature, than to have them immured in crowded schoolrooms, poring over horn-books and primers, coming words of whose meaning they are ignorant, and breathing foul air.—*Caldwell on Physical Education.*

DILIGENCE IN BUSINESS.

Cultivate a spirit of diligence both in your temporal and spiritual employ. Strictly adhere to your business. Religion commands this. There may be difficulties in your calling, and so there are in every situation; but let not this relax your exertions, lest you give occasion for the enemy to speak evil of you. Besides, assiduity in your lawful concerns is one of the best ways to be preserved from temptation. Idleness has led to a thousand evil consequences; while itself is a most unhappy state of mind. It is good to be employed. Action is really the life, business, and rest of the soul. 'Idleness,' as South says, 'offers up the soul as a blank to the devil for him to write what he will upon it.' Idleness is the emptiness, and business the fullness of the soul; and we all know that we may infuse what we will into empty vessels, but a full one has no room for a further infusion.—*Buck's Christian's Guide.*

HAIR-STE.

THOUGH weel I lo'e the baddin' spring,
I'll no miscal' John Frost,
Nor will I rook the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost;
For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And han' in han' they junk about,
Like weans at jingo-ring.
Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
'I weary for the summer woods,
'The liltie's titterin' sang';
But when the woods grow gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, 'When will hairst-time come,
The gloamin' o' the year?'
Oh, hairst-time's like a lippin' eap
That's gien wi' furthly gle—
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sue ladylike,
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.
The yellow corn will porridge mal',
The apples taste your mon',
And owre the stibble rigs I'll chaso
The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the briar—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
I' the gloamin' o' the year.
Sweet Hope! ye biggit hae a nest
Within my bairn's breast—
Oh! may his trustin' heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest;
Some comin' joys are dancin' aye
Afore his langin' een—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
An' birds that ne'er were seen.
The stibble rig is aye ahin',
The gowden grain afore,
An' apples drap into his lap,
Or row in at the door.
• Come hairst-time then unto my bairn,
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowin' win's to cool
The gloamin' o' the year.

—*Nursery Songs, Glasgow, 1844.*

CHINESE ICE-HOUSES.

The ice-houses around Ningpo, and especially on the banks of the river between that city and Chinhae, are beyond calculation. They are built above the ground, and generally upon a platform of earth raised so as to be above the level of the surrounding fields. Upon such a mound a bamboo frame is thrown, which is well and closely thatched with paddy straw. The ice is collected in tanks or ponds, which the proprietors of the ice-houses take care to keep duly filled with water during the winter season. When the ice is of sufficient thickness they col-

lect it; and, as it is brought in, each layer is covered with dry straw, and in this manner the ice is preserved during the whole summer. Each house has its own drain, to draw off the water caused by the melting of the ice. The article is not used in Ningpo for private consumption, but solely as an antiseptic for flesh and fish during the heats of summer. The inhabitants know nothing of the mode of cooling their liquid, except as they have observed foreigners use it for that purpose, and then they are very willing to retail it to them at the rate of about eighty to one hundred cash per bucket, a charge by no means excessive during the dog days. In places like Foochow-foo, the seat of Chinese luxury, ice is occasionally used to cool fruits, sweetmeats, &c.—*Friend of China.*

OYSTERS.

The western Australians eat all sorts of salt-water molluscs except oysters. In the Old World, however, oysters have enjoyed an extensive reputation as luxuries from a very early period. Pliny, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Varro, and other ancient authors, represent the Romans as being fond of oysters, especially of those which they obtained from Britain. Our oysters were honoured with a prominent place at the banquet-tables of their emperors. They ate with them a peculiar kind of bread, called by Pliny *panis ostrarius*—probably something like the large rolls seen in our modern oyster-shops.

He was a brave man who first ventured upon swallowing a raw oyster; but braver still was George II., who preferred attacking oysters when they were not only raw, but stale and of strong flavour. The Honourable Robert Boyle, in his book entitled *Reflections*, speaks in terms of abhorrence and ultra-humanity of the practice of eating raw oysters. Whatever may be said by the admirers of Boyle in favour of previous boiling, raw oysters will always be most patronised for the superior delicacy and purity of their taste. We may presume that Dr Johnson preferred them in their undressed state, for he compared scalloped oysters to 'children's ears in sawdust.' A noble lord giving directions for a treat of boiled oysters, says, 'Wash the shells of the oysters clean, then put the oysters into an earthen pot with their hollow sides downwards, then put this pot covered into a great saucepan with water, and so let them boil in their own liquor unmixed with the water.' It was said of a cold climate, that no fruit ripened in it except baked apples; and, according to the satirical Bishop Corbett—

'Tis so seething hot in Spain, they swear
They never heard of a raw oyster there.'

Poetica Stomatia, 1648.

But to oysters that lie in shallow water, a severe frost proves as destructive as a hot summer. The frost of 1829–30 destroyed, on one Danish bank alone, more than eight millions of oysters, or about ten thousand tons weight.

THISTLES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

After emerging from the quinta and chacara grounds, some six leagues from the capital, we came upon the cardales, or 'thistleries,' which, at the time I speak of, reached to Arroyo del Medio, the boundary of the province of Buenos Ayres. Since then, they have gone on extending their dominion on all sides, and they seem destined to become at last the great vegetable usurpers of the whole Pampas. When I left Scotland, I thought I had left the country, par excellence, of thistles behind me; I now found that those of my native land, compared with the thistleries of the Pampas, were as a few scattered Lilliputians to the serried ranks of the Brobdingnagians. From one post-house to another a lane was cut through these huge thistle-fields, which hemmed you in on either side as completely as if you were riding between walls fifty feet high; you saw as little in the one case as you would in the other. The cattle find shade in these cardales, and are often lost among them for days. They afford a shelter for highwaymen, and when at their greatest growth, they are a favourite resort for gentlemen of the road. They tower above your head, and in many cases hide the post-house from your view till you come close upon the door. In short, Pampas thistles, like all things else in South America, are on a large scale.—*Robertson's Letters on Paraguay.*

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SUNDAY IN LONDON.

THE devotion with which business is pursued in London has caused the Sunday to be most unfairly dealt with. The great bulk of the industrious classes find, or affect to find, that they must work from morning till night for six days, and then convince themselves that it is necessary to spend the Sunday entirely in recreation, for which they say they have no other time. It would probably be a new idea to many of them, if they were asked, 'Why no other time?' or if it were pointed out that each day ought to have, to some extent, its own period of recreation. But, how far soever they may be in error on this point, the mode in which these classes do generally spend the Sunday is itself a fact in our social system not unworthy of notice. A few light pencillings on the subject may be listened to, where a downright sermon would be disregarded.

The streets of London always present a remarkably quiet and deserted appearance early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save now and then when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of anglers, principally young clerks and shopmen, pass by, yawning and half wishing that they had not got up quite so early, and carrying across their shoulders formidable instruments intended for the capture of roach and gudgeons, and large full-bellied baskets crammed with bread and meat, equivocal pork pies, and a bottle of beer. Now and then—but, I am happy to say, this has become comparatively a rare sight of late years—some mechanic, we may hope an unmarried one, who had been offering last night the first fruits of his week's wages at the shrine of Bacchus, comes staggering past. He is not sufficiently sober to know where he is going; but as he is not too drunk to walk, and does not make any disturbance, the policeman takes no notice of him. The early breakfast stalls, that on other days are patronised by artisans on the way to their work, are not to be seen, or are confined to localities in which their custom is derived from those who reside in their immediate vicinity. The coffee-shops remain shut longer than usual, as mechanics, who form their principal frequenters, lie in bed a couple of hours later, as a rest from the toil of the past week, and a preparation for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

At seven o'clock the day may be said to commence. The shrill voice of the water-cress seller is heard—the small transactions of that trade confining it almost entirely to children and those who are too old for anything else. The other cries tolerated on Sunday morning are shrimps, dried haddocks, Yarmouth bloaters, mackerel, and the fruits of the season. It may be well, however, to say that the magnificent but ugly word bloater is applied to more red herrings, and not to that

incomparable dainty which swims in the sea only a few days before it comes on the table, and is only salted sufficiently to make it keep for that interval, and only smoked enough to tinge it with the colour of virgin gold. The milk-woman now walks her rounds, clattering her tin cans, and singing out her musical cry. She is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humoured Welsh or Irish woman, with a joke for the policeman, and for the servant-girl an inquiry after the health of her 'young man.' She is also the confidant of the whole neighbourhood, and gives sage advice to the servant-of-all-work, who, disgusted with some inquiries that had been made after a shoulder of mutton which appeared but once at table, resolves to give that misus of hers warning this very blessed day. The chimneys begin to smoke, and the shops in the poor neighbourhoods, that deal in the necessaries of life, open one by one. Down the narrow courts, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw; and in that nearest you, you hear the rattle of cups and saucers, and by and by the screams of a little boy who is undergoing an involuntary ablution. When the younger branches of the family are dressed, they are made to sit in a row on the door-step, so that they may be out of the way, and with strict injunctions not to play, lest they should spoil their dresses. Inside, the mother and elder daughters are deep in the mysteries of stuffing a leg of pork and the manufacture of an apple-pie; and the father, after being knocked about by everybody, and made a complete tool of—having alternately been set to hold the baby, and pare apples, and reach down sugar, and sharpen knives—at length indignantly retires to the street-door, where, with his coat off, and in a very white shirt and ditto trousers, and with the baby in his arms, he smokes his pipe and reads his Sunday paper, borrowed from the public-house, or one of the penny weeklies, purchased 'out and out.'

About ten o'clock the streets become fuller. Londoners have a strong regard for appearances, and those who perhaps do not visit a church from one year's end to another, are yet unwilling to exhibit their negligence to the public. During the hours of the morning service the streets are comparatively empty; all those who set out on their day's walk before dinner—who, however, form but a limited proportion of the pleasure-seekers—starting about this time. They generally consist of small parties who go down by railway or steamboat to Greenwich, carrying their dinner with them in a basket, and dining under a chestnut-tree, spending their afternoon in visiting Shooter's Hill, riding on donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up, along with some other party, a game at kiss-in-the-ring. This is also the time chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, shutting his eyes to the expense, hires a gig for the day, and drives his lady-love to Harrow, Richmond, Totten-

ham, or some other favoured place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about in the neighbourhood, return at six to ten, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose point of politeness is to thank the waiter separately for every service he performs. There is another class—patriarchal experienced men, knowing of the fact that simple and economical pleasures are often the best—who carry the whole of their family, and a friend or two besides, to Bipping Forest in a tuxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, well known in the neighbourhood for the last dozen years, and generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of drawing. When this party has arrived at its destination, a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the viands before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter, as safe from intruders as if they were in a balloon, although the place is within a very few miles of London. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's today and making tea for the ladies; and in the meantime the young folks stroll about, arm in arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and prose. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court by means of a pleasure-van holding about two dozen persons, and for the trip there and back pay a shilling. The van is handsomely painted, the horses neatly harnessed, and the awning overhead protects the pleasureers from the sun, admitting only the dust. In a very little while they are rumbled and tumbled into companionship. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at the altar, and only to terminate in the grave. These pleasureers look down with a good-humoured superiority on mere pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is ten o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and in the poor neighbourhoods the shops are open, and doing a great amount of business. Mrs. Smith, having resisted for some time the demands of the children for a pie, to their great glee as length given in, and hurries out for green rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, or apples, according to the season, though with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers put off the buying of their Sunday joint to this moment, in the hope that the butcher will sell his meat a halfpenny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys, with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbours are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how penetrating girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well-dressed people are walking along with a quiet and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs. Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had 'cleaned' herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabmen, despairing of a fare for the next

two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, the public-houses being rigidly closed until one o'clock; while in St Giles's and Seven Dials, Irishmen, dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, individually lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the kerb-stone, smoke in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllabic observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.

It is one o'clock, and Mrs. Smith is dressed, and nursing the baby; and Mr. Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the paper through, advertisements and all, and having been put into a state of patriotic dissatisfaction by the leading article, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The little Smiths are each of them seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people have come out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in rescating them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill as if by magic. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's, without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away *their* pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is done well, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat, and as for the pie, it is the perfection of the baking Art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and receiving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were an everyday occurrence, and a custard pudding a mere nothing; and it would be a surprising sight, too, to one who did not know that bakers live upon the steam of the good things intrusted in their hands. During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr. Smith with his own hands has brought a pot of porter from the public-house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has had the cloth with scrupulous neatness, ringing out to advantage the imitation ebony erect frame that they have had ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks, which had been a present from mother. The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and indeed somewhat dissipated-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday, and Mrs. Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and father one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties. We will not say anything about the dinner, farther than that it is treated in the style customary with Londoners, who consider it a Christian duty to eat as much as possible on Sunday; and it must be a good dinner too, even if they are upon short commons for the rest of the week to pay for it.

The dinner is over, and the anxious are put away, and everybody is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr. Smith goes for the children's 'shay' from the back-yard, and with some difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wrathful from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of the children are inserted in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe at least half a yard long, which he had hid away till now over the clock, to be out of the reach of the juveniles. Through the streets they go, Mrs. Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of

setting a good example, running every now and then under the very heads of the horses, as is the custom with all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for Regent's Park, to sit down on benches or lie on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many lecturers who there hold forth gratuitously; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill, from the top of which they see the panorama of the mighty city spread before them, with St Paul's rising high in the midst.

Everything goes on pleasantly enough with our Smiths, who walk through Somers-Town, keeping on the shady side of the way; but it is quite a different affair when they get past Chalk Farm. The road here opens to the hot sun, and clouds of dust come darting down, then across and back again, like a playful kitten doing all the mischief it can out of pure fun. But the worst of it is the steep hill they have now to climb. Mr Smith tugs and toils away, now stopping to dry the perspiration from his brow, and now giving vent to his feelings by reproaches levelled at his wife. He knew all along what it would be. It always happens so every Sunday; and his pleasure must be spoiled for a whole day, because she would insist on bringing the children. It was too bad—that it was. Now, Mrs Smith possesses, as she herself affirms, the temper of a *harriet*, but to hear the way John went on would exhaust the patience of Job. Wasn't it enough that she was worried to death by the baby, but he must begin to talk about her bringing the children, just as if he didn't propose it himself. But that was the way she was always treated; he was never contented and sociable like other men. Why didn't he take pattern by cousin Mary's. But just as she has reached this point, they arrive at a public house, in which Mr Smith proposes that they should rest for a short time, and as his wife is perfectly amenable, they walk in. After sitting for some time while over a pot, who should they see coming in but young Thompson and his wife, a very respectable couple indeed, he being a first-rate turner, making, it is said, at least two guineas a-week. After expressing their mutual surprise at meeting, they all sit down together, and the two men begin to talk politics, and the ladies domestics. Mrs Smith gives a complete history of the rise and progress of a hoop-neck, with which little Johnny had been lately suffering, with an exposition of her particular mode of treatment, to all of which Mrs Thompson listens with great interest, and treasures it up in her mind, as she herself has a baby of two or three months old. Having rested for some time, they start in a body, and as there are now two men to draw the chaise, they go on pleasantly enough, and at length, after several stoppages, arrive at the very top of Hampstead Heath.

On the side of a declivity on the heath there are a great number of tables and forms laid out on the grass, on which some washerwomen, who inhabit the cottages close by, provide the social meal for all such as are willing to pay ninepence a-head. To this spot our party repair, and after some discussion with an elderly female with regard to how many heads the young Smiths might be supposed to possess collectively, they sit down and take tea, remarking how very differently the beverage, as well as the bread and butter, tastes in the country. Even tea, however, will not stand more than three or four waterings at the most, and they at length get up and turn their faces homewards.

The heath is now rapidly becoming deserted, the only persons who seem inclined to remain being couples, who walk about slowly in the less frequented parts, and talk together in a low tone, and white gowns that are seen gliding like phantoms among the bushes, each with its Hamlet striving to muster courage to address it. The dusk of the evening is coming on, and the pleasure-seekers again return to the road, and now commences the least agreeable part of the day. From Hampstead to the New Road there is an almost solid line of human beings, some three miles long, enshrouded in

a cloud of dust. Every person is thirsty, but the public-houses are all full; and even if they were not, there are very few who have not spent their money at Hampstead. Of that mass of human beings—indeed of the whole population of London, whether seen in church or in the streets on this day—it is worthy of remark, that there is not one who is not well and comfortably dressed. In this respect we differ from most continental cities. The same feeling of pride that makes the Londoner fare well on Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week, causes him to dress well, and if he cannot do so, he remains a prisoner in his house all day.

Down the hill come the multitude, their feet sore with walking, their heads aching with the heat of the sun, combined, in many cases, with the potatoes they have been imbibing, their clothes discoloured with the dust, and almost all of them either sulky, or venting their ill-humour on their friends. Our party, who half an hour ago were in such good spirits, are now quite the reverse. Mr and Mrs Smith are engaged in a not very amicable discussion, and the children are either asleep or crying, and their mother endeavours to silence them by a distribution of boxes on the ear, which, strangely enough, seems to have quite an opposite effect. Those who can afford to ride are the only persons who enjoy themselves. One party comes tearing down the hill at full speed in a cab, making the women run screaming out of the way, and raising a cloud of dust that blinds everybody. Inside the conveyance are three couples, and three or four gentlemen are distributed on the available places on the roof, smoking cigars, and cutting jokes at the personal appearance of the passers-by. Just as the Smiths are entering London, the evening service of the churches is finished, and the different congregations come pouring out, neatly dressed, and with a contented air. The Smiths, with dirty faces, dusty clothes, and screaming children, hang down their heads abashed, and sneak home as quickly and quietly as they can, and, quite worn out, go to bed with a mental resolution not to seek pleasure for the future in such a laborious manner. It is a curious fact, and one that shows how much better the pleasurable parts of past events are remembered than the disagreeable, that the Smiths, the very next Sunday, again go to the same place, spend the day in the same manner, and return with the same resolution, which is made only to be broken the next Sunday.

The streets in the meantime continue more or less crowded by the returning population till ten o'clock, when a sensible and remarkably sudden diminution in the numbers takes place. Almost all the families with children are by this time housed, and the warehousemen, shopmen, and shopwomen who live with their employers, disappear as the hour strikes, like so many apparitions. This abstracts at once the gayer part of the throng, including all the patent leather boots, gold (mosaic) headed canes, delicate coloured silk gowns, barege shawls, and pretty bonnets, and with these accessories most of the gentlemanlike figures and coquettish ankles which throughout the day had thrown a strong dash of gentility upon the motley assemblage. The great lines of thoroughfare become more and more empty towards eleven, and in the back streets, the neighbours who had congregated at the doors in little groups to talk over the events of the day, or to compensate themselves for having passed the Sunday at home by enjoying a look at the returning wanderers, vanish one by one into the interior of their domiciles. 'Good night' is heard on all sides, mingled with the shutting of doors, the shooting of bolts, and here and there with softer adieus. By midnight the signs of the holiday are over.

Such are but a few traits of a vast subject, the full treatment of which might fill volumes. Enough, however, must have been done even in these light paragraphs, to indicate the unsatisfactory nature of the tradesman and working-man's Sunday in London; that is, taking these classes generally, and acknowledging many exceptions. At best, a little amusement is ob-

gained, or a brief unbending from tasks which press at all other times. The higher needs of our nature are left entirely ungratified. It may not, I humbly think, be amiss, while congratulating ourselves on the success of the nation generally in the pursuit of wealth, to remember the immense expense in various ways to a vast portion of the people at which that success is secured.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

In modern systems of ornithology, the quails, though bearing a striking resemblance to the partridge, are ranked as a distinct genus of the Tetraonidae or Grouse tribe. They differ from the partridge (*Perdix*) in being smaller, in having a more delicate beak, shorter tail, and no spur on the legs, and in having the first three quills of the wing longer, and consequently better adapted for flight. This last distinction is what might have been expected from a knowledge of the fact, that the partridge seldom takes long flights, while quails annually perform very distant migrations. The two genera also differ considerably in their habits: the latter never perch; they assemble in vast flocks instead of in limited coveys, and though they pair regularly, the male deserts the female as soon as she begins to sit, nor afterwards assists in protecting the brood; whereas the conjugal attachment and parental care of the partridge continues undiminished long after the young can provide for themselves. From these and other minor differences, ornithologists have arranged the quails under a distinct genus (*Coturnix*); and as the species inhabiting the old world differ in various points from those found in America, the latter have been separated into a sub-genus (*Oryz*), comprehending several species, among which are the well-known Virginian quail and the crested ortyx of California. It is chiefly, however, to the quails of the old world—to their peculiar characters and habits—that we mean to direct attention in the following sketch.

The quail is more or less numerously distributed over every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and New Holland. The European or common species (*Coturnix dactylisomans*) is a plump little bird, about half the size of a partridge, and remarkable for the juicy and delicate flavour of its flesh. It has the crown of the head and neck blackish; over each eye there is a yellowish streak, and another down the forehead; the plumage is a mixture of blackish-brown, with a slight fawn tinge at the base and tip. In the female the tints are considerably paler. From this description, it will be seen that the plumage is less brilliant and not so beautifully marked as that of the partridge, nor has the quail the bald space between the eyes, nor the figure of the horse-shoe on the breast, which characterise the latter bird; but in other respects—in shape and gait—there is sufficient resemblance to justify the once popular appellation of the *dwarf partridge*. The food of the quail is chiefly grain, seeds, and herbage, though it is by no means averse to insects, slugs, or worms. Like the rest of the tribe to which it belongs, it prefers the open field, taking shelter amid the long grass, and seldom or never retreating to the covert of furze or under-wood. It usually sleeps during the day, not like the partridge on some sunny or dusty bank, but concealed among the herbage, lying on its side with its legs indolently extended, even for hours together. In this state it is not easily flushed, and will suffer itself to be run over by a dog before it be forced to the wing. The great amount of rest and shade which it enjoys, renders it uniformly plump and in good condition; even at mid-winter we have seen specimens bagged in Scotland weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound, and having a subcutaneous layer of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Quails are, by some naturalists, said to be polygamous; but this we are inclined to doubt, having found those

which frequent Britain always in pairs, at least during the earlier part of the breeding season. The female lays from eight to fourteen eggs of an oil-green colour, dashed with rugged, rust-coloured spots, and occupies about three weeks in the incubation. On being hatched, the young are instantly led forth, and disperse so soon as they are able to shift for themselves, which is seldom longer than eight days. They are rarely found in bevvies (covey is the term applied to a family of partridges), and only become gregarious when impelled by the annually returning instinct of migration. They then assemble in myriads, and traverse together seas and deserts, holding their course to those countries where harvest is preparing, in order to obtain their necessary subsistence. The quail, like the cuckoo and other birds which migrate with the seasonal influences which prepare their food, have been often charged with a want of parental affection; but as there can be nothing causeless or incomplete in the system of nature, we should rather pause than blindly and hastily condemn. Were the cuckoo, for example, in her northward migrations always (for she sometimes does it) to tarry and hatch her own young, her proper food would have departed, and both she and her brood left to starvation; but dropping her eggs by degrees as she travels northwards, the foster-mothers rear the young, which are ready to be taken up, as it were, by their natural mother on her southward return. So it is with the quails: a short incubation, and a hasty maternal care, is all that the seasonal influences which govern their migration will admit of. It is stated, too, by many ornithologists, that the males are more numerous than the females. This, so far as can be judged from the British immigrants, is not correct. The sexes are apparently on an equality in numbers; only the males, being of a roving disposition, come more frequently under notice of the observer. Like all animals which rapidly multiply their numbers, the average life of the quail is short, rarely exceeding five years; never, it is said, seven.

Of birds of passage, the quail is perhaps the most imperfectly adapted for flight; hence the reports of its having been seen crossing extensive tracts of the ocean are questioned by many authors. Be this as it may, the fact of their migration is indubitable, and has been noticed from time immemorial. 'When we sailed from Rhodes to Alexandria,' says Bollandus, 'about autumn, many quails, flying from the north to the south, were taken in our ship; and sailing at spring-time the contrary way, from the south to the north, I observed them on their return, when many of them were taken in the same manner.*' What is here mentioned has been observed by many others, though we are inclined to believe that where an ordinary supply of food can be obtained, the quail is by no means given to long journeyings. In Britain, for example, they often merely leave the inland counties, and migrate to the downs and sandy links which border upon parts of the sea-coast, and in such sheltered and warm districts pass the winter. In general terms, it may be stated of the quail that it is a bird of passage, arriving in latitudes the same as our own about the middle of May, and returning southward in the month of September. In Britain it is comparatively a rare bird, and we must therefore look to France, the countries bordering the Mediterranean, to Asia-Minor, and to China, for its true habits; and in all these countries its migrations from south to north, or from the sea-coast to the interior in spring—and from north to south, or from inland to the sea-coast in winter—are regular and familiar occurrences. On their passage they fly during the night or early morning, and rest according to their usual habit throughout the day, when they are easily captured. As proof of their nocturnal flight, it is observed by Pliny 'that they alight in such numbers on ships (while the sailors

* Pliny relates with great gravity that quails 'ballast themselves in their sea-voyages by carrying stones in their feet or sand in their craw,' as if they were not gifted with sufficient bodily weight, without having recourse to such an ingenious expedient.

are asleep), by their settling on the masts, sails, &c. as to bear down barks and small craft, and finally to sink them; and on that account seamen have a great dread of them when they approach near land.' So unerring is their instinctive knowledge of the precise time for migration, that they retain it even though reared and kept in bondage. We have a very singular proof of this recorded by the Rev. Mr Daniel in his *Rural Sports*, in some young quails which, having been bred in cages from the earliest period of their lives, had never enjoyed, and therefore could not feel, the loss of liberty. 'For four successive years,' says he, 'they were observed to be restless, and to flutter with unusual agitations regularly in September and April; and this uneasiness lasted for thirty days at each time. The birds passed the whole night in these fruitless struggles; and always on the following day appeared dejected and stupid.'

Dull as the prisoned eagle seems,
His spirit still soars wild and free;
His eye is sunward—still he dreams
Of beetling cliff and boundless sea.

Petter his talons, clip his wing—
Let him in lonely darkness pine—
Call him a mean and abject thing—
His thoughts are all unchained as thine.

Quails, according to Mr Daniel, are seen in immense flocks traversing the Mediterranean from Italy to the shores of Africa, and returning again in the spring, frequently alighting on the islands of the Archipelago, which they almost cover with their numbers. Ortygia was named from them; and so abundant are they on Capri, that the principal revenues of the bishop and some convents arise from the quails they send to Naples. At their arrival in Alexandria, such multitudes are exposed in the markets, that three or four may be bought for a halfpenny. Crews of merchant vessels have been fed upon them, and complaints have been laid at the consul's office by murmurers against their captains for giving nothing but quails to eat—so much does over-abundance depreciate the greatest delicacies. The author of *Letters from the Campagna Felice* relates the following anecdote, which also illustrates how incredibly abundant quails sometimes are on this part of the Mediterranean coast:—'During the time that the Capitani Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship had caught two or three quails which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously; and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has occasionally to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piastre for every bird that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught, of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price was liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers.' Such prodigious numbers also appear on the western coasts of the kingdom of Naples, that a hundred thousand have in one day been caught within the space of three or four miles. Most of these are taken to Rome, where they are in great request, and sold for extremely high prices. Galt, in his travels through Sicily, thus describes the fervour and excitement of the quail season:—'In the month of September vast flocks of quails come over from the continent to Sicily, and being fatigued by their flight, are easily shot on their arrival. The pleasure which the inhabitants of Palermo take in this sport is incredible. Crowds of all ages and degrees assemble on the shores, and the number of sportsmen is prodigious. In one group I reckoned eleven, and in less than half a mile thirty-four groups, each consisting of from two to five persons, with as many dogs. The number of boats is perhaps greater than those on the land. From morning to night they watch the appearance of the birds; the aquatics first seeing them, their

firing rouses and gives signal to the landmen: their enviable is the lot of the apprentice who, with a borrowed old musket or pistol—no matter how unsafe—has gained possession of the farthest accessible rock, where there is but room for himself and dog, which he had fed with bread only all the year round for these delightful days, and which sits in as happy expectation as himself for the coming of the quails.'

Clouds of quails also alight in spring along the coast of Provence, especially in the lands belonging to the Bishop of Frejus, which border on the sea. Here they are sometimes found so exhausted, that for a few of the first days they may be caught with the hand. In some parts of the south of Russia they abound so greatly at the time of their migration, that they are caught in thousands, and sent in casks to Moscow and St Petersburg. 'It is highly probable,' continues Mr Daniel, 'that quails are the same kind of bird which Providence gave to the murmuring Israelites as food in the wilderness, and which were "rained" (beat down by storm) on their passage to the north by a wind from the south-west, sweeping over Egypt and Ethiopia towards the shores of the Red Sea—in a word, over the countries where these birds are still the most abundant.' Should this be the case, as there is every reason to suppose, then, as a distinguished naturalist observes, we have proof of the perpetuation of an instinct (migration) through upwards of 3000 years.

Though scantily scattered over Britain, the metropolis imports from France great quantities of these birds for the table. They are conveyed by stage-coaches, about a hundred in a square box, which is divided into five or six compartments, one above another, just high enough to admit the quails to stand upright. Were they allowed a greater height than this, they would soon kill themselves; and even with this precaution, the feathers are generally beaten off the crown of their heads. These boxes have wire in front, and each partition is furnished with a small trough for food. They may be forwarded in this manner without difficulty to great distances. Though highly esteemed by the moderns, quails were in no great repute among some of the ancients. The Athenians, according to Pliny, rejected them because they were said to feed upon hemlock, and because they were the only animals besides man that were subject to epilepsy. We are not aware how long the Athenians continued in this mind; but certainly it said little for the luxury and good taste of which they boasted, to have discarded from their tables one of nature's most savoury tit-bits.

Quails are the most undaunted of the tribe to which they belong. Partridges have been known to fall down of sheer fright when forced to cross a narrow creek of the sea, the quail, on the other hand, performs his migratory journeyings with fearless bravery. As they are courageous, so they are equally quarrelsome, especially during the love season, when their contentions often terminate in mutual destruction. This disposition, from which arose the Greek adage, 'As quarrelsome as quails in a cage,' induced the ancients to fight them with each other as the moderns do game cocks; the conqueror enjoying quite as much celebrity of its kind as the winner of the Derby. Indeed, it is told of Augustus that he punished a prefect of Egypt even with death for buying and bringing to his table one of these birds which had acquired great fame on account of its victories. Sometimes, according to Daniel, these combats were performed between a quail and a man; the quail was put into a large box, and set in the middle of a circle traced on the floor; the man struck it on the head with one finger, or plucked some feathers from it: if the quail, in defending itself, did not pass the limits of the circle, its master won the wager; but if, in its fury, it transgressed the bounds, then its worthy antagonist was declared victor. The fighting of trained quails is still fashionable in China, where heavy bets are laid on the heads of the respective combatants. The mode of conducting these battles, which are often the exciting

topic of a village, is to pit two highly-fed quails against each other, and to throw a few grains of seed between them: the birds rush upon each other with the utmost fury, striking with their bills and heels until one of them yields. The Chinese, from a notion that the body of the quail is unusually hot ('Warm as a quail' is a French proverb), use it for warming their hands in cold weather—an application which is frequently delineated in Chinese paintings.

Strange as it may seem to some, the *song* of quails has been long noted among their attractive qualities. It is noticed by Athenæus; and Dr Bechstein, in his *Natural History of Cage Birds*, reckons, besides the beauty of its form and plumage, the song of the quail as no slight recommendation to the amateur. He states that in the breeding season the song of the male commences by softly repeating tones resembling '*verra, verri,*' followed by '*pievone,*' uttered in a bold tone, with the neck raised, the eyes shut, and the head inclined on one side. Those that repeat the last syllables ten or twelve times consecutively are the most esteemed. The song of the female only consists of '*verri, verri,*' '*pupa, pupa,*' the two last syllables being those by which the male and the female attract each other's attention. When alarmed or angry, their cry resembles '*quallah,*' but at other times it is only a gently purring murmur. The quail never sings when left to run about in a light room, except during the night, but continually when in a darkened cage; so firmly rooted are its nocturnal instincts.

COMPETITION OF HIGHLAND PIPERS.

CHARACTERISTIC national festivals are unknown in England, because the people have been too long redeemed from a primitive style of life and manners, to possess any peculiarities on which such festivals could be founded. It is different with other parts of the United Kingdom. The harp music of Wales supplies occasion for the well-known periodical meeting called the *Cumrhygyddion*, where the flower of the principality duly assemble to listen to the impassioned strains of their national minstrels. Celtic Scotland has its numerous local fêtes for athletic exercises, and one triennial competition in Edinburgh, where the ancient national pipe-music and dances are presented. Ireland, as far as we are aware, has no such meetings. There were serious matters unhappily engross the attention which men have to spare from the ordinary avocations of life. But the means amply exist, and we hope yet to see the time when happy and harmonious assemblages of all classes will listen with delight to the brass-stringed harp and sweet-toned bagpipe of ancient Erin, instruments (the first especially) which it would be shameful for any nation to have once possessed, and afterwards allowed to go into disuse and oblivion.

We feel that it would be vain to attempt to convey to an Englishman any sense of the class of feelings which are evoked in a Scottish bosom by the things which appeal to the eye and ear as national. It is one affection the more—an additional string which the Scottish heart possesses in comparison with their more affluent neighbours, and which goes far, to say the least of it, to compensate for the disadvantages of a provincial situation and an unkindly soil and climate. Some faint idea may perhaps be formed of the fervour and poignancy of these feelings from the pages of Burns—as where he tells that, meeting the thistle while dressing his fields, he

—turned the weeding-hook aside,
And spared the symbol dear!

or where he exclaims—

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers stood
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

It is the unavoidable effect of civilisation to obliterate such feelings; but this is not because they are inconsistent in any way with civilisation. If entertained as part of the mere poetry of the mind, and without the accompaniment of prejudice or narrowness of spirit, they do much good, without doing any conceivable harm.

The triennial competition of pipers in Edinburgh is one of those occasions when national feelings come into prominence, and receive gratification. Not that it is an affair in which any large portion of the public take a deep interest. As a nation, we are rapidly becoming mercantile and Anglicised, and it is only a portion of us, and these chiefly connected with the Highlands, whose attention is liable to be particularly attracted by this festival. It takes place under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, and has for its sole object the preservation of some trace of the ancient manners and music of the northern part of our island, as a monument of national features, which as such do not any longer exist. Let it here be observed that the dress and musical instruments now peculiar to the Scottish Highlands were once common to all Europe. They have only been preserved there, by virtue of the remoteness of the situation and long unaltered condition of the people. There is thus a general interest attached to both, as memorials of a state of things everywhere else passed long into oblivion. The Roman military dress was a modification of the early Celtic habiliments which now only survive in the north of our island, and Nero, when he apprehended danger from the last rebellion against him, vowed to the gods, if he survived, to play upon the bagpipe in public. The same instrument is still a favourite with the peasantry of Calabria, and we learn from Shakspeare that it prevailed both in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The man who came forward at the Edinburgh competition, seldom less than thirty in number, are chiefly men retained in service as bagpipers by Highland gentlemen, for, whether from love of state or in veneration for ancient fashions, the piper is still a regular officer in a few northern households. Others are pipers retired from Highland regiments, or amateurs. For a few days before the competition, the appearance of these men in the streets, with their dashing dress and accoutrements, and generally manly and graceful figures, produces a striking effect.

The performances had been proceeding during the half hour after noon,* when with some difficulty we made our way into the theatre, where they usually take place. We found the house, which was densely filled in every part, exhibiting its ordinary appearance in all respects, except that the stage presented only the side scenes, and had a large window open behind, through which the unwonted addition of fresh air and daylight was admitted. Amongst the side scenes, and at the back wall, stood groups of competitors and others in the Highland dress. In the stage-box of the left side sat the judges, also in Highland costume, with a table before them loaded with the prizes, amongst which were a set of bagpipes, a broadsword, dirk, powder-horn, purse, snuff-mill, and certain pieces of tartan cloth. The two tiers of boxes were filled with a fashionable-looking audience—of course in morning dresses; and the pit and other parts of the house had a superior set of occupants to what are now generally seen in such parts of theatres. As in all forenoon assemblages, the ladies predominated in number, at least in the boxes; and it was interesting to observe a larger proportion than usual of the aged. Several gentlemen in the boxes had evidently seen more than eighty summers. In the galleries, of which we from our situation commanded a close view, it was amusing to observe a multitude of hard-favoured Celtic faces—porters, servants, and others—all full of the keenest excitement, some probably from having friends among the competitors, the rest from the

* The competition took place this year on the 10th July.

mere interest which they felt in the temporary éclat thrown upon their national usages. Often afterwards did we turn during the more exciting scenes of the competition to these honest faces, to mark the symptoms of unrestrained feeling which glowed upon them.

The first part of the exhibition presented to our notice was a *sword-dance*, a performance, as far as we are aware, peculiar to the Highlands. A pair of broad-swords was laid down in cross fashion upon the stage, and a single Highlander approached. A piper then began to play the lively tune of the *Gillie Callum* (the Boy Malcolm), whereupon the dancer commenced a circular pas-seul around the swords. The dress of this man was extremely handsome—a full Highland suit, with massive silver ornaments, including shoe-buckles, and nothing could exceed the gracefulness of his movements. After footing it away for some time at a little distance from the two blades, he approached, and began to plant his steps on each side of one of them, first on one, then on the other, then from side to side, always retiring to resume the circular movement at the conclusion of the parts of the tune. By and by this movement became more complicated, and he stepped with ease from opposite angles of the cross spaces, and in all various directions from space to space, obeying the time of the music with precision, and never once touching either of the swords—a negative point of excellence, on which the success of the performance is held mainly to depend. It may readily be supposed how a little training might enable a performer to dance his way forwards amongst the spaces formed by the swords, but not only to do this, but to make the same movement backwards, when it was impossible to see his way, and upon his heels as well as his toes, will be acknowledged as no small feat. A repetition of these movements in every possible variety, mixed with circular movements, constitutes the sword-dance, the whole character of which is calculated to lead the mind back into early and romantic times. It was impossible not to behold with pleasure the unflinching dexterity of the performer, even without regard to ancient associations, but when these also were taken into account, the sword-dance became a gratification of the richest kind. At a subsequent part of the morning several other performers came forward to exhibit in similar dances, and when one of these ‘pretty men’ chanced, near the conclusion of the performance, to touch the hilt of one of the swords, he instantly broke off with a gesture of extreme vexation and rushed mortified off the stage. We can imagine that the incident will be one for him to remember all the remainder of his life.

After the first sword-dance, a performer on the bag-pipe was presented; and here we must say that the usual objection to the Highland pipe, on the score of its vociferousness, was never felt. Played by these first-rate artists, there was nothing at all unpleasant in its sounds. The pipers are all in full costume—kilt, plaid, jacket, and hose; most of them with a jewelled dirk and powder-horn by their side, and a jewelled case containing a knife and fork stuck in the garter under one knee; also a resplendent brooch confining the plaid at the shoulder. Each wears the tartan of his master's clan, on the same principle as a soldier wears the king's livery. The peaked bonnet is the only undistinguished part of the costume. When one of this proud fraternity (for pipers are proud to a proverb) advances slowly and stately with his pipes in his arms, and the port vent in his mouth, he really makes an imposing appearance. As he plays, he parades slowly from side to side of the stage, thus imitating the fashion of his daily life, as he performs upon his master's lawn, or behind his dinner-table. The tunes played on this occasion were mostly laments and salutes, the first being a slow and melancholy kind of tune, designed to commemorate deceased chiefs; the second a livelier measure, intended to do honour to the living. We had, for instance, the Prince's Salute (in the Highlands there is but one prince, the unfortunate Charles Edward), Macnab's Salute;

also Macintosh's Lament, the Viscount of Dundee's Lament, &c. Some of the laments struck us as tedious, being prolonged, we thought, unnecessarily. Still, the performance was generally good. We are here called upon to remember, that to Highland hearers most of the tunes have a charm apart from the music. Highland airs of all kinds have generally been composed on particular occasions of an interesting nature, which have been remembered traditionally, or for the purpose of conveying a particular class of feelings, the character of which is fully known. One, for example, is designed to express, in its varying measure, the succession of feelings in the mind of an Ardnamurchan peasant, while toiling on his ground in an unpropitious season, and hesitating whether to emigrate, or attempt to pay his landlord the triple rent which a rival had offered for it. Another is the *duge* composed by the family piper on a chief who fled at Sheriffmuir. A third commemorates the arrival of the wandering prince at a farmhouse in Skye, when one of his followers was sent forward to ascertain if he was likely to find friends there: the tune expresses to a Highland ear the first hesitating, half-whispered questions of the messenger, then his confidence as he finds the goodwife favourable, and finally the composed state of feeling which follows the success of his negotiation. There are tunes even more curiously connected with events—as an example, one which a piper of a clan Campbell composed and played under the following circumstances. Alister Macdonald, the fierce lieutenant of Montrose, was with a party approaching the castle of a gentleman of that clan, designing to take it by surprise. He and his friends were in a boat, and they made their approach by a lake, on the brink of which the castle was situated. It was the wish of Macdonald that he and his people, if seen at all, should if possible pass for a party of friends. Having taken a piper of the Campbells with them, they ordered him, when they saw they were observed, to play the family tune, in order to support the deception; but the man composed and played, instead, a tune so expressive of the danger in which the castle stood at that moment, that the people caught the alarm, shut the gates, and stood to the defensive. The assailants, then seeing that the piper had proved a treacherous ally, stabbed him and threw him into the lake, after which they proceeded to make the attack upon the castle. It may be added that the man got ashore, recovered, and lived long after. Eloquent as the Highland tunes thus are in their associations, it is not wonderful that they produce more delightful sensations in a Celtic than in a Saxon breast.

After every second performance on the pipes there was a dance, either by a single Highlander, or a quartette. The Highland single dance, though of unknown antiquity, brings the spectator much in mind of ballet dancing. It does not indeed comprehend any of those sweeping presentments of the sole of the foot, in the fashion of a swivel-gun, which the *maître de la danse* now deems essential to please a theatrical audience. Lofly leaps in the air, with sixteen heel-kickings before again touching the ground, and a few other ballet peculiarities, are also unknown among the Gael. But in the Highland single dance, the performer makes first a series of slow and curvilinear movements, exactly like the theatrical dancers, and evidently with the same object, that of exhibiting his person and dress to the utmost advantage. He then performs a number of steps which are hardly less striking in their character than many of those indulged in by professional dancers. A great deal is done upon one foot, while the other goes through a series of lively movements in the air; this last feature being, we believe, what is called the *fling*. Vigour, elegance, and vivacity are the characteristics of this dance; and where the performer is a tall handsome man in a splendid ornamental dress, as was the case here, the effect is extremely beautiful. The foursome-dance is the well-known reel, for which the Highland musicians have a

vast variety of tunes. The reel is the national dance wherever numbers are concerned, as the quadrille is that of the Germans. It is, we need hardly say, an extremely quick measure, presupposing high spirits in the performers, and tending to exultate all who behold it. A large party in the Highlands will even yet dance reels for half the night to the strains of the violin or pipe; nor ever once acknowledge fatigue. The reels danced on this occasion were all done in first-rate style by men who might be considered as picked for the purpose. We found it quite impossible to resist being carried away in some degree by the contagious enthusiasm which they spread around them. The ladies in the boxes—we hope we are not taking an unwarrantable liberty, but we believe they would have much rather joined in the dance than sat still where they were. As for the gallery folks, they sat with hands clasped and thrust forward, and their whole souls in their eyes and faces, as if enchanted by what was passing before them. Every now and then, the wild *hough!* appropriate to the reel on more domestic occasions, broke forth as by an irrepressible escape. Then was it we became most fully impressed with the idea of the special national character of the whole exhibition. We were carried into the early homes of these simple people, where the customs of a thousand years are yet freshly preserved. We sympathised in their innocent pleasures, and the religion which they make of all that pictures the past. Often, both now and at other times, we felt the breast swell with emotion, and the eye well with tears—a tribute which, alas! we are rarely able now-a-days to pay to theatrical performances more expressly designed to work upon the feelings.

When the programme of the day had been exhausted, the judges finished the proceedings by distributing the prizes. Donald Cameron, piper to Sir J. R. Mackenzie of Seatwell, was pronounced the best player on his instrument, and received the principal prize, a full-mounted set of bagpipes. Kenneth MacLennan received a sporran (Highland purse) as the best performer of the sword-dance. Other prizes for piping and dancing, and also for correct costume, were presented, to the amount of nineteen in all, and the money collected for admission into the house was divided among the competitors. The meeting then broke up, after a sitting of between five and six hours, during which—such was the enthusiasm of the occasion—we could observe nowhere any symptom of fatigue.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

At the foot of an obscure alley in the Old Town of Newcastle, was born one of the most eminent lawyers that this age has seen—John Scott, Earl of Eldon, High Chancellor of England. His father was a coal-fitter: that is, a sort of middle man between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. His house and coal-yard were conveniently situated near the Tyne, at the bottom of what in Scotland is called a 'wynd,' in Shropshire a 'shut,' in Middlesex a 'court,' and in Newcastle a 'chare.' Of late years Lord Eldon's birthplace has been dignified by the title of Love Lane. Here Mr and Mrs Scott resided during the Scottish Rebellion of 1745, in the September of which year the neighbourhood was so much alarmed by the progress of the insurgents, that the lady was removed to her father's house at Heworth, an adjacent village. Here their eldest son (William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell) was born amidst general terror. Newcastle being about to be invested by the Highlanders, all egress from it was forbidden by the magistrates, and the only way had to scale the wall at the 'chare-foot,'

and to be conveyed to his patient on the river in a boat. In after-years this worthy couple were blessed with a family of thirteen children, though only three sons and a daughter survived infancy.

John Scott, the subject of this memoir, was the second son, having been born on the fourth of June 1751. He, along with his brothers, received the rudiments of education at the Newcastle grammar-school, then conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises. The arithmetical department was superintended by no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician William Hutton. Here John Scott's application gave him a highly satisfactory progress in classical and mathematical knowledge. He was, however, a sad scapegrace. 'No boy,' he once told his niece, 'was ever so much thrashed as he was.' One of his exploits was to steal with a companion 'down the Side, and along the Sand-Hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept along the counter, then popped our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection.' But his favourite diversion was apple-stealing. 'I do not know how it was,' he owns in his anecdote book,* 'but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard—"boxing the fox," as we called it. There were three of us, Hewet Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law, for he fined our fathers each 30s. for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did; so my father flogged me, then sent a message to Moises, and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed; we never did anything worse than a robbery.'

An event occurred in 1760 which exercised an important influence over this 'very good boy's' future career. His elder brother William, now fifteen years old, had displayed talents at school which his master characterised as extraordinary. Mr Moises was therefore much concerned when the father expressed an intention to apprentice the promising scholar to his own trade. To prevent so great a sacrifice, the schoolmaster explained that, firstly, William Scott would assuredly make a good figure in any of the learned professions; and, secondly, that he was entitled to become a competitor for one of a certain number of scholarships, founded at the university of Oxford, for natives of the bishopric of Durham. His mother's slight to Heworth had made William a native of the see, that village being situated in the county palatine. The suggestion was adopted; he competed for the scholarship, and gained it. Once at Oxford, he soon distinguished himself, and before his brother John was old enough to leave the grammar-school, had become a fellow and tutor of his college. The consequence was, that, in May 1766, John Scott set out for Oxford, where he was to study under the auspices and tutorship of William.

In his journey to the university, a circumstance occurred which had a direct influence over his future temperament and career. When he became chancellor, Lord Eldon was remarkable for the slow caution with which he formed his judgments, but they were consequently always sound. 'Delays in Chancery' was a common cry while he presided over the court. Respecting this peculiarity and his early journey from New-

* The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence and Selections from The Anecdote Book, written by himself. By Horace Twiss, Esq. one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

castle to his Alma Mater, the traveller himself gave in after-years the following memorial:—"I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene* (quick enough, if well enough)—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?" "No." "Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school—*Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative; and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*."

When William Scott received his brother to introduce him to the university, he was quite ashamed of his boyish appearance. John was, indeed, only fifteen years old. But soon after he had entered as a fellow-commoner, he showed himself so well prepared with a variety of classical and general information, that he had not been a year at college before he stood for and won a fellowship open to natives of Northumberland. While an under-graduate, John had a narrow escape of his life. He was skating on Christ-church meadow, and venturing on a portion of it but weakly frozen, fell into a ditch, deep enough to allow him to sink to the neck. "When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass of something warm, upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer, "None of your brandy for that wet young man; he never drinks but when he is dry." Thus it appears that the embryo chancellor did not solely occupy his time with study, but partook of the pastimes usually attributed to college students. He gained a sporting character; and owned on one occasion, late in life, in the House of Lords to Lord Abingdon (who had made some motion concerning the game laws), that no one had poached more on that noble family's preserves (which were close to Oxford) than he had while at college. He had, too, his idle as well as his sporting hours; for, on his brother being asked if John were a

good shot, gravely replied, "I believe he kills a good deal of—time."

After taking his degree, however, the younger Scott directed his attention to more serious matters, intending to enter the church; but an accident, which has altered the destiny of thousands, effectually changed his views—he fell in love. Spending a long vacation with his family, he happened to visit Sedgefield, at some distance from Newcastle, and in the church of that village saw Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a rich banker. Smitten with her beauty, he made her acquaintance—wooed, and won her. The rest of the story is romantic. The Newcastle banker disapproved of the match, and—a good easy man—unwisely sent his daughter to Henley on Thames; a long way from Newcastle, it is true, but an easy ride from the university. As may be supposed, interviews were effected, and vows exchanged, during the succeeding Oxford term. Thus affairs rested till the vacation of the following summer, which Mr John as usual spent at Newcastle, whither Miss Surtees had also returned. Here he learned to his consternation that he had a rival in a rich widower, whose pretensions were supported by the lady's father. This brought things to a crisis: seeing that the case was desperate, he proposed a desperate remedy; the damsel was nothing loath; and in accordance with her 'sweet consent,' Mr John Scott made his appearance on a dark September night in 1772 under the lady's chamber, duly equipped with a ladder and postchaise in waiting. The lady trusted herself to the ladder and to her lover's arms, and the adventurous pair had crossed the Scottish border before they were missed. They were married—not at Gretna by a blacksmith, but more becomingly at Blackshels by an Episcopal minister. They immediately returned southwards to Morpeth, where they remained for a day or two.

When their evasion was discovered at Newcastle, great was the consternation of the banker; not less the wrath of the coal-fitter. In the course of two days, however, the latter melted, and when the fugitives awoke on the third morning at the Nag's Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one—the favourite dog of the bridegroom's younger brother Henry, who soon appeared in search of them, charged with an invitation to Love Lane, and thither the hero and heroine accordingly repaired. Mr Surtees, on learning where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, declared that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction, and would listen to no explanation. After a time, however, he relented, and gave not only his forgiveness, but a fortune to his daughter of one thousand pounds. Mr Scott, senior, contributing twice that sum to the joint matrimonial stock. It is evident that throughout this affair John Scott lost sight of his favourite motto. He married 'quick enough,' but not 'well enough' to silence the scruples of the parents, at whose desire the couple were re-wedded at Newcastle in open church, and in presence of both families. They then set off for Oxford.

Mr Scott's marriage destroyed his ecclesiastical prospects, which consisted in the chance of some living in the gift of University College falling vacant, and which he as a fellow would, on taking orders, have obtained. Unfortunately, a relic of monastic law, still existing, enforces celibacy. The senate, however, kindly afford a year of grace, and do not require a resignation of the fellowship till that period after marriage, during which Scott had still the chance of a living falling in. Yet with commendable foresight he determined not to trust to that alone, and entered himself as a student-at-law in the Middle Temple, London, though without leaving Oxford. To eke out his limited income, he assisted his brother in his duties as tutor, and Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, Master of New Inn Hall, and Vincian Professor of Law, made Scott his deputy in the latter office, in which his employment consisted in reading the principal's manuscript lectures. Strange to say, the first he had to deliver appealed forcibly to one of

his past experiences; it treated of the *Abduction of Maidens*. In this way the twelvemonth passed; no living layard; Scott could no longer hold his fellowship, and he then devoted all his energies to the study of the law.

He did not finally leave Oxford till 1775, when he removed to a small house in Cursitor Street, London. Here it was that he laid the foundation of that vast fund of legal knowledge for which he afterwards stood unequalled. His application was unceasing; he rose at four every morning, and when reading at night, bound a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. He mastered Coke upon Lyttleton so thoroughly, that that legal text-book became a part of his mind, and as he could not afford to fee a special pleader for instructing him, he copied out with his own hand three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents. These labours told upon his health; but he did not shrink from them; and in answering the expostulations of a college friend, he wrote in reference to his wife—'How despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labour too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers.'

The year 1776 was an important one to Scott. In January he was called to the bar, and in the November following his father died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to William Scott, and a thousand pounds to John, in addition to the marriage gift.

Like many other aspirants to forensic honours, the young barrister thought that now he was admitted to the bar, his fortune was made. Eleven months of brieflessness, however, convinced him of the contrary. By the end of the twelfth month his professional profits amounted to nine shillings sterling—arising from a half-guinea motion, eightpence having been paid in fees. An instructive lesson of patience and perseverance, amidst hopes constantly deferred, is to be learned from the fact, that Scott assiduously studied, attended the London courts in term time, and the northern circuit during the assizes, for four years after his call to the bar, with little more annual practice than his first year brought him. Even in his native town he seldom had other than puny cases to defend.

The following instance of conclusive circumstantial evidence came to light in a case in which he was employed on circuit, in later years he related it to one of his daughters in these words:—'I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.'

Scott plodded on till the year 1780, when a case in which he was retained brought him into notice. He had urged a point against the wishes of the attorney and client who employed him; and the Master of the Rolls decided against him. On an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow reversed the decision on the very point Scott had mooted. As he was leaving the house, a respectable solicitor tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Young man, your bread and butter's cut for life.' The prophecy was a faithful one; for as soon as a counsel obtains the confidence of the 'profession,' his rise is as certain as his previous obscurity was hopeless. Lord Mansfield used to say that he knew no interval between no business and £3000 a-year; and Scott might have told the same story; for so rapid was his progress, that in 1783, when only thirty-

two, he was appointed a king's counsel, was at the head of the northern circuit, and sat in parliament for the borough of Weobly. The legal knowledge which he brought to bear in debate upon questions in which it was of service, obtained for him, in 1788, the office of solicitor-general and the honour of knighthood. In the succeeding year Sir John became attorney-general, from which period to 1798 his professional income is said to have averaged £10,000 per annum. In 1792 he had purchased the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham; and accepting in 1799 the chief judgeship of the Common Pleas, was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon, of Eldon. Meanwhile his brother William had greatly distinguished himself in another branch of the law, and became a judge and Baron Stowell.

When the early symptoms of George III.'s distressing malady were first manifested, Sir John Scott took the part of his majesty so effectually in parliament on the delicate subject of the establishment of a regency, that the king felt personally obliged to him, and materially aided in his promotion. His majesty's regard for Lord Eldon lasted as long as the unhappy monarch had command over his own mind and actions. In 1801, when a new ministry had to be formed, in consequence of Mr Pitt's resignation, Lord Eldon became Lord Chancellor solely by the king's intervention. 'I do not know,' said Eldon several years afterwards to his niece, 'what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, "I give them to you *from my heart*!"' The biographer accounts for this eccentric action from the unsettlement of the royal mind, which about that time began to be more unequivocally manifest than before. From this cause Lord Eldon—as the personal friend of the king (which he had now become), and as the most responsible officer in the realm—occupied a painful and embarrassing position. 'God grant,' he exclaims in the anecdote book, 'that no future chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through, and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes.'

Eldon continued chancellor till 1806, when a new ministry was formed of some of the ablest men of all parties, and therefore nick-named 'All the Talents.' This effected such changes as obliged Lord Eldon, on the 7th of February, to resign the seals of office. When he went to place them in the hands of the king, 'his majesty appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things, looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, "Lay them down on the sofa, for I *cannot*, and I *will not* take them from you!"'

'All the Talents' only remained in office a year, and in March 1807 Lord Eldon again became chancellor; an office which he held for twenty succeeding years. In 1821 George IV.—who gradually acquired as great a regard for him as the late king had shown—almost forced an earldom upon Baron Eldon, he having twice previously declined the honour. In 1827 the earl retired from office on the death of Lord Liverpool, and the accession to the premiership of Mr Canning, to whose politics his own were opposed.

During the latter years of his official life, Lord Eldon did not decide the cases which the increase of business in Chancery had accumulated 'quick enough' to give general satisfaction. That, however, he decided 'well enough,' is proved by the few appeals which were made from his judgments, and the authority as precedents which they have since become.

Lord Eldon took a warm interest in public affairs after his retirement from the woolsack. He died on the 13th January 1838, in Hamilton Place, London, at the advanced age of 87, having retained to the last the

full use of his faculties. He was buried at Encombe (an estate he had purchased) beside his wife, whom he survived a few years. The present Earl of Eldon is the grandson of the chancellor.

THE LACE-BORDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

These shall the stormy passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.—GRAY.

'I THINK I must have it, Frances,' exclaimed Miss Catesby, addressing her cousin as she gazed admiringly upon a richly-bordered cambric handkerchief she held in her hand. 'It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and as I am not likely to want one again for such an occasion in the course of my life, I think I may venture to be extravagant for once.'

'For once!' repeated Frances, archly smiling.

'Well, you can't say that I am in the habit of being extravagant,' returned the young lady in a tone of voice far from gentle.

'Don't be angry, my dear Harriet,' interposed her cousin. 'I did not mean to give offence; but I must confess that I think five guineas for a handkerchief really more than your circumstances will afford.'

'Perhaps so, upon an ordinary occasion,' was the reply. 'but not for my wedding-day. Besides, as Sir Charles is rich, when I am Lady Melville there will not be that necessity for me to look to the cost of everything as I have been obliged to do with my limited allowance from papa.'

As the young lady spoke, she threw the handkerchief upon the dressing-table, where lay a number of articles of a similar description, which she had previously selected from the box before her; and the manner in which it was done convinced her companion that it would be useless to make any further appeal to her prudence.

'Well, I believe I have looked out all I want,' the bride-elect pursued musingly. 'Ruffles, lappets, veil, scarf, and handkerchief. Now Frances, you can make your choice, and then the young woman may take back the box.'

'I have already purchased all I can afford,' her cousin returned. 'perhaps more than I can really afford,' she added, 'for I have but one sovereign left of my quarter's allowance.'

'You might, I think, upon such an occasion, trench a little upon your next quarter,' remarked Miss Catesby. 'You know there is no necessity for you to pay for the articles immediately. But nothing will break you, Frances, of those parsimonious habits. I really believe you would rather disgrace my bridal by wearing nothing but faded finery, than spend in dress a sixpence above what you consider to be right out of your income.'

'No, Harriet, I would not disgrace your bridal by an unsuitable appearance,' her cousin made answer; 'but I would rather deprive myself of the pleasure of being present, if it were necessary, than either incur debts which it would be beyond my power to liquidate, or use that portion of my income I conscientiously set aside for charitable purposes.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the housemaid, who, stammering an apology for interrupting Miss Catesby, begged to say that the young person who had brought the basket with the satin dresses from Mrs Smith's, asked permission to call again in an hour, to know if there were any alterations necessary, as she had some particular business to attend to immediately.

'Call again in an hour!' repeated Miss Catesby, elevating her voice to its loudest tones; 'she shall do no such thing; I shall be from home in an hour; I am going to the jeweller's. Bid her wait.'

'Nay, my dear Harriet, if the young woman has business of importance to attend to, let us delay our ride

another half hour,' pleaded Frances; 'besides, it will take you at least that time to try it on,' she further observed.

'I won't be controlled by a dressmaker's apprentice,' vociferated the offended lady; 'what does Mrs Smith mean by sending a person who would take the liberty to dictate when I am to attend to her? Bid her wait, on peril of my seeking some modesto who is more solicitous to please her customers than her mistress.'

The housemaid withdrew, but not till she had whispered in the ear of Miss Lisle that she should not have ventured to ask Miss Catesby, had not the poor thing pleaded so hard and cried so bitterly.

Frances knew too well that an appeal to the feelings of her cousin whilst in her present irritated state would only add to her displeasure. She therefore forebore to make any, but resolved to try at least to effect by stratagem what could not be done by any other means. Going quietly to the wicker basket, which had been standing in the apartment for more than an hour, whilst the bride-elect was selecting the lace and cambric articles, she drew forth the dresses, and proceeded to try on her own.

'Fortunately it will require no alterations,' she observed, after a brief survey of her figure in the mirror. 'Well, Harriet, if yours fit as nicely, it will look beautiful on your fine form.'

The bait had the desired effect. The vanity of the haughty beauty was aroused, and she was quickly disrobed of her morning dress, and arrayed in the one destined for her bridal.

It really becomes you admirably,' Frances pursued, gazing on her cousin's exquisitely-moulded figure with unfeigned admiration, and without one throb of envy agitating her generous breast. Harriet thought so too, and she smiled complacently upon her beautiful resemblance as it appeared at full length before her. 'Well, I don't think I shall disgrace a title to-morrow,' she murmured; and Frances, seeing that the storm of anger was for the present subsided, now ventured to ask if she should ring for the young woman and bid her tell Mrs Smith that the dresses were quite approved of.

Miss Catesby nodded assent, and continued standing before the mirror, adding to the dress the rich lace appendages with which it was to be graced on the morrow. 'There, I only want the pearls and the orange blossom in my hair,' she said, turning towards her cousin after she had arranged all to her perfect satisfaction. She started on perceiving that the dressmaker's apprentice was in the room, for she had been too much occupied by self-admiration to hear her enter.

'I hope the other business you had to transact for Mrs Smith was not very important?' Miss Lisle observed, addressing her humble companion, whose face bore but too evident marks of the truth of the housemaid's assertion that she had been crying bitterly. 'Or, at least,' she added, 'that she will not be angry with you when you tell her that we detained you?'

'It was not any business of Mrs Smith's I had to attend to, ma'am,' the girl replied, 'but I wanted to give my poor sick mother her dinner.'

'Your sick mother,' repeated Frances, with a look of concern.

'Yes, ma'am; my mother is confined to her bed, and has no one but me to wait upon her, and Mrs Smith is so kind as to let me go home to give her her meals; but it is more than an hour past the time I usually go, and I am afraid she will be faint for want; and besides that, she gets very unhappy when I am beyond my time.'

'Oh, Harriet,' exclaimed Frances, turning towards her cousin with her mild eyes full of tears, 'I would not have delayed this poor girl for the value of a dozen satin dresses.' She looked at the beautiful bride-elect in the full expectation of seeing contrition in her aspect, but to her disappointment discovered that her gentle reproof had only re-awakened the yet scarcely subsided angry feelings of that young lady. 'I am not so easily imposed upon as you are, Frances,' she returned, with

a disdainful sneer; 'I don't believe every idle tale I hear.'

Fearing that something might be said to wound more severely the already oppressed heart of the unoffending girl, Miss Lisle turned from her cousin without further remark. 'And you cannot afford to hire any one to wait upon your mother, I suppose?' she asked, again addressing the dressmaker's apprentice.

'No, ma'am, we have very little to live upon, now my mother is ill. When she was well she used to work, but she can't now.'

'And is there no kind neighbour who will do anything for her when you are obliged to be absent?' the young lady further interrogated.

'No, ma'am—that is, they are generally too much engaged,' she replied in a hesitating tone.

'What is your name, and where do you live?' inquired Frances; 'I will take an early opportunity of calling on your sick parent if you will give me your address.'

There was an evident embarrassment in the manner of the girl as Miss Lisle put this question to her; her cheek grew flushed, and her eyes sought the ground. 'Oh, madam,' she faltered forth, 'ours is not a home fit for you to visit, it is so very mean.'

'No matter about its meanness,' interposed the young lady; 'I should visit you with the hope of being able to render it more comfortable;' and she took her pocket-book from her reticule and prepared to write down the direction.

'My name is Mary Jennings, and we live at No. 16, — Street,' she said, curtsying respectfully; and she was about to depart, when Frances, thinking that a small sum of money would be of immediate service, bid her stop a moment whilst she ran to her own dressing-room to fetch her purse.

The kind and sympathising tones in which she had been addressed by one so far her superior in station, caused poor Mary's tears to flow afresh; and vain were her efforts to repress them. Miss Lisle returning, slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and hurried her away, to prevent her thanks.

'Come, Frances, you have spent so much time talking to that girl, you will not be ready to go with me to the jeweller's,' exclaimed Harriet pettishly.

'I will attend you in a minute,' her cousin replied; 'you know it does not take me long to arrange my dress. There,' she gaily added, having placed on her bonnet, and thrown a shawl hastily around her—'there, my dear, I am ready before you after all, and I shall even have time to act as lady's-maid;' and she proceeded as she spoke to hang the wedding dresses in the wardrobe, and fold up the recently-purchased lace and cambric articles which her companion had scattered about the room.

'Ah, I shall have a lady's-maid when I am Lady Melville,' murmured the bride-elect, as she carefully arranged her velvet cloak, and finally drew on her gloves.

'Where have you laid the handkerchief you just now bought?' inquired Frances; 'I see all the other new articles: surely you put it back into the box by mistake?'

'Surely I did not,' Miss Catesby angrily returned. 'I am not so elated at the thought of being married to-morrow as not to know what I am doing. It is upon the dressing-table.'

'No, my dear Harriet, it is not,' Frances gently said.

'Then that dressmaker's girl has stolen it,' screamed forth the lady, darting across the room as she spoke, and throwing over the brushes, combs, feathers, jewels, ribbons, and perfume bottles which lay scattered upon the toilet.

'Softly, softly, dear cousin; I cannot think the poor girl was a thief,' interposed Miss Lisle. 'It is very possible that you replaced it in the box without being aware of it.'

'I am by no means certain that she is not a thief,' vociferated Harriet; 'indeed her conduct appeared very

like one. How confused she was when you asked her name and residence, and how unwillingly she gave it!'

'That might have arisen from a false shame of her extreme poverty,' pleaded Frances. 'She may have known better days; indeed her aspect denoted it. Don't be so severe, cousin, but let us send to the milliner's to inquire if the young person who brought the box of lace and cambric articles took back the handkerchief in it.'

'I am positive that I saw the handkerchief on the table after the box was sent home, and I shall order the coachman to drive immediately to the house of your new protégée,' Miss Catesby sarcastically returned.

'Allow me, then, to accompany you,' asked Frances, who now began to feel great concern lest her cousin's surmises should prove true, she herself having a vague recollection of seeing the handkerchief lying upon the toilet whilst she was talking to the girl. Indeed the thought had occurred to her, that the five guineas which had been expended upon it might have hired a nurse to attend the sick woman; but she wisely forebore to make any further remark, and they together stepped into the carriage.

The street named by Mary Jennings as her place of residence was narrow and dirty, and Miss Catesby felt some reluctance to enter it; but the idea of regaining her beautiful handkerchief stimulated her to surmount all minor obstacles. The door of the house was open, and when the coachman inquired of some children who were playing before it if Mrs. Jennings lived there, he was directed by them up a flight of dark stairs to the 'first floor back.'

'Will you stop in the carriage, and permit me to go up alone?' asked Frances, who perceived some disinclination to alight on the part of her cousin, and who was anxious to spare the feelings of the unfortunate inmates, if innocent, by delicately revealing her errand.

Miss Catesby hesitated; her repugnance to come in contact with poverty and dirt at length, however, so far overcame the violence of her anger, that she consented to the proposition.

Following the direction of the children, Miss Lisle gently tapped at the door of the back room; but finding it gave way to her touch, was unintentionally a witness to what was passing within. The curtains of the bed being closely drawn, concealed the invalid from her view; but she immediately recognised the dressmaker's apprentice, who was seated on a low stool before a recently-lighted fire, busily occupied in fanning the flame with her bonnet. Frances would have attracted her attention by addressing her; but the scene which immediately followed riveted her to the spot, and prevented her utterance. Much heated by the fatigue, the girl drew her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the perspiration from her brow, and with it, to the painful surprise of her visitor, displayed the beautiful Valenciennes lace which embellished the one she was in search of. Her face being averted, Miss Lisle could not read its expression; but she observed that she carefully examined the costly article, and then rising in great haste, thrust it into an open table-drawer which stood by her side. In turning to resume her occupation, their eyes met, when Mary, darting across the apartment, exclaimed in a tone which no unprejudiced person could believe to be feigned, 'Oh, madam, I am so glad you are come; I have just discovered that I have by some means taken by mistake an article which belongs to you or to Miss Catesby.'

'It belongs to me, you hypocritical little thief,' said a voice from behind; and Harriet, who had repented of her forbearance, and followed her cousin up stairs, rushed in a violent rage into the chamber. 'You have stolen my property, you deceitful whiner,' she exclaimed, 'and I will not only expose you to your employer, but have you punished by a magistrate.'

The unhappy girl, in an agony of terror, threw herself at the lady's feet and implored mercy. She in the most solemn manner called Heaven to witness her protestations of innocence. She knew nothing, she said, of having the article in her possession until the moment

before, when she drew it forth from her pocket with her own. She could only account for its being there by supposing that, in the distress of mind she was in at leaving her mother so long without nourishment, she had, whilst standing by the toilet, unconsciously taken it up; and she implored Miss Catesby, for that mother's sake, if not for her own, to take pity on their fallen condition, and not add to their other troubles that of loss of character.

'But what made you thrust the handkerchief into that drawer, instead of coming forth and telling your mother of the mistake, if mistake it was?' cried Harriet in the same elevated tone of voice.

'I was afraid of alarming my mother,' the girl sobbed forth. 'I intended to bring it back—indeed, ma'am, I did—as soon as I had given her the gruel I was making.'

'And has she tasted nothing yet?' inquired Frances. 'Pray be calm, cousin,' she added intreatingly, 'for a little season at least, whilst Mary gives the poor woman some nourishment. We shall kill her by this excitement in her present weak state.'

But Miss Lisle might with equal effect have endeavoured to quiet the boisterous elements as her cousin's stormy passions when they were aroused by what she deemed an injury. 'Calm!' she repeated; 'do you think I am going to be robbed *calmly*. The woman deserves to suffer—doubtless she is an accomplice;' and darting across the room as she spoke, she drew forth the costly article, soiled, crumpled, and altogether unfit for use until it had undergone the operation of washing. At this discovery her rage became ungovernable, and the noise it occasioned collected a motley group to the door of the chamber, though, as if fearful of proceeding further, they only gazed in stupefied amazement on the scene which was passing within.

The feeble voice of the invalid, who called repeatedly to know what was the meaning of the tumult, was drowned in the clamour of Miss Catesby's ravings and poor Mary's sobs. 'Send for a constable,' said the lady. 'Will no one obey me?' she proceeded, seeing that not one of the group showed any inclination to fulfil her commands. 'Bid my coachman fetch one then,' she added; 'I will not leave the spot till I see that abominable girl carried off to prison. What do you mean, woman, by encouraging your daughter to rob her mistress's customers?' she fiercely demanded, at the same time tearing back the curtains which had hitherto concealed the mother from view.

'Spare the poor creature those taunts, I intreat you, Harriet,' cried Frances, attempting to wrest the drapery from her hand. 'If you have no regard for anything else, pray spare an unhappy woman whose death you are probably hastening.'

'I will not spare her,' Miss Catesby replied, still retaining her hold; 'she *shall* hear me;' and as she spoke, she turned once again to the invalid.

'She little thinks she is so near a woman with the small-pox,' said a hoarse voice from without the door; and as the dreadful words met the ear of the enraged lady, her eye fell for the first time upon a face the features of which could scarcely be distinguished, so marred were they by the inroads of that horrible malady. A cry of alarm escaped the lips of Miss Catesby; she dropped the curtain, threw the handkerchief from her, as she would have cast a serpent, and without uttering a word, rushed through the crowd down the dark and narrow stairs.

Frances instinctively retreated from the near proximity of the invalid. 'Why did you not make us acquainted with the nature of your mother's disease before?' she inquired, addressing Mary.

'Mrs Smith forbade me to mention it, ma'am,' was her reply; 'and—and—I did not think you would come here so soon,' she hesitatingly added.

Miss Lisle's first impulse was to take the handkerchief, which Mary had now picked up from the floor and carefully folded; but, thinking that Miss Catesby

would be averse to its admittance into the carriage, lest it should convey contagion, she bade her, as soon as she had attended to her mother, take it to some laundress who would engage to get it washed and delivered that evening. Then, adding a few words of comfort to the unfortunate girl, she followed her cousin down the stairs.

She found that young lady in a state of mind which made it far from desirable to become her companion. If the loss of her lace-bordered handkerchief had aroused her passions, the idea of the probable loss of her beauty infuriated her still more; and she had now as little command over herself as one whose reason is totally overthrown. Anger and terror strove for mastery in her bosom. She had from her very childhood dreaded that direful malady, which the woman whose only recommendation is a fine set of features and a brilliant complexion, has indeed so much cause to dread; but she had hitherto kept aloof from every possible contact with it. Now she had breathed the pestilential air, and gazed upon the horrid spectacle, which seemed to her disordered imagination still before her, and she felt no doubt but that she was infected by the disease. With the injustice which almost always attends the indulgence of anger, she scrupled not to accuse her friend of having been the cause of her misfortunes. It was her false pity for the girl, she said, which had brought the little thief into her dressing-room; and Frances, feeling assured it would be in vain to reason with her, allowed her to proceed without interruption. This line of conduct was, however, more irritating to the enraged lady than the most violent retorts could have been; and finding all she said had no effect upon her companion, she at length threw herself into a corner of the carriage, and gave vent to a fit of hysteric sobs.

So absorbed was the mind of Miss Catesby with the events of the last two hours, that she forgot the business she had intended to transact during the morning; indeed her eagerness to disrobe herself of the garments which might contain the infection was too great to allow of her making a selection of pearls, had she thought of it.

'Be calm, Harriet, as you value your happiness,' exclaimed Frances as the vehicle stopped before her uncle's door. 'Here is the carriage of Sir Charles Melville waiting; he is doubtless within.'

The sound of that name acted as a powerful talisman upon the feelings of the bride-elect: for she loved her betrothed husband as sincerely and as ardently as the selfish and vain are capable of loving. She was aware it was only to her having appeared in a false character when in his presence that she owed his regard, and she was conscious that the discovery of the unamiable part she had taken in the transactions of the morning might alienate him from her for ever. 'I feel ill, very ill,' she said, addressing her cousin as they alighted. 'Pray lead me to my chamber;' and Frances, in whose gentle breast early associations and constant intercourse had awakened a sisterly regard, offered her arm with much concern, and asked if she might be permitted to send for medical aid.

Harriet answered in the negative. But no sooner had they reached her chamber, than she appeared so seriously indisposed, that Miss Lisle thought it necessary to seek Mr Catesby, that she might communicate to him (but with all the palliations charity and affection could suggest) the sad events of the morning. She found him in company with the baronet in the drawing-room, and the recital caused so much alarm to both father and lover, that a physician was immediately sent for. Every precaution which affection and skill could prompt was taken; but in vain. The dreadful disease had too surely fixed its malignant infection upon the haughty beauty; and the day which was to have beheld her a bride, found her stretched upon a couch of sickness—sickness rendered more difficult to endure by its being accompanied by self-reproaches.

Frances, who possessed few personal attractions, ex-

cepting those which arise from sweetness of expression, escaped the malady, though she was a constant attendant upon her sick friend. She, with the self-sacrificing generosity which was one of the strongest traits in her character, shrunk not from the wearying and even dangerous task; and the devotedness she displayed so penetrated the now softened and subdued heart of the unhappy sufferer, that she, for the first time even to herself, acknowledged that the moral virtues of her cousin were of far more intrinsic worth than that beauty of which she had hitherto been so vain, and of which a breath of pestilential air had robbed her. It is not unfrequently the case that the couch of severe bodily affliction teaches a salutary lesson, and thus it was with Harriet Catesby. It brought before her, in dread array, the events of a misspent life—a life hitherto devoted to self-gratification, the indulgence of evil passions, and the pursuit of admiration; but in Frances she met with a gentle monitor, the consistency of whose actions being a beautiful commentary upon the truths which fell from her lips, gave those truths a powerful influence, which precept, unaccompanied by example, could never effect.

It was the first time in her life that Harriet had ever listened with patience to advice, however mildly given; her spirit had hitherto been too proud to acknowledge that she could require it. But the scene was now changed. Affliction's hallowed fires had refined the dross of her character, and it came forth from the furnace as much altered for the better as her personal charms were impaired.

A few weeks subsequent to the recovery of Miss Catesby, she became the bride of Sir Charles Melville; but she was an altered woman—altered in mind as well as in appearance, inasmuch as she now really possessed those virtues she had before but counterfeited; and though her husband is not aware of the fact, he has little reason to regret her loss of beauty, since it was the means of producing this mental and moral renovation.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE AND ITS EXTENSION.

What is Possible to be Known.—All human knowledge is limited, but who has reached the boundary? any direction? Doubtless there are geological problems which can never be solved, many recondite laws which can never be disclosed by investigation of visible phenomena; but yet the progress of the human mind, or rather the combination and mutual irradiation of ascertained truths, continually removes farther the visible barrier of knowledge, and renders possible many problems once despaired of. *Philips's Treatise on Geology.*

Recent Undiscovered and Acknowledged Truths.—Would it have been thought possible by a chemist thirty years ago, that the same substance should act the part of an acid in one case and a base in the other?—that water should be possessed of such properties?—or still more, that hydrochloric acid in combination with chloride of platinum, should act as the base or electro-positive ingredient? Yet such are the facts. These would have appeared to a chemist, at the commencement of the present century, totally inconsistent with what he knew of chemical action; but they are now readily comprehensible under laws which include all the facts hitherto ascertained. Or take a different illustration: would any electrician, twenty years ago, have supposed it consistent with physical laws that a mechanical force, 50,000 times greater than that of gravity, may be instantaneously generated by the action of galvanism on a metallic alloy (as shown by Sir J. Herschel), or that a feeble current of electricity, issuing from a single pair of plates, may generate (if properly applied) a magnetic force capable of sustaining many hundred pounds? The higher and more general are the laws we attain, the more do we find that they include facts which at first sight appeared inconsistent with them. *—Carpenter on the Differences of the Laws regulating Vital and Physical Phenomena. Ed. Phil. Jour., 1838.*

A Case of Over-Confident Disbelief.—The spirit of opposition to new truths often overshoots its mark, and from a judicious caution, degenerates into a dogmatic scepticism.

One of the most unlucky ventures ever made in this spirit, was the bold and overbearing denial made by a medical critic in the *Edinburgh Review*,* with regard to the discoveries of Drs Gall and Spurzheim in the structure of the brain. Animated by a furious zeal against the psychological system of these doctors, the reviewer hesitated not to reject the whole of their curious and most meritorious discoveries in the cerebral organization, not taking pains to detect any fallacy in these discoveries by experiment, but trusting entirely to his own conviction—that is, supposition—that no such discoveries had been, or could be made. Down to that time the brain was supposed to be a mere pulp, or at the most it was acknowledged to present some appearances of fibrous structure when coagulated and torn in a particular direction. Drs Gall and Spurzheim discovered and announced the pervasion of the brain by fibres of two kinds, or at least in two arrangements (converging and diverging), of which fact they presented, in their works, all the requisite illustrations. Of their observations on this structure of the brain the reviewer first gave an ample account, and then added—'It is our painful duty to remark, that the system is a complete fiction from beginning to end.' And not only this, but he deliberately asserted that their fictions were connected with the intention of deceiving. Their writings, he said in conclusion, 'have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge respecting either the structure or functions of man, but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, and downright misstatements, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors.' Now, on which side are we to suppose either the honesty or the intelligence to lie, when we learn that the discoveries in question are now admitted into the circle of science as truths at once new and valuable? They are partly embodied in a recent anatomical work of Frederick Arnold; and Dr Roget, in his *Bedgewater Treatise*, quotes a paper of Dr Macartney, read at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, showing the complicated fibrous structure of the brain, 'establishing the most extensive and general communications between every part of it.' Foixille more recently acknowledges how powerfully Drs Gall and Spurzheim contributed to the progress of the anatomy of the nervous system; and adds, 'Whatever may be the fate of many of their opinions, it remains not the less certain that we must ascribe the zeal of the moderns for the science of this elevated part of the organization to the fruitful principles which they proclaimed, and to the immense interest which they succeeded in inspiring for the study to which they dedicated their lives.' These testimonies form a curious commentary upon the author of the review, showing that the guilt of assertion without proper grounds lay entirely with himself. He probably thought he was doing good service in writing as he did: of his intentions, let the most favourable construction be formed. But he theorised rashly in denial. What others had ascertained by experiment and careful inquiry, he repudiated upon mere supposition. Wishing to be very philosophical, he mistook scepticism for caution, whereas investigation alone could have served his end. And thus where he thought he was pillorying two empiries, he has only stuck himself up as a durable memento of the danger of over-confident disbelief.

Defence of Speculation.—One would think that in thinking there were something wicked or else unwise; everybody feels or fancies a necessity of disclaiming it. 'I am not given to speculation'—'I am no friend to theories.' Speculation—theory—what is it but thinking? Can a man disclaim speculation—can he disclaim theory, without disclaiming thought? If they do not mean thought, they mean nothing; for unless it be a little more thought than ordinary, theory, speculation, mean nothing. *—Haklaman.*

The Value of Scientific Researches not to be Estimated by their Direct or Immediate Utility.—The sciences must often be cultivated from the mere feeling of their own excellence, and must be followed into recesses where their immediate connexion with objects of utility cannot be perceived. Had mathematicians never indulged themselves in any speculations but such as were certainly conducive to purposes of acknowledged utility, the instruments and methods by which the lunar theory has been brought to perfection would probably have still remained unknown; and of

course the great practical question concerning the longitude would have yet received no solution. The applications of a particular discovery, and the useful conclusions to which it leads, in many instances, remain unknown till the future progress of science bring them to light. A series of new discoveries may be necessary to give value to those that have long since been made. Napier, when he invented logarithms, proposed no other object to himself than that of facilitating arithmetical calculations; and this end he doubtless saw that he had fully accomplished. But with all his sagacity and depth of thought, he little knew the richness of the vein he was working; he could not foresee that, for the next two hundred years, when the mathematical sciences were to proceed with a rapidity yet unexampled in the history of knowledge, they were hardly to advance a step without developing some further consequences of his discovery, and some new applications of it, in branches of science which in his time had no existence. To foretell beforehand the uses to which a discovery, whether mathematical or physical, may be applied, is not given to man; and we who have seen the aspect of all chemical, and a great part of physical science changed, in consequence of the convulsions excited in the limbs of a dead frog, will not easily be induced to reject any experiment, or any observation, as frivolous and unnecessary — *Edinburgh Review*, No. 30.

LOVE OF FLOWERS IN GERMANY.

I have already mentioned the great use they make of flowers here to ornament their streets and houses on *fête* days. But they put them to another, more touching use to the heart. We were often surprised to see the number of garlands hanging round many of the cottages leaving Widdel. All classes seemed to be favoured in the same way more or less. We found it was a tribute of friendship, a parting gift, and the formation of these garlands contributed some small addition to the purses of the maker. Such things may appear trifles, but they are in fact matters of great consequence; inasmuch as everything that draws heart to heart, and mind to mind, and contributes, even in a remote degree, to improve human nature in kind and affectionate remembrance to each other, is of consequence.

‘Flowers are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man.’

The cultivation of them improves his health and raises his mind, it he *thinks* about them. The beauty of them pleases his eye, and ornaments his dwelling, and keeps him at home. In the working classes, much might be done in the improvement of their morals, habits, and manners, by encouraging them to pass their few leisure hours in the cultivation of flowers. The difference between two families, one loving flowers, the other loving gin, at the end of twelve months, would be very striking. It may be said, all cannot have gardens. True; but all may have a few flowers in their windows, and many more than they imagine; for a little wooden balcony could easily be made outside of every window; and the very circumstance of tending these flowers would induce them occasionally to open the windows, and give air, that best tonic to the poor exhausted, typhus fevered inhabitant. But here the window-tax comes in, especially in towns, as a monster of evil, to debar the human race from what God, and nature have declared absolutely necessary to their existence and well-being. The number of windows to the houses on the continent must be remarked by all travellers. The cottages in this forest are one line of windows, giving light and life to all within; and by the adoption of the stove, all are kept warm and comfortable at a small expense. If stoves were used in England for the poor, it would save them a great outlay, and in all probability would prevent many an illness. As they need not fear cold, they would then open the windows. If all my readers could witness the state of the rooms inhabited by the poor within a stone's throw of the splendid shop-windows of magnificence at Regent Street, they would shrink from it with horror. They would be tempted to break through the walls to give the fainting creatures light and air, or transport them to the heath-covered mountain, and let them rather lie under the natural rock, than within the walls of the unnatural, pestilential prison they were found in. To the ladies of the creation, flowers are a boon beyond all price; and, if the gentlemen knew it, to them, through their wives. The lady who is fond of her garden, and delights in the cultivation of it, will not seek expensive pleasures abroad. Home is everything to her, and if her husband is

wise enough to encourage her taste, he is a happy man. Women feel deeply little attentions; and in all probability there are few who would be bad wives if they had kind, affectionate, well-judging husbands. — *Lady Vane's Tour*.

CAPTURE OF WHALES IN FAROE.

Mr W. C. Trevelyan communicates to the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* some curious particulars with regard to the whale capture of the Faroe Islands. Hitherto, there has usually been a considerable capture of the small eating whale (*delphinus melas*) in those islands by means of stranding alone. In the course of last year the natives for the first time tried a net, and their success has been splendid. The number of whales thus taken in 1843 was 3146, out of which oil to the value of £5665 was obtained. The people, hitherto in the custom of using the flesh of these animals as food for themselves, have now applied it to the support of their cattle for whom it makes an excellent winter fodder. For this purpose the flesh is cut into long and narrow strips, and dried, without salt, in the air, in the same manner as when used for food by the natives; when well dried, it will keep good for two years. When used, it is cut into pieces two or three inches long, and slightly boiled; any oil rising to the surface is skimmed off, and then the soup and meat are given to the cows, together with about one-half or one-third the usual quantity of hay. On this food they appear to thrive well, giving an increased quantity of milk; and neither it nor the cream has any unpleasant flavour, as they have when the animals are fed on dried fish, as in Iceland and other northern countries. Many cows have usually perished in Faroe from the scarcity of fodder in winter; and my correspondent, the Rev. Mr Schroter (who has for many years exerted himself in improving the condition of his fellow-countrymen), calculates that the lives of more than six hundred cows were saved last winter by the use of this food; which he remarks, might be found of value for the same purpose in Shetland and Orkney, where, from the flesh of the dolphin being disliked as food, great quantities of it are wasted, which might be profitably employed in this way, a more valuable application of it than for manure, as formerly suggested; and if the supply were at all regular, it might enable the inhabitants to increase their stock of cows in winter, and thus add much to their domestic comfort.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1633, from *Maine*, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *vert*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts, from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston; the tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. ‘I have learned,’ says Roger Williams, ‘that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills.’ Rhode Island was named in 1611, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1631 after William Penn; Delaware in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay; Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named in 1564 after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England; Carolina by the French in 1564, in honour of King Charles IX. of France; Georgia in 1772, in honour of King George III.; Alabama in 1817, from its principal river; Mississippi in 1800, from its western boundary; Mississippi is said to denote Kic, whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France; Tennessee in 1796, from its principal river; the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon; Kentucky in 1782, from its principal river; Illinois in 1809, from its principal river; the word is said to signify the river of men; Indiana in 1802, from American Indians; Ohio in 1802, from its southern boundary; Missouri in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan was named in 1805 from the lake on its

borders; Arkansas in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce Le Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.—*Simmond's Colonial Magazine*.

KINDNESS.

The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.—*Farwell*.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

FAIR flower of silent night!

Unto thy bard an emblem thou should'st be.
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,

Silence and solitude its depths unseal.
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still

To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom

Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray:

So in life's last decline,

When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last;

And, as the grateful scent

Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave

Would wear no ghastly appalling to the sight,
Might thy hope's fair blossom, like thy flower, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh

Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!

—From the *Lyre*, a Collection of Poetry, 1836.

CURDLING OF MILK.

The coagulation of milk under the influence of a simple wet membrane is a phenomenon so remarkable, and so difficult to explain, that we need not wonder at the attention it has excited. Experiments have been made with a view of ascertaining the effect on the membrane itself. Among these, a very curious one is due to Berzelius. He relates that he took a bit of the lining of a calf's stomach, washed it clean, dried it as completely as possible, weighed it carefully, put it into eighteen hundred times its weight of milk, and heated the whole to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After some little time coagulation was complete. He then removed the membrane, washed, dried, and once more weighed it; the loss amounted to rather more than one-seventeenth of the whole. According to this experiment, one part of the active matter dissolved from the membrane had coagulated about thirty thousand of milk. —*Forbes's Chemical Prize Essay*.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without

the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

ANGER.

As a preventative of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your conversation, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.—*Old Druce*.

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to languor and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call *effort*. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men such a consciousness of their powers, does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing.—*Channing*.

SHRIMPS.

The office of shrimps, says a writer in the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, seems to be analogous to that of some of the insects on land, whose task is to clear away the remains of dead animal matter after the beasts and birds of prey have been satiated. If a dead small bird or frog be placed where ants have access to it, those insects will speedily reduce the body to a closely-cleaned skeleton. The shrimp family, acting in hosts, as speedily remove all traces of fish or flesh from the bones of any dead animal exposed to their ravage. They are, in short, the principal scavengers of the ocean; and, notwithstanding their office, they are deservedly and highly prized as nutritious and delicious food.

EASTERN MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' 'Why did you not come sooner?' 'Because I waited for my shadow.' In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written.—'As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow.'—*Robert's Illustrations*.

COURAGE.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils: it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.—*Von Kenbel*.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEVUE.

THAT patriarch of anglers, Izaak Walton, in his well-known work on fishing, commences with an imaginary discussion between three sportsmen—the hunter, the falconer, and the fisher—on the comparative merits of earth, air, and water, each contending for the superiority of that element in which he more particularly exercises his craft, and seeks the source of his amusement. Izaak being himself a 'mighty' fisher, takes good care, of course, like the writer of a theological novel, to give his own side the best of the argument, and Piscator carries off the palm. On the same principle the painter represented the man conquering the lion; a state of things, as one of the latter species shrewdly observed in the fable, which would doubtless have been reversed had one of his own brethren been the artist. I myself delight in angling, and though not disposed, like the simple-hearted Izaak, to extol one element at the expense of another—all being equally indispensable in the mundane economy—my chief attention on the present occasion shall be given to the waters. What a pleasant amusement is angling here at home, in all its shades and varieties, from the 'sublime' of salmon-fishing in a Highland river, with all its wild accompaniments of 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' to the 'ridiculous' of bobbing in a punt like a bit of still life at Kewbridge or Putney; or on the margin of the silver Lea, as it winds its drowsy course through verdant meads overlooked by Clapton and Hackney—there to sit like 'patience on a monument'—nought to disturb your cogitations save a passing barge, the sudden flight of your 'castor,' swept off by a tow-rope, or the hilarious scream and giggle of Mr Viggins's wife and party as they scull it past in their 'werry.' Or, to rise to the poetry of my theme, how delightful in some sweet rural spot, where orchards bloom and cottages peep, and curling smoke ascends, in softened contrast to the deep blue of a May-day sky, to stand in the pleasant evening time at the roaring mill tail, gazing with anxious eye on your minnow gleaming like a bit of silver, as it wildly spins through the turbulent waters, whilst the monotonous clapper of the mill-wheel, and the 'sound of many waters,' blend pleasingly with the note of the thrush or blackbird, piping sweetly from the glen below. Or, again to change the scene, how pleasant on some hoar hill-side, or in some heathery glen of Westmoreland, afar from smoky towns—'retired from life's fantastic round'—to throw your fly in the brawling Beck, as it mingles its querulous chidings with the bleat of the mountain sheep or the melancholy cry of the plover; then and there to whip out your little piebald trout, stained with the cho-

colate-coloured waters of the fells, and as lively and animated as the streams they inhabit; then, too, when Sol waxes warm, and sport fatigues, to plump ye down on the wild thyme and heather; you and the friend of your heart to turn out the contents of your fish-basket—discuss the cold pigeon pie, chat discursively of man, his hopes, cares, and destinies—of those who have gone off the stage, and those who are coming on it, &c.; and, having reduced sundry bottles of double stout to that state abhorred by nature, to blow your matches—real Havannahs—and once more to business. Oh, 'tis fine! these are indeed amongst the green spots of life.

In India, however, albeit very pleasant at times, fishing is a somewhat different affair. There you may chance to hear the roar of the tiger mingling with that of the torrent; a cobra de capello may resent any unguarded disposition to recline; and whilst catching your fish, you yourself may chance to be caught by the snap-hooks of a bear, or be comfortably 'reeled' up by a boa constrictor. Such accidents as these are rare, to be sure; but a very large proportion of the *coup de soleil* and jungle fever of India falls to the lot of the piscator. Nevertheless, in spite of all these chances and drawbacks, angling even there has great charms and attractions, and many and many a happy day and hour have I spent in the amusement. India is traversed by noble rivers—the Ganges, the Goggra, the Burampooter, the Nerbudda, &c.—all swelled by hundreds of tributary streams descending from the Himalaya, the Vindhya, and other mountain chains; these waters abound with an infinite variety of fish, as do also the numerous pools and lakes with which the country is studded, particularly those of the wild territory of Rajpootanah: even the large wells, when near water-courses, are found to swarm with the finny tribes; and frequently, in the last-named country, I have had capital sport, and filled my basket from one of these aqueous receptacles. The reader must understand, however, that the Bowlics and great Mahratta wells of Upper India are giants when compared with those which minister to the cottage economy at home. I should say, at a rough guess, that some of the former are twenty or thirty feet in diameter.

During a fifteen years' residence in the East, it fell to my lot to exercise my taste for angling in a great diversity of countries and climates. I have thrown my fly in the torrents of the Himalaya, fished in the wild and solitary lakes of Rajasthan, caught tигра and turtle in the Ganges, skate and rock-cod on the rude coasts of Arracan, and bobbed for eels in the weedy tanks of Bengal. Some light sketches of these operations, blended with other incidental gossipings, may amuse a few kindred spirits. The noble streams which rise amidst the snow-capped Himalaya, and which, descend-

ing through the inferior chains and valleys constituting the provinces of Gûrwal and Kamaon, ultimately debouch into the plains of Rohilcund, are well-stocked with fish, of which two kinds, the trout and the mahaseeah, rise to the fly freely, and afford excellent amusement. The trout of the Himalaya differs considerably in appearance from our own; the head is sharper, the body flatter, and the general colour unlike: still he is a trout, and no mistake; and as such, to one who has been long an exile from Europe, and to whom the scenes of boyhood, though dim, are still dear, the first sight of him, with his bonny red spots, as he comes curvetting from his native element, is very exhilarating, and revives many a pleasant recollection of times gone by. The mahaseeah is a fish whose mouth, assisted by a sort of folding membrane, is capable of great expansion, showing that it is intended to live upon flies; it is a species of barbel, I think, and attains to a very large size, though none of those our party caught exceeded two or three pounds. Having occasion to visit Almora in Kamaon, partly on account of health, and partly to perform some duties connected with the department to which I belonged (the commissariat), I started one fine morning from the handsome old Paltan town of Moradabad in Rohilcund for Bamourie, a Godown and post at the entrance of the pass leading through the first range of hills. My equipment consisted of a small hill-tent and a few boxes carried on mules, these animals being generally used in the mountains, a fair *batterie de cuisine*, and a few bottles of wine. I had also a trusty double-barrelled Joe Manton, and a rifle approaching in size to a 'bone-breaker,' the name by which in India the large buffalo and tiger-pieces are sometimes known. Moreover, I had a rod or two, and a fairish book of hooks and flies; in short, was pretty well equipped for a campaign against the denizens of the woods and waters. I was accompanied by a friend, Captain S—, a pleasant companion, and a keen sportsman—now, poor fellow, gathered to his fathers. On our way to Bamourie we passed through Rampore, the residence of a Paltan nawab, and celebrated for its manufacture of swords, which are cheap, and highly-tempered. The general aspect of this town, with its courts, bazaars, and superior residences, amongst which is the palace of the nawab, struck me, on a hasty inspection, as indicative of a nearer approach to European civilisation and wealth than is usually to be found in the small capitals of petty native princes. The plains of Rohilcund hereabouts, and as we approached the skirts of the jungle, were beautifully open, studded with towns, groves, and villages, and traversed by clear and rushing streams, whilst in the distance, their bases separated from the cultivated lands by a broad belt of forest and grass jungle, towered the mountains of Kamaon and Gûrwal, the snowy peaks of the Himalaya peering in white splintered cones, like gigantic sugar loaves, above the dark blue outline of the first range. The belt of grass and jungle to be traversed before reaching the pass was, if I recollect correctly, some twenty miles across; first we had to traverse a long expanse of verdure, and then commenced a scrubby tree jungle, till we reached Bamourie.

At a village where the cultivation terminated and the grass jungle commenced, my friend and I had a splendid day's shooting; three antelopes, one a noble black buck with high spiral horns, besides black and gray partridges, hares, and a florikin or two, if I remember rightly, having rewarded our exertions. My companion shot two of the antelopes, which we started from fields of grain bordering on the long grass, and I broke the leg of my animal close to the shoulder; but he made such good use of the other three, that it was with some difficulty we secured him. We roused several wild dogs, but did not kill any. Our next day's march brought us to the confines of the tree jungle, which continued unbroken to the base of the mountains, excepted by a few cultivated fields about Bamourie, a spot, where the tree jungle commenced, and

where there were a few huts, we pitched our tents close to those of another small party of officers, Nimrods like ourselves. After breakfast, Captain S—, myself, and two other officers, old friends, likewise bound for Kamaon, who had joined us, sallied out with our guns. We were on foot, and the grass in some places, which grew to an amazing height, was traversed by small well-trodden paths, evidently made by tigers and other wild beasts, the prints of whose feet, indeed, we saw. I never felt more nervous and uncomfortable in my life, fully expecting at every step to hear the roar of a tiger, and to find myself sprawling in his clutches. This feeling was shared by my companions; and we therefore determined to draw off to a place where the jungle was more open and scanty. Our sport this day by no means equalled that of the preceding one; indeed it was very bad; but our neighbours were more successful, as, besides other game, they killed a noble tiger, which they were bringing up dangling from an elephant at the very moment we reached our encampment. He was soon stretched out before one of the tents; and I think I now see the circle of sportsmen around examining him as he lay on the grass in the grim repose of death. The tents, the tree jungle, the groups of servants and beaters, an elephant or two in majestic quiescence, the howdahs and guns on their backs close by, and the purple mountains of Kamaon soaring up in the distance, all combined to form a noble picture. This is sport—all grand and in keeping; and after it, pheasant-shooting in a preserve, and similar domestic amusements, hardly deserve the name. I felt the fore-arm of the defunct tiger, and was not prepared, under so loose and velvety a skin as that which covered it, to find muscle and sinew as hardly compacted as a deal board. I could then for the first time conceive how it is that this formidable brute can fell an ox and crush in his skull with a single blow of his paw. Tigers hereabouts are pretty numerous. They follow the herds of the Kussiah mountaineers, picking off a bullock as they feel inclined; and when at particular seasons the herdsmen and cattle retire up into the mountains, they are said to be so obliging as still to keep them company.

Bamourie is simply a halting-place for travellers at the commencement of the ascent of the mountains, and at the period to which I refer, there were no buildings there (though several villages and some cultivation are to be found in the vicinity) saving a plain oblong structure called the 'Godown,' or store, and a few sheds for cattle, constructed of timber, and resembling American log-houses. The Godown was divided into three compartments, each having its door: two of these contained attah (flour), ghee, turmeric, and other supplies requisite for native travellers; and the third was set apart for the accommodation of English officers journeying to and from Kamaon. In this last, which was of very confined dimensions, was a fireplace, and the furniture, of a rude and primitive character, consisted of a clumsy table and two or three rickety chairs, exhibiting sundry simple and compound fractures: such was our temporary abode at Bamourie. The belt of forest between this place and Rooderpoor is a hotbed of malaria, from the commencement of the rains in May and June, till the setting in of the cold season in October and November. These pestiferous exhalations, produced by the joint action of sun and moisture on decayed vegetation, are called the 'oul' by the natives; and when once they begin to arise, the Kussiah herdsmen withdraw with their cattle to the mountains out of the reach of their influence. The petty establishments from such places as Bamourie and Tandah are usually removed (they are under the commissariat department), and the European residents in the hills become pretty effectually cut off from intercourse with the plains, for even then a rapid transit through this pestiferous cincture is attended with the most imminent risk. The period of our visit was the fine season, and the absence of all danger from

the above source, and the coolness and purity of the air, gave a delightful elasticity to our spirits, and imparted a keen relish for the scenery and sports of the mountains. Breakfast was no sooner despatched on the morning of our arrival, than the little apartment of the Godown began to exhibit an animated scene of preparation; fishing-hooks were brought out, flies tied, lines adjusted, rods and reels fixed, and off we soon started—that is, my friend S—and myself—for the neighbouring river, the sound of whose waters were distinctly audible at the Godown. I had occasionally thrown the fly before in the comparatively sluggish rivers of the plains of Hindostan; but, with the exception of catching now and then a little lively sprat-like fish, called the 'chulwah,' invariably without success. In fact, the fish of the plains are not such light feeders as to take the fly, excepting in a few of the rapid streams of Rajpootaneh and of Central India. Here, then, though somewhat doubtful of success, I promised myself a high treat—sport of a purely novel and English character.

The Dauli, the river which issues from the mountains at the pass of Bamourie, is a noble stream, clear as crystal; here slumbering in deep and transparent pools, scooped out of its rugged channel, there shooting along in glassy smoothness, or tumbling over its rocky bed in short and troubled waves. Our approach to the river, then shrunk into comparatively narrow limits, was over loose shingle and stones, rounded by the action of the torrent. At length I stood on the brink of the clear running stream, and home arose in pleasant visions before me; for by such, 'when free to roam,' had I often whiled my schoolboy hours. Long out of practice, I was a little awkward at first, but soon regained my wonted precision. Still, time went on, and no 'muchees' (fish); and I was beginning to dread a complete failure, when I observed my companion S—some way lower down, stumbling over boulder-stones, mouth pursed up, rod bending, and arm extended, and ever and anon, amidst the waves of the swift gliding current, a silvery gleam, and the dash of a vigorous tail. 'He has him,' said I; 'there are fish here, and no mistake.' I was soon by the side of my friend, just as he was conducting through the dead water a fine mahaseeah, whose widely-expanded mouth, and body limp and exhausted, proclaimed that, rescue or no rescue, he had resigned the contest. It is a pleasant thing to handle your friend's first fish, though assuredly much pleasanter to handle your own; to weigh him, and measure him, and turn him this way and that, and revel in the pleasant conviction (one sometimes denied to the angler) that there are actually fish in the river, and that, moreover, it being neither their Lent nor Ramozan, there is a way of catching them. Encouraged by S—'s success, I again went to work, and fished up the river, whilst he followed its downward course. It was now my turn, and I was soon cheered by a rise. It was in water so rapid, that one would have imagined a fish could have hardly held his own in it; but the mahaseeah is a knowing fellow, and gets under the lee of the stones, which break the force of the current. I felt him, and soon made him feel me. When struck, away he darted down the stream, aided by its rapid glide, with a velocity which made the reel fly again. I feared he would have carried out all my line, and then, if he had, 'good night to Marmion;' but he was not destined to spin out my thread, or to cut it either; and in good time he hauled his wind. I ceased to slip and tumble over the plumpudding stones, and after considerable agitation on my part, and one or two wicked flings on his, after I had (as I thought on good grounds) considered him in extremis, I towed him ashore, to borrow the language of honest Dinness, 'as snug as a cock-salmon in a fish-basket.' This, then, was the first mahaseeah, the famous fly-taker of the hill streams, which I ever captured, and one of the few I did take; for my stay in the mountains was short, and occasional attacks of indisposition, ugly twinges in

the hepatic region, and other circumstances, prevented my indulging in field-sports so much as I otherwise should. The weight of my mahaseeah—for he was a small one—was considerably under two pounds, but his strength and vivacity gave me a lively idea of what one of his species would effect in the way of resistance if of forty or fifty pounds weight; for to this, and I was told a still larger size, they attain in the rivers of the Himalaya. Indeed I am pretty sure that a huge fellow which I saw in my next day's excursion waving his broad tail in a deep and glassy pool, and whom I vainly coaxed to do me the honour of tasting my fly and paste, must have been little short of that size. Tackled to a fish of that bulk, his struggles for liberty, aided by a rushing torrent, loose stones for your footing, and a tiger perhaps not far off, considering what might be the most judicious mode of intercepting your further progress, it is necessary to have your wits about you. I saw no tigers, to be sure; but, knowing myself to be where they abound, I made one of my servants carry my double-barrelled gun close behind me, loaded with ball, so that I might be prepared in case one should make his appearance; and I always, whilst fishing, took especial care to give projecting knolls and long grass or brushwood as wide a berth as possible. I was told of more than one rencontre which English anglers had had with them, and the precaution was consequently by no means superfluous. On returning to the Godown on this my first day, I found my brother angler returned with a fair basket of trout and mahaseeah: the former (not one of which kind had I the luck to catch) struck me, as I have before observed, as differing materially from our English fish of the name, though unquestionably of the same family. This I found to be the case with respect to all the productions of the mountains of which we possess the counterparts in Europe: the jays were jays, it is true, but not quite the jays of our woods; ditto the black-birds, pheasants, blackberries, violets; and so on through the whole range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. As far as my limited observation went, the birds resembling our songsters in plumage were voiceless, and the flowers, like those which enamel our lanes and meads, without scent; still it is pleasant to have even one sense gratified by objects blended with our early associations, and this the English traveller from the plains, if long an exile from Europe, feels most strongly on entering Kamaon.

I would recommend to all fly-fishers in the Himalaya provinces to come well supplied with tackling, particularly flies; for, in the first place, the mahaseeah is strong, and as he darts down the rapid current, the least knot or momentary obstruction to the passage of the line will lead to his disappearance with a portion of it; and secondly, the great round rocks and stones which in many places strew the banks, have a peculiar aptitude for taking off your flies. Repeatedly, in throwing my line, did I hear a sort of snip behind me, and on a consequent examination invariably found that a fly was gone, which, owing to the broken nature of the ground, I seldom if ever recovered. Perhaps this might be otherwise accounted for, but I attributed it to the stones; for where they were not, it did not occur.

Having loaded our mules, and mounted our ponies, we left Bamourie, and proceeded to Bheemtal, the second stage in the mountains. At some distance from the Godown the river is crossed by a rude suspension-bridge of considerable breadth, which hangs in air like a cobweb, and has, when seen some way off, a pretty and picturesque effect. We found it very rickety, and when the river is swollen by the melting of the snows, and its mountain-bound channel filled from bank to bank, crossing on such a frail structure must be rather a nerve-shaking operation. Neither my companions nor myself ventured upon it mounted, for there is no saying what might have been the result of an unlucky shy or back, in spite of the slender parapet. As it was, the bridge rocked and vibrated in a manner which was far from agreeable; and my little stout tan-

gun,* though a mountaineer himself, was so terrified, that he crouched and shuddered, and I thought would have lain down on the bridge. I never saw terror in an animal so forcibly depicted as when he was making his transit, or the appearance of comfort and satisfaction more complete than when he once more trod on *terra firma*. Our engineers are said, I believe, to have derived their ideas of suspension-bridges from those of the mountain regions of India, where, in various forms, they have been in use from time immemorial. Some of the rude bridges thrown over chasms are very unsafe, a melancholy proof of which occurred some years since in the case of a fine young woman, a Miss S—, while travelling in the mountains with her parents, whom she had recently joined from England. The young lady, and a gentleman who formed one of the party, Major H—, a very large and heavy man, having preceded the rest, came suddenly upon one of these mountain bridges thrown across a deep chasm, at the bottom of which rushed a rapid torrent. A drove of cattle had just passed, and they followed without any apprehension of danger. Perhaps the weight of the cattle had brought the bridge to the breaking point, for when the officer and the hapless girl reached the centre, it suddenly gave way, and they were precipitated into the gulf below. Major H—'s endeavours to rescue his companion were fruitless; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to extricate himself. She was for a moment seen on a rock in the channel, her loosened locks, which she was endeavouring to part, clinging to her face and person, when a swell of the current swept her away, to be seen no more.

Not far from the bridge of Bamourie I observed a land-slip—a striking exemplification of the process continually going on by which the bulk of mountains undergoes a sensible diminution. The torrent, by beating on one point of the base of a hill, which rose sheer above it to a great elevation, had so worn it away, that its whole side, waving with forest, had sunk down into the vacant space, leaving, where the continuity of the slope had been broken, a clearly-marked and perpendicular precipice, the earthly face fresh and untinted, and resembling a colossal step. A few miles of continual ascent, the scenery at every turn increasing in grandeur and beauty, brought us to Bheemtal, Bheemtal, or the lake of Bheem, some three or four thousand feet above the level of the plains, occupies the centre of a small valley, above which the dark mountains shoot to a towering height, some cultivated in long successions of levels, rising like gigantic steps one above the other; others clothed with dark forest, and exhibiting on their peaked summits the spearlike forms of the pine and fir. Close to the little lake, deep, blue, and transparent, stood a large Banyan tree, and a curious old Hindoo temple of a conical or beehive shape; and hard by, another Godown similar to that at Bamourie, but which has since, I understand, been pulled down, and replaced by a superior place of accommodation, erected by the government on a neighbouring eminence. Here we halted for a day, which I devoted to shooting. I believe one of our party (amounting to four) tried the lake—profoundly deep, and in which we saw quantities of fish—but I forget with what success. In some cultivation which skirted one extremity of this mountain tarn, I found the black partridge pretty abundant, and killed several, as also two or three hill partridges. The black partridge is a beautiful bird, and shooting them an amusement highly enjoyed by the Anglo-Indian sportsman. The breast of the male bird is of a shining black, speckled with white; the head is also marked in a similar manner. He rises perpendicularly at first to a considerable height, and then goes off horizontally, and is by no means an easy shot. The black partridge is found in the long grass on the margin of rivers and swamps, from whence in the mornings and evenings he creeps out into the

neighbouring cultivation; his note or call is very peculiar, resembling somewhat the creak of a wheel. A sight which greatly delighted me was, the profusion of flowers and shrubs, resembling those common in England. Butter-cups, marshmallows, and cuckoo flowers, grew on the margin of the lake; violets and primroses peered from the mossy banks; and dog-roses hung in festoons from the trees and hedges; in fact I felt myself at home again, and the recollection of many a bird-nesting excursion and schoolboy-ramble rushed upon my mind. The next morning we continued our route, and a few miles brought us to the foot of the Goggar Pahar, one of the loftiest mountains of Kamaon.* The ascent, up a zig-zag road overhung with magnificent forest trees, was toilsome in the extreme; but the labour was amply repaid by the inexpressible grandeur of the scenery which every turn disclosed. On our right, glens sunk to profound depths, from whence arose the murmur of the far-off torrent, blended with the sighing of the trees; whilst every now and then, from openings of the woods, we caught a view of the little lake of Bheemtal, studding like a sapphire the valley behind us; and beyond stretched out, till lost in the haze of the distance, the vast expanse of the plains of Rohilkund. At one moment we beheld almost perpendicularly above us a string of herdsmen and bullocks moving along with scenic effect, whilst directly below our feet we could perceive our mules and servants toiling up the ascent, the latter awaking the echoes of the mountain solitudes with their cheerful shouts and songs. Amidst such scenes, where nature exhibits her most sublime features, how strongly does the mind assimilate itself to their grand and elevated character! How soothing is their solitude, how touching their silent magnificence!

We were now in the lofty region of the oak and fir, and on every side bloomed the bright scarlet flower of the rhododendron. Pheasants continually ran across the road, and I got a shot at some deer which I perceived feeding on a grassy knoll far below me, the report of my gun echoing from hill to hill. At length we gained the summit, and turning its woody brow, a prospect burst upon us to which I believe the world cannot furnish a parallel, and to which the feeble powers of words are incapable of doing justice. Range beyond range of dark blue mountains opened on the view, of which the sombre billows of a heaving ocean furnish the truest idea; some partially cultivated, with here and there villages perched like eagles' nests in almost inaccessible situations, and others clothed with waving forests; whilst bounding the distance, and stretching far and wide, shot up in calm magnificence the splintered and glittering peaks of the mighty Himalaya, white with eternal snows. We became riveted to the spot, indulging every moment in the delighted and passionate exclamations of wonderful! sublime! magnificent! Cold and insensible, indeed, must be that being who could gaze unmoved from the summit of the Goggar Pahar. A long and weary descent of many thousand feet brought us to our halting place in the little mountain-locked valley of Ramgar. Here a Kussiah peasant brought us some small black trout, strung through the gills on a willow with; and these, with a pheasant shot by one of my companions, and a roaring fire in the Godown, repaid us for all our toils, and enabled me to enjoy one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent in India. A small clear stream wound through the bare valley of Ramgar, on the other side of which was a miserable village inhabited by miners, who fuse the iron ore dug from the adjoining mountain. We visited this village, and observed the rude mode in which the dingy inhabitants cast and prepared the iron; this, when made into pigs, is conveyed on coolies to the plains, where a market for it is found. On the stream which flowed through this valley we observed several diminutive water-mills, just big enough to hold a single person, and in which a large wheel gave a rotatory

* Mountain ponies, so called.

* Eight or nine thousand feet.

motion to a couple of ponderous stones. Ascending another lofty range by the same zig-zag process, we reached Peurah, the third halting-place on the opposite declivity. This part, unlike the Goggar, we found but little wooded, but exhibiting many large villages and much cultivation. As I gazed on this magnificent region of the mountain and flood, I could not help mentally picturing what it might, and perhaps will some day become, under the fostering influence of European science, industry, and civilisation. I fancied the now almost unimproved features of nature here on their grandest scale, embellished by the hand of art—cities or towns occupying every plateau and valley—farms and chateaux the woody nooks and wide-sweeping declivities—and the sound of the church-going bell, connected with some simple and purer worship, floating softly over glen and vale. Whether European colonisation be practicable in these mountains in any form or degree, and, if practicable, politic and desirable, with reference to the welfare of our empire and the security of our rule, seems to be a question worthy of consideration. The Kussials, or inhabitants of Kamaon, are a simple and inoffensive people, originally from the plains, and possessed of few of the characteristics of mountaineers. The people of the adjoining province of Gûrwâl are said to be a far stouter and finer race: but both are immeasurably inferior to the Goorkhas of Napaul, their former masters, who are bold and energetic in the extreme—regular little duodecimos of manhood and spirit. It is a pity we have not more of these indomitable little heroes in our native army. They strongly attach themselves to European officers, and like our service, though every obstacle is, I am told, raised by their own government to prevent their entering it. Though Tartar by race, they are, singularly enough, Hindoo by religion.

Peurah consists of a few houses on a terrace occupying the brow of a mountain, and commanding a noble prospect of the ridge on which Almorah stands, and the background of snowy mountains. There was no fishing to be had here, at least that I could hear of, so we all sallied out after breakfast to make war on the birds and quadrupeds. Most fatiguing work I found it. Grouse-shooting, I imagine, from what little I have seen of the amusement, though trying to the wind and the capsular ligaments, is a joke to it. Lured on by the cluck of the mountain partridge, you mount up field after field formed in terraces like Brobdignag steps, till your mutinous supporters seem resolved upon a strike. Puffing and blowing, however, you at last spring your chikor; up he whirs; you perhaps miss him (I was guilty of that solecism occasionally), and if so, down he plumps like a stone into a valley some two or three thousand feet deep, or crosses to an opposite range, and it is half a day's march to get at him again. In spite, however, of these little difficulties, I bagged a few chikor, and had some other sport. I got several shots at pheasants; but from the novelty of the game, or some inscrutable reason, killed none. There are many varieties of the pheasant in Kamaon; one of a brilliant metallic green colour, another pied, with an enormously long tail; but I saw none exactly resembling ours, the original of which is, I believe, from Persia. Never shall I forget the first sunrise and sunset at Peurah—the coucher and reveillé of those Titans of earth, the Himalayan peaks—how their vast forms melted away in the sombre tints of eve, and with what roseate hues, and in what beautiful lights, the morning again revealed them to my sight. As the dawn approached, the tips of the snowy peaks were suffused with a delicate, luminous, and roseate tint, which gave them (their connexion with earth being imperceptible, or but dimly visible) the appearance of a row of Chinese lamps suspended high along the horizon. Then, as the morning light became more confirmed, the giant forms of Jumootrie, Gungootrie, and other peaks slowly emerged, dyed with the reflected blushes of the reddening east, whilst some of the ranges immediately below, the snowy chain appeared of the darkest blue, and

others nearer to us tipped with gold, and just catching the oblique rays of the rising luminary, started forth from this dark background in bold and splendid relief. Seen either in calm, in sunshine, or in storm, at the evening hour or in the morning light, these magnificent Alps of the East—before which, however, their European brethren must 'hide their diminished heads'—always present a different picture. On rising in the morning at Peurah, I found that during the night a leopard had endeavoured to carry off one of my mules; but this being resisted by the animal itself, as well as the drivers, who, according to their own account, belaboured the leopard with their cudgels most vigorously, he was obliged to content himself with a large bite out of the poor beast's shoulder, which certainly exhibited a frightful wound. The mule, however, seemed to bear his misfortune with much calmness, for when I went to examine his injuries, I found him quietly munching provender with his long-eared brethren.

The next day's journey 'o'er hill and dale' brought us to Almorah, the capital of the province, occupying the ridge of a mountain, and, the station of a small body of troops; but here, for the present, I must close my recollections.

MR BECKFORD AND FONTHILL.

ENGLAND abounds in wonders, and amongst these not the least are her small class of exceedingly rich men—men whose means of splendour exceed those of sovereigns of old, and who sometimes do rival these personages in luxury and magnificence. In May of the present year died one of the most remarkable of the millionaires—William Beckford. The lovers of history knew Mr Beckford as the son of that Lord Mayor who excited so much remark in the time of the early ministerial troubles of George III.'s reign, by the bold manner in which he replied to an ungracious public speech of the king reflecting upon the loyalty of the city of London. The lovers of literature knew him as the author of the Oriental tale of *Vathek*, a work exhibiting extraordinary powers of impressive writing in the department of fiction, but which was nearly the sole fruit of his genius. The tribe of artists and connoisseurs were equally well acquainted with the name of Beckford as that of the greatest collector of works of art in his day. To his own equals in rank and affluence alone was Mr Beckford little known; but this was because of his singularly reclusive habits. He was a hermit of intellectual refinement, content to be alone with books and works of art for ever.

It appears that the Lord Mayor Beckford was not a merchant, as might be presumed from his occupying the civic chair of the metropolis, but a man of fortune, whose connexion with the city was purely of a political nature. He inherited vast estates in Jamaica, of which island his grandfather had been governor. The descent of the family has been traced into a decayed line of ancient English gentry. The mother of the subject of this notice was Maria Hamilton, a granddaughter of James, sixth Earl of Athercorn. Mr Beckford was born in September 1760, and succeeded to the vast property of his father, said to be worth a hundred thousand a-year, while only ten years of age. His education was all that could be required for bringing such faculties as his into the highest state of perfection. He became a proficient in the knowledge of the classical languages, and, besides, acquainted himself with five of those of modern Europe, in three of which he could write like the most refined native. He studied music under Mozart, architecture under Sir William Chambers, and drawing under one of the first artists of his day. At eighteen we find him in France, entering into the highest literary society. He was then introduced to Voltaire, of whose ghastly skeleton-like aspect he had the most vivid recollection. The aged philosopher laid his hand on his head at parting, saying, 'I give you the blessing of a very old man.' At home Mr

Beckford was on intimate terms with the Earl of Chatham and his son, and other eminent persons on the liberal side.

His first literary effort was a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*. Having overheard the old housekeeper at Fonthill making the strangest blunders in describing the pictures to visitors, he thought of drawing up a sort of catalogue embodying, or rather exaggerating her absurdities, and this for the purpose of being used as a guide by strangers, not one of whom in a hundred had the slightest acquaintance with the names of real artists. To quote himself, * 'The book was soon on the tongues of all the domestics. Many were the quotations current upon the merits of Og of Basan and Watersouchy of Amsterdam. Before a picture of Rubens or Murillo, there was often a charming dissertation upon the pencil of the Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, or that great Italian artist Blunderbussiana of Venice. I used to listen unobserved, until I was ready to kill myself with laughing at the authorities quoted to the squires and farmers of Wilts, who took all for gospel.'

He was but twenty-two years of age when he composed his wondrous tale of *Vathek*, in French, 'at one sitting of three nights and two days.' The beauty of some of the descriptions in this tale, and the dreary grandeur of its close, in a hall of everlasting torment, stamp it as a production of the highest genius. It seems strange that one who could write so well, should have written no more in the same style. The work was, nevertheless, little known to the English public till a translation was published in London in 1815. We have the author's own authority that the composition of *Vathek*, performed as it was without intervening sleep or rest, and productive, as it must have been, of extraordinary excitement, made him extremely ill. Mr Beckford was perhaps too much a student to be an active author. He gave himself almost entirely up for years to reading, and the cultivation of his taste for works of art. The effects of years devoted by a powerful mind to constant study, were most remarkable. He seemed to be acquainted with all the principal authors that ever wrote, and of his own vast collection of books, scarce one did not contain remarks written by him.

At an early period of life, Mr Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, by whom he was left a widower at twenty-six, with two daughters. He formed no other alliance. Much of this period of his life was spent in France, with most of whose contemporary great men he became acquainted. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, also shared in his affections. His observations on these countries were preserved in a series of letters which was published near the end of his life. At Cintra, in Portugal, he for some time established his residence, building in one of the loveliest spots of that beautiful region a fairy palace, the first of his wondrous creations in stone and lime. Byron alludes to this beautiful, but now ruined mansion, in his *Childe Harold* :

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Huge giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasures on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

During the troubles in the Peninsula, Mr Beckford abandoned this residence and returned to England, where he soon applied himself to the business which of all others he most loved, that of building, adorning, and furnishing. He was engaged for the better part of twenty years in rearing and fitting out his palace at

Fonthill, in Wiltshire. This estate had been purchased by his father, of whom it is told that, hearing one day of the conflagration of the mansion which stood upon it, he coolly said, 'Well, let it be rebuilt;' which was done at the enormous expense of £240,000. The luxurious Vathek, dissatisfied with the site, which was low, determined to abandon it, and rebuild upon one more elevated. When this was effected, the mayor's costly mansion was sold for the value of the materials—nine thousand pounds. The construction of the new edifice was conducted by the solitary and self-absorbed enthusiast with an energy highly characteristic. 'At one time every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power.*

In 1807 the mansion was sufficiently far advanced to accommodate its founder. Now it was that 'England's wealthiest son' seemed entitled to say,

Yon palace, whose brave turret tops,
Over the stately wood survey the cope,
Promiseth, if sought, a wished place of rest.

A palace it might not have been improperly called, for inside and out it was a structure of surpassing splendour; no bit of gingerbread, like Horace Walpole's villa at Twickenham, but a reproduction in solid stone of the beautiful proportions of the best times of Gothic architecture. The most striking feature was the principal tower, which, rising to an immense height from the centre, was visible, above the trees that embosomed the remainder of the abbey, at a distance of twenty miles. This Mr Beckford had been induced to build in consequence of the temptation presented by the elevated situation, and from a love he had for extensive prospects, the enjoyment of which was placed within his power by the favour of nature in bestowing upon him extraordinary eyesight. Four lines of building radiated from the tower, so as to form the outline of a Latin cross; but all monotony of effect was effectually precluded by the various heights of the four limbs, the mixture of turrets amongst pinnacles, and the contrast of round with square towers. The park and pleasure-grounds were laid out with consummate art, in order to constitute, either by themselves, or in connexion with the abbey, landscapes of the most delightful description. Proceeding to the interior, the visitor selected, as most worthy of notice amongst its hundred apartments, the Great Western Hall, the two galleries called St Michael's and King Edward's, which, being in a line with each other, could at any time be thrown into one grand vista; the two yellow drawing-rooms, the sanctuary, the oratory, the nunnery, &c.

These rooms being hung with silks and damasks of the richest dye, adorned with choice pictures of the great masters, stored with the rarest objects of *virtù*, and filled with valuable books and furniture, formed a whole which was magnificent and indescribable. The mullioned windows were embellished with stained glass,

All garlanded with carved imageries,
And diamonded with paces of quaint device;

* See an interesting paper by Mr Cyrus Redding, in the *New Monthly Magazine* for June.

columns crept up the sides of the endless galleries, and then spread themselves out in network tracery overhead. As for the excellence of the paintings, it is sufficient to mention that one, a *Madona* by Raphael, was afterwards purchased by the trustees of our National Gallery for no less a sum than five thousand guineas. His anxiety to possess himself of first-rate specimens of art, was shown when he offered M. Angerstein £20,000 for a picture now in the National Gallery, painted by Del Piombo. The cabinets of kings and princes at home and abroad had been ransacked to supply the collection of rarities at Fonthill. Vases of exquisite workmanship; cups, salvers, and other articles wrought in precious metal; carvings in ivory; sculptured gems; these, and a thousand objects of value and curiosity, a few of which we will now particularise, glittered on the tables or enriched the cabinets. Amongst this 'fouth' of estimable things were comprised original drawings by Poussin; a mounted Nautilus upon an ivory plinth, carved by Benvenuto Cellini; a vase of a single Hungarian topaz, intended as a marriage present by the same artist; a hookah set with precious stones, formerly the property of Tippoo Saib; a crystal cabinet that had belonged to Pope Paul V.; a painted cabinet designed by Holbein for Henry VII.; six carved ebony chairs, once possessed by Cardinal Wolsey, &c. The collection of china was very extensive. The passion for heaping up nick-nacks of this kind is known to be one of a powerful nature, when it has been once indulged; but it is scarcely credible that a man of sense and taste could be found who would go on year after year increasing his stock of crockery, until one room actually contained upwards of 2400 dishes of foreign china! It is gratifying to know that the sleeping apartment of the owner of Fonthill was a perfect contrast to the splendour around. His bedroom was small, with diminutive windows, and supplied with no means of warmth; his couch was narrow, and without hangings.

If the reader, after being made acquainted with the splendours of Fonthill, should inquire what provision had been made for the comfort of its occupants, he would find that its domestic arrangements had been grievously neglected. In fact, from first to last, its effect as a work of art, some would say as a show-place, had been studied to the exclusion of meaner considerations. Of all its multitude of rooms, but eighteen were sleeping apartments, and not one of these had a dressing-room attached. The inconveniences of nearly the whole number, arising from want of light or of ventilation, or from being perched at a fatiguing height in the great tower, almost disqualified them for the purposes to which they were applied. Soon after its celebrated founder quitted the abbey, this lofty tower fell with an awful crash in the night of the 21st of December 1825, destroying in its fall a considerable part of the edifice below. The base had not been made strong enough to support the vast superincumbent weight, and a catastrophe of this kind had long been predicted. Happily, no one was hurt by the accident. It is reported that when news of what had happened was taken to the former owner of Fonthill, he replied, with a *sang froid* worthy of his father, 'Well, the tower has paid its possessor a greater compliment than ever it did to me. I had it for nearly twenty years, and during all that time it neither bowed nor courted.'

The pride that seeks its ancestry among the great of former times, evidently exercised much influence over Mr Beckford's mind. Though he had little to boast of on his father's side, through his mother he claimed descent from kings and princes. The lustre of a lineage thus centred in the son, no ray of which fell upon the father, was studiously emblazoned throughout his dwelling. It blazed from every window in conspicuous colours, whilst his walls, both inside and out, were incrustated with coats of armour and heraldic bearings. One of his immense galleries was built for the express purpose of commemorating the names of those individuals amongst his ancestry who had been Knights of the Garter. He

claimed to have the singular distinction of being descended from all the barons (of whom any issue remained) who extorted the great charter of our liberties from King John at Runnymede. One entire pile of building was erected to notify this fact.

The total cost of the buildings at Fonthill, according to Mr Beckford's own statement, was about £273,000: if to this sum be added the expense his father had been at in erecting the former mansion, in pulling down the parish church, which stood within his park, and rebuilding it at another place, we cannot suppose that less than half a million was spent at this spot, where now there is no mansion of any kind in existence. Excessive expenditure and the unfavourable decision of a litigation respecting some of his West India property, determined Mr Beckford, in 1822, to part with Fonthill, and retire to some less costly abode. The estate and mansion were bought at £330,000 by a gentleman of the name of Farquhar, who had realised a large fortune in India. On that occasion the house was thrown open to the public, with a view to the sale of its numerous articles of virtue, and for some time it was resorted to by immense crowds. The curiosity was undoubtedly the greater, that the proprietor had hitherto lived in it in studious retirement, and never allowed any strangers to be admitted even to his grounds. For some years previous to his death Mr Beckford resided at Bath, where he again indulged his taste for building, in crowning an eminence with another tower not far from the house in which he lived. Here, surrounded by his choicest works of art, which he had saved from the wreck, he continued those recluse habits for which he had always been remarkable, and which made him all but totally inaccessible. One person, who seems to have been admitted to his society, reports that his conversation was as correct and elegant as his writings, abounding in anecdotes of the great men of the last century whom he had known personally. In his latter years he again took up the pen, and gave to the world 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaga and Batalba,' a journey which he performed in 1795. One of the last events of a gratifying nature in his history was the union of his daughter's son, the Marquis of Douglas, to the daughter of a sovereign house of Germany, Mary of Baden. Such an alliance must have been extremely pleasing to one who had so keen a relish for ancestral honours.

At length, after upwards of sixty years of mature life spent in unlimited indulgence of the highest intellectual tastes, this singular man meets the common fate; suggesting the verse of Gray—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

CHEAP COPYRIGHT BOOKS.

We have pleasure in advertising to the several publishing enterprises now on foot for the wider diffusion of original or copyright books. The portion of the public which we address cannot, we believe, be over-informed with regard to the means which exist for becoming possessed of a collection of books—a personal or family library—consisting not of works in an antiquated taste, which they would little regard, but of books by modern and living authors, communicating knowledge in its most approved forms, or conveying such productions of fancy as the feelings of breathing men can respond to. Foremost in the list stands Mr Murray's *Home and Colonial Library*, commenced in the latter part of 1843, and of which eleven volumes have already made their appearance. There has been, in our opinion, no 'library' comparable to this. It seems to us fully to realise for the first time the magnificent idea of the Czar Constantine, as described in the *Life of Scott*, and to be what his *Miscellany* unfortunately failed to be,

in consequence of the erroneous typographical arrangements. Here (speaking roundly) what Constable gave in two volumes at seven shillings, is given in one at half-a-crown. And the books—in consequence of Mr Murray's extensive possessions of literary property—are all of first-rate character. Borrow's Bible in Spain, one of the most original and interesting books of personal narrative in our language; Miss Rigby's delightful Letters from the Baltic; and Irby and Mangles's Travels in the Holy Land, are examples of the books of recent date. Drinkwater's History of the Siege of Gibraltar is an instance of copyrights of older standing. Of books altogether original—an element requiring critical management, but of great importance—we have as yet but one example; a most spirited, amusing, and instructive narrative of personal adventure in Western Barbary, by Mr Drummond Hay, son of the consul at Tangier. The quantity of paper and print given in such a case is less than in the reprinted books; but still the fact shines clear, that a book which in ordinary circumstances would be published at twelve or fourteen shillings, and addressed of course only to the affluent classes, is in this mode presented at half-a-crown, so as to be accessible to a vastly larger body of people. We sincerely hope that this scheme will meet with the large encouragement which it so richly merits.

Mr Knight's *Weekly Volumes for all Readers* is a more daring scheme, and one which it will be more difficult to conduct successfully, in as far as it demands a quicker supply of material, and proposes to be more original. The publisher has, however, large stores at command, including an unprecedented quantity of available illustrations in wood. A volume of two hundred and forty pages—albeit these are small—at one shilling, is a genuine bargain; so much so, that one feels unavoidably some concern respecting the publisher's profit. The first publication is a life of William Caxton, the early English printer, by Mr Knight himself—an exceedingly pleasing volume, though hardly, we would fear, suitable to the taste of the large body appealed to. The second is a tasteful selection from the papers in the Lowell Offering—an annual, as many of our readers are aware, produced by the factory girls of the chief manufacturing town in America.* For rural book-clubs, and the libraries connected with regiments, prisons, &c. a series of good books in this form would be highly appropriate; and the *Weekly Volume* will serve the end, and obtain the success, if its materials shall be found adapted to popular taste: upon that all will depend.

It may not be inappropriate here to remark, that the earliest cheap editions of classical English books were Cooke's, published about the close of the last century in sixpenny numbers, each embellished with a tasteful copper engraving. Many men now in middle life must have agreeable reminiscences of the weekly treat furnished by the paternal generosity which had enabled them to become subscribers to Cooke's editions. Thereafter, Walker's and Suttaby's editions of the British Classics—rival series of identical form, and that rather too small and of too minute typography, yet without neat—contended for patronage, and met a large sale. In the same taste was Dove's series, published about seventeen years ago. Somewhat earlier, Mr Limbird, a bookseller in the Strand, produced a series of cheap classics in octavo, double columns, the most economical form in which books can be published. They were homely in style, but, as far as we are aware, they had the merit of being the first of their genus. In similar taste were Jones's editions of the classics, a series which included, however, a more voluminous class of books. The publication of cheap reprints had experienced a lull of several years, when in 1836 we commenced those styled *People's Editions*, which, meeting with decided success, brought several similar series into

the field, including the elegant one of Mr Smith of Fleet Street. The impulse thus communicated was also the means of inducing several publishers, as Messrs Whittaker and Co., Mr Murray, and Mr Moxon, to present various copyright books in their possession in a similar form. Great benefit has thus been conferred upon the public. Modern books are no longer exclusive to the rich. Tradesmen and artisans may now possess themselves of little libraries, which shall include some of the best productions of contemporary talent. It is at the same time worthy of notice, that the vast sale of these cheap reprints, in addition to the large quantities of cheap periodical works, has not been attended by any diminution of the number of new publications. The number of distinct books published for the first time in 1842 was 2193, whereas the number in 1832 was only 1525, the aggregate value or selling prices in the two cases being respectively L.968, and L.807.

After all, is the diffusion of literature at, or even near its ultimatum? We greatly suspect not. Suppose there is so large a sale as thirty thousand for either Mr Murray's or Mr Knight's series, what is it in comparison with the millions of the population of this land? Only one person in a thousand has a book. Grant that three hundred thousand cheap sheets are circulated weekly, only one person in a hundred has a sheet. There is surely much yet to be done to bring a healthy and acceptable literature to all doors. And for this purpose we state, as our deliberate opinion, that the abolition of the duty upon paper, and the unrestricted importation of rags from all parts of the world, are necessary. The paper being the principal material, upon its cheapness almost everything depends. There is on this subject a prevalent fallacy, to the effect that the reduction to be accomplished by these means is so small on the few sheets constituting a book, that it would not tell. And it is pointed out that the taking away of the duty would not lower the price of any existing periodical. It is not considered how greatly the price of paper affects a cheap work, or how, while existing works remain priced as before, the savings thus effected, and the temptation of a cheaper article, are apt to engender new speculations, in which the benefit of the reduction is fully realised by the public.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW USES OF INDIA-RUBBER.

ABOUT three years ago (No. 453 of our former series) we published an account of this interesting substance, detailing its history, the manner in which it is obtained from the various trees that yield it, and the uses to which it was then applied. At that time its chief and almost only use was in the manufacture of Macintosh's waterproof cloth, the fabrication of some surgical apparatus in which elasticity and pliability were the objects desired, the rubbing out of black-lead pencil-marks from paper, and a few other minute and unimportant applications. Now, however, this substance is employed in some highly important branches of our manufactures, and has become a valuable agent in the arts and sciences—showing what an extensive field the rapid advance of science may open up for the appliance of materials hitherto considered as next to useless. From its peculiar elasticity, its impermeability to air and water, its being soluble only in naphtha, and from its great durability, it has been successfully employed in the fabrication of various cloths, besides that of Macintosh; for air-cushions, safety-belts and jackets; ligaments and bandages for gloves, stockings, braces, and other articles of dress; for boots, stoppers for bottles, and numerous other purposes. With these appliances most of our readers may be familiar; but few may know, or might expect, that it would be employed as a pavement for stables, lobbies, public halls, and the like; that it is now being used in the construction of life-boats; and that it is also proposed to use it ex-

* For an account of this annual, and some specimens of its contents, see the Journal, No. 605, former series.

tensively in the fitting up of our men-of-war. The Elastic Pavement Company have lately erected machinery for the preparation of the material for these important purposes, and can produce it, it seems, at a price sufficiently moderate to admit of its general adoption.

As a pavement for stables, the caoutchouc preparation is said to be unequalled, preventing the lodging of stale matters, and their consequent noxious exhalations; requiring little litter; and preserving the knees and other parts of the horse from injuries which are apt to be received in stone-paved stables. By a little precaution, the ammonia, which now exhales to the injury of the horses' health, may be collected and sold as a manure, at from two to three pounds per horse per annum. The stables of the commissioners of Woolwich dockyard have been paved with this material for upwards of two years, and are allowed to be superior in point of cleanliness, freedom from smell, and healthiness, to what they were previous to the laying down of the elastic pavement. It has also been laid down in the Admiralty courtyard, and the carriage entrance court to Windsor Castle, where it has given much satisfaction. 'With respect to its application to marine purposes,' says the *Railway Gazette*, 'a life-boat is now being constructed on the company's premises (thirty-four feet length of keel, and twelve breadth of beam), which, with the exception of the keel and some iron braces, will be entirely formed of India-rubber and cork planking. She will weigh but one ton and a half, an ordinary life-boat weighing three tons; and it is the opinion of all naval men and engineers who have seen her, that it will be almost impossible to sink her under ordinary circumstances, and that, when driven on a rock by the action of the waves, she will rebound like a ball, without fracture. It is also proposed to use the caoutchouc preparation for an inner lining between the guns in war-vessels, to prevent the effects of splinters; for hammock nettings and bulwarks, to save the crew from canister, grape, &c.; and for other useful though less obvious purposes.'

Such are the numerous purposes to which human ingenuity can apply a single, and to all appearance an insignificant substance—the exuded sap of a tree; showing that science not only supplies our more obvious wants, but creates others, and calls into use hitherto neglected materials to supply them. Nothing in nature is useless; if we cannot now see its value, let us rest assured that the time will come for its profitable application.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF PICTURES.

A large package of pictures was lately burnt without apparent cause, while in the course of being transported on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway. The incident suggests to us to remark, that there is considerable reason for believing oil-paintings to be amongst the articles liable to spontaneous combustion. In the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, January 1821, is a communication from Mr James Gullan of Glasgow, stating the following facts:—'Having sold a respectable spirit-dealer a parcel of sample-bottles, I sent them to him packed in an old basket, the bottom of which was much broken. To prevent the bottles from falling through, I put across the bottom of the basket a piece of old packing-sheet, which had lain long about the warehouse, which was an oil and colour one, and was besmeared with different kinds of vegetable oil. About six or eight weeks after, the gentleman informed me that my oily cloth and basket had almost set his warehouse on fire. The basket and cloth had been thrown behind some spirit-casks pretty much confined from the air, and about mid-day he was alarmed by a smell of fire. Having moved away the casks in the direction where the smoke issued, he saw the basket and cloth in a blaze. This fact may be a useful hint to persons in public works, where galipoli, rapeseed, or linseed oils are used in their manufactures, as it is an established fact (though

not generally known), that these vegetable oils used on cloths, yarn, or wool, in the process of dyeing, and confined for a time from the open air, are very apt to occasion spontaneous fire.' Floor-cloth, and rags used in cleaning oil, are mentioned by Mr Booth, lecturer on chemistry,* as amongst forty various articles ascertained to be liable to spontaneous combustion; and there was an instance of this phenomenon at Lyons in 1815, where the material was cloth containing oil. Oil pictures being an association of oil with cloth, and nearly the same substance as floor-cloth, and this consideration being taken in connexion with the actual burning of a package of pictures without any external cause that could be detected, we can scarcely doubt that spontaneous ignition may befall this class of works of art. The knowledge of this fact, if it be one, cannot but be of importance to the public, both as suggesting precautionary measures, and preventing blame being cast on parties not fairly liable to it.

THE WINES OF PALESTINE.

An American chemist, Professor Hitchcock of Amherst College, has had the curiosity to obtain, at considerable pains, specimens of eight or ten of the wines produced in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, in order to ascertain if they contain alcohol. The professors of the abstinence cause have, as is well known, asserted and employed a considerable amount of learning to prove that the wines spoken of in Scripture included none of this material. The learned professor bethought him of trying if any light could be thrown upon this question by direct experiment upon the wines of those countries, and he accordingly had specimens sent to him by a Smyrna missionary. Let it not be supposed that he aimed at injuring the temperance principle. It appears that he is a votary of that principle, and only wished to ascertain the truth. However this be, the result is unfavourable to the theory maintained by the author of 'Anti-Bacchus' and other well-meaning writers. These wines contain from 10 to nearly 18 per cent. of alcohol. Professor Hitchcock expresses his belief that there can here be no fallacy from any change in the constitution of the wines since ancient times, seeing that the climate has undergone no alteration, and the wines continue to be made in the ordinary manner from the pure juice of the grape.

The abstinence cause is a noble one, resting on sound and incontestable arguments of simple expediency. It never can be the better of any attempt to support it by arguments which are inconsistent with truth. Enough for it, that it pleads for virtues most unequivocally desirable in the present age, and which conduce to the support and nurture of all good tendencies in our nature.

BRIDGET PATHLOW.

A TALE.

To work out an honest purpose, in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect, you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them, is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later must obtain universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hope lies hidden, even for the meanest; for, in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived, some years ago a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired at the close of the war upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of this relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve, but as the only means he had of finding

* See the *Journal*, No. 464, former series.

to-day or to-morrow's bread. After many struggles between poverty and pride, debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest; so that, when our tale commences, the fine house, in the finest street, had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighbourhood to the minster, where, shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minster's bell, it was the birthplace of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow had settled in Lincoln, and on whose education he had spent all available means; for, as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be gentlemen. Besides these two, Bridget had another brother, some years younger than herself, who, being born like her during the poverty and ill-fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favourable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far-off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work, to repel needy creditors, to deny with the prompted lie, to steal along the streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to hear the unpaid tradesmen dishonour her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch through those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never failing belief of being by self-help not always so very sorrowful or so despaired, surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minster. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much love was garnered. Now that they were alone, the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable home, and the stolen play round the minster aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass-stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minster organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ-playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little postern door (which a kind prebend had lent him), and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So often did Bridget carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the prebend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace, would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untasted; so, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she yet always lingered (particularly if the shadows of evening were low) to look at one piece of wood-carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked.

One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught, to serve her.

'I thank you much, sir,' said she; 'but if——' she stopped abruptly.

'If what, Bridget?'

'If I could sew, or earn——' she stopped again.

'Well,' said the old man smiling, 'I see you are a good girl, Bridget. There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which——'

'I will do them. To-morrow night I will come; for I have a purpose to serve which will make me work with a ready finger.'

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget, the worthy prebend made to Captain Pathlow an offer of serving his child. But this offer was repulsed with bitter scorn. 'He had rich relations,' he said, 'who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper. For the rest, no one had a right to interfere.'

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. But the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed, and carried home; Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening, the father observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralysed them with fear, but holding in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose—no dainty piece of needlework was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf, of the curious carving—burnt it to ashes.

'If you can work,' he said fiercely, 'there are milliners in Lincoln who want errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a-week will add ale to our night's meal!'

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened, was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of a right kind to Pathlow; he began its digestion immediately. 'You must say good words for us, Bridget—good words. Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five-pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother; and, in short, anything.'

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach, which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy on paper of that rare carving, laid secretly on the prebend's reading-desk, and on the morrow after the letter came, Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minster. Her eldest brother—he who had written the letter—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did; but as Bridget had been forwarned not to make her appearance at his lodgings during the day, she was forced to stop till night came within the garret chamber assigned to her at the inn where the coach had stayed. With that apology for a trunk—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets—mounted on the burly shoulders of a herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where, surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

'Well,' was his greeting, 'you're come,' and then he went on with his paper.

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart; but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him. 'Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love; Tom, and Saul, and—'

'There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, fugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?'

The answer was satisfactory: so the reading went on.

'You must forget these Lincoln people altogether,' he said after a while; 'you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind, I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfortable; say black is black, and white white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependent.'

'Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?' asked Bridget. 'Can—'

'There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid-servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach.'

Bridget had little to say after this, and a late hour of that same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt. At length, on the second morning after leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily-freighted box. A demure-looking servant appeared, who, taking in to her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being, as he had said, the fishing-hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she should have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or be received as the poor dependent. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in a neighbouring parlour. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being ordered into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful flow of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their greedy expectations, she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependent. Foiled in their purpose, the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl: old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, bygone fashions descanted on, till, to crown the whole, the girl wished back her Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets to be gazed at by every passer-by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self-opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreak a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money. But there was no meanness in Bridget; she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelvemonth, when one winter's day the widow came back after a week's absence a gay bride, and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow-passenger, who, having travelled far, and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed, so that before the journey to London was ended, a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere sem-

blance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach—not without comfort, for the book-keeper had stirred up the office fire, and, suspecting her scanty purse, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast—when a pale but respectable-looking man entered, and saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow-passenger, had come to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming; so an hour afterwards Bridget sat with the baby on her knee by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second-floor room in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wondering Bridget, for here seemed the visible presence of all riches her heart had ever craved; here, in this working-chamber of a Long Acre herald-painter. Here, too, without wealth, was the power of mind made visible; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich panelled escutcheons, and cunning tracery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minster, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy. On the morrow a letter was despatched; but the answer was one of bitter reproach, harsh threats. It bore no invitation to return; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months; for when her good friends knew her history—all of it, saving her love of art—they could but pity, which pity ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love. We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheer-fullest; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed; and this not done for once, but always; so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household in Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An upturned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was but slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her master; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work which, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the panels of a rich city merchant's carriage. No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget, who knew that but for this work being done no bread could come, knelt, and by his bed earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of mercy, how done, and by whom. Bridget reaped good fruit: when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country, the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long Acre itself. He was not rich; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take new lessons in art—to begin the learning of wood-engraving, in which she afterwards rarely excelled—to lay by four bright gold pounds, as the means of seeing Lincoln once again. They had never written to her from home, never for years; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. 'It was a bright May morn-

ing when she travelled onward to the minster town. How her heart beat audibly when, by the waning evening light, the home even of that miserable childhood was seen again. Lifting the latch, she stole into the house; but no happy voice, no greeting met her ear; all that was said was, 'Well, you're come at last.' But by and by, when it was hinted that the larder was empty, and the relic of those four bright pounds were seen, more civil words were heard, which, warming into a full tide of kindness, lasted, veritably lasted, till the last shilling was spent; then—then laughing her poverty to scorn, she was ordered to travel back to London in the best fashion she could.

The good old prebend was absent from Lincoln; so it was only from poor blind Saul she could borrow a scanty sum, which sum was the more needful, as she had to travel out of the high road to a little town where her dear brother Tom now lived. He had run away from home soon after Bridget had left, and after many ups and downs in those few years, was now become half clerk half servant in the house of a country attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget, more yielding, less energetic: having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of drudgery for another. In the little parlour of the country inn his long sad tale of passive suffering was told to the sister's ear. If she wept, it was but for a moment; then talking cheerfully of what the future should be—how they would work together, how they would be dear friends, how they in London would have one common home, and asking nothing from the world, still pay to it one never-failing debt of cheerfulness and sympathy; how they would do all this they said so many times, that the supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom laughed outright. They parted that summer's night; there was comfort when Bridget promised that a letter should come soon. She did not even hint the joy that should be in it.

Once more in London, she began that very week to build a home for Tom. By a little help from her Long Acre friends she procured some few pupils, whose parents being ambitious to adorn their parlour walls at the cheapest rate, had their children initiated into the mysteries of art at sixpence the lesson. Sixteen lessons a-week made eight shillings—little enough to exist upon; but it yet hired a room and bought bread, and something like the consciousness of independence. At night, too, there were hours to work in—and then the practice of wood-engraving went nimbly on.

In returning home once a-week from a distant part of London, Bridget had to pass in an obscure street an old bookstall. She sometimes stopped to look upon it: she always did so when she had seen upon it an old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds. In those rare tail-pieces, that never were surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the bookstall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what this young poor-clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long, minute after minute. He followed, but her light step soon left him far behind: he came again—there she was, on the same day week, with that same old thumbed Bewick. Weeks went by in this manner, till the stall-keeper, remembering her often-seen face, bid her 'buy, or else not touch the books again'; and Bridget, creeping away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had bought the books, and now followed her with speedy foot. This time he might have found her home, but that, in a street leading into Holborn, some papers fell from the little roll of drawings she carried; he stooped to pick them up—in the moment of glancing at them she was lost to sight.

Now that night-labour had made her somewhat proficient in the art, she tried to get employment; but for weeks without success. Specimens sent in to engravers

were returned, letters to publishers unheeded; letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who had taught her was dead. At last there was pointed out to her an advertisement in one of the daily papers, that engravers upon wood were wanted for the designs of a cheap publication. There was reference to a person of whom Bridget had heard; so, sending first for permission, she was introduced to the advertiser. A subject for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the design came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, shaking his head, said he would consider. This consideration took some weeks; meanwhile a sleepless pillow was that of poor Bridget. At last the answer came; he would employ her, but at a very moderate remuneration. Yet here was hope, clear as the noonday's sun; here was the first bright-beaded drop in the cup of the self-helper; here was hope for Tom; here matter for the promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruition came; new yet humble rooms were hired, second-hand furniture bought piece by piece; and it was a proud night when, alone in her still chamber, the poor despised Lincoln girl thanked Heaven for its holy mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune is never single-handed. On the morrow—it was a wet and rainy day—Bridget, in passing into Spring Gardens, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rude urchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked in a sort of audible whisper to himself, 'Curious! very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom: ay! ay! Tom's gone; there isn't such another from Eastcheap to Chelsea.'

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's ears. The old gentleman had moved away; but following quickly, Bridget addressed him.

'I have a brother, sir, whose name is—'

'Tom,' interrupted the old gentleman; 'find me my Tom's equal, and I'll say something to you. Here is my address.' He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and went on. Here was a romantic omen of good for Tom.

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom in the great city. An hour after, he sat by Bridget's hearth.

'This night repays me for all past sorrow,' said the sister, as she sat hand in hand by her brother's side. 'Years ago, in those lonely winter nights, something like a dream of this same happy hour would come before me. Indeed it did, dear Tom.'

Each thing within those same two narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo clock itself would have furnished matter for a tale; the six chairs and the one table were prodigies.

On the morrow, Tom, guided by the address, found out the office of the fat old gentleman, who, being a bachelor and an attorney, held pleasant chambers in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by Tom's appearance or his name, we know not, but the old gentleman, after certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk, at the salary of six shillings a-week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by. In the meanwhile Bridget's work increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln girl breathed to no living ear. About this time better work was heard of, but application for it, through the person who employed her, failed; how, she knew not. If I had a friend, she said, I might succeed; and though Richard has passed me in the streets unheeded, still I will make one last appeal to him. She went, not in rags, but decently attired.

'That you are rich, and above me in circumstances, I know, Richard,' she humbly said; 'hitherto you have scorned to own me so poor; but as I have never wronged you or your name, you will perhaps say that I am your sister?'

'I made your fortune once,' he bitterly answered; 'of your *honest purposes* since then I know nothing. For the rest, it is not convenient for a man in my condition to have pauper friends—you have my answer.'

'Brother,' she said, as she obeyed the haughty gesture that signalled her to leave the room, 'may you regret the words you have so harshly spoken. For the rest, believe me I shall yet succeed, in spite of all this opposition.'

The peace of Bridget's home was now broken by weekly letters from Lincoln for loan of money, which applications being successful for a few times, only made the letters more urgent and pressing in their demands.

Some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat one winter's evening in the study of a celebrated author three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known for his large human loving heart as for the books he had written. He had now been for some days translating a child's story from the German, a sort of spiritual child's book, like the *Story without an End*.

'Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self-helping soul as its author, the same instinctive feeling,' said the translator to one of his friends, 'it would indeed be priceless. I have sometimes thought none but a woman could catch the simple yet deep maternal feeling that lies in these same pages; but where is—'

'There is a woman capable of this,' said one of the friends, turning to the author; 'beyond all doubt capable. Look here.'

He drew forth from a pocket-book the very papers which two years before Bridget had lost.

'You say true,' answered the translator; 'but what is this; it seems like the copy of some carved foliage, some—'

'This must be Bridget's,' interrupted the other guest, leaning across the table with anxious face (for it was no other than the minister prebend); 'I see it is; yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving from the minister wall. Good things have been said in Lincoln of this Bridget, but the father would never tell where she was.'

The enthusiastic old gentleman now entered into a long detail of Bridget's youth, which, coupled with the other gentleman's story, left no doubt that the peeper into the thumbed copy of Bewick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Then weeks went by, and in the meanwhile the German book could find no fit illustrator. But at last the woodcuts in the cheap periodical for which Bridget engraved were remarked upon. The man who had the name of being both the artist and engraver was applied to, and he agreed to furnish the desired illustrations. A few were sent in, surpassing the author's hopes; but a stray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she could not be heard of, though the old Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in his inquiries.

At length one night the prebend and his friend were returning along the Strand in a westerly direction, when by St Clement's Daines they observed a very fat old gentleman creeping slowly along the pavement, whilst a diminutive youth kept watch and guard, now right, now left, as either side seemed likely to be jostled by some rude passer-by.

'You shall go no further,' at length said the old gentleman, stopping short; 'not an inch farther. Go! give my love to your sister, you dog, and say that I have to thank her for introducing to me a second incomparable Tom.'

But the boy was so far incomparable, that, being wilful and obstinate, he would see the old gentleman safe within New Inn, which was near at hand; and the friends, waiting outside, stayed till the boy returned, for his voice had brought to the prebend's ear that of Bridget. They followed him into Long Acre, up two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch, the prebend be-

held the same Bridget whom he had known at Lincoln, while his companion recognised, in the same person, her whom he had followed years ago. A good fire burnt upon the hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and his coat by the fire; for the night was wet, and Bridget herself busily at work upon the illustration of the German story. Happy was the meeting between the old man and her he almost thought his child; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Bewick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the bookstall. He was the same rich city merchant who so unknowingly had praised Bridget's first work and act of mercy. When he heard from the worthy conchmaker that story—when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was—when the old prebend said so many kindly things, no wonder that admiration ripened into love. By the hand of his sister (who was his housekeeper) all manner of graceful acts were performed, all manner of good fortune offered; but nothing could shake Bridget's self-helping resolves, no promises induce her to quit poor humble trusting Tom: the only help she asked was that of work to be done. The excellent prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke much of Bridget, which good report of fortune coming to her father's ears, he presently resolved (as his wife was now dead) to make one home serve for himself and Bridget. So coming to London, he was soon comfortable; exacting money, craving for delicacies, not caring how they were to be procured, till their once happy home became one of misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which it was mercy to escape to the home of her kind city friends, even for a few hours. The house that they occupied in summertime—it was now that season—was situated a few miles from town, and here one evening the rich merchant asked Bridget to be his wife.

'You might live to regret marriage with one so poor as myself, sir,' was her answer; 'you who could ask the hand of ladies of wealth and beauty.'

'Wealth of money, Bridget, but not with thy wealth of soul. Money is an advantage which the many have; but the heroism of self-help in women is rare, because few are so willing to be self-helpers. It is I who will be made rich in having you. I know that time would prove it. Come, my home must be yours.'

Bridget did at last consent, but with a reservation which must be yet a secret. Whatever was its purpose, it was a resolve not to be shaken; but as time wore on, many were the protestations against this resolution. At length, after days and weeks of indefatigable labour, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because he knew the secret, the other wonderingly. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an old clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees upon the parchment of Tom's indenture as attested clerk.

'This was my reservation, this my secret. As I have now shown myself a humble loving sister of this dear Tom, so I am now willing to become the wife.'

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife of the rich city merchant by the altar of Lincoln minster; and dear as the marriage-ring was on that day, was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Bewick's *British Birds*.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget, as the wife and mother, is still the same, losing no opportunity of self-culture, no power of being the best teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor attorney, having succeeded to the snug practice of the fat gentleman. That there exists between him and Bridget a rare and enduring love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of the elder brother, we will

draw a veil, for the memory of good is better than the memory of evil. Bridget had triumphed enough in the fruition of honest labour.

VITAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW—HEALTH OF LARGE TOWNS.

THE statistics of Glasgow have been for thirty years taken with unexampled accuracy, first by Dr Cleland, and afterwards by Dr Alexander Watt. The publication giving the vital statistics for 1841 and 1842, exhibits the appearance of extraordinary diligence and care, and some of the results are of general interest. It appears, for instance, that the high mortality of Glasgow—high even for a large city—falls chiefly upon the humbler classes. As is generally observed, the great mortality is particularly severe upon children. At an average, 45 per cent. of the whole deaths are of persons under five years of age. One in ten of all persons living in Glasgow at those ages die annually. And the younger infants are the greatest sufferers in proportion. Of those living in the city under a year old, nearly 19 per cent., or one-fifth, perish each year. That is to say, of 8368 yearlings, no fewer than 1582 are not allowed to pass into a second year.

A large city like Glasgow is also unfavourable for aged life. In Perthshire, an agricultural county, the proportion of inhabitants above sixty years of age is 5.19 per cent. greater than in Glasgow. In the city of Perth, which contains only twenty thousand inhabitants, and where the people generally may be presumed to live in healthier circumstances, the proportion of deaths at infantine ages is likewise low in comparison with Glasgow. Only 15 per cent. of the yearling babies die there each year.

Glasgow and Edinburgh have been remarkable of late years above all British cities for the amount of mortality from fever. Dr Watt discovers a remarkable parity in the proportions of deaths at various ages from this disease in the two cities, to all deaths from the same cause, showing the agency of a common law in both cases. Taking Edinburgh on an average of the three years, 1839, 40, and 41, and Glasgow on an average of five years, 1837, 38, 39, 40, and 41, it is found that the results are as follow:—

	Edinburgh.	Glasgow.
Proportion of deaths under five years, } caused by fever, to the whole deaths } by that disease, }	12.41	12.07
Do. do. under twenty years, }	29.74	29.05
Do. do. twenty years and upwards, }	70.25	70.94

It is striking to find two Scottish cities so much alike in respect of a particular disease, while all other cities of similar size are so differently situated. Does not this throw some light on the much-disputed question as to the leading cause of the fever pestilence of Glasgow and Edinburgh? Imperfect drainage, deficient ventilation, intemperance, and destitution, have all been cited, and found advocates. The three first agencies are shared by other cities. The last is more peculiar to the large towns of Scotland, in consequence of want of all regular provision for the able-bodied poor, and the stinted manner in which even the helpless are supplied. It seems scarcely to be doubted that the starveling poor-law of Scotland is the cause chiefly concerned.

On this point Dr Watt throws some valuable illustration. At the close of the year 1842, it was found, much to the surprise of the public of Glasgow, that the mortality of that year, which was one of extremely depressed trade, when many working-people were thrown idle, was less than in some more prosperous years; seeming to imply that the bulk of the people enjoy best health in impoverished circumstances. It now appears that the diminished mortality of that year was owing to the systematic relief which the poor generally enjoyed during most of that period; a bounty which the miserable poor does not experience in ordinary seasons.

Indeed, the rise and fall of mortality with the distribution of relief, and without regard to prosperous or adverse times, is a fact clearly made out. Distress from failure of employment began in the west of Scotland in October 1836. In January of the ensuing year, while this distress continued unrelieved, fever and influenza fell heavily upon Glasgow, and during that month alone the mortality was 1872, being about twice the usual average. The mortality of that year exceeded that of 1836 by 1743, and the great severity of it amongst the poorer class is shown by the unusual number of funerals at the public expense. In the course of spring, however, subscriptions were made; that is, the benevolent few undertook the support of the starving poor, and no fewer than 18,500 were at one time dependent upon these funds. Immediately thereafter the monthly mortality fell, till in June it was only 665. From May 1842 to May 1843 was another period of depression, during which voluntarily-supplied funds were distributed for the relief of the destitute. There were, according to Dr Watt, 'much fewer cases of unrelieved destitution in Glasgow in 1842 than during any year of ordinary prosperity.' But on the return of better times, in May 1843, this relief was discontinued. The consequence was, that the mortality began to increase, notwithstanding the season being a healthy one, provisions cheap, and the wealthier classes comparatively exempt from disease. A severe mortality lay upon the city during the four or five months which are usually healthiest, and the amount of deaths for the year was increased by 2340 as compared with 1842. In October, relief was resumed among the sufferers from the late epidemic, and money flowed to the poorest class through other channels, particularly through a humble kind of labouring work, the laying of gas-pipes. Again, then, notwithstanding the wintry weather, which usually increases the number of deaths, an alleviation of the mortality began to be observed, and in December the funerals were only 728.

Dr Watt adds: 'From personal inquiries I made among the labouring classes in Glasgow during the summer months of 1843, I found that many of them had only occasional employment, which was quite insufficient to supply themselves and their families with the necessaries of life. I have also been favoured with letters from six of the district surgeons of Glasgow, in answer to a circular I took the liberty of addressing to them, with the view of completing the evidence as to the connexion of disease and mortality with the condition of the people; and from the statements of each of these gentlemen, with one exception, it appears that the greatest amount of disease and mortality seen by them was in persons who had little or no employment. Dr Alison has carried his inquiries on this head much further than I have done; and it will be seen from one of his tables that, out of 1038 fever patients in Edinburgh, whose cases were inquired into, 400 were in regular work (that is, themselves or the heads of their families), and 638 out of work, or with scanty occasional work. Again, in another table he states, that from inquiries made respecting fever patients in the Royal Infirmary and Havannah districts of Glasgow, and also in Greenock hospital, it was found that, out of 436 cases, there were 135 in full work when attacked, 220 in partial work, "insufficient for support," and 81 wholly out of work; so that, out of 436 cases, there were 301 in a state of destitution. Again, in his postscript, that in all 768 fever patients in 1843 were examined, and that of these not quite one-third were fully employed—that is, the destitute part of the population furnished 66 per cent. of the fevers.

* Surely no better evidence than the foregoing facts can be required to prove that the extension of disease among our town-population essentially depends on the amount of unrelieved destitution which exists among the people.*

* The mortality of towns in England in comparison with that of towns in Scotland, has been quoted to show that the amount of

The same results are brought out in the report of M. Villermé, in the tenth volume of *Archives Generales*, where it is shown that in the three districts of Paris in which the mortality is the least, the inhabitants are the wealthiest; and in the three districts in which the inhabitants are the poorest, the mortality is the greatest—the difference being no less than 1 in 24, and 1 in 45, on an average of five years. Were our registers so improved that the sanitary condition of the various localities of Glasgow could be correctly ascertained, there is little doubt that the greatest portion of it would be found to be as healthy as any other town, notwithstanding the high mortality indicated by our mortality bills. This we have good reason for believing to be the case, as it is now found that no less than two-thirds of the increased mortality in 1837 and in 1843, over that of the preceding years, took place among the most destitute poor, who were buried at the expense of the public. The principal reason which must prevent our coming to the conclusion that the better portions of Glasgow are very healthy, is the high average amount of fever cases which unrelieved destitution is found to be the means of spreading to such a grievous extent among our population; for it is generally found, that although fevers rage with the greatest frequency, and cause the greatest number of deaths among the poor and destitute, yet the contagion soon passes to the wealthier classes, who also become the sufferers, and among whom the mortality, as proportioned to the number attacked, is usually greater.

Facts like these must in time, we should think, wear away the unhappy prevalence of wrong dogmas among our countrymen with regard to poor laws. There is no unusual inhumanity towards the poor amongst us; we only labour under an inveterate error in supposing that the only means to maintain active and provident feelings amongst the industrious orders, is to keep the destitute, whether helpless or helpful, in a state bordering on, or passing within the limits of, starvation.

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. V.—PORTRAITS À LA MODE.

THE title of this song is derived from those black profiles, specimens of which may be seen exhibited at the door or window of some humble taker of likenesses in every town where the fine arts receive the smallest encouragement. The process is so simple, and the subject executed so rapidly, that, provided the artist be constantly employed, he may earn a respectable living. A sheet of blackened paper and a pair of scissors are all the implements he requires. His sitters turn their profiles in the best point of view, and he copies their visages as he cuts his way into the black sheet. The head, when completed, is stuck on some white card by way of contrast, and the subject is finished. Of all the various means employed to obtain 'counterfeit presentments' of the human countenance, these ebony profiles, if not the best representations, are the cheapest; for to the specimens we mention is generally attached in this country an equally black advertisement, announcing that like-

deaths in some of the English towns is as great, and, in one instance, even exceeds that in the towns of Scotland. From personal inquiry I have made into the local condition of a great portion of Liverpool, as well as into the circumstances of the people (in 1841), I have come to the conclusion, that besides the miserable condition of the houses of the poor as to the want of proper drainage, the inattention to cleanliness, and other defects among them—the very high mortality of that town proceeds from a want of sufficient employment, and from destitution arising from occasional sickness among the stranger poor (chiefly Irish), who have no legal claim for relief, and who submit, in numerous instances, to the greatest deprivations, rather than let their circumstances be known a second time to the superintendents of the poor, knowing, as they do, that their removal to their native parish would be the consequence.—*Dr Watt.*

nesses are taken 'in this style at 6d.'—nay, we have sometimes seen the price temptingly reduced to the small charge of 3d.

To this extreme lowness of price the black profile owes not only the above title, but that by which it is more extensively known, namely, 'Silhouette.' In 1759 the French minister of finance was Etienne de Silhouette, who strove by severe economy to remedy the evils of a war which was pressing severely upon the exchequer. Half measures, from the most to the least important transaction, are by no means characteristic of the French. A rage for economy seized every rank of the state, and all the fashions of Paris took the character of parsimony. Coats were worn without folds, jewelled snuff-boxes were exchanged for wooden ones, and instead of painted portraits, no one went to greater expense for such a luxury than was necessary for a black profile. All these fashions were called à la Silhouette; but this name permanently remained only to the miniatures, which retain it to this day even in England. They were also called Portraits à la Mode, because Silhouette was another name for parsimony, then—that is to say, at the time the following song was written—in full vogue. The fashion was, as might be expected, short-lived; it lasted as long as its founder's tenure of office, which was exactly nine months.

The author of both the words and music of the song was Favart, a wit and actor of celebrity in his day. It was sung at the end of a dramatic prologue, entitled the Resource of Theatres, with which the Opera-Comique was opened in 1760. We find the following account of its success in the *Almanach de Theatres*:—'This prologue (Ressource des Theatres) is ended by a country dance, named Les Portraits à la Mode, and by couplets sung to the tune, with which the audience was extremely delighted. From the actors the song passed to the fêtes and fairs, and at last became current amongst the populace.'

The 'Portraits à la Mode' presents a curious picture of the manners and foibles of the time at which it was written. Some of the allusions, even when freely translated, require explanations. These we will give at the end.

PORTRAITS À LA MODE.

To follow with uniformity
Dame Nature and simplicity,
Ne'er practising frivolity—

This was the ancient ode.
Paris, its promenades and halls,
Is filled with calotins, and dolls,
Danced on strings at public balls,
And Portraits à la Mode.

Valets modest in their spheres,
Nobles gracing their careers,
Merchants never aping peers—
This was the ancient ode.
A lacquey decked with feathers gay,
A lord in lacquey's mean array,
A tradesman's son in cabriolet,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Magistrates on justice bent,
Financiers glad of three per cent.,
Grocers with their shops content—
This was the ancient ode.
Midases to concerts running,
Money-lenders nobles dunning,
Petty traders counters shunning,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Damsels, wholesome censure fearing,
Never giddy, vain, or leering,
By Prudence eye their conduct steering—
This was the ancient ode.
Maidens who on flattery feed,
Gallop unveiled on prancing steed,
Of gaudy jewels having need,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Youth wisely filling up its leisure
In gaining knowledge—priceless treasure;
At sixteen quitting thoughts of pleasure—
This was the ancient ode.

Young men old with dissipation,
Old fops courting admiration,
Dowagers smirking fascination,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Learning in the pulpit placed,
The judgment-seat by virtue graced,
The lowly clothed with humble taste—
This was the ancient code.

Ignorance the cassock hiding,
Justice in pleasure's halls abiding,
Upstarts in gold and powder priding,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

With pomp the nobles of the land,
Living in state and splendour grand,
Each took a genius by the hand—
This was the ancient code.

Gewgaw lords, who shun the wise,
And all but fiddlers now despise,
Or dancers decked in flimsy guiso,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

The doctor following, to his gain,
The art of killing, was not vain;
A single mule composed his train—
This was the ancient code.

To-day's M.D.—conceited prigs—
At Latin least adepts than jigs,
Driving about in varnished gigs,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

The poet, ere he found a theme,
Would seek for sense to guide his dream;
And thus his works with beauty teem—
This was the ancient code.

Sounding periods' songless chime,
Verse-makers sping the sublime,
And tinsel heroes spouting rhyme,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Painters, selecting lofty means,
Sought to exalt their chosen themes—
No petty trick *their* skill demerits—
This was the ancient code.

Pencils and paint to scissors sink,
Profiles bring art to ruin's brink.
Ugly, unlike, and black as ink
Are Portraits à la Mode.

In the first stanza of these Portraits à la Mode, the word 'calotins' requires explanation. Le Régiment de la Calottes (the regiment of the caps) was formed by a band of wits belonging to the dissipated court of Louis XIV. It acted as a sort of factitious police to punish persons who made themselves ridiculous; and punishment was usually inflicted by sending them a fool's cap. As regards the dolls moved by strings, it is actually a fact that such toys as are now the delight of the youngest children were played with by adults at the time the above song was written. Amidst a roomful of company, says our authority (Du Mersan), during a grave conversation, it was not uncommon to see a military officer or a staid magistrate pull out one of these card-board *pantins*, and dance it about by its strings for his own and his friends' amusement. When this sort of toy went out of fashion, others were adopted by the grown children of the court and gay world of Paris, such as cup and ball, devil on two sticks, &c.

In the second stanza, the allusion to feathers in the caps of servants was provoked by the fashionable head-dresses of the day, which usually consisted of three-cocked hats, bedecked with almost a panoply of ostrich plumes. The mention of a 'cabriolet' in 1760, may at first sight strike the English reader as an anachronism, those vehicles not having been known in this country till 1824. They have been, however, in constant use in Paris for nearly a century. Indeed, about the period of this ditty, fashionables were very choice in their vehicles, many new ones having been about that time invented. This is hinted at in the stanza which mentions medical practitioners.

Much of the remainder of the Portraits à la Mode, remarks the French commentator, applies too well to the follies of the present day to need any further elucidation. The song, though not perhaps so brilliant either in verification or wit as others in the collection, is chiefly interesting for the explanations it involves, and as an exposition of the manners it praises and satirises.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A PRINTER at Paris wrote a tragedy called *Jocasta*, which he printed in the most beautiful type, and gave a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, a brother printer at Parma. 'What do you think of my tragedy?' asked the author. 'Fall of beauties!' exclaimed Bodoni; 'your characters are perfect—exquisite—especially the capitals!'

It is impossible to avoid the use of terms of art. An author, while discussing the corn-law question, was heard to inquire what price bread was published at; and a printer's boy, just returned from delivering a letter, declared that he found the place out at last, 'but it was at the top of the house, and he had to open half a quire of doors before he got to it.'

Louis XIV. was presented with an epitaph on Moliere by an indifferent poet. 'I would rather,' said his majesty, 'that Moliere had brought me yours.'

Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes.

Rivarol said of Buffon's son, who was a very dolt, that he was the worst chapter of his father's Natural History.

Lord William Poulet was said to be the author of a pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*. A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William took up a pen and began—'This is too sarfety that the book kalled The Snak—' 'Oh, my lord,' said the gentleman, 'I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book.'

Malherbe having dined with the bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. 'Pardou me,' said Malherbe, 'but I can sleep very well where I am.'

The Duke of Cumberland told Dr Price that he had read his pamphlet on the National Debt with much delight, and sat up so late to finish it, that it had almost blinded him. 'Rather strange,' said the author, 'that it should have such an effect on your royal highness, for it has opened the eyes of everybody else.'

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mahomed II. had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentil Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his criticism was correct, he immediately drew his scimitar and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had caught 'an ugly customer,' set sail for Venice the same evening.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, 'By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant.'

Langhorne travelled to Chichester to visit the grave of Collins, his favourite poet. The sexton having shown him the grave, Langhorne became very sentimental and deeply affected. 'Ah!' said the sexton, 'you may well grieve for Mr Collins, for he was an honest man and a first-rate tailor.'

Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. 'Let him persevere,' said Tasso; 'his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him.'

Not long since, there might be seen on the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London this announcement:—'Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject.'

The fifth edition of a heavy work being announced, a person expressed some surprise, which was answered by one in the secret, 'It is the only way to sell the first.'

Speaking of the beneficial influence of cheers on a player, it was remarked that they give one courage. 'Ay,' said Mrs Siddons, 'but what is better—they give one breath.'

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DREAMING.

THE primary effect of sleep upon the mental powers seems to be to place them in a state of entire suspense. When sleep, therefore, is perfect, it is attended by a state of total unconsciousness. When, on the contrary, it is imperfect—when we are either, after a sufficiency of rest, verging towards waking, as generally happens in the morning, or our sleep is broken and disturbed by uneasy bodily sensations, or by the effects of an uneasy state of the mind itself—then unconsciousness is not complete. Mental action takes place, though in what must in the main be described as an irregular and imperfect way, and we become conscious of—dreaming. Dreaming, then, may be defined as the result of the imperfect operation of the mind in a state of partial sleep. It is a form of intellection, very peculiar, and attended by very remarkable phenomena, which have in all ages attracted much attention both from the simple and the learned.

The speculations of philosophers on the subject have not as yet been satisfactory, as indeed might be expected, considering that so little is known of the laws which regulate the operations of the waking mind. Dismissing in a great measure the definitions of former writers, I shall probably carry the sense of the ordinary reader along with me, when I say that the operations of the mind in sleep bear a general resemblance to that involuntary streaming of ideas through it in our waking moments, which we are all conscious of; but with this difference, that, in sleep, there is an absence of that faculty or power, whatever it is, which enables us, awake, to see pretty clearly the actual character of things as they exist, and to understand their actual relations; which prevents us, in short, from falling into absurdities. Hence dreams are full of exaggeration and inconsistency, and suppose things in relations which we never see realised. But, while waking thought and dreaming thought are marked by this strong general distinction, it would be too much to say that they are conditions altogether unconnected. The mind in its waking moments often makes a near approach to the dreaming condition. In what are called raveries, the sanest man will occasionally have wild, absurd, and even horrible ideas presented to him, not widely different from dreams in their character. There is, however, this difference, that, while in the waking state the least exertion of his will is sufficient to banish such ideas, he is scarcely ever able to exercise any control over them in sleep, the will being then, as it were, in abeyance.

It may also be remarked, that the simplest kind of dreaming, that which occurs in our soundest state of body, and in the most ordinary circumstances, is exactly such a series of familiar ideas as our minds are usually filled by when our attention is not engaged by special

subjects. The persons we have conversed with the day before, the occupations or amusements which engaged us, and the subjects of our reigning hopes, form the matter of our simplest dreams, as they do that of our waking thoughts. And often these are presented in a state as free from any absurdity as if we were awake.

Generally, however, dreaming thought is remarkable for its exemption from the control of that faculty—judgment, reflection, common sense, or causality—which usually gives us clear apprehensions of the nature and arrangements of things. Thus we will feel ourselves in the society of persons long dead, and whom we remember at the time to be dead, and yet we never think there is anything extraordinary in their now going about amongst the living. We find the house we inhabit to have more or less rooms than is actually the case, or to be in some other way unlike our actual dwelling, and yet we never doubt that this is the house in which we usually live. We are in our ordinary place of worship, and the clergyman performing the service is an old acquaintance dead many years, who, in life, was amongst the last persons we could have expected to see engaged in such duties. If we have a library, we shall find the books in great disorder; and, if looked into, the authors are such as we have no knowledge of, and the subjects are incomprehensible. A tradesman, dreaming of his shop, will find his stock in bad condition, and a dulness as well as confusion throughout the place. Money is an awkward thing to reckon; if bank-notes, we are sure to meet with such as we never heard of before. In travelling, we commonly get on very quickly, and sometimes continue to move through the air without any action of our limbs.

Seeing and conversing with people long since deceased is an ordinary occurrence, and, what is very distressing, after the death of a near relation or intimate friend, we are apt to dream night after night that he has been seriously ill, but is recovering, or at least is still alive, I have myself several times had a dream of this kind. Some person nearly connected with me, who has been dead for some years, appeared not only alive, but looking well for his years, which I ascertained by calculating what his age was when he died, and then adding the number of years that had passed since; thus making the strange jumble of considering him as both dead and alive at the same time.

Feverishness, whether arising from uneasiness in the digestive organs or otherwise, tends to produce painful or horrible dreams. Sleeping on the back, with an overloaded stomach, usually engenders the distressing dream called Nightmare, where we feel as if some great load had been placed upon our chest, or some unsightly figure of the fancy had sat down upon it. In milder cases of distress in the stomach, we see a similar figure come into the room, and go about as for our annoyance,

or to inflict horrors upon us. Feverish ailments also make us encounter strange wild impossibilities, which we yet feel it to be an unavoidable duty to accomplish, such as the passing over vast gulfs, the climbing of wall-like steepes, or perhaps the reconciling of tremendous moral inconsistencies.

It has been remarked, that everything in dreams, however wild or absurd, seems to come as a matter of course, and excites no surprise. This does not always exactly happen. An elderly person known to me dreamed of being at school, yet had an awkward feeling that he was beyond the proper age. There is also a peculiar dreaming condition in which, struck as it were by the extreme improbability or absurdity of our thoughts, we reflect that it is only a dream. Dr Beattie mentions a dream in which he found himself standing on the parapet of a bridge, when, reflecting that this was a situation not very likely for him to be in, he supposed that it might be a dream; and, to put this to the proof, threw himself headlong, when he of course awoke.

Though the most ordinary kind of dreaming comprises the things which chiefly engross our attention while awake, yet it happens not unfrequently that the subject of our dreams is hardly connected at all with the present state of things, or the present state of our thoughts; for it is to be noticed, that, though no absolutely new ideas can be presented to our mind while in that state, yet we may sometimes desire such an arrangement of them as has never occurred in our waking moments. Cases will occur where what we see is not confused; it is a distinct representation of something which it is quite possible might happen in reality; but still the idea of such a thing appears never to have been in our mind at any previous time. For instance, a person dreamed that an elderly widow lady of his acquaintance informed him that she was married a second time, and described her husband by comparing him to a person then deceased, whom the dreamer remembered. Now, the person who had this dream never entertained the most distant idea of the lady marrying again, both from her age and other circumstances; neither was it a subject he took the smallest interest in when awake. I may add, that it is a dream by no means likely to be ever fulfilled.

It is a well-known fact, that dreams may be suggested by external causes. Put, for instance, bottles of hot water to the feet of a sleeping person, he will immediately dream of walking over burning lava, or hot ploughshares, or the hot sands of Africa, with all the associated circumstances proper in the case. Play upon his face with a bellows, and he will have a dream of sitting in a draught of air, or walking in a high wind. There have even been instances of sleepers whose dreams could be suggested at will by the conversation of the waking bystanders. These facts show that the mind works in sleep much in the same manner as in our waking moments, but, in the absence of the power of correct perception, is obliged to employ the imagination to account for the things presented to it. When, in the midst of an ordinary dream, some powerful disturbance takes place, as that produced by a violent knocking at the door, the mind sometimes weaves the incident into the tissue of the dream; in which case the sleeper is the less likely to awake; but in other cases the mind fails to reconcile the disturbing incident with its former thoughts, and then a difficulty arises, in which sleep is likely to be broken. There are examples on record of dreams being entirely suggested by casual disturbances. A gun, for instance, is fired under our bedroom window; we immediately have a dream representing a long chain of events which naturally lead on to the firing of a gun; we awake from the noise, and find that only an instant has elapsed since the report which suggested the dream. This has caused some writers to form a theory that dreams are invariably momentary, occurring only at the instant of awaking; and to support this idea, several actual occurrences of a very remarkable nature have been

adduced. For example, when Lavalette was under condemnation in 1815, he had a dream representing a procession of skinless horses and their riders, which seemed to him to last for several hours; and yet it was ascertained that the whole pageantry had passed through his mind in the little interval between the striking of the hour and the consequent change of the prison sentries. But dreams of this kind are in reality exceptions from the general rule. There is a sense of time in sleep as well as when we are awake, though generally somewhat less correct. In the dreams of healthy sleep, this sense operates with considerable distinctness; and it is only when the mind is in a harassed and excited state that dreams of the kind described take place.

The incoherence, inconsistency, and essential absurdity of many of our thoughts in dreaming bring that state into a resemblance to insanity, which has been remarked by more than one medical writer. Dr G. D. Davey of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum says, 'If we watch a lunatic patient, we shall perceive very much of what I would regard as a state of *active dreaming*; that is to say, a condition which would seem to realise *action with unconscious thought*.' * * An insane person often reminds me of one asleep and dreaming with his eyes open, and in the exercise of his motive powers. * *

I will add, the dreamer with one or two organs alone active, I should be disposed to consider a sleeping monomaniac. This is very striking, and appears to be true; and yet the mind often shows wonderful powers in sleep. A distinguished divine of the present day, who in his college days was devoted to mathematical studies, was once baffled for several days by a difficult problem, which he finally solved in his sleep. * * * * * Another often overcame similar difficulties in his dreams. Dr Gregory conceived thoughts in sleep, many of which he afterwards employed in his lectures. An eminent Scottish lawyer of the last age had studied an important case for several days: one night his wife observed him rise and go to his desk, where he wrote a long paper, after which he returned to bed. In the morning he told her that he had had a dream, in which he conceived himself to have delivered an opinion on a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had then passed through his mind. She directed him to look in his desk, where he found the whole train of thought clearly written out. This paper proved efficacious in the subsequent conduct of the case. We must all remember, too, the fine romantic poem of Kubla Khan, composed by Coleridge in a dream. * The greatest singularity observable in dreams,' says Hazlitt, 'is the faculty of holding a dialogue with ourselves, as if we were really and effectually two persons. We make a remark, and then expect an answer, which we are to give to ourselves, with the same gravity of attention, and hear it with the same surprise, as if it were really spoken by another person. We are played upon by the puppets of our own moving. We are staggered in an argument by an unforeseen objection, or alarmed at a sudden piece of information of which we have no apprehension till it seems to proceed from the mouth of some one with whom we fancy ourselves conversing. We have, in fact, no idea of what the question will be that we put to ourselves till the moment of its birth.' There are instances of very smart and adroit things thus occurring to the mind in sleep. 'Mr S. dreamt that he was in his parlour with a friend, and that a piece of black cloth was lying upon the table, but which his friend happened to remark was flesh-colour. Hereupon arose a discussion as to the colour of the cloth, Mr S. maintaining that it was black, and his friend as strenuously insisting that it was flesh-colour. The dispute became warm, and Mr S. offered to bet that it was black; his friend offering also to bet that it was flesh-colour. Mr S. concluded the bet, when his friend immediately exclaimed, "And is not black the colour of more than half the human race?" thus completely stealing a march upon Mr S., and winning the bet. Mr S. declares that the idea of black being entitled

to the name of flesh-colour had never before occurred to him.* An explanation on this subject, suggested by Mr A. Carmichael of Dublin,† accords with the views here taken respecting dreaming generally:—Whatever we are capable of thinking without an effort, we are susceptible of dreaming; and during our *waking reflections* we frequently imagine what kind of reply an adversary might make to an observation we had dropped; we immediately enter into the warmth of argument by coining an answer of our own in return, and when we have said all that occurs on that side of the question, a reply naturally suggests itself on the other, all the merit of which we ascribe to our antagonist; and thus the disputation goes on as if *two different minds* were engaged in the contest—the words, by a strange illusion, tingling in our ears, and the ardent looks and forcible gestures flitting before our eyes, till some real object, breaking on our attention, recalls us to the perception of the external world, and the nature of the reverie, which, till now, we thought real. In sleep there is no such intrusion, but the dream and the reverie do not differ from each other as long as they last.

With reference to the occasional acuteness of the mind in sleep, it seems not unsuitable here to remark, that there are some persons who acknowledge to an unusual felicity of conception at the moment when they are waking. Sir Walter Scott experienced this singular lucidity, which seems half allied to that of a certain class of dreams. The present writer has also been often conscious of useful ideas and happy projects occurring to him for the first time at this peculiar moment. The state is certainly not that of full consciousness; it occurs just as sleep is breaking up. A young man whom I believed to be totally unknown to me called one day, and sent in his card requesting to see me. He was admitted, and addressed me easily and fluently about a situation he was in quest of, asking in conclusion for any information I could give that was likely to be useful. Setting down what was odd in this visit to non-acquaintance with the ways of the world, I gave the youth all the information I possessed, and by and by he took his leave, but not till he had asked if I should like to know how he prospered in his canvass. An impression was thus left upon my mind that there was some misunderstanding between me and my visitor, and that he was treating me all along as an acquaintance, while I conceived him (perhaps erroneously) to be a stranger. I thought little more about the incident, but during the ensuing few days it would now and then come into my mind as a somewhat odd one. Three mornings after, when I was awaking, but not fully awake, the idea occurred to me that the young man was probably the son of a widow lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, and whom I now remembered he resembled a little. And on inquiry, this proved to be the case. The wonder here is, that the idea should have occurred to me at such a moment, as it had failed to present itself when the mind was in a clearer state during two preceding days. I had never, to my knowledge, seen the young man since he grew up; but he may have come under my notice at the recent funeral of one of his relations, which I attended, though I have no recollection of seeing him there, and certainly if I did, never formed the faintest surmise of who he was.

This anecdote seems suitable as a preparation for that class of dreams which Dr Abercrombie calls ‘the revival of old associations respecting things which had entirely passed out of the mind, and which seemed to have been forgotten;’ about which he at the same time acknowledges that ‘some of the facts connected with them scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted.’ The learned writer gives the following, as having occurred to a particular friend

of his, and to be relied on in its most minute particulars:—‘The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers’ table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being, besides, a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success; when, at last, my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and, on examination, soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in the manner now mentioned, had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.’

The most remarkable anecdote connected with this part of our subject is one which has been presented under fictitious circumstances in the tale of ‘The Antiquary,’ and which the distinguished author has since related in the notes to that novel.—Mr R. of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tenn (or tithe), for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay improPRIATORS of the tithes). Mr R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these tenns from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father’s papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law-business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dream men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr R. thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. “You are right, my son,” replied the paternal shade; “I did acquire right to these tenns, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr —, a writer (or attorney) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Iveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible,” pursued the vision, “that Mr — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that, when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.”

‘Mr R. awoke in the morning, with all the words of

* This curious anecdote occurs in the Phrenological Journal (X., 620).

† Essay on Dreaming in Tilloch’s Philosophical Magazine (LIV., 252).

the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but, on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them, so that Mr R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

'There is every reason,' says Dr Abercrombie, 'to believe that this very interesting case is referable to the principle lately mentioned; that the gentleman had heard the circumstances from his father, but had entirely forgotten them, until the frequent and intense application of his mind to the subject with which they were connected at length gave rise to a train of association which recalled them in the dream. To the same principle are referable the two following anecdotes, which I have received as entirely authentic; the first of them from the individual to whom it occurred. A gentleman of the law in Edinburgh had mislaid an important paper connected with the conveyance of a property which was to be settled on a particular day. Most anxious search had been made for it for many days, but the evening of the day previous to that on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement had arrived, without the paper being discovered. The son of the gentleman then went to bed under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client. He awoke under the impression, went immediately to a box appropriated to the papers of that client, and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up by mistake in a parcel to which it was in no way related. Another individual connected with a public office had mislaid a paper of such importance, that he was threatened with the loss of his situation if he did not produce it. After a long but unsuccessful search, under intense anxiety, he also dreamt of discovering the paper in a particular place, and found it there accordingly.' In seeking to account for these instances, we must keep in mind that often occurrences fail to make any impression upon us, and do not become objects of conscious memory, although the memory of persons who were in our company at the time proves that we had full opportunities of observing and receiving impressions from them. When an effort is made to remind us of such circumstances, we are apt to deny their occurrence, having not the slightest recollection of them. But in such cases it would appear that an impression has been made, although no record of it has been kept; and accordingly some particular association may recall it. We have only to suppose conditions particularly favourable for the revival of such lost impressions as occurring at certain times during sleep, to account for the class of dreams under consideration. They seem, however, to prove that the mind sometimes enjoys an unusual clearness in sleep—that there is, in short, a peculiar lucidity occasionally experienced while we are in that state, which generally appears as a suspension of the mental powers.

We now approach the class of dreams which the superstitious are apt to set down as supernatural, but of which, of course, we can only conclude that we are ignorant of the natural principle concerned. Some dreams of this kind are mentioned by old writers. For example, Marcus Antoninus learned in his dreams several remedies for spitting of blood. Galen, having an inflammation of the diaphragm, was directed by a dream to open a vein between the fourth finger and thumb—an operation which restored him to health. 'It is' re-

lated of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris in 1671, being disordered with "a pain in his reins," he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting; but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamt that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him.* It is possible that in these instances the remedies suggested may have been mere revivals of knowledge formerly acquired, but forgotten in the interval. But such a surmise is inapplicable to the following case, related by Dr Abercrombie:—'A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case.' One cannot but be struck with the resemblance of this case to the alleged instances of clairvoyance among the practisers of animal magnetism. It is but proper, however, to advert to the explanation suggested by Dr Abercrombie, unsatisfactory as it is. 'It is likely,' says he, 'that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination [to her husband's illness], and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied it in a dream: the fulfilment of it at the very time when the event took place is certainly,' he admits, 'a very remarkable coincidence.'

Dr Abercrombie also relates a story which has been long current in Edinburgh, and the authenticity of which he believes there is no reason to doubt. 'A clergyman had come to this city from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger.' The learned author deems it possible that this dream might have been suggested by an anxiety, on the part of the dreamer, about the consequences of a fire happening at his house in his absence. He adds a few more cases, which he vouches for as entirely authentic. 'A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire; which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement: his companions went, and were all drowned. A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it; and, after

* Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, 307.

many excuses, she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamt that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropt it in the street, and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly, when he confessed that it was true. On these cases our author remarks, 'Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone, and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment.' But this is not a satisfactory explanation of coincidences so extremely peculiar, and we are tempted to imagine that a law is concerned of which we are ignorant.

Here it may not be inappropriate to relate a circumstance which happened to the writer of a somewhat similar nature, though he was awake at the time. I was walking home to dinner, when a train of association brought to my mind the apparatus erected near my house for the sports of my children, and the idea of a painful accident occasioned thereby was pressed forcibly on my mind, though this is a subject on which I am in general remarkably free from anxiety. I, as it were, saw before me a particular child with a deep gash upon her cheek occasioned by a fall, and so strong was the impression, that I could have scarcely suffered more from the sight of the actual object. Immediately after, I reflected upon the explanation usually given of such presentiments, which happen to be coincident with actual occurrences, namely, that we hear only of the rare and occasional hits, and never of the numerous exceptions. Of course, thought I, this is one of the numerous cases in which nothing occurs, and which are therefore overlooked. And this idea was not the less received by me, that the incident was of a kind of which I had no former experience. But in the course of the evening I was called out of my room by a servant, who seemed to have something very serious to communicate, and, being taken up stairs to one of the children's bedrooms, there found that one of them, different, however, from the one pictured in my vision (if I may so call it), had had a gash of two inches long inflicted on the crown of her head, from coming violently in contact with the belting of the room while indulging in a game of romps in bed. If this were one coincidence out of many cases of failure, it would not be worthy of notice; but as the only such case of presentiment I have any recollection of experiencing, it appears to me remarkable. It also tends to support the analogy which seems to exist between sleeping and waking conditions.

Having quoted already rather too liberally from Dr Abercrombie, I shall not adopt any of his examples of the highest class of marvellous dreams, but present, instead, a few which have been communicated by a respected correspondent:—'A young lady on the eve of marriage, dreamed one night that she and her lover were walking along a pleasant path side by side. Wide-spreading trees waved their lofty branches above their heads; her lover turned to her with a smile, and asked if he should show her the home which he had provided. She longed to see it, and they pursued their way; they came to a tangled thicket, through which they found a difficulty in passing. At last they suddenly came to an opening; a grave lay open before them; the yew, the cypress, and other dark evergreens were seen on every side; her lover pointed to the grave, and said, "There is our home." She awakened in violent agitation. The dream made a dreadful impression on her, and in a few days after, her lover's death was announced to her. She fell into a state of deep dejection, from which her sisters made every effort to rouse her; she attended them in their walks, but was ever pensive and sad. One day, while they were making some purchases in a shop, she loitered listlessly at the door. A woman carrying a basket filled with bunches of sprigs tied up together, advanced towards her, and asked her to purchase some. "I do not want them," she replied, without raising her heavy melancholy eyes

from the ground. "Ah! miss, if you don't want them to dress out your rooms, you might like to have them to strew over the grave of some one that you love." These words touched the right chord, and she raised her sad eyes to the basket; there she saw bunches of the very same evergreens which her dream had exhibited round the grave of her lover. "Let me have the whole basket," she said, "at whatever price you please." Her sisters (from whom I had these particulars) found her pale and faint, with the basket which she had just purchased by her side. She planted the branches round the grave of her lover; some took root, and are now waving their green boughs over the faithful heart that lies buried there.

'Not less remarkable was the dream of Captain F—, a man of exemplary piety, and the strictest veracity. He was in the East India Company's service, and having served one-and-twenty years, was about to return to his native country on leave of absence for three years. Some nights before his departure from Calcutta he had a dream that his father died. It was so vivid, and so minutely circumstantial, that it made a very deep impression on him, and he entered all the particulars and the date into his pocket-book. In about six months after, on his arrival in London, he found letters from Ireland, where his family resided, waiting for him. They announced the death of his father, which had occurred on the very night of his dream. This was so singular, that when he joined his sister a few days after, he desired her to enter into no particulars relative to his father's death till she should hear him. "Sarah," said he, "I believe that my father did not die in his own room—his bed was in the parlour." "It was, it was indeed," replied she; "he had it brought down a short time after he was taken ill, to save him the fatigue of going up and down stairs." "I will show you the spot where it was placed," said Captain F—; he immediately pointed out the situation of the bed, exactly where it had been. He showed where the coffin had been laid; there was nothing connected with the melancholy event which he could not detail as minutely as those who had actually been present. Strange as all this may appear, it is nevertheless perfectly true. I have frequently heard it from Captain F— himself, and from his wife and sister.

'Dr D—, who was Bishop of Down some years since, had a son, a very fine boy, a great darling of his parents. At breakfast one morning the child turned eagerly to his mother, by whose side he was sitting, and said, "Oh, mamma, I had a very odd dream last night; I thought there was a very curious and a very pretty box brought here, and it was to be my own, own box; my name was on it, and my age, and the day of the month, and the year; it wasn't like any of your boxes, mamma, but it was a great deal nicer, and a great deal prettier; it was a very odd-shaped one though; I never saw such a one; mamma, I'll show you what it was like." The child took some crumbs from his plate, and traced out the exact form of it coffin. "Mamma, wasn't that a curious box?" His mother was not superstitious, yet she felt her heart die within her, and she could not bear to let her boy out of her sight all day. It grew late, and it was time that she and the bishop should dress for a dinner party to which they were engaged. While they were at their toilet, the little boy went to the stable where the horses were being harnessed for the carriage in which his father and mother were to go. The boy prevailed on the groom to let him get on one of the horses, and he went to ride round the yard; the animal being spirited, and the child not being able to manage him, he was flung on the hard pavement, and killed on the spot.'

The first question which occurs respecting such dreams is, can the recital be depended upon? On this point we should think universal doubt were preposterous, considering that so many such circumstances have been detailed by respectable persons. The next question with many minds will be, are they natural events? Here

we should suppose no enlightened person could hesitate for a moment to answer in the affirmative. As natural events, then, how are they to be accounted for? The only reply is, that the principle, if it be one, is unknown to us.

The subject of dreaming is unfortunate in its being so much a matter of vulgar wonderment, for intelligent inquirers are thereby repelled from it. When regarded apart from all absurd marvelling, it is evidently a curious department of psychology, and one which deserves careful investigation. By a proper collection of facts on this subject, I have no doubt that an important advance might be made in the science of mind.

WESTERN BARBARY—ITS TRIBES AND ANIMALS.

THE Barbary states, which occupy the northern edge of the Sahara or Great Desert,* were, till the present century, celebrated for harbouring a nest of pirates, who waged war against the rest of the naval and commercial world. A glance at the map will show that a more central point for the operations of sea-robbery does not exist on the face of the globe. Having full sweep of the Mediterranean on the north, the pirates of these states commanded the high road traversed by merchant ships sailing between Europe, the Grecian and Syrian Archipelagos, and Western Asia, while to the west, the trading voyagers through the North Atlantic, and to Western and Southern Africa, Eastern Asia (round the Cape of Good Hope), and the Americas, were within their reach. These local advantages were made the most of, and a system of plunder was carried on for ages, so successful and well organised, that commercial states were glad to compound for the atrocious felonies, by paying a yearly tribute to the Barbary states to get exemption from plunder. The spread of civilisation has, however, gradually lessened the maritime power of Barbary—its seaports are used for the purposes of legitimate commerce, and no black-mail is now paid, except in two instances. Spain and Portugal have been unable to get quit of the tax, and still pay it to the Emperor of Morocco.

One consequence of this change is, that regular commercial relations were gradually established by European states with those of Barbary, and in the metropolis of each territory resides a consul accredited from Great Britain, presided over by a consul-general who lives at Tangier, the chief port of Morocco. We bring our information concerning Barbary down to this point, to introduce to the notice of the reader a very entertaining work by the son of the latter official, entitled 'Western Barbary—Its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals.†' The author, having resided during many years with his father in Tangier, made himself perfectly familiar with the Moorish (Mogrebbin) dialect of the Arabic language; and being, moreover, fond of adventure, frequently joined the hunting expeditions of the natives into the interior of the country. Having during these excursions as they lived, he obtained a deep insight into their peculiarities of character, acquiring at the same time an acquaintance with the face of the country, and with the wild animals which inhabit the remoter districts. Much of this kind of new and valuable information is woven into a narrative of an expedition undertaken by Mr Hay, to procure 'for her majesty Queen Victoria a barb of the purest blood

from some of the breeders of horses in the region around Larache.' Accompanied by the sheik, or chief of a neighbouring village, a Spanish gentleman, a Moorish soldier by way of escort, and a native servant, Mr Hay commenced his search for a steed. They had not proceeded far on their route when the party was overtaken by 'a venerable-looking Arab, well mounted on an iron-gray rat-tailed barb: on the bow of his high-peaked saddle rested the long Moorish gun; and in his right hand he carried a small stick, upon which were inscribed some Arabic characters. This I recognised as one of the holy batons given by sainted persons to those who are about to undertake a journey, as a protection on the road from robbers and from mishaps of all sorts. A simple haik was his only covering; his legs and sinewy arms were bare, and his slippered feet were armed with the Moorish spurs, which are merely silvered spikes of iron about a foot long, with a circle of metal at the hilt to prevent more than the point penetrating; but even with this precaution, I have heard of a bad rider giving a death-wound to his steed.' This man proved a most amusing travelling companion, for he was an excellent story-teller. At the commencement of his first tale (which is amusing, but too long and too barbarous in some of its details for extract), he became so excited by his own recital, that he suddenly broke off his story, 'and dashing his spurs into the flank of his barb, burst away at full speed, shouting "Allah! Allah!" His turban fell off—not accidentally, I am inclined to think—and the haik, loosed from his shoulders in the breeze, was poised in the air for a moment, and fell to the ground. He then fired, threw the rat-tailed on his haunches, and wheeling round, came back at full gallop. As he approached us he recovered his haik with the muzzle of his gun, and then, throwing himself on one side, stretched his long arm, and while yet in full course, whisked up his turban from the ground. In another moment he was by my side, replaced his head-gear with the greatest gravity, and continued his narrative as coolly as if he had merely paused to take a pinch of snuff.' To this specimen of Arab horsemanship, Mr Hay adds an anecdote illustrative of the extreme love these equestrians have for a favourite horse. Travelling, on a former occasion, in company with the unfortunate African traveller, John Davidson, he was proceeding between Mehedecca and Rabât, when 'we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled gray, the handsomest barb I ever saw. Riding up to the man, I entered into conversation with him, and having put him into good humour by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled gray.

"What is your price?" said the Arab.

"I offered a hundred and fifty *mitsahel*, about twenty pounds sterling, a large sum in the interior. "It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he, and he brought his horse on the other side of me; "look at this side of him—you must offer more." "Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man, and fond of your horse; we won't dispute about the matter; so, give me your hand." "What say you—two hundred?" "That is a large price truly," said the Arab, his eyes glistening, and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent, so the Arab thought I might go still further, and shaking the bridle off he went at full speed. The mottled gray curled its tail in the air, and vanished to a speck in no time. I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and

* They consist of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

† By J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq.—forming one volume of Murray's Colonial and Home Library.

* The Moorish manner of striking a bargain.

patting the neck of his gray, he said, "Look at him—see—not a hair is turned. What will you give me now?"

"Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and thanking me, said—"Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered; but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you or any other man possess." Having said this, he joined his companions. Calling the kaid, or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the gray, adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum. The kaid said, "All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his tent, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it."

Many passages in Mr Hay's book exhibit in very terrible colours the oppressive nature of the Moorish government, the rapacity of which is scarcely to be paralleled. Relics of various nations which formerly conquered and colonised the country are often turned up from the earth by the peasantry. The law concerning treasure-trove is, that everything so found must be instantly given up to the imperial treasury, and the most barbarous cruelties are inflicted to extort confessions from individuals unfortunate enough to be suspected of having made any such discoveries. The following is an instance:—Some years ago, when Alarby E'Saidy was governor of Tangier, and dealt out his justice by weight of gold and silver, one Mohamed, a poor countryman, who dwelt a few miles distant from the ancient city of Boammar, around which he scattered many old ruins, was ploughing a slip of land which had evidently lain fallow for many years. The land had lately been given to him as a reward for two years' hard service in active warfare, under the banners of his sultan, against the rebel tribes of the Gades—a method not unusual of recompensing the militia, who constitute the main force of this empire. In an adjoining field was a fellow-villager actively employed in the same pursuit. Now, Mohamed's ploughshare happened to strike against some obstacle, which, on examination, proved to be a large earthen vase of curious form. Mohamed, finding it sound, and thinking it might be of service to his family for fetching water from the village well, went to the border of the field, where he had left his outer garments, and there deposited it.

The discovery, and honest Mohamed's subsequent movements, were not unobserved by his neighbour, who suspected from his silence that there was more found than an earthen pot. So, on returning from his day's labour, he told the village gossips that Mohamed had assuredly found a treasure; for he had marked him, whilst ploughing, turn up a large pot which appeared to be very heavy, and which he had immediately hidden under his clothes, and had not said one word to him about it, although he was hard by. The following was a market day, when the villagers of Boammar flocked as usual to Tangier. The news of Mohamed's discovery was soon spread among the town's folk, and it was not long ere it reached the soldiers, the alert spies of old Alarby E'Saidy, to whom they quickly reported the tale, with no few exaggerations. Mohamed, unsuspecting of impending evil, was disposing of his little produce, when the rude hands of two soldiers arrested him, and, as is usual in this country, without any reason given, dragged him before the gray-bearded hakim. "So I have caught you at last, you rascal. You have found a treasure, and not reported it. Speak, and let us know the amount; and look to your words." Mohamed told his story, which was a plain one; and begging for mercy, requested, in order to prove the truth of his statement, that a soldier might be sent to search his house and bring the pot, which would be delivered up by his family. The kaid agreed, and Mohamed was in the meantime confined in prison. The soldier made the search, and nothing was found but the empty vase.

On this being announced to the Kaid Alarby, Mohamed was again brought before him.

"I am not," said the ruthless magistrate, "to be imposed upon by such small cunning. Down with him, let him have five hundred stripes, and then see if he will declare his hiding corner for his ill-gotten wealth."

"To hear was to obey; and the unfortunate ploughman received full five hundred blows from the dreaded whip of Tsafillets; but he persisted to the last lash in saying that he had found no treasure. "Back with him to the dungeon," said the kaid; and the wretched Mohamed was carried half senseless to prison. A month passed; and every day his poor wife trudged to town with his scanty meal, for Moorish authorities rarely bestow a morsel of food on the prisoners, leaving them to depend solely upon what may be brought by their families, who are not prevented giving the prisoners every kind of luxury, if they be able to afford it. The little property Mohamed possessed was soon exhausted. His wife had a young family, and having no means of supporting both them and her husband, extreme want soon stared her in the face. Exhaustion of body and anguish of mind brought on a violent fever, which confined her to the hut.

Thus day after day passed away. No one brought Mohamed his usual pittance, and no one came to soothe him in his misery; so that, had it not been for the charity of some fellow-prisoners, the honest ploughman must have died of starvation. The jailer, however, was more humane than most of his trade; and, seeing the truly wretched state of his prisoner, endeavoured to intercede in his behalf with Kaid Alarby; but the tyrant was inflexible. "Let God be witness," said he, "I never will free him till he give up the treasure." Upon being informed of this, poor Mohamed fell on the ground, tore his beard, and swearing by God and his prophet, cried out, "There is no justice on earth; our religion and our law are all void! But hark ye," said he to the jailer, "tell the governor that I submit to his will, and he shall have the treasure: tell him to send with me guards, and I will deliver up my riches." Mohamed's eye looked wild as he spoke, and the jailer knew not whether he was frantic or in his right mind. "Aha!" said the kaid upon hearing of his having confessed, "I knew we should bring him to his senses. Send with him a couple of stout fellows; and let them be on the look-out that he does not conceal any part of his wealth."

Mohamed was conducted with shackles on his legs to Boammar. As he entered the village, he learnt that his poor wife had died of sickness and grief, and that his children were supported by the miserable tell-tale, who had since bitterly repented of the injury he had thoughtlessly done to his honest neighbour, and had even offered the kaid a handsome present to induce him to free poor Mohamed from thralldom. On reaching the ploughman's dwelling, the soldiers were about to enter with him. "Stop," said he; "every man's house is sacred; wait a little, and I will show you all." The soldiers would have disregarded Mohamed's request; but a murmur of indignation ran through the crowd of villagers at such disregard of their customs. A few minutes elapsed, when Mohamed again appeared at his threshold; but now he had his gun with him, and two little children were clinging to their father's knees, calling for notice from their long-absent parent. The soldiers fell back, thinking he intended violence to them; but this was far from the poor man's thoughts. He had attached a string to the trigger of his gun, and passing it behind the stock, now put the muzzle to his head. The soldiers, perceiving his object, were rushing forward to seize him, when he cried out, "Tell the kaid that this alone remains for me to give—my blood—let it be on his head!" and pulling the string, he fell a corpse. The soldiers returned, and reported what had happened. "Awa?" (is that all?) said the kaid; "so he lied after all—God have mercy upon his soul!" And thus was wound up the affair of the ancient vase.

Regulating the way with tales of the chase and personal adventure, Mr Hay and his party reached Larache—his destination. A book of travels in these latitudes would not be complete without a story of the wondrous feats performed by the far-famed snake-charmers. Accordingly, Mr Hay presents his contribution to the numerous snake-stories already in print:—“As we strolled through the market-place [of Larache], we met a party of Eisows, or snake-charmers; they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos, three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes. We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes; to this they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Scedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of snake-charmers. Having concluded this invocation, the music struck up, and the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Straus could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat-skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake: this he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, whilst the reptile seemed to obey his wishes, by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively, and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the deserts of Soos, called leffa. They were of a mottled colour, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. The name leffa is given, I imagine, by the Mogrebbin Arabs to this kind of serpent from their resemblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter fa, he being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, whilst their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy ward off with his long hawk the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

“Now, calling on Scedna Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, whilst the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled rapidly around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn. Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and, pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, whilst the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

“Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

“‘Are you an Eisowy?’ said the man of Soos, ‘or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?’ I replied in the negative. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘if the snake bite you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any

animal, and I will give you sure proof, ere you attempt to touch a leffa.’ A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about the space of a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterwards of a bluish hue. It is needless to say that after this I declined handling the leffa.

“The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake, is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using its fangs, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs, or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, and that he puts it into his mouth and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

“I have frequently witnessed individuals belonging to the sect of Eisows, in whose company I have chanced to be during my sporting expeditions, handle scorpions or poisonous reptiles without fear or injury, the animal never attempting to sting or bite them. Whilst I was residing at Tangier, a young Moor who was witnessing the exploits of a snake-charmer ridiculed his prowess as a mere delusion, and having been dared by the Eisowy to touch one of his serpents, the lad ventured into the mystic ring, was bitten by a leffa, and shortly afterwards expired.

Mr Hay was unsuccessful in finding a horse to his liking at Larache, and proceeded to Ibdowa. Here also he was disappointed; and from a cause which shows the barbarous despotism which is still practised in Morocco. He was met by the sheik of the place, who said—“I fear you will not find in all this district a suitable animal.”

“Where shall I seek a horse, then, O my best of friends,” I inquired, “if it be not in Ibdowa?”

“Listen,” said he, “and understand. A few years past, my tribe boasted of the finest bone and blood in the country. The care of a Bedouin towards his mare was like that of a mother towards her child; never was it allowed to quit his sight; and if he heard of a famous stallion, were it on the confines of the deserts of Soos, he would travel in the season, and pay any sum to have a good cross for the mare he gloried in. When in foal, no horse of bad form, or below the standard height, was allowed to pass within view of the hara. But, as with all mortals, our day of sorrow has come, and the wreck of our former pride is yet to be witnessed among some sorry mares, which I will point out in yonder field, now from age and neglect unworthy your purchase. Look,” said he, “at their degraded offspring, those colts which my slave is driving, look at their form and size; they are mere pack animals.”

“This is strange,” I observed: “whence this neglect of your own interests?” The old horse-breeder looked at our kaid, and they both sighed and shook their heads in unison. “The reason,” said the sheik, lowering his voice, “is, that of late years there is no security for property. If any Bedouin happen to possess a fine horse, and it reach the sultan’s ears, the animal is seized, and the owner receives no recompense.” The breeders, therefore, have no inducement to keep up the high-bred pedigree of their far-famed steeds, and the race in Morocco is fast degenerating. After visiting several other places, Mr Hay was obliged after all to give up the object of his mission, and to return to Tangier without it. Subsequently, however, that gentleman’s father, the consul-general, having been sent by her majesty’s government on a mission to the court of the sultan, at Fas, succeeded in obtaining a horse of the description required.

Mr Hay has not followed a very consecutive plan in detailing his Moorish experiences; but their miscellaneous character gives the charm of variety. In an appendix, he presents some interesting particulars relative to the last victim of African discovery, John Davidson, who in the year 1835 formed the bold design of penetrating to Timbuctoo by the direct route across the

desert from Morocco. While prosecuting this attempt, he was, after many hairbreadth escapes, barbarously murdered.

MEDICINE-TAKING.

MEDICAL practice is greatly debased by the less worthy of its professors, but the public are also to blame for much of its errors. Whether as a natural result of eagerness to see *something done* for the relief of their sick friends, or as a consequence of habits handed down from ignorant times, there is a very general prejudice against all practice which does not involve a liberal exhibition of medicine. It must of course often be that only a careful study of the case, directions for the proper care of the patient, and a supervision of the treatment which he receives, is all that is properly required of a medical man. Medicines may not be required, or may be calculated to produce injurious effects, even in the smallest quantities. But when the medical man finds that procedure such as he believes to be necessary is unfavourably regarded by those who call him in, and that, if he persists in it, they will discharge him and call another, he is very apt to give way, and order a few medicines such as he believes may do the least possible harm. He ought not to take this course; but the temptation is strong, and a regard to his own interest probably carries the day. Thus the practice of medicine is vitiated, the minds of practitioners are depraved, and the character of the whole profession is lowered.

The evil of much medicine-giving is greatly more prevalent in England than in Scotland, a consequence apparently of an ancient custom of the former country with regard to the remuneration of the humbler and most abundant class of practitioners—that is, the paying of them for medicine furnished, and not for attendance. The practitioners, finding they only can be paid for a visit if they order a draught, or box of pills, or set of powders, prescribe such articles accordingly, whether needed or not; the medicines are taken as a matter of course. Thus a prejudice is formed, to the effect that from illness of any kind medicine is inseparable, and an Englishman is very apt to take powders and pills on the slightest experience of an unpleasant sensation, or perhaps for no sensation of the kind, but only to prevent illness. Accordingly, an enormous amount of medicine is consumed needlessly in England. In London there are pill-warehouses like castles.* Large fortunes are realised by patent medicines of the most doubtful character; and the public health is by these means undoubtedly much injured. The Scotch have never had any mode of medical practice of this kind amongst them. Their medical men are generally paid for attendance. They therefore are not so apt as the English to think a practitioner inattentive or inactive when he orders no medicine; and they are a people not at all disposed to take doses at any time except for strong and compelling causes.

Of a great many anecdotes told to us by one well acquainted with English medical practice, we shall select one as an illustration of the extent of prejudice existing upon this subject, and its effects in corrupting practitioners. An elderly lady had received a hurt in her arm, which required the attendance of a medical practitioner residing at two or three miles' distance. He dressed it about twenty times, and saw it completely healed. Now was his time to consider how he should be paid. 'My only chance,' said he to himself, 'is to begin ordering medicine.' He therefore affected to think unfavourably of the appearance of the skin of her arm: it betokened a bad state of the blood. 'I shall send you something for it,' said he. He now began a course of medicine, to which the old lady very willingly submitted; and at length when it amounted to

nine pounds, he admitted she was well, and sent in his bill. When he next called, she told him she had got the bill and was wishing to pay it; but 'I think,' said she, 'you must have surely committed a mistake in drawing it out.' 'What seems wrong, ma'am?' inquired he. 'If there be any error, of course we can easily rectify it.' 'Oh, why, you have nine pounds here for medicine—that is all very well—I have had that. But here you have three pound ten for dressing my arm. Now, you know, I had nothing there. You were only put to a little trouble, which was the same as nothing. I cannot understand this part of your bill at all.' 'Oh very well,' said he, 'if you think so, we'll deduct the charge for dressing.' It is needless to add that the balance was ample remuneration for his services as well as his medicines.

A judicious law has lately been passed to enable practitioners under certain regulations to charge for attendance as well as for medicine. This will probably tend to correct the public mind of England on the subject of medical practice, and in the long-run wean our southern neighbours from their extraordinary inclination for the blue pill and other superfluous abominations.* Meanwhile, let us endeavour to convince all who need such knowledge, that in a vast number of cases of illness, the only thing required is right disposal and treatment of the patient, for the direction of which medical skill is as necessary as for the dispensation of therapeutics. This skill has cost its possessor much time and money; it is therefore as well entitled to its reward when only employed in giving careful directions, as when prescribing medicines. Let no one suppose that a medical attendant is doing nothing when he does not dose, or give a great many orders. He often does his duty best by doing nothing; and even for this, supposing him to act with judgment and conscientiousness, he is fully entitled to his remuneration.

LINGERING GOOD-BYES.

THERE are some persons in the world who, either from a desire to kill time, or an unbecoming irresolution of purpose, are so lingering and tedious in their good-byes, as greatly to detract from the pleasure of their visits, and prove a source of considerable annoyance and irritation to the more busy and energetic of their fellow-men. The annoyance is also aggravated by its untangible nature, and often by the good temper of the offending party. If your lingering trifler were a rough unceremonious fellow, there would be little difficulty as to the best mode of dealing with him; but he is generally so gentlemanly and polite a person, that one would not willingly offend his sensibility by treating him rudely; although it is often difficult to endure with anything like grace and equanimity so sore a trial of temper and patience. Protesting that he cannot stay a moment, he will frivolise away a couple of hours, without having any business to transact, or any information to communicate, and linger with a tedious pertinacity that betrays

* It is a fact which we can state on excellent authority, that the quantity of the blue pill alone, lately shipped at once for South America by one druggist's house in London, amounted to six tons!

* One of the cleverest of our medical writers thus frankly expresses his opinion of his own craft and of medicine-taking generally:—'I declare,' says Dr James Johnson, 'my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a "conjugal art"—that the best physicians make mistakes—that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks—that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all—and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs—these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But, as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes—rich and poor—with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life; and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions.'

a weakness of purpose truly silly and contemptible. He cannot stay, yet he will not go. He has nothing of importance to say, yet he still talks on. He shakes you by the hand, and bids you good-by again and again, and still he is not gone. He cannot stay and dine with you, neither will he let you dine yourself. He cannot sit down, and therefore keeps you standing; or he rises with well-dissembled earnestness, protesting he must go, but it is only to move a foot, and this step accomplished, he doggedly remains in that spot for another half-hour before he again moves. 'Parting is such sweet sorrow,' that he could bid good-by 'till it be morrow.' No limpet ever adhered more pertinaciously to the rock than does he to your side. The trifling conversation stops, the usual commonplaces are exhausted, and you now believe he is really gone; but no, it is only to move half-way to the door, where, as if to recompense himself for his desperate effort, he plants himself more immovably than ever. At last he again relinquishes his position, retrogrades 'unwillingly and slow,' and having arrived at the door, halts, holds by the handle, or plays with his hat, disputing every step with you as determinedly as though retreat were ruin; and there is no speculating with any certainty, although he has so long risen up to go, whether or not he may depart for the next hour. Wo to you if any stairs intervene between him and the street, for if so, he will yet make half a dozen resolute halts before he departs. Till he has positively bidden you good-by at the street-door, and moved away from the threshold, you are uncertain how much longer he intends to draw upon your patience; and at his departure, you find that two or three hours have been frittered away in dull unmeaning good-byes, and are left with vexed temper and dissipated thought, to vainly endeavour, by increased exertion, to redeem the time which has been irrecoverably lost.

To those who are economists of time, and whose time is their estate, and their only one, the visits of such persons are positive afflictions and social miseries. The busiest and most valuable hours are often sacrificed, and the arrangements of an entire day put out of joint, by such tedious triflers. It is one of the chief principles upon which society is based, that every one should respect his neighbour's property as well as his own; and if these lingerers persist in vexatiously trying our patience, and tediously wasting our time, they must expect to be met with a frown instead of a smile, and their visits shunned instead of sought. That two fond lovers who live but for each other should be loath to separate; that friends whose next meeting will probably be distant, and doubtless uncertain, should protract their good-byes, is natural and pleasing; but it is contemptible, and argues a want of due appreciation of the value of time, and an indecision of purpose unbecoming any one who aspires to the name of man, to waste the time of a friend seen continually, and whose engagements and occupations ought to be a protection from such thoughtless trifling. If the irresolute lingerer stay, let him be in earnest: let it be understood that he intends to stay a while; and if he have any business at all, introduce it at once, remembering that if he deems his own time of little value, his friend may not hold his so cheaply. If he is going, let him be decided; let one good-by, one shake of the hand, suffice, and let him depart promptly, and such decision will not only have a beneficial effect on his own arrangements, but render his future visits more welcome. If every one were thus to protract his call, all punctuality must be sacrificed, the fulfilment of every engagement jeopardised, and the most important arrangements set aside; or the busy must shut themselves up from the annoyance of such lingerers. Many a valuable friend has been lost, many a pleasant companionship broken, by such trifling; for

even the kindest eyes cannot be entirely blind to the absurdity of such weakness and irresolution, nor the most equable tempers always brook the vexatious hindrance of such tedious good-byes.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

MADAME DE VERRE, A TALE OF SAUMUR.

IN that pleasant land on the banks of the Loire, where the charms of the scenery are enhanced by those of the climate, in which there are frequently forty days between the 1st of January and the 1st of 'St Silvestre,' or the 31st of December, without rain, where oranges are sold at eightpence a-piece, where the late frosts are seldom felt after the middle of May, and the dahlias rarely become black before the 15th of September—in the Garden of France, as the natives love to call the province of Anjou, and in the town of Saumur, dwelt a family called De Verre, of no great rank or celebrity, but possessing a small estate at Chauvigny, from which they added the territorial title to their generic name, and styled themselves De Verre de Chauvigny. Though unmarked by any elevation of rank or ability, they became remarkable from a series of uncommon circumstances in which they were involved. In 1622 or 1623 the heiress of this family married a Monsieur Guy de Verre, who also took the name of De Chauvigny, and by whom she had two sons, Claude and Jacques, who, according to the custom of the country, were indulged in every fancy, and allowed to have their own way, till that way became insupportable to all about them. Then came restraints and restrictions; punishments which produced no other effect than open revolt or secret disobedience, remonstrances which were unheeded, or considered as tyrannical innovations, till at length Master Claude, the eldest hope of the family, took the resolution of abandoning his home, and departing secretly, was not heard of for several years. All that his parents could learn led them to suppose that he had enlisted in the army under a false name; but nothing could be discovered which gave them any hope of recovering the fugitive. In the meanwhile Jacques, the younger son, who was rather less headstrong than his brother, remained with his family, and after the death of his father, which took place in 1638, removed with his mother to Saumur, where he led a life of idleness and inactivity.

Every one who has dwelt in a country town knows the effect produced by the arrival of a regiment of soldiers in the place; how not only the idle and unemployed, but even the industrious and the busy, quit their labours for a while, to gaze on the novelty which thus happily breaks in upon the monotony of their lives. No wonder, then, that the arrival of a regiment of guards in the quiet town of Saumur threw all the world into a fever of delight. Groups assembled in every quarter through which the soldiers were expected to pass an hour and a half before they could possibly arrive, and amongst these expectant gazers, stationed on the bridge which crosses the Loire, was young Jacques de Verre, to whom the anticipated event of the day was a matter of high enjoyment. When the long-looked-for band arrived, greatly excited by the scene, struck by some fancied resemblance, and perhaps inspired with some previous idea vaguely conceived, he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to one of the passing soldiers, 'There's my brother Claude de Verre.' The man to whom he alluded caught the words, and laughing at the idea, nodded familiarly to the speaker, inquiring at the same time of one of the spectators the name of the youngster; and having, on arrival at his quarters, obtained farther information respecting the family, conceived the idea that, in taking upon him the character thus unexpectedly offered him, he might make his sojourn at Saumur both profitable and amusing. In the meanwhile Jacques, fully confirmed in his strange delusion by the smiles and nods of the soldier, hurried home with the news of

his brother's arrival. The truth of the tale was not for a moment questioned by his mother and family, who seemed fully prepared to deceive themselves—an event sometimes not very difficult with wiser persons than Madame de Verre, who, on the soldier presenting himself, gladly received him as her long lost son. The impostor was fêted and caressed as indulgent mammas are prone to fête and caress a prodigal son, and introduced to her friends and acquaintance as her first-born, Claude de Verre. The soldier, whose real name was Fedy d'Eranderie, passed a jovial time during the stay of his regiment at Saumur, and when ordered into Normandy, departed, carrying with him the maternal blessing, and a good store of ecus, which he probably estimated still more highly. In Normandy he married a Mademoiselle Dauplé, and took care duly to inform his adopted family in Anjou of the joyful event; some time after which, the affectionate son, having obtained leave of absence, returned to visit Madame de Verre, and had scarcely been more than a week at Saumur, when he appeared overwhelmed with grief. He had received information, he said, that his dear wife was dead, and was inconsolable for another week, but yielded at last to the kind exertions of his friends to cheer and comfort him. Fedy was a good-looking youth; his mourning habit became him; and the deep grief he had expressed for his lost wife made him a peculiarly interesting object to the unmarried ladies of the town, many of whom seemed anxious to repair the sad loss he had experienced; amongst others a certain Mademoiselle Allard, who, being possessed of some fortune, and well born, was considered by Fedy and his adopted family as a fit and proper match. An extension of his leave of absence was obtained, and in due time the marriage took place, Madame de Verre and her younger son Jacques being witnesses to the marriage contract, in which the adventurer was specified to be the son of Madame, and her husband, the late Guy de Verre de Chauvigny. The honeymoon sped swiftly away, and in due time, like other married people, their life went on in its usual tranquil peace, and Fedy became the father of two children; but a storm was at hand, entirely unforeseen by all the parties interested.

A stranger presented himself at the house of Madame de Verre, and with all due preparation, to avoid shocking her maternal feelings by too sudden joy, declared himself to be Claude de Verre, her eldest son. Instead of being received, as he had expected, with open arms, the stranger was desired to withdraw, as Madame was not to be deceived by such an audacious falsehood. 'Her son Claude,' she said, 'had been found long ago, and was living happily in the bosom of his family.' The new claimant, however, was not to be so easily disposed of. He possessed documents which could not be controverted, more especially when the flight of Fedy betrayed his imposture. The friends of Madame de Verre, who had never for a moment questioned the authenticity of the fugitive, and had protested that they should have recognised him anywhere as their old friend and acquaintance, were now astonished at her having been so easily deceived, and wondered that she should have listened for a moment to the absurd fancy of Jacques, without any question or inquiry; and were really sorry to say that they thought she had acted with great imprudence—not to say folly and weakness. But the annoyance of poor Madame de Verre and her younger son was not confined to these obliging remarks upon their conduct. The family of Mademoiselle Allard sought redress from the supposed mother-in-law and her son, as witnesses to the marriage contract, and demanded compensation. Law proceedings were instituted, and the strange tale spread throughout the land; when, to add to the dismay of the parties interested, the plot was thickened by the unexpected appearance of Mademoiselle Dauplé, whom the faithless Fedy had married in Normandy under the name of Claude de Verre, and whose feigned death he had so affectionately lamented.

The real hero of the tale—the veritable eldest son of the house of De Chauvigny—established his claim to his birthright by certificates of his service in his regiment, of his being taken prisoner at Valenciennes, his detention there, and subsequent release; all which were clearly proved. The two wives of Fedy d'Eranderie, thrown into the greatest distress, were disposed to make claims upon the real person whose fictitious substitute they had married. They each demanded to be received as his wife, and to have their children legitimated by him. But Claude felt himself under no obligation to either lady; and when they resorted to legal proceedings, he resolutely defended himself. The cause was finally brought before the parliament of Paris, where it was decided that the real Claude should enjoy his right, but that the ladies must abandon all claim to him. The impostor was condemned to death, *par contumace*; but he had vanished for ever. Madame de Verre and her younger son were condemned to pay a fine of 2000 livres to Mademoiselle Allard, whose children were declared legitimate, though the marriage was pronounced to be null and void, in consequence of the pre-contract with Mademoiselle Dauplé, who obtained no verdict at all; it being evident that the family of De Verre were not cognizant of her marriage with the impostor till after that event had taken place.

[We expect in an early number to be able to present an account of a case of recent occurrence in England, nearly similar to that of Claude de Verre.]

ETCHINGS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.

There are millions whose rise and progress in the world furnish most instructive examples, but who, from the quiet tenor of their lives, come not within the scope of public biography. We have often thought that memoirs of virtuous and successful men engaged in ordinary pursuits, if drawn up in a pleasing form, would be of more utility to the bulk of society than even the biographies of the great and renowned. In the latter case ambition may be excited; but it is only one in a thousand, endowed with extraordinary talents, fostered by patronage, or favoured by wealth and other adventitious circumstances, who can hope to imitate the model placed before him. Not so with the successful man in ordinary life. There is nothing in his career—no circumstances of birth, fortune, patronage, or uncommon talent—to forbid the emulation of any other individual; no obstacle which prudence, diligence, good dispositions, and fair-dealing may not overcome; no success which is beyond the power of these virtues to attain. It is from the histories of such men that we intend to present our readers with an occasional etching, giving veritable memoirs, but suppressing names where we know that the reverse would be displeasing to those who have all along lived in the privacy of their own business circle. We begin with one whom we especially esteem; one whose intelligence, liberality, and frankness of manners, are passports to the affections of every man who has the good-luck to be acquainted with—

THE RETIRED ENGINEER.

James Crawford, for so we shall call him, was born in a lowland hamlet about fifty years ago, the youngest of three brothers, and the fifth in a family of seven. His father was joiner, cart, and mill wright to the surrounding tenantry; a humble but comfortable situation, as every one knows who is acquainted with the amount of business in this line which has been required in well-farmed districts since the beginning of the present century. James was educated at the school of his native parish, and well it was for him that the death of the ancient oddity who had usurped the instruction of the

parishioners for the previous sixty years, placed him under the tuition of a really amiable and well-educated man. Another advantage which he enjoyed was, that his elder brothers were beginning to be useful to their father in his yearly increasing business just as he was at the proper age for being educated. It was also the meridian of the thrashing-mill era, when flails were disappearing on every side, and no man was more busily or successfully employed than old Crawford. This fortunate juncture of affairs induced the old man to give his youngest son the best education which the schoolmaster could impart. Nor was the teacher slack in the performance of his duty; for, independent of the love he had for the tractability and innocent humour of the boy, he had also a dash of pride in his composition, and saw in the aptitude and acquirements of his scholars nothing so obvious as his own abilities. The fact is, he had a hobby; ciphering and mathematics were his chief delight, and to excel in these was the sure passport of the pupil to his affections. This it was which kuit him so strongly to Jamie Crawford, than whom no boy could calculate, with greater rapidity, draw a more accurate diagram, or solve a more intricate problem; and it was a vile slander on the part of the parish that attributed any part of the schoolmaster's affection to the presents which came from the dairy or poultry-yard of Mrs Crawford, or to the pretty face and handsome figure of her eldest daughter.

At the age of fifteen—there were happily fewer men-boys at that period than there are now—young Crawford was apprenticed to his father. We say *apprenticed*, for the old man, however indulgent to his family, was in his humble way a man of method, making no difference in the workshop between his own sons and the sons of those who came to learn under him. This resolution of binding James to the millwright's bench was not without remonstrance from Mrs Crawford and the schoolmaster, who talked of the boy's abilities, and of how easy it would be for the father, now that he could employ some six or eight workmen, 'to make something' of at least one of the family. The old man, however, had taken his resolution, and being somewhat *sicher*—a quality which he used to boast of having transmitted to his offspring—it was in vain to attempt reasoning him out of the matter. 'I dinna ken,' he would say, 'what ye mean by makin' something o' him, but I ken what a millwright is; and eae lang as he has his hands, he'll aye hae them to depend on. I'll mak his hands, and if he has got as guid a head as ye say, he'll soon hae the less need to use them.' In all this we cannot but think old Crawford was right: his son by a college education might have become a teacher, preacher, or even professor, but which, or if any of these, was a matter of the utmost doubt; whereas with the prospects which presented themselves to the practical engineer about thirty years ago, there was an absolute certainty of a young man of talent, steadiness, and perseverance, rising to eminence. The determination being taken, James applied himself to his tools with the utmost good-will, exhibiting the same docility, obliging disposition, and inoffensive humour which he had shown at school—making no pretensions, but doing everything well which he undertook; perpetually scheming and devising, so as to bring out the desired result with the least possible amount of labour. Nobody seeing the quiet steady boy at his bench could have predicted his future success, for up to this time he had shown no peculiar aptitude for mechanics. The stories which his mother used to tell in after-years of his juvenile ingenuity, might be told of any dozen boys having the same facilities. There was nothing very wonderful in the pigmy water-wheels with which he studied every rivulet, in his miniature windmill and pump, or in the work-box with the secret drawers which he constructed for his sister. Nor was there anything uncommon in a child of twelve lopping off his finger-nail while whistling with his father's tools; and the boy who cut under his drum to discover what caused the sound,

showed quite as much curiosity as James Crawford, when he got himself nearly crushed to death by creeping inside a thrashing-mill to see how the machinery separated the grain from the straw.

During his apprenticeship, however, his mechanical genius began to develop itself. The same mental powers which had been trained to the solution of Euclid's problems, enabled him to contrive new adaptations of the machinery which his father constructed. His faculty for calculation was ever in request; and the plans which cost his father and elder brothers whole days of anxious labour, he sketched off in one-tenth of the time with the greatest precision. Nor was he less beloved for his obliging manners than on account of his abilities. He was the favourite at home, as he was in the neighbourhood, where his drollery was occasionally playing off some innocent trick; as in the construction of a musical snuff-box, which, when opened by the boors in church on Sunday, it was impossible to stop; in a similar contrivance which had half-a-dozen apparent openings, but none of which was the real one; or in the framing of a harmless man-trap, to catch the young ploughmen who were in the habit of serenading the girls of the neighbouring farm.

It was not in the mere acquirement of his handicraft that he spent the years of his apprenticeship; he was an industrious reader whenever opportunity offered, spending every spare penny in the purchase of books relating more especially to his own profession. This of itself cost no small amount of self-denial, for there were no Penny Cyclopedias or People's Editions in those days, and the income of a millwright's apprentice could not, unless under the impulse of a powerful determination, well afford the luxury of books and periodicals. Still, he stuck to his bench and books, improving himself as a draughtsman, and suggesting improvements on agricultural implements and machines. Being the best scholar and draughtsman in the little country workshop, he was occasionally sent to a distance to inspect and take drawings of new implements, of which a number were then beginning to make their appearance. On one of these occasions he visited Glasgow, then rapidly rising into commercial importance, and had, under the guidance of a workman who had been some time with his father, the good fortune to be admitted into several mechanical establishments. What he then saw struck him with more than wonder: the foundries, spinning-mills, steam-engines, and steamboats (the latter were still in a great measure novelties, under the enterprise of Bell, Dodds, Napier, and others), were to him like works of enchantment, compared with the country machines fashioned in his father's workshop. From this time his mind received a new impulse; and after a ten days' sojourn in the west, he returned with reluctance to his native hamlet. His soul was now centred in Glasgow, whither he was determined to go as soon as his apprenticeship was concluded. To fit himself the better for this new scheme, the whole of his spare moments were devoted to the study of machines and mechanical drawings; and many were the secret half-crowns which his mother gave him for the prosecution of his object, convinced, as she used to say in after-life, that Jamie's learning would 'mak him gang wi' an ever-up-back than ever his father had done.' His ingenuity, which was accidentally brought under the notice of an individual then extensively speculating in Canadian land lots, procured him one of the most handsome offers that could be made to a young lad of nineteen. This, alike to father and son, was a powerful temptation; but James Crawford stuck to the terms of his indenture; and well it was, for although a township in Canada still retains the name of his would-be patron, that individual slipped from life a few years rather more suddenly than honest men wish to do, leaving his employees a flush of £. O. U.'s, and somewhat above twenty thousand pounds less than nothing wherewith to pay them.

In the spring of 1818 James Crawford left his father's workshop for that of an extensively-employed engineer in Glasgow, carrying with him little more of the world's wealth than his tools, drawing instruments, books, and working-clothes. In this establishment he found all that scope for improvement which he had so ardently desired; and in less than eighteen months was advanced from the bench to be draughtsman and overseer of one of the most important departments. In this capacity he had occasion at one time to visit the iron districts of Wales; and the manner in which he executed his commission, and the information which he otherwise collected, proved so valuable to his employers in regard to one of their iron-founding concerns in Lanarkshire, that without hesitation they installed him junior partner in their business. In the new and unexpected position to which he found himself elevated, James Crawford retained all his former modest and unpretending manners, his usual frankness and affability. He clung to his desk and workshop with redoubled assiduity, keeping his eye on every new invention relative to the branches of engineering in which the firm were engaged. For this purpose, as well as for other matters connected with the business, he paid frequent visits to other districts, such as Wales, Cornwall, Newcastle, and Birmingham, and on one occasion to Belgium—a tour which, above all others, delighted him, and of which he drew up a sketch, evincing a degree of penetration which would have made him, had he directed his attention to that line, as clever a statist and political economist as he was now an engineer. In consequence of some misunderstanding, the original partners separated in 1827, and upon this James Crawford found himself in company with the senior member, and virtually at the head of one of the best machine factories on the Clyde. In a couple of years death removed his co-partner, full of years, riches, and honour, and left him the sole proprietor of a business worth three thousand a-year, independent of the capital he had managed to acquire during the previous years of his co-partnery. His career henceforth as a man of business furnishes few incidents. He acted, as he had all along done, upon the maxim which cannot be too frequently impressed on the minds of the young, that

To do
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the primo wisdom.

A large and rapidly-rising manufacturing town furnished abundance of orders, which he ever made a point of executing to the best of his abilities, giving a good article at a fair price, and keeping such workmen as were steady in their habits and thoroughly acquainted with their business. Receiving first-rate wages, and made as comfortable in all respects as the nature of their profession would admit of, his workmen were really a set of exemplary fellows, so much so, that 'a Crawford's man' soon became synonymous with an artisan of the first class. In his business with other men Mr Crawford was always prompt and punctual, rigorously performing every promise, and making a point to exact the same of others in return. With this hereditary *sickness*, he retained his frank and obliging manners—a man of strict business habits, but the most social and agreeable of companions 'when that same business,' as he used to say, 'was looked up in the counting-room.'

During all this tissue of success, the reader will naturally be inquiring what of the Crawfords in the country hamlet? This is easily and satisfactorily answered. James Crawford, on his promotion as junior partner, had married one of his early school companions, a farmer's daughter; and having no children, he was enabled to ~~draw~~ ^{draw} the greater attention on his relatives. Old Crawford had died shortly after James had left the paternal roof, in consequence of an injury which he received from a fall; the second brother had emigrated to Canada; and the elder retained the country business

of millwright. The surviving sisters, two in number, had married decent tradesmen; and at the time of James's first promotion, his mother was in the enjoyment of a cottage and garden, and a few hundred pounds which his father had earned. For these his poor relatives he did all that a kind and prudent son and brother could do. Acting upon the maxim of making every man, if possible, rely upon his own exertions, he did not foolishly squander among them his money, nor did he bring them to live in a sphere which old-established habits rendered them incapable of enjoying. On the contrary, he kept them in their accustomed spheres, yet made them to rise, as it were, by their own endeavours. Thus his brother has at the present moment one of the most extensive businesses as agricultural implement-maker and millwright; his mother (some time dead) was kept comfortably in her little cottage, enjoying her cows and poultry as she did when he was a boy; his sisters' husbands, unfitted, through want of education, to high duties, were assisted to other means of earning their livelihood than by manual labour; while their children, by Mr Crawford's kindness, were educated for higher professions. 'I cannot tame the old sparrows,' he would say, 'but I'll catch their brood as young as I can.' One nephew is now a surgeon, another a merchant; a third was at one time accountant in his uncle's office, but swindled him out of a couple of thousands by forgery, and fled to America; and a fourth, trained as an engineer, was associated with him in partnership in 1839. Thus he provided for his relatives; not forgetting his old teacher, who received, while alive, numerous presents of the best books and finest instruments—donations which he prized beyond money or estates.

Thus did James Crawford actively and steadily pursue his career till 1841, when he bequeathed to his nephew the good-will of his business, and retired on a fortune of £50,000, and the annual proceeds of several patent inventions. He could have easily held on, and trebled that sum; but he had no heart for lucre, and only sought such a competence as that to which he thought his diligence and toil entitled him. Five years had he been an apprentice, four a journeyman, and twenty in business on his own account; and all this was surely deserving of the leisure and quietude of a country life. For this purpose he purchased a snug little estate in his native county—the height and consummation, be it told, of his worthy lady's ambition. In his business he was no doubt eminently successful; but his success was only the natural reward of his talent, diligence, and perseverance. With the exception of the loss by his nephew, and another by a joint-stock speculation (which, by the way, was the first and last of his *spes*), he met with no heavy losses. He seldom required pecuniary accommodation, and as seldom granted it. Amid all the crises and crashings which have taken place during the last fifteen years, he stood unscathed; and for this reason, that he never speculated or carried his business beyond his means. He might have attempted, like some, to make ten thousand instead of three thousand a-year, but to do so, he must have laid himself under bank obligation, and put himself helplessly within the power of those sudden fluctuations in market value which have proved so disastrous. This he avoided by being prudently contented with his ways and means, and undertaking no more than could be properly conducted under his own personal superintendence; the result of which procedure has been his present repose and independence. He is yet a hale man, and thus reasonably enjoys himself and his fortune, instead, as is too frequently the case with the mercantile, who toil to amass enormous fortunes till old age overtakes them, and then withdraw amid disease and decrepitude when enjoyment is out of the question.

And now that our engineer was 'a country gentleman,' he carried to his estate the same improving and enterprising spirit. The old manor-house was pulled down (for it was in ruins, the estate having been worn

out and beggared by the spendthrift son of an ancient family), and a new and elegant mansion erected in its stead. Water and gas-light, conveniences hitherto unknown in country residences, were introduced into every apartment, while baths and heating apparatus were established for the general comfort. Lawns, roads, gates, cottages, &c. underwent a complete revolution; and the neighbouring lairds even ventured occasionally to sneer at the 'engineer's improvements.' Now, however, as great a revolution has taken place in their minds as he produced on his estate. They are beginning to envy the comforts and elegances of the engineer's mansion, and those who can are rapidly following his example. With respect to his lands, the same spirit manifested itself; and being fortunate in having three intelligent and enterprising farmers, his endeavours met with a ready co-operation. New modes of farming, better roads, better constructed farmsteads, improved implements, and the like, are now to be seen on the estate; and the surrounding tenantry, who at first jeered at his schemes and 'newfangled notions,' have been utterly confounded by the crops which they see raised on the Crawford estate. 'Od, I'm thinking he's no sic a fule after a', remarks Farmer Brown. 'Nay, nay,' says his brother, 'it's no a fule nowadays that can make fifty thousand in twenty years.' 'That may be,' retorts Farmer Smith, 'but a fule may gather money, when it requires a wise man to spend it.' Such are the sage remarks of the neighbours on the subject of Mr Crawford's improvements; though it is perfectly obvious that they are following in his footsteps as fast as their landlord's means will allow. Our retired friend, besides, is in the highest esteem in the district; looked up to, advised with, and sought after. He is in the happy enjoyment of his well-earned fortune, employing it usefully and beneficially, and fulfilling every duty of a British landlord.

Such has been the career of the retired engineer. Is there anything in his case which is beyond the power of an ordinary man to imitate? He was nothing indebted to fortune, to birth, or to accident; he married no wealthy widow, no rich master's daughter fell in love with him, nor did he ripen under the sunshine of any man's or party's patronage. He devoted himself to his business; read, studied, and improved himself, while others were idling or dissipating. He lost no opportunity of acquainting himself with new discoveries and inventions, travelling many miles on foot when he was too poor to take the public conveyance. He had a kindly disposition, was affable, honest, and trustworthy. Above all things, he adhered to one pursuit: his business was the centre to which he made all his other acquirements converge. He was not led into ruinous speculations by ambition, but strove to do his best in the line he had chosen; and the result has been, an age of honourable ease and independence.

THE FAIRIES NOT LOST.

THE fairies are gone! Oberon and Titania, with all their train, lie embalmed in the winding-sheet of the poet's fancy; but he who contemplates his fellow-beings with the eye of imagination, will raise up to himself a vision of beauty and heart-stirring truth, that will compensate him for all the turnoffs of world-cares and anxieties. Look at those fairy beings of the material world—those tender buds of humanity, the little children around us—what creation of the poet's brain can compare with those lovely little creatures for trickery, waywardness, and pretty caprices? Talk of Robin Goodfellow's laugh! What a genuine thing is the laugh of a child! It is as if sorrow never had been, and never could be, the companion of that soul. There we have the spirit of Puck in our homes and in our streets—the spirit of irrepressible and unaffected merriment. The creative power of the fancy is a blessed gift in itself; but he substantiates that gift who converts it into the ordinary occurrences of daily life, drawing from them

the honey-bag of sweet and joyous thoughts; and I am one who, having had my sorrows, can still believe that there is a sunny side to almost all the events of our life, if we will but turn to it with a sincere and faithful heart. No fairy mirth ever exceeded the mirth of happy children. Only observe a bevy of them seated on a doorstep, joining in tiny chorus to the directing melody of an elder preceptor. The soul of music is there, for it is the music of the heart. The dance of fairies round a mole-hill of wild thyme, footing it to the cricket's song, is a lovely object of the fancy; but look at a knot of infants, hand in hand, or holding each other's frocks, dancing to a street-organ. How absorbed are they in their pastime! how zealously they perform their little rites, totally unconcerned and unconscious of observing eyes! Will any after-occupation in life be more seriously entered upon by them, or more conscientiously fulfilled? Then, for the gravity of children, how profound it is! I know of nothing more intense than the seriously-inquiring face of an infant—the face of Newton on the threshold of a discovery could not have been more eloquent: one might fancy it capable of solving the great mystery of life and death. Again, observe two or three of these little creatures, seated knee to knee, and one of them imparting to the company some recent event that has occurred in the neighbourhood, or is debating the propriety of admitting a fourth to partake in their solemnities; no grave council of state can be more occupied—more earnest. Yet, again, if we are amused with the human jealousies and sparrings of the fiery Oberon and Titania, when each, to obtain possession of the little page left in her care by the Indian woman; his tiny majesty commits himself by royal poutings, and upbraiding, and plots, and crooked chicaneries, while his consort asserts her prerogative by a consistent obstinacy of purpose to retain the boy; so that, as Puck says—

'Now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spunged star light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.'

Have we no counterpart in the manoeuvrings, and plots, and counter-plots, bickerings, and angers of our little human fairies—their *cassus belli* turning, perchance, upon the possession of a doll, or the fee-simple of a doll's house? Truly may it be said that 'the poetry of earth is ceasing never; for there is poetry, or the power of creative intellectual embellishment, to every action and substance throughout all nature; and we do not neutralise or destroy the action or substance by such process of the fancy—we sublimite, and present it in the most agreeable form to the senses.

'Poetry,' says Hazlitt, 'is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself.' In all human beings the poetical faculty (or an apprehensiveness of the beautiful in nature) exists in various degrees of intensity; but it still exists; the consummation of the faculty lies in producing those feelings in the form of winged words. I repeat, therefore, that we have our little fairies of the material world—our graceful and lovely children; and he who contemplates them and their miniature ways with an eye of fancy, will multiply his sources of pleasure, and at the same time amplify his own heart's benevolence. The child may indeed be said (in one sense) to be the 'father to the man'; for they read us many a wholesome lesson in sincerity and true wisdom. Little children are the bright emanations of omnipresent lovingkindness; they are the pure snow shed in the dawn, before the smoky atmosphere of day has stained its splendour.

Experience has told us that our term of years is extended by a consociation with children; and I am sure that (next to a conscience void of offence) nothing more tends to keep the heart young, and fresh, and green, amid the winter snows of age, than the habit of accustoming one's self to sympathise with, and take delight in, the actions of this fairy race of our own species. The habit itself keeps the mind young; and the mind im-

perceptibly acts upon the body. This, upon a very essential point, may be denominated 'poetical utilitarianism.'

Let me not be thought indiscreet when I say (for I do say it in the implicit adoration of the unbounded love that dwelt in the Divine Speaker), 'Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

[Extracted, with the concurrence of the author, from Mr Charles Cowden Clarke's Lectures on English Poetry—section on the Midsummer Night's Dream.]

THE FIRST BOOKS.

Among the Greeks the earliest books were in verse, which has everywhere been prior to prose. The oldest book extant *in prose* is Herodotus's History. The most ancient printed book with a date is a psalter—the truly beautiful *Psalterium Coder*—printed in 1457 at Mentz (that is, Mayence, on the Rhine)—not at Metz, as sometimes stated, which is situated in the ancient province of Lorraine. Caxton printed Raoul le Fevre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes* (without printer's name, place, or date), which, there is every reason to conclude, was the first book ever printed in the French language. Mr Hallam states that the earliest works printed in France bear the date of 1470 and 1471, whilst there is little doubt that Caxton's impression of the *Recueil* was printed during the life of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom its author was chaplain, and, therefore, in or before 1467. Caxton commenced a translation at Bruges in 1468, and finished it at Cologne in 1471; this was the first book printed in English. In a little book entitled Francis Adams's *Writing Tables, with Suchly Necessary Rules* (1594), we read that 'Printing was found out at Mentz in 1459, and first brought to London by William Caxton, mercer.'

The first book printed in England is said to have emanated from Oxford in 1468, under the title of *Expositio Sancti Jeronimi in Symbolo Apostolorum*. Its claims to be regarded in this light have, however, been much discussed, and will be found summed up in Mr S. W. Singer's treatise upon it, privately printed in 1812. Mr Bagford and Mr Lewis are of opinion that the first work printed in England was *The Game and Playe of Chess, translated out of the French, and imprinted by William Caxton. Fynysshed the last day of Marche, A.D. 1474*. It is certainly the first book to which Caxton has affixed a date, and is consequently highly prized by book collectors. Trevisa's translation of Guillaume's treatise *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1507, is the first book printed on paper made in England. The first book containing English woodcuts is Caxton's *Mirror of the World* (1481), a folio volume so rare and valuable, that the Duke of Roxburgh's copy of it sold for three hundred and fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings, and even a damaged copy has been sold for nearly twelve pounds. Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso* (1590) is the first English work containing copper-plates. The first collection of English maps is Saxton's folio volume, now extremely rare in its perfect condition, consisting of thirty-five maps and an illuminated portrait of Queen Elizabeth, published in London 1579. Hearne says he 'often consulted Saxton's maps, and found them of great advantage.' The first county history published in England is Lambard's *Pereambulation of Kent* (1576). The first printed volume containing English verses is John Watton, or Wotton's *Speculum Christiani*, printed at London by William Machlinia, and now exceedingly rare, a copy of it being valued at from fifteen to thirty guineas. Surrey's translations of the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid* are universally allowed to be the earliest English specimens of that noblest of all metres, blank verse. The first book published on the subject of genealogy was Kelton's *Chronycle*, printed in 1547, with a genealogy of Edward VI. *Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville, who died in 1608, is the first

regular English tragedy. The first English Bible was published by Miles Coverdale, who died in 1568. The *Almanac for Twenty-five Years*, printed in 1577, is the first almanac ever published. The first London bookseller's catalogue is that of Andrew Maunsell, who published in folio *The First Part of the Catalogue of English Printed Books* (London, 1595); though we have seen the priority ascribed to Robert Scott's *Catalogus Librorum et Variis Europe partibus advektorium* (1674). The first printed notice of Shakspeare by name occurs in a work entitled *Pelmantea*, or the Means to Judge of the Fall of a Commonwealth, whereunto is annexed a Letter from England to her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Inns of Court, by W. C. (Cambridge, 1594). Mr Clerk, a landsman, was the first who reduced our *moral tactics* to a systematic form, and his excellent treatise was a great favourite with Nelson, who would frequently desire his chaplain, Mr Scott, to read it to him. The first English book upon navigation was published in 1626, and entitled *An Accidence, or Pathway to Experience, Necessary for all Young Seamen, on those that are desirous of going to Sea: by Captain John Smith, sometime Governor of Virginia, and Admiral of New England*. The author says in his dedication, 'I have been perswaded to print this discourse, being a subject I never see writ before.'

One Roberts was the first systematic writer upon trade in the English language, and his treatise upon the subject, entitled *The Merchant's Map of Commerce* (1638), to which his portrait is attached, gained him great reputation. The first book on surveying, published in England, is Sir Richard de Bence's *Boke of Measuring of Lande, as well of Woodland as Plowland, and Pasture in the Field: to Compt the true Nombre of Acres of the same* (1564). To be sure there is a *Boke of Surveying* printed earlier—about 1540—but it relates only to agriculture. Robert Record, who died in 1558 in the King's Bench prison, where he was confined for debt, was the first person who wrote on arithmetic in English (that is, anything of a higher cast than the works mentioned by Tonstall); also the first who wrote on geometry in English, the first who introduced algebra into England; the first who wrote on astronomy and the doctrine of the sphere in English; and finally, the first Englishman (in all probability) who adopted the system of Copernicus. The very rare and valuable work by Apicius Cordus, entitled *De Arte Copinaria, Libri X*, published at Mediolani in 1498, is the first printed treatise on cookery, and is an exceedingly curious book, throwing much light on the feasts of the ancients. Copies of it have sold for prices varying from two to ten guineas. But in beauty it is surpassed by the great Italian receipt book, entitled *Recettario Fiorentino* (1574), a folio volume, wherein the culinary art is handed to posterity in splendid print, enriched with woodcuts and an engraved title-page. Bernard Breidenbach's *Sanctarum Peregrinationum in Montem Syon* (Mayence, 1486) is perhaps the first book of travels ever published, and contains very remarkable illustrations; amongst others, a view of Venice more than five feet in length, and a map of the Holy Land more than three. The work is in folio, and usually valued at ten guineas. Braun and Hogenberg's six folio volumes, entitled *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, published at Cologne in 1572, contain the first engraved perspective views, including many of places in England, particularly the famous palace of Nonsuch. The first Greek edition of the Psalms of David, and the first Greek impression extant of any part of sacred writ, is the folio edition printed at Mediolani in 1481. A copy of this rare work, bought of a bookseller for the small sum of four shillings, was resold for five guineas to Dr Askew, of whom it was purchased by another person for sixteen guineas.

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.

There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But

let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
When smiles of joy should on thy lips be playing.
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee along,
Where merry maids are in the meadows maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-pane,
The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is sighing,
And thou canst hear the feathered minstrel's strain,
In that still room where thou art pale and dying.

Why is thy spirit summoned to the skies,
Untried by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou called, ere yet thy gentle eyes
Have feared to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek hath never paled with anxious care,
Thy heart hath never throbb'd with guilty sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
Hallowed by love, and cheered with looks of gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal heaven,
For earthly guests to cherish and caress thee?
Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
And called away when we had learned to bless thee?
Why wert thou fashioned lovely to the sight?
Why were thine eyes with tender radiance streaming?
Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee here?
Pass to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere,
Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit.
Mingle and dwell among the angel-band;
But, oh! while stars beneath thy path are burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
And plead for those whose gaze is upwards turning.

—From *The Wandering Angel, and Other Poems*, by John Bolton Rogerson. 1846.

THE PITCHER-PLANT.

There is not, perhaps, among the numerous examples that occur of the provident economy of nature in the vegetable part of the creation, a more remarkable instance of contrivance adapted to circumstances, and of means suited to the end, than what is evidently displayed in a plant which is commonly met with in Ceylon and other islands of the East, and which has obtained the appropriate name of the *pitcher-plant* (*Nepenthes distillatoria*). Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate, and found on the most dry and stony situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the foot-stalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dew falls, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction probably is occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere; and the expansion of the fibre does not take place till the moisture has filled and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent

any evaporation taking place. The water, when gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.—*Barrow's Cochinchina.*

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This curious tree, which is a native of Madagascar, belongs to the same natural order (*Musaceæ*) as the plantain and banana. It is known, in that island by the name of 'Ravenala,' to general readers as 'The Traveller's Tree,' and to systematic botanists as the *Urania Speciosa*. It forms a striking feature in the scenery, as it does in the economy, of its native country; and is thus described by Mr Backhouse in his recent *Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa*:—Clumps of these trees, composed of several stems rising from the same root, are scattered over the country in all directions. The trunks, or more properly root-stocks, which are about three feet in circumference, sometimes attain to thirty feet in height; but whether of this elevation, or scarcely emerging above ground, they support grand crests of leaves of about four feet long and one foot wide, but often turn into comb-like shreds. The head is of a fan-like form, and the flowers, which are not striking for their beauty, are white, and produced from large horizontal green sheaths. The foot-stalks of the leaves, which are somewhat shorter than the leaves themselves, yield a copious supply of fresh water, very grateful to the traveller, on having their margins cut away near to the base, or forced from contact with those immediately above them, especially those about the middle of the series. The root-stock is of a soft cellular substance, and the fruit, which resembles small bananas, is dry, and not edible. This remarkable vegetable production is said to grow in the most arid countries, and thus to be provided for the refreshment of man in a dry and thirsty land. Probably the water may originate in the condensation of dew, and be collected and retained by the peculiar structure of the leaf: it has a slight taste of the tree, but is not disagreeable.

INFERIORS.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence should confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.—*Colton.*

EMPLOYEES.

They that are in power should be extremely cautious to commit the execution of their plans not only to those who are able, but to those who are willing. As servants and instruments, it is the duty of the latter to do their best; but their employers are never so sure of them as when their duty is also their pleasure. To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you—you have commanded only his hands.—*Colton.*

SELF-CONCEIT.

Those who either, from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, have neglected looking out of themselves, as far as any experience and observation reach, have from that time not only ceased to advance and improve in their performances, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principle till they are reduced to beggary, and left without resources.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

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A DAY ON THE BANKS OF DOON.

ROBERT BURNS, the Scottish poet, died forty-eight years ago. Of his children, three sons survive, men now of course arrived at a mature period of life. The eldest, Robert, who is a person of considerable natural talent and accomplishment—a linguist, a geometrician, and, like his father, a poet, though one not reaching the same excellence—is a retired officer of the board of stamps and taxes, Somerset House: he resides in the town of Dumfries, where his father and mother died. The second son, Colonel William Nicol Burns, returned about a twelvemonth ago from India, after an absence of thirty-two years. The third, Major James Glencairn Burns, has for some years lived with his family at Gravesend. The two last belonged to the Indian army, and their services have secured them the means of independence for life. When these two gentlemen visited their native country last summer, it occurred to several kindly-hearted persons that the occasion demanded some public notice. The children of Burns were nearly unknown in a land with which their father's name was indivisibly connected. The comparative neglect with which the great poet had been treated in his lifetime, might yet be in some degree expiated by honours paid to those who, if he had been alive, would have been most dear to him. It was therefore right and fitting that a ceremonial welcome should be given by the people of Scotland to these inheritors of an illustrious name. The justness of these views was acknowledged as soon as they were propounded, and that in so cordial a manner, that it was quickly determined to erect, near Burns's native spot on the banks of Doon, a pavilion calculated for the accommodation of a large company, a field being at the same time set apart for the reception of the multitude not immediately concerned in the proceedings. All proper preparations being accordingly made, the fête took place on the 6th of August.

I left Edinburgh to attend the festival on the preceding evening, accompanied by a large party, amidst whom I had the pleasure of including my esteemed friend Mrs. S. C. Hall, besides several other labourers in the field of literature. The rapidity of a railway journey, a fine evening, and the anticipation of the morrow's excitement, conspired to raise our spirits to a high pitch, and to make the time pass with more than its usual speed. Dashing quickly through Glasgow, we were transferred to the Ayr railway amidst a scene of pell-mell confusion which left us nothing for our luggage but a desperate exercise of faith. Just as I was settling myself in spirit to the mercy of Fortune, a wheel (not here, but a cart), which a woman was endeavouring with frantic energy to raise to the top of our carriage, had heavily fallen upon me. However, after great struggles, we obtained comfortable seats, and were

soon gliding swiftly over the dales of Renfrewshire. A brush through the chimneys of Paisley—a stoppage—another rapid shoot over the country—another village, and another stoppage—a lovely lake, across which the snipes glided slowly and unallegedly away at our approach—and then a passing survey of the milk-producing slopes of Cunningham, brought us far on our journey. And now the sun set behind the hills above Largs, descending through alternate bars of blackness and of gold; and then out we burst upon the low sandy coast of Kyle, with the magnificent serrated outline of Arran walling the opposite side of the Firth of Clyde, the surface of which was only sufficiently ruffled to give life to the glitter which was cast down upon it from the glowing west. A few more stoppages at the little towns upon our way, and we arrived in Ayr about nine o'clock.

It became evident to us, as we wended to our hotel, that the town had got into a state of intense excitement. The streets were all alive with crowds streaming wildly to and fro. Criers vociferously proclaimed broadsides of the festival. Men were busy here and there adorning triumphal arches with flowers and evergreens. Several shows were in full clang and outcry. Carriages were perpetually driving up to hotel doors in a state of distraction, and then plunging away again. We got into our engaged apartments at the King's Arms in that peculiar state of mind which only recognises an intense fear lest everything should be done in ten minutes. We set to an extensive tea in a frantic haste worthy of a mail-coach stoppage with the first horn already blown; and it was not till all was done and carried off, that we began to think there was perhaps no need for having been in such a hurry, seeing that we had nothing to do till next day. Every one was, however, determined to be very happy. There being a pianoforte in the room, we had a merry strain struck up, and a dance effected by the younger members of the party. Songs, too, were sung, and all the jokes of the earlier part of the journey reviewed, and once more laughed over. Parties who had been in two several railway carriages told all that had happened there respectively to each other, three several times over. And every few minutes individuals went out of the room and came in again, totally unable to give an account of themselves. All was glee and abandon, and everybody professed to be quite sure that the next day was to be one of the most brilliant of the season.

From six in the morning, the bustle and excitement of the streets was renewed. Feet tramped measuredly past; bells rang; drums and fifes sounded from unknown remotenesses. But a sad change had come over the weather: there was a strong east wind, with fog, and cloud, and cold. The anxious peeper, on satisfying himself of this state of things, could only rush back to bed, overpowered with the gloom of his feelings. By

and by, the noise and stir of the streets increasing, it became impossible to lie longer. It was now eight o'clock. Waves of fresh people were, every now and then pouring into our street from train and steamer, the gentlemen walking arm in arm very stately, the commoners rushing headlong along, grasping bunchy blue umbrellas in the centre. At intervals a troop would pass, composed of the people of some particular district, or some lodge or society, headed by a flag and a pair of bagpipes or small band. The broad blue bonnet abounded, and there were some specimens of the checked plaid, but not so many as would have been seen in Teviotdale. Pale women, in bombazet gowns and white frills, sat quietly at windows, gazing out at the passing groups. We assembled in the parlour for breakfast, less mirthful than on the preceding night, but still determined to hope the best, notwithstanding that the steel hand of the baromet'r had sunk half a degree away from the brass one. Things did not look well; but still no one believed that there would be much rain. It might be a dull day, or a few showers; but not a rainy day. The various component portions of the procession were now seen passing towards the place of muster; and still the fresh crowds of comers poured in. The gaiety which brilliant suns give was wanting; but nevertheless there was much animation.

Amidst the bustle we got into a carriage which had been bespoken for us, and with a popular author on the box, another standing on the projecting step at the left side, and an eminent vocalist perched on a similar situation on the right, we were only a few yards from the inn door, when we had to draw up at a side to allow of the passing of 'the procession.' This was a series of bodies more or less public, headed by the magistrates and town councillors, who designed to march in order through the town, and thence to the scene of festivity, three miles off, thus presenting what was now felt to be eminently necessary, a spectacle for the gratification of the assembled multitudes, but a few of whom, it might be readily supposed, were to witness the proceedings in the pavilion. On it came, flanked by thronging masses, and looked on from crowded windows and house-tops—a strange and motley line, chequered with music-bands, and gay with the glory of banners and flags. There were the town officers, with their old-fashioned scarlet coats and odd-shaped halberts. There were the respectably-dressed civic dignitaries. There were the farmers and shepherds of Ayrshire, the children of those amongst whom Burns was reared—the very class to which he belonged, and therefore realising the material man himself to common apprehension. There were the local lodges of free masons, including the Kilwinning *mother lodge*, so called as being the most ancient in Scotland, and the origin of all the rest; all adorned with their various sashes, aprons, and other insignia; and the sword invariably borne by the weakest and oldest-looking man of the party. One group—the St John's Lodge of Greenock—were dressed in black small clothes and white silk stockings, 'as men would have been fifty years ago for a ball. Next after the masons came King Crispin's masquerade—first a champion in armour; then a handsome and gaily-dressed British prince on horseback, followed by his attendants; then an Indian prince with bow and arrows, also mounted, and duly retinued; then a very grave personage representing King Crispin himself, walking, huge-crowned, truncheoned, with his robe borne by pages, and followed by a very dignified-looking council. Next after were two other masqueraders, but of a different character—Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. Next a group of Highland chieftains in proper costume; and after these masons again, and Odd Fellows without number. On it came, stretching fully a mile in length, and every twenty yards of it giving, from brass instruments, fifes, drums, and bagpipes, a different tune—the only exception being 'Free and Accepted Masons' from two conspicuous bands at once, but on different keys! Most of the songs were those of well-known songs of Burns.

One—the 'Peacock'—a beautiful melancholy air—had an affecting association to my mind, remembering it as that to which the ill-starred poet composed his farewell to the Tarbolton Lodge, on contemplating his escape from the calamities which beset him by a voyage to Jamaica. Last in the procession came the workmen of Messrs Smith of Matohline, the ingenious manufacturers of wooden boxes from one piece, which are now so universally in use—bearing on a small platform a splendid Scotch thistle, which had been reared at Mossiel, the farm of Burns—

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide,
Among the braided bear—
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.

The two last lines formed a legend painted above the hardy plant itself—lines never to be pronounced by Scottish tongue unmoved—a burst from the heart which would have given Burns a name with us, though all the rest of his verses had been mere commonplace. And thus worthily closed the procession—a semi-grotesque show to many, but to me otherwise; for I had no doubt that half the men composing it were in some way connected through their fathers with the personal history of the wondrous bard of Kyle, and could tell something new about that history, so strangely composed of the merry and sad. There even might be some who had themselves met the poet in the flesh, and enjoyed his eloquence, or withered under his satire. I may here remark that our party encountered, on this occasion, but one person who had seen Burns—an elderly lady, whose head he had patted as she was playing one day at pall-all with a companion in front of the house of Mr Aitken, the friend of the poet, to whom he inscribed his 'Otter's Saturday Night'—the companion being a daughter of Mr Aitken, with whom Burns was then going to dine. It was something to have even this to say at a time when scores of thousands had come to pay homage to the memory of the great poet.

Ho for the Doon! Roads there were several, but one was set apart for the procession, and forbidden to carriages. We took that nearest to the sea, and soon came in sight of the Brown Hill of Carrick, with its ancient tower of Newark 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' and Greenan erected like a spear on the outmost verge of the cliff overhanging the flood. Dark skies—coldish wind—trees bending to the blast—road-sides full of holiday folk all tending one way. On we go. But now the ruin begins to descend, and pity for the white gowns and stockings, and the good summer bonnets. To the left, across several fields, we get glimpses of the stir upon the other road, and of the triumphal arches by which it is glorified. Skirls from pipes are heard too in that direction. And now we pass the cottage at Bridgehouse, where the last surviving member of William Burness's family—his youngest daughter, Isabella—has, by the generosity of her country, obtained a happy, and, I trust, final shelter, with her heroic daughters, from the nipping winds of adversity. We long to see the sister of Burns in a home so fitting in all respects; but the door is closed, and all are away. On, then, by Belleisle and Mount Charles, and along the bank of Doon, to the scene of festivity, which we quickly reach. Here the way-sides were dense with people. Behind us is the natal cot, signalled by a green and flowery arch. Kirk Alloway's yard is dotted with groups of a new kind of worshippers. The trees are laden with boy perchers, half hid in the branches. Every now and then some one tinkles the bell which yet adorns the east end of the deserted house of prayer—realising the character of the place to an unexpected sense. Before us is the beautiful Corinthian monument—and there is worthy Thomas Hamilton who built it. The pavilion—a vast thingle palace, alive with flaunting flags—is farther on to the left. Glimpses of scaffolds and platforms, and teeming crowds, are caught in the direction of the bridge. The rain is now happily ceased, and the people are at their

again. There is even clear sky, and Phoebus seems as if anxious to break out, that he may see the apotheosis of his favourite son. We here left the carriage, which the regulations would allow us no longer to retain, and sought the beautiful cottage of David Auld, half fearful to intrude where so many must needs be besetting him, yet not quite able to resist the temptation, especially as Mrs Hall was desirous of seeing the well celebrated in Tam o' Shanter, which is included in the pleasure-ground. In Mr Auld's vestibule we met the prime personages of the fête coming out from the parlour in which they had assembled, and these, after a few hurried greetings and introductions, we presently accompanied (by invitation) to the scaffold specially erected for them near the pavilion; for the word had been given that the procession was approaching.

The position of this structure at the head of a slope above the old bridge of Doon—the bridge celebrated by Burns—was happily chosen to present the procession in a striking point of view. We had little more than arranged ourselves, when the head of it was seen passing the bridge, beneath a triumphal arch surmounted by the figure of Tam o' Shanter. The Earl of Eglintoun formed the central figure—a handsome nobleman in the prime of life. At his right hand stood Mrs Begg, the bard's sister, a venerable matron in a black dress. On the left were ranged the three sons of Burns, and beyond them stood Professor Wilson. Mr R. B. Begg and his two sisters, Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, Mr R. Carruthers of Inverness, the writer of this paper, and several others, formed a second row, and behind these again stood the Lord Justice General (Boyle), Mr Charles Neaves, advocate, and several of the country gentlemen of Ayrshire. It was most interesting to reflect on some of these conjunctions, particularly on that of the earl with Burns's immediate relations, for his lordship's grandfather (then styled 'Colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield') was the 'sodger Hugh, my warrior stented' of Burns, and in his house had lived the humble lass whom the poet has made immortal as Highland Mary. Now the descendants of the peer and the peasant were met on different grounds, the latter being the honoured party. Such meetings of the spirit of aristocracy, even in a country where it is said to be more unbending than in any other in the world, may the cogent spirit of intellect achieve. The sons of Burns are men of middle stature, or slightly under it, with a large share of the peculiar aspect of their father, the eldest having exactly his form of head, while William possesses his dark and expressive eyes, as do also Mrs Begg and one of her daughters. A trying scene was now awaiting them.

The procession—the procession—it comes—it is on the bridge. Clang goes the music—deeply sounds the bass drum—wave the flags. Hither moves the face-presenting multitude. Already white handkerchiefs are at some eyes. The neglect of a great poet fifty years ago is now—this day—this hour—to be expiated. Here stand the persons who are to be the objects and recipients of a nation's contrition. Can we doubt that the liberated spirit looks on, and is at length 'appeased'? But here they come, and here they pass, one moment's look of eager curiosity mixed with reverence and love being allowed to each—for still the press is behind. Generally there is silence—the genuine language of such feelings—but whenever a band passes, playing a Burns tune, warmer emotions arise, and burst in long-sustained cheers. The principal persons on the platform receive the throng uncovered, and the long hair of the noble-looking professor streams like meteor on the gale. Not a man passes unmoved, except the solemn Crispin, who, as becoms royal state, alters not a muscle, nor turns an eye. Thousands have now passed—but still they pour along underneath that flying Tam o' Shanter, and thousands are still behind. The brae in front of us is a mass of gamers. And still distant screams of pipes are heard, and flags are caught far off through

openings amongst trees. On they move—mass after mass—music after music—and still the handkerchief is seen at those eyes which sixty years ago beheld nightly the reverential scene in the cotter's home. To have lived to see such a day! At length the loft-borne thistle with its legend closes the march, while the last band plays 'Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.' This was worthy climax, and there was no resisting it. Bosoms swelled, and cheers far beyond all that went before burst forth. The thistle itself coming within reach of the professor, he seized a handful of its flowers, and with manifold disregard of its punishing prickles—madly forgetful of its national motto—tugged it away from the stem. These were distributed amongst the persons on the platform. It was now time to move off to the pavilion. But all was not yet over. The crowd now closed upon the front of the platform, and endeavours were made by hundreds of eager men—yea, also women—to get a shake of the hand of a Burns. The gentlemen good-humouredly surrendered themselves to this impulse, and gave evidently the highest possible pleasure to scores of their father's admirers. 'I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies!' cried one enthusiastic rustic who had got a shake from the major—quoting an affecting poem, in which the bard alludes to his anxiety for the welfare of his family, then less numerous than it afterwards became. It was in such traits or escapes that I read the real character of this festival—an offering up of a nation's best feelings at the shrine of a name which it can never now think of, without the sense that it belonged to one whose large heart felt for all—the consciousness that that name is now, and ever will be, its glory, as for a time it has been its shame.

The large field of the pavilion was now crowded with the groups which had formed the procession, and with the general multitude, and wild eager enthusiasm pervaded all. We paused not, however, to contemplate this scene, but made our way to the banquet-room, and planted ourselves in a cluster beneath the vice-president's gallery. A vast square room (strictly speaking, 120 feet by 110), having the roof supported by two rows of light pillars, and a gallery at each of the four sides, and having narrow tables with seat-benches placed longitudinally, so that the sitters might all face towards one middle line, had been prepared for this special occasion. By and by the company had all assembled, and quietly taken their places. It was only mortifying to think that there had been no physical possibility of receiving the whole multitude, and that consequently the fête was over to the majority when its most interesting part was only about to begin to the few. About two o'clock the proceedings in the hall commenced by a grace being said by one of the parish clergymen, and the light meal or lunch which had been prepared was then quickly eaten. Let it be observed, however, that the president, the Earl of Eglintoun, had the children and other relations of Burns by his side, besides the Lord Justice General, his own lady, and several gentlemen of local importance; while the vice-president, Mr Wilson, was flanked by a few individuals of the latter character, and by Mr Alison, author of the History of the French Revolution. It now appeared that, although a considerable number of literary men had been invited from England, only one (Mr Charles Mackay, author of 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions') had come; besides whom, the only representatives of the English literary class who graced the festival were Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, and Mr Douglas Jerrold. Even of the literary men of our own country, a lesser number had come than might have been expected; a fact, however, which the absent may well be presumed to have the greatest cause to regret.

It would be inappropriate here to repeat much of what was said by the various speakers, and what the newspapers have already commemorated so well. But I cannot altogether overlook the speeches. That of the president in proposing the memory of Burns was graceful, and even eloquent, although, at the same

time, comparatively short. It has been reported word for word as it was uttered. "It is only," his lordship said, "because I conceive that my official position [Lord-lieutenant of Ayrshire] renders me the most formal and fitting, although most inefficient, mouthpiece of the inhabitants of this county, that I have ventured to intrude myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, although most grateful duty, of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast of the memory of Burns. This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement—it is not a banquet in which a certain number of toasts put down on paper are to be received with marks of approbation—it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their national poet. It is the spontaneous outpouring of a nation's feeling towards the illustrious dead, and it is also their desire to extend the hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. Here, on the very spot where the poet first drew his breath—on the very ground his genius has hallowed—beside the old kirk which his verse has immortalised—beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to his memory—here we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage at the shrine of genius." At the words *repentant people*, the whole of the company sprung up as by a preconcerted arrangement, and shouted their assent to the expression. It was a historical moment of the intensest interest. The earl then proceeded to enumerate some of the men of literary talent who were present, and added—"In short, every town, every district, every class, every sex, and every age, have come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast it is that they belong to the Land of Burns, are here. The fair lasses, whom he so prized and sung, have flocked hither to justify by their loveliness their poet's words; while the descendant of those who dwelt in the Castle of Montgomery feels himself only too highly honoured to be permitted to propose the memory of him who wandered, then unknown, along the banks of Ayr. How little did that pious old man, who dwelt in yon humble cottage, when he read the 'big ha' Bible'—his lyart haffets now grown thin and bare—how little did he guess that the infant which then prattled on his knee would one day be the pride and admiration of a nation—that he would one day be enrolled a chief among the poetic band—in originality second to none; in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the keen perception of the beauties of nature, equal to any who have ever revelled in the fairy-land of poesy. Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own—well may we rejoice that no other spot can claim to be the birthplace of our Homer, except the spot on which we stand. Oh that he could have foreseen the perpetuity of fame he created to himself! oh that he could have foreseen this day, when the manly and the fair, the poet and the historian; the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying their tribute of admiration to the untaught but mighty genius whom we now hail as the first of Scotia's poets! If so, it might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossgiel. It might have brightened the last dark days of his pilgrimage upon earth. And well does the poet deserve our homage. He who portrayed the Cotter's Saturday Night in strains unrivalled in simplicity, and yet in fervid solemnity and truth—he who breathed forth the patriotic words which tell of the glories of a Wallace and a Bruce in language which has immortalised alike the poet and the warrior—he who culled inspiration from the humble daisy, and thundered out the heroic words of the Song of Death—he who murmured forth in strains the very incarnation of poetry and of love, and yet who could hurl forth the bitterest shafts of satire—a poet by the hand of nature, who, despising, as it were, the rules of art, was triumphed over by the very rules which he set at naught—at whose name every Scottish heart beats high—whose name is a household word in the palace as

well as the cottage—of whom should we be proud, to whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal Burns?"

The address of Professor Wilson, in proposing a welcome to the sons of Burns, was in the happiest strain of that extraordinary man—perhaps the most brilliantly gifted for such a purpose who lives amongst us. Mr Wilson is now near sixty, but hale, florid, and vigorous, as when he stepped the first in all manly exercises, or pedestrianised as an ardent-minded youth the mountains and vales of his native land. Time, if it has thinned his hair, has thereby only rendered more remarkable a magnificent head and face, calculated by nature to express the possession of singular mental gifts. The arm uplifted in eloquent gesticulation, the eye darting keenly forward under the pent-house brows, are as arresting of the soul of the listener as ever. The addresses of this bright-minded person are spoken poems, glowing with beautiful description and generous feeling—eccentric slightly in tone, but noble effusions in the main. After some preliminary observations on the occasion of the meeting, and alluding with tenderness to the failings of Burns, he said—"Among those who are regarded as the benefactors of their race, none can deny that Burns is entitled to hold a distinguished place. Even he it was who reconciled poverty to its hard lot—who lightened the burden of care with his music, and even with its charm sometimes reconciled grief to its grave—he who, by the immortal song, has sanctified for ever the poor man's cot, and that by a picture which genius inspired by piety could alone have conceived—a picture how tender and how true! of that happy night in which, by some sweet transition, the working man is prepared for the hallowed day of God—for that day on which a heavenly calm is breathed over the earth, that is nowhere seen so purely as 'mong those who inhabit the hills and dales of our own beloved land. I hold that such sentiments as these afford a justification of the works and of the character of Burns, both moral and intellectual, that places him beyond the possibility of detraction, amongst the very highest orders of human beings who have benefited their race by expressions of noble sentiment and of glorious thought. Yet I would fain occupy a short time longer, while I say that there is a voice heard above and below, and round about, not the voice of mere admiration, as expressed by men of taste or criticism—a voice which has been heard of old, and which has struck terror to the hearts of tyrants—a voice which it is more delightful to hear in times of peace, for then it is like the sound of distant waters, or the murmur of summer woods, or the noise of the sea which ever rolls even when it rests—I mean, the voice of the people of Scotland, the voice of her peasantry and of her trades, the voice of all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—the voice of our working men. I shall not pretend to draw their character, but this I will say, that now, as of old, they do not choose to be dictated to in the choice of those names which with them shall be household words—that they are men from whose hands you might easier wrench the weapon than you may wrench the worship from their hearts. They have chosen for their love men of truth, of sincerity, of integrity, of resolution, and of independence; they have loved the open front and the bold eye which fears not to look upon the face of clay. They do not demand from one and the same person inconsistent virtues; they are no lovers of perfection or perfectibility, and they seem to have loved most those who have been subjected to strong and severe temptations, and who, whether triumphant or falling, have struggled manfully in the fight; whose souls have loved their country, and who have had no passion so strong as the good of the people. Could a people like this look upon Burns, and not admire and love him, reverence his virtues, sympathise with his sorrows, and lament over and reverently cover his faults? Why did they love him? Because he loved his order, nor ever desired for one moment to quit it.

They loved him because he loved the humblest condition of humanity. They loved him for his independence—an independence which has been absurdly denied, because it was sometimes expressed in not sufficiently courteous phrase. But it should be remembered that he stood up not for his own independence only, but for the independence of the class to which he belonged—an independence which in most periods of history has been insulted by the pride of superior station, and often counted absolutely as a crime. They loved him for the sunshine which he threw upon the most despised of their condition—not by representing the poor man as an object for pity, but by showing that there was something nobler to be found in their ranks than the greatest philosopher ever dreamt of—that greater moral purity, or more devotion, piety, and affection, was nowhere to be found than among the tillers of the soil.*

The other speeches of the afternoon were generally well given and well received, and for four hours there was no perceptible relaxation of enjoyment amongst the company. At length the time of parting arrived, and the meeting broke up in as decorous and orderly a manner as it had assembled, not one untoward circumstance of any kind having occurred. Unfortunately, the long suspended rain had now begun to descend, so that the return of the great majority of the banqueters was performed in discomfort. With some little difficulty I got my party of ladies into their coach, and driven back to town, which we found thronged by dabbled strangers of every order, all of whom seemed nevertheless to maintain their good humour, the general feeling being one of thankfulness that the spectacle itself had been effected in fair weather. We spent the evening happily in our room at the King's Arms, and next day returned to Glasgow, fully convinced that Tuesday the 6th of August, 1844, had been by many degrees the most interesting and delightful we had ever known.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COLUMBIDÆ—PIGEONS.

THE COLUMBIDÆ—represented by the common house-pigeon—are distributed over every region, with the exception of the polar zones. Though early noted for their beauty, and for their gentle and affectionate dispositions, only one out of a great number of species has been brought into subjection to man, and of this one, it may be said that it is lodged and fed rather than domesticated. It is with this species and its varieties that most British readers are familiar, few being aware that there are many other species, nay, genera, rivalling the parrots in the brilliancy of their plumage, and surpassing the quails in the incredible numbers in which they congregate during their migrating seasons. They are all exclusively, or nearly so, vegetable feeders, and being extremely voracious, lay heavy contributions upon the products of human labour—a support which, according to some, is by no means repaid by any service which they perform to man, or by the value of their flesh, feathers, or other exuvie. Be this as it may, the Columbidae continue in undiminished numbers, are still regarded as emblematical of all that is gentle and affectionate, and present many peculiarities in structure, habits, and distribution, which render them an interesting family of the feathered race.

Though the pigeons are readily distinguished from any other family, ornithologists are not agreed as to the precise place they should hold in their systems of classification. From their general structure, they have been ranked under the order *Rasores* or *scrapers*; while in minor points, and in many of their habits, they resemble the *Insectores* or *perchers*. This fact, conjoined with some other circumstances, induced Cuvier, and after him the majority of naturalists, to assign to them a station at the end of the *Gallinacæ*, thus regarding them as a link between the Poultry and Passerine

tribes. This arrangement has much to recommend it, in as far as there seems an insensible gradation from the fruit-eating pigeons of Africa and India, with their strong bills, and feet formed for clasping, to the ground-doves of tropical America, which seldom or never perch; and from these, again, to other members of the family, which, by their longer legs, crests, and wattles, approximate still more closely to the true gallinaceous form. Strictly speaking, however, the Columbidae constitute a family essentially distinct from true poultry birds, and are as much isolated from any other group as are the *psittacidae* or parrots. Distinct as they appear when viewed as a whole, they present several remarkable variations among themselves; hence the subdivision of the family into certain groups or genera, as the following:—The fruit-eating pigeons of Africa and India (*Vinago*), magnificently plumaged; and of strict arboreal habits; the turtle-doves (*Phoenix*), also fruit-eaters, but of smaller size and with slenderer beaks than the preceding, and confined to the Indian and Australian islands; the true pigeons (*Columba*), as the house and ring-dove; the turtles (*Turtur*), so well known by the poetical allusions to their gentleness and affection; the ground-doves of South America (*Peristera*), which live almost entirely on the ground; and some other aberrant genera allied to the latter group, which form the so-called transition into the gallinaceous type. These groups or genera, though differing from each other in point of size, brilliancy of plumage, nature of food, and habitat, present a great similarity in what may be termed the general characteristics of the family. None of them are birds of large size, or are furnished with weapons of attack; all are timid and gentle in their dispositions, love quietude, and live exclusively, or nearly so, on vegetable food. They are in general furnished with a fine glossy plumage of various colours: are rather elegant in form; and are all well adapted for flight. They live in a state of devoted monogamy, billing and caressing each other with the warmest attachment, build nests of the simplest construction, lay only two eggs of white colour, rear several broods during the year, both parents engaging in the acts of incubation and feeding the young. The bill is straight, the tip hard and horny, more or less arched, the base covered with a soft naked membrane which partly covers and protects the nostrils. The orbits of the eyes are more or less naked. The feet are furnished with four toes, three before and one behind, and these formed for perching rather than for running or walking. The voice of the Columbidae differs from that of all other birds, consisting of a simple guttural *coo*, or a repetition of that note upon different keys, and with greater rapidity, according to the passions by which the bird is at the moment inspired. One of their chief peculiarities is the double dilatation of the crop, which expands on each side of the gullet, and which the bird is capable of distending with air, as is remarkably shown in the common cropper or pouter. It is in this receptacle that the food of the young is elaborated, by being impregnated with a milky fluid, this fluid being more or less abundantly secreted according to the age of the squabs. When the brood are very young, their food is disgorged by the parents in a soft and pulpy state; as they grow up, it is less macerated, till they have reached the age of squeakers, and then the grains are expelled from the crop almost in their original condition.* The longevity of the pigeon has been variously estimated, Buffon and others mention seven or nine years as the ultimatum; we ourselves have kept them for fourteen years; and Mr Daniel relates a case of a common house-

* This curious provision in the pigeon is the nearest approach among birds to the mammae of a higher class of animals. From the changes which take place in the state of the crop during the breeding season, the pigeon may be almost said to have, like the mammalia, periods of lactation. The fluid is of a grayish milky colour, coagulates with acids, and forms curd; so that after all, 'pigeon's milk' is not the rare and impossible commodity which the common joke supposes.

pigeon having attained the age of twenty-one. Such are the general characteristics of the family; we shall now glance at the distinguishing features of the several genera.

The fruit-eating pigeons (*Vinago*), which inhabit the tropical regions of Africa and Asia, are the most brilliant, as they are the largest of the family. In all of them the predominating colours are green and yellow of various shades, contrasted with patches of azure, purple, or reddish-brown. They live entirely on fruits and berries, for which purpose their beaks are stronger and harder than others of the family, and their feet are almost as well adapted for climbing as those of the parrots. Inhabiting the recesses of the tropical forest, their tints are so arranged, that it is difficult to distinguish them from the verdure and blossom amid which they dwell. In one species, the *Vinago Aromatica*, this adaptation is very remarkable. The fig of the banyan, on which it feeds, is red, while the leaves are green; and as if to render the security of the animal perfect, its plumage is exactly of the same shade, while its eyes are brilliantly red, so that, according to an observer, 'you might look for many minutes before you can see one, although there may be fifty in the tree.' In their habits, the fruit-eating pigeons are shy and timorous, and are generally seen in limited flocks, except at the breeding season, when they pair and retire into the recesses of the forest. They are all voracious and busy feeders, and some which, at certain seasons, live upon the soft covering or mace of the nutmeg, become so loaded with fat, as frequently, when shot, to burst asunder when they fall to the ground. On this point 'we may notice,' says Mr Selby, 'the remarkable provision Nature has made for the propagation as well as the dissemination of this valuable spice; for the nutmeg itself, which is generally swallowed with the whole of its pulpy covering, passes uninjured through the digestive organs of the bird, and is thus dispersed throughout the group of the Molluccas and other islands of the East. Indeed, from repeated experiments, it appears that an artificial preparation analogous to that which it undergoes in its passage through the bird, is necessary to assure the growth and fertility of the nut; and it was not till after many unsuccessful attempts had been made, that a lixivium of lime, in which the nuts were steeped for a certain time, was found to have the wished-for effect, and induce the germinating tendency.' The turtleines (*Philopous*) are also fruit-eaters, and differ from the preceding genus chiefly in being smaller and of more slender make, having the tail square instead of pointed, and being furnished with a less hardened beak. They are even, if possible, more brilliant in plumage—green, yellow, and orange being the prevailing colours, interspersed with patches of purplish-red and bright blue. They inhabit the Indian archipelago and the islands of the Pacific, luxuriating on the numerous fruits and berries which teem in those sunny climes.

The genus *Columba*, or true pigeons, embraces many species both native and foreign, of whose forms and habits the ring-dove, the wood-pigeon, and the rock or common dovecot pigeon are sufficiently typical. Of this genus, so well known, no description is necessary, unless it be to point out how much their form, colours, &c. are modified by their habits. Like the fruit-eaters, they are wild and timid, usually living in extensive flocks, except during the breeding season, when they separate in pairs. Their food consists chiefly of grain, pulse, acorns, beech-mast, and other seeds, and occasionally of the tender shoots of particular plants. These they gather on the ground; hence their plumage is of a more sombre hue than that of the fruit-eating genera already described. Their bills are also more slender, though still of average strength, and their feet are better adapted for walking than for grasping. Their tails are generally square, and their wings strong and pointed, thus fitting them for long and arduous flights. In all this we perceive

the unerring provision of Nature: their colours resemble the objects by which they are generally surrounded, their feet require less-developed grasping powers than the arboreal genera; having no nuts and fruits to break, their beaks are more slender; and having to roam more abroad than the former, which only move, as it were, from tree to tree, their wings and tails are admirably adapted for rapid flight. 'Oh!' says the persecuted Psalmist, 'that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee far hence and be at rest.' The species of this genus are the most widely distributed of all the pigeons, being found in almost every region of the globe. If living on the products of human labour more than any of the others, they are also more useful, inasmuch as their flesh is sapid and nutritious, and their feathers and droppings of considerable value.* Of the many species which rank under the genus *Columba*, we shall notice only the ring-dove, the rock-dove (the original of the house-pigeon), and some of the more remarkable varieties, as the carriers, pouters, tumblers, &c. which art has produced from that species.

The ring-dove or cushat (*C. palumbus*) is, with the exception of one or two foreign species, the largest of the genus *Columba*. It inhabits every country in Europe—permanently the southern regions, and periodically those which are subjected to long and severe winters. In Britain it is a constant resident, and must be familiar to every reader. Its hues are very brilliant, forming, with the chestnut-shouldered pigeon of the Pacific, a gradation from the arboreal to the common pigeons. The cushat is a wild and shy bird, loving the recesses of the forest, and incapable of being domesticated, even though hatched and reared within doors, as we ourselves can testify after some dozen of protracted trials. The dovecot or house pigeon—the only species which has been taught to reside in an artificial habitation—will form, if carefully treated, a permanent attachment to its residence; not so the ring-dove, which, however carefully and tenderly reared, will, so soon as it obtains its liberty, betake itself to the nearest plantation. Ring-doves breed twice a-year, in spring and in autumn, during which time they live in pairs; but on the approach of winter they assemble in flocks, and haunt the stubble-fields, or those woods abounding in beech-mast, acorns, and berries. In severe winters they approach the stack-yards, or more frequently the turnip-fields, on the leaves and tops of which root they feed with avidity. And here we may observe a remarkable effect which has been produced on the numbers of the cushat in Scotland by the introduction of the turnip, and the general progress of cultivation. Attentive observers have remarked that this bird has more than trebled its numbers within the last twenty years, partly from obtaining better accommodation in the young woods which have been planted for shelter, and partly from deriving a steadier supply of winter food from the turnip. The ring-dove is therefore an enemy to the farmer, unless it be considered that the havoc which it makes among the seeds of the wild-mustard, charlock, &c.—those pests of cultivated ground—repays in some measure the tax which it levies on the produce of his industry. Its flesh no doubt is excellent, and little inferior to grouse from the beginning of summer till mid-winter; but so soon as the bird partakes of the turnip, its flesh tastes so strongly of that vegetable as to be unfit for the table. There is nothing very peculiar in the habits of the cushat. Its nest is of the simplest construction, consisting of a few loosely interwoven twigs, so scantily laid down, that we have often seen the eggs from below even at a distance of twenty feet. They build at all heights, and in any sort of tree, though under our own observation the various species of fir, beech, and large hollies were the favourite resorts.

* The droppings of the pigeon-house have been long used in our own country for various purposes; but by no means to the extent observed in the East. The Persians invariably apply it as a manure for their melons, and without doubt they raise the finest in the world.

The wood-pigeon (*C. anas*) is very nearly allied to the ring-dove in all its habits and manners, and even feeds and congregates with it in winter; but it is really a different species—inferior in point of size, elegance, and brilliancy of plumage. The voice of this bird in the woods during the summer evenings—Tū-hōo-tū-tū-tū—has a fine effect; Campbell speaks of it in one of his poems:

'And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.'

Indeed the cooings of many of the arboreal pigeons accord so intimately with our associations of all that is gentle and innocent, that one cannot listen to them without being impressed with feelings which no other sounds in nature, save that of the human voice itself, could inspire. The effect to which we allude is finely illustrated by the following anecdote, related by Audubon, of the Zenaida dove, which inhabits the *Cays* or small islands in the Gulf of Florida:—A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known cay, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was (although I believe by force) with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God"—an honest man.

The wild rock-pigeon or bisset (*C. livia*) is, according to most naturalists, the original of our own dove-cot pigeon, house-pigeon, and all its fanciful varieties, as Jacobins, fan-tails, tumblers, pouters, carriers, &c. In a wild state, it is found on all the rocky coasts of the old world, frequenting in our own country the islets and sea-board wherever it can obtain a suitable resting-place. As the well-known dove-cot pigeon, it requires little description. Compared with the arboreal pigeons, its feet are better formed for walking, its colours less resemble that of foliage, its bill is more slender, as grains, pulse, &c. constitute its chief food, and its lighter body and longer wings are more perfectly adapted for rapid flight. Though brought under subjection to man, the cot-pigeon cannot be said to be domesticated; it is merely lodged and fed—man having substituted an artificial cavern, and little recesses in a dove-cot, for that of its native rocky habitat. It easily submits to the change; for if a pigeon-house be built in a quiet but pleasant situation, not far removed from water and food, kept clean and in repair, there is no difficulty in establishing a colony to any amount. They are extremely productive; for, though only laying two eggs at a time, they breed monthly for the greater part of the year; and the young ones soon pair, and follow the example of the parents. Thus, Linnæus computes the increase from one pair in four years at not fewer than 18,000! Though the inhabitants of the dove-cot cannot be said to be domesticated, there are several varieties of house and fancy pigeons which show an extreme attachment to man and to their dwellings—nesting on and caressing the hand that feeds them, and exhibiting symptoms of uneasiness during the absence of those with whom they are especially familiar. James Melville, in his Autobiography, relates the following affecting anecdote of a pair which were the playmates

of an infant son who died:—'I can nocht forget a strange thing at his death. I had a pair of fyne milk-white doves, whilk I fed in the hous: the ane whereof, the day of his death could nocht be holden at his cradle, but stopped from sitting above it, crept in and sat under it, and died with him; the uther at my hame-coming on the morn, as I was washing my hands, came, lighted at my foot, and piteouslie crying "pipe, pipe, pipe," it ran a little way from me. Then I called for pease and beanes to give it; but they showed me it would nocht eat. I tuk it up and put pickles in the mouth of it, but it shook them out of the throat, and parting from me with a pitiful piping, within two or thrie houres died also.'

Of the numerous varieties of the common pigeon, to which the art of the pigeon-fancier has given rise, our space will not permit us to give any detail. Singling out individuals of the house-pigeon noted for some peculiarity in their forms or colours, the fancier has been enabled to produce very remarkable varieties, and boasts of his power to bring out any colour quite to a feather. Of the most esteemed fancy varieties, Mr Selby enumerates the Roman, rough-footed, crested, Norway, Barbary, Jacobin or ruffed, laced, tarbit, broad-tailed and narrow-tailed shaker, tumbler, helmet, Persian, carrier, horseman, pouter or cropper, smiter, turner, and spot pigeons. Of these the carrier (*C. tabellaria*) is by far the most celebrated, having been employed from remote antiquity in the carrying of despatches where secrecy and speed were the objects in view. Exhibiting a greater attachment to the place of its birth, and to its offspring, than any other variety, advantage has been taken of this feeling by man, and the bird employed in his service. Being carried out in a basket to a short distance, they are then set free, and generally return to their homes: the distance is gradually increased; and after a training of this sort, and good treatment at home, the carrier-pigeon may be safely intrusted at almost any distance. By means of these birds intelligence (written on a small billet of silk paper, which is fastened under the wing so as not to impede the flight) has been carried eighty miles in three hours, and sometimes at the rate of forty miles per hour! At one time they were much used in the East as messengers, forming actual pigeon posts; and many interesting anecdotes are recorded concerning the feats they performed, for which the reader may consult the article 'Carrier-Pigeons' in No. 229 of our former series.

The turtles, including the genera *Turtur* and *Ectopistes*, are generally much smaller than the common pigeons, have the bill slender, their feet formed for walking or perching, the tail somewhat pointed, and the wings more rounded and less fitted for bold flights. They resemble the pigeons in their habits; feed upon the ground, but roost and breed in the woods. The collared turtle (*T. risorius*) is perhaps the best known of the group, being a common cage-bird, and kept for the gentle and affectionate dispositions which, while in pairs, they exhibit towards each other. 'The love of the turtle' has long been proverbial, as is, indeed, that of most of the doves; but those who have studied the habits of a colony in a pigeon-house, will bear testimony with us that broken faith and deserted mates are by no means uncommon—a result, we presume, of that fatal proximity occasioned by their artificial habitation. Of this group, the passenger-pigeon (*E. migratorius*) is one of the most wonderful in its instincts and numbers. It is a native of North America, where it breeds in such immense numbers as to darken the air for a considerable time when the flock takes flight, and to destroy the trees and herbage beneath where they settle. Catesby, Wilson, and Audubon, have each, in their own manner, described the comings and goings of these countless swarms, and have attempted computations of their numbers, reckoning many hundred thousand millions in each of the flocks which they witnessed. From these authorities, which have been so often quoted, we pass on to that of another eye-witness,

Mr Featherstonhaugh, as narrated in his recent journeyings in the southern states of America:— 'A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them, many miles long, came across the country, the flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewn with young birds, dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses; many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds presents an extraordinary spectacle, which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us.'

The ground-doves, which complete the family of the Columbide, consist of the systematic genera *Peristera*, *Chamepelia*, *Phaps*, and *Geophilus*. They are distinguished from the preceding groups by their terrene habits; they feed and live almost exclusively on the ground, and build on lowly shrubs, if not on the ground, like the gallinaceous tribes, to which they more nearly approach. As a necessary accompaniment of their habits, their colours are still more sombre than the turtles, being often of a dusky brown or earthy tint. Their wings are round, and in many instances concave, as in the partridge and grouse; their feet are better formed for walking than for perching, and some of them run with so much celerity, as not inadequately to merit the appellation of *partridge pigeons*. They are a numerous race of birds, and vary in size from that of the common turtle to that of the woodcock, but present no trait or feature deserving particular notice.

Such are the Columbide, to a detail and classification of which several elaborate monographs have been devoted; but concerning whose numbers, distribution, and habits, the reader may glean all that is especially interesting from the above curt and hasty sketch. Only four species—the rock-pigeon, the ring-dove, the wood-pigeon, and common turtle—are natives of Britain; but the remains of larger species have been found fossil in the bone caves of England, proving not only the high antiquity of the family, but its once more prevalent distribution in our island.

THE COMMONPLACE.

Any person who looks round the circle of his acquaintance, will find at least one individual who passes through the world almost unnoticed; for it is most likely his misfortune not to possess any characteristic prominent enough to distinguish him from the rest of mankind. His countenance is so commonplace, that a short walk in any much-frequented street will show as at least a half-dozen sets of features of a similar cast. His height is so very ordinary, that at least thirty per cent. of his fellow-men measure the same number of feet and inches. His shape is neither handsome nor disproportioned. Had, indeed, he been blessed with a deformity, it would have set a mark upon him by which he might have been known from other persons of his own age and status.

Not so it is his outward aspect only which marks an

individual of this class with the multitude. There is as little to distinguish him from the mass in his mind as in his person. He has neither ambition nor energy to dart a-head of the crowd. He does exactly as other people do, and would not do anything which other people do not do for the world. He is timid, reserved, and apparently grave. Of conversation he has little, and it requires a strong stimulant to set his tongue in motion: argument is of course quite out of the question with a man who seldom has courage to differ aloud with the most extravagant opinions. Though he never asks questions, he will answer them; but when he does, he is sure to tell you something you know already. As the snail comes out when it is touched, and again retires into its shell, so do the commonplace require to be stimulated by a question ere they will 'come out.' Having spoken, they shrink back under the crust of conscious insignificance.

Despite all these defects, however, the commonplace are among the most useful members of society, only their usefulness begins where that of more brilliant spirits ends. Feeling their general deficiencies, they court favour by doing what a great many other people decline. In fact it is only their readiness to oblige—their unflinching good-nature, which prevents them from being utterly overlooked and neglected. When, for instance, a party is being made up, Mr Nobody is added to the list of guests because there is some old lady to see home. He is always ready to carve, so is asked out to dinner now and then. When three persons are inclined to have a game at whist, he is preferred to 'dumpy'; or when seven want to dance a quadrille, he is asked to join merely because he makes the eighth. He is invited to pic-nics for the sole reason that his contributions will increase the stock of champagne, and reduce to each paying member of the party a proportion of the general expenses. Besides his uses in these respects, the commonplace man is of signal service at the social board and in the midst of conversation, for this seemingly paradoxical reason; he seldom talks himself. If every convive were a wit, a genius, or a philosopher, there would be no contrast, no relief; like a play, all of whose characters are kings, or a picture, with all lights and no shadows. Hence the commonplace perform an important part in a social tableau; they harmonise contrasts; they are the neutral tints which blend the high lights of intellect with the deep shadows of stupidity. Where there are voluble talkers, they are invaluable; they listen well, and relieve the monotony of a long story by exclamations which encourage the narrator, and which no one else will condescend to make; such as 'indeed!'—'really!'—'how strange!'—'remarkable!' with a carefully nursed, and very impressive 'extraordinary' for the catastrophe. Again, the commonplace man never winces at a sly jest which may be aimed at him. Indeed he rather likes it—he is delighted to be taken notice of on any terms.

To all rules there are exceptions; and a few of the commonplace make desperate struggles to be known and distinguished from the general herd. Some adopt a conspicuous style of dress; others eccentricity of manners. They often try to disguise the hopeless commonness of their figures by means of odd-shaped hats, many-hued waistcoats, and curiously-coloured gloves. It has often been a matter of surprise what becomes of certain extraordinary cravats and stocks one sees displayed in hosiers' shops: some of an ultra cerulean blue, spangled all over with gilt stars. Observation, however, will show that they are manufactured for the commonplace, who alone are seen to wear them. Even these expedients are often found to fail, and the victims of Nature's impartiality occasionally call in her aid to help them out of the crowd into which they feel themselves to be so firmly wedged. They let their hair grow to inordinate lengths, coax their whiskers into strange shapes, while those who are very bold indeed mount mustaches. In nine cases out of ten, however, not one of these expedients succeed, and even in the

tithe of instances in which the object is gained, the notice attracted is seldom of a flattering kind.

Another extrinsic expedient resorted to by the commonplace is that of taking unto themselves high-sounding Christian names. Whether the extreme prevalence of the name of 'Smith' gives rise to the notion, or whether it be a fact, cannot be decided; but certain it is, that this popular cognomen and commonplace people are very generally associated. At a random, but moderate computation, at least a moiety of the commonplace are called 'Smith.' Out of this legion a few of the bolder spirits, scorning the shackles of non-individuality which this name fastens on them, put a preface of prenomes to that which they inherit from their ancestors. This, then, accounts for the frequent occurrence of 'Constantine Agrippa,' 'Mackenzie Mackintosh,' 'Pelham de Crespigny,' and a hundred equally euphonious prefixes, which end like the bathos of an extravagant poem, in the surname 'Smith.' Upon paper, this expedient answers. So long as the writer of the classical or aristocratic signature keeps out of sight, your imagination is very likely to picture him as something more than common. His high-sounding names make a great effect in advertisements, play-bills, and the prospectuses of joint-stock companies; but once get introduced to him—once stand face to face with him, and the grand associations called up by his Christian names when in print, vanish like the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' His appearance, manners, and conversation are perhaps so intensely commonplace, that the only name which it is possible to be suggested to your mind, is that which he in reality bears—Smith.

In truth, all such struggles as those we have described are useless. The really commonplace will be commonplace in spite of the most persevering struggles, so long as these efforts are directed to mere externals. It is only by mental exertion, and the cultivation of intellect, that their emancipation is to be worked out.

EVENINGS AT ASHLY.

'My dear Mary,' said my cousin Mrs Melville, as I was opening the play-room door, 'do not go to the children just yet; I want to consult you on a little matter which often distresses me regarding their winter amusements; and so saying, she put her arm within mine, and led me along the old-fashioned corridor, which from time immemorial had been the chosen spot for in-door consultation, and for those more private and whispered communications which would not suit the publicity of the family circle. I daresay there are many who have lived in old-fashioned country houses who may remember some such spot, where, in wet days and in the hours of lingering recovery after illness, loving friends walked up and down in deep converse, linked arm in arm and heart in heart. Such is the old corridor at Ashly, where I have spent many happy days in youth among a large family of cousins. I have seen the old father and his silver-haired companion treading it with feeble step, joyous youth making the old walls ring for very glee; and many were the important letters, casting the die of life, which have been opened, and their contents communicated, in the calm and nun-like quiet of the corridor walk. There is a beautiful bay-window at its termination, looking down upon a knoll of green sward, shaded by two old spreading trees, beneath whose quivering foliage many generations have successively gambled in glee. But even those among whom I played have passed away; the churchyard and the foreign clime could tell many a tale; but with these I have nothing to do at present. Ashly is now in possession of my eldest cousin Horace, who, during the last three years, had been in India: his are the children who now play on the green knoll in the summer even-

ings, and his is the amiable and intelligent wife who, in his absence, watches over his precious family, and with whom, on the evening in question, I found myself pacing the favourite walk as in the olden time, and talking of their amusements.

'My dear cousin,' said I, in reply to her remark, 'surely you can have no lack of amusement for the children.' 'Not exactly lack of amusement,' she said, 'but lack of proper amusement. The winter evenings are long; and I find that, after a day spent with the tutor, something beyond mere play is required to interest and amuse the mind.' 'And have they not games?' I asked. 'Yes,' replied Mrs Melville, 'but it is surprising how soon they grow tired of them, playing as they do almost always alone. Hunt the slipper, Chinese puzzles, and dissected maps, cannot retain their charm for ever.' 'And can you wonder,' I exclaimed, 'when we older children so often tire of our amusements? You are not often felt, my dear cousin, in returning home after spending an evening in society, the contrast between one in which the mind has lain dormant—music without soul, conversation void of charm—and that when lively and refreshed feelings tell us that minds have mutually been operating upon each other?' 'Ah,' said my cousin, 'that is just what I want for the children; I want games to exercise and expand the mind; and where am I to get them?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I am glad you have spoken of this subject, although I regret that I should have forgotten till this my last evening at Ashly, that it was my intention to have taught the children some of the German games, which afforded me so much pleasure when I was lately on the continent, and which appear to me just what you wish for the children. One in particular might be tried, and I think with success, which is called *The Traveller*. Suppose the children, tutor, and yourself, all gathered together; one is chosen as the master of the house, and one as the traveller, who goes out of the room, and enters it knocking for admission. The master of the house demands "Who is there? What do you wish for?" "I am a traveller," he replies, "and want a lodging for the night." "Come in," says the master of the house; "but give us a pledge of your good conduct." The traveller having done so, is invited to take his place at table, and to give an account of his travels. He commences by tracing out his tour, and by naming the principal cities, rivers, and mountains, in regular order, which he has seen; he then mentions the productions, customs, and peculiarities of the country, and permits any question to be asked regarding them. If any mistake be made—if, for example, a town be named which does not lie in his way, or a production spoken of which will not grow in the country—the company immediately fall upon him with their handkerchiefs, and he is chased out of the room, and a forfeit demanded; and the same thing takes place if he is unable to answer any question put to him; but if correct throughout his narrative, he retains his seat as an honoured visitor.

'The little family in Germany by whose winter amusements I learned this game, consisted of several children and their father, who took the traveller's place first, in order to show them the way. He described a voyage from Hamburg to Bergen in Norway, and from thence by land to Drottheim. The appearance of the sea, and of the curious little island of Heligoland, where the men live almost constantly on sea, and the women are employed in baking and building, was given at full length. Bergen, its commerce, and its fir-trees, are next described; and then the high mountains which run through the country, on whose summit is perpetual winter, while the valleys below are full of flowers and verdure. He then tells them of the inhabitants, who with wonderful speed run up and down the mountains in their large wooden sledge-shoes; of the avalanches, and of the places of repose, which, like nests, are perched here and there for the refreshment of travellers. He is then asked to describe the birds and natural pro-

ductions of the country; and the children begin to fancy that they will never catch him in a fault, when he tells them, probably to cause some amusement at the moment, that of all the fruits which grow there, he preferred the cocoa-nut. "Out, out!" cry the children; "Cocoa-nut in Norway!" and they fall upon their poor papa with their handkerchiefs, and chase him out of the room. Others in their turn become travellers, and in the course of their journeys many things are described which are very amusing, and doubtless new to the younger members of the family, such as the interior of a ship of war, a fine museum, &c.

'This will just suit me,' said Mrs Melville as I finished; 'amusement and instruction combined. The large atlas shall be carried into the schoolroom to settle all disputes, and to-morrow evening we shall begin.' 'Well,' said I, 'begin it systematically, letting them study one country thoroughly before they pass to another. Of course there will be many difficulties at first, and much reading will be required; but try it perseveringly throughout the winter, and let me know how it succeeds. In summer play-hours, no such games are wanted.' 'No,' replied my cousin, as we paused before the deep bay-window, where every well-known object appeared wrapped in its mantle of snow; 'in summer we require but little help, so long as we have the green earth and the sunny skies. But now,' said she, smiling, 'since you have taught me so much, I cannot be selfish any longer; and your time is short, so let us go to the children;' and so saying, she passed before me, and opened the play-room door, where the whole of her large and interesting family were gathered together. 'What!' said Mrs Melville, as we entered, 'you are all very quiet to-night!' 'Yes,' replied a little fellow who seemed almost asleep on the floor, surrounded by the fragments of a puzzle; 'I have made up my map so often, that now I think I could do it with my eyes shut.' 'Yes, mamma,' said my favourite Annie, who sat by the fire with a book in her hand, 'the big boys were tired of our games, and we all went to our several occupations.' 'And what are you doing, Willie?' said I to a little one, who with an unusual look of thought sat poring over a book by the lingering daylight. 'Learning my geography lesson,' he replied; 'and I cannot learn it, these long names so puzzle me, and yet I should like to know something about the places too. I have seen some of them in mamma's picture book in the drawing-room.' And so you shall by and by, my little fellow, thought I to myself, thinking of the Traveller, but I said nothing. 'Come, my dear children,' I said, 'this is my last evening; let us have some of our old songs, and sing our glees together. In a moment books and toys were thrown aside, and the room resounded with their joyous melody, which continued till the hour of rest.

Next morning I left Ashly, and was soon plunged in the midst of so many more weighty cares and anxieties, that I am ashamed to say I had nearly forgotten the Traveller, till the following letter from my cousin many months after recalled it to my recollection:—

'The Traveller,' says Mrs Melville, 'is in great favour with the children, and I have cause daily to rejoice that a game as amusing as it is instructive engages their attention. During many weeks after you left us, their little journeys did not go beyond England, and it was very pleasing to see in how short a time the peculiarities of the different counties became fixed in their young minds, by drawing forth their individual tastes and predilections. The mining and manufacturing districts, with minute details of their several operations, were given at full length by the elder boys; while my gentle Annie lingered among the woodland counties, among the noble oaks, and beeches which are old England's glory; and her enthusiastic descriptions of the ruins, the forests, and the peaceful scenes which I had myself seen, frequently brought tears into my eyes, from a mixture, I believe, of those indescribable feelings with which the mind's eye looks upon loved spots through the mists of past years, and also from the conviction,

that if ever she herself should visit these scenes, the information she now gathered respecting them would doubly enhance their value.

'The Emerald Isle next engaged their attention, and due justice, I assure you, was paid to the noble lakes and still nobler hearts which find their home among its verdant plains.

'The little ramblers then began to perambulate the continent of Europe; and it was really amusing to find what variety of climate and of *dramatis persona* passed in review before us in one short evening. The Moorish palaces and "dim enchantments" of Spain drew forth the latent chivalric feeling of one; the second bounded in thought with the chamois over the sublime and picturesque mountains of Switzerland; while a third brought before us in panoramic review the far-famed shores of the Mediterranean and the blue waters of the Adriatic. The gay Frenchman and the mountain-loving Swiss passed in succession before us. We paused under the sapphire skies of the south, and heard the idle and impassioned Italian give forth the rich music of his country, and our hearts turned to the simple strains of the Tyrolean, which he sings in the cloud-capt mountain land where centre all his deep and strong affections. Italy and Greece, with their classic memorials, found ample and hallowed place in Annie's heart; while the boys went northward, and with the enthusiasm of boyhood, rejoiced in the rigours of the Polar regions, to which the little ones listened with breathless interest—fraught as they were with the stirring details of rein-deers, and badgers, and bears.

In general, I have recommended that they do not leave one portion of the globe till its distinctive characteristics are impressed upon their minds; but occasionally, by way of variety, a long voyage possesses great attraction; and last night, by some strange coincidence, we found that no less than three of us had been forming minute acquaintance with the rich and brilliant scenery of Brazil. Such descriptions of wonderful apes and beautiful flowers; of insects, and reptiles, and splendid birds; of fragrant woods and creeping plants; such an assemblage of wonders poured in from all sides upon us, that I could liken it to nothing but the mountain torrents of that rich country, which return to their beds laden with diamonds and gold. The tutor tells me that the geography lesson in the schoolroom has entirely changed its character, and is become an hour of interest and of intellectual enjoyment; and what particularly amuses me, are the lively dissertations to which I frequently listen at the nursery dinner-table, where rice, and sago, and arrowroot are now invested with an interest which in former times was quite unknown. But, my dear friend, you must come among us and judge for yourself.'

To this latter clause in my cousin's letter how fondly did my heart reply; but among the many changes and chances of this present world, I found it impossible at the time to follow my inclination. My thoughts, however, were frequently with the dear children in the winter evenings; and as the budding spring time approached, I thought with delight of again witnessing their joyous gambols from the corridor window; but the summer passed, and my hopes fell like the autumn leaves; and spring had again clothed the valleys in green, and hung out its blossoms on the old trees, ere I found myself on my way to Ashly.

During this long interval an event had taken place which added greatly to the anticipations of enjoyment with which I generally travelled northward, and this was no other than the return from India of my cousin Horace, who had always appeared to me not only as the most affectionate of fathers, but as one of the most refined and cultivated men I had ever met with. On reaching Ashly, I found that by some unaccountable contretemps I was later than was expected, and that I had arrived simply in time to dress for dinner. The meeting between my cousin and myself, and his family, was thus necessarily only that of a few moments, and I

hastened to my room to execute the necessary toilet arrangements.

On my return to the drawing-room, I found the family party augmented in numbers by two officers who had been with my cousin in India, and also by a very quiet pensive little man, who I afterwards discovered had just returned from making a tour in Syria. My cousin Horace, who possessed in great perfection the peculiar tact of giving out of his own boundless stores of information exactly that which suited his guests, and at the same time of beguiling them into conversation upon subjects on which they were most at home, and therefore most likely to please the listeners, so guided the 'table-talk' of the day, that before we were aware, we were all deeply engrossed by the graphic accounts which the two officers were giving us of almost every quarter of the world which it had been their good fortune to visit. They were evidently men of enterprise and taste, who had travelled through the world with their eyes open; and such were the results of their observation, and such the charm and good feeling of the narrators, and such the enthusiasm and delight with which I listened to them, that the process of dinner had far advanced before I noticed that Mrs Melville had been for some time in vain attempting to catch my attention, and direct it to the children. Often, very often had it been my fate, when mingling in society, to witness the uninterested attention which more politeness apparently forced the younger auditors to give to conversation like the present. A shipwreck, or an encounter with some wild monster of the forest, would, to be sure, for a time seem to rouse their interest; but the peculiarities of climate, of custom, and of scenery, were listened to with that vague look which too plainly tells that they know little indeed of that quarter of the globe where the narrator has seen and suffered so much. It often strikes me how much we lose by want of interest in such subjects. We all love the objects which are blended with our recollections of youth, be it the breezy mountain with its purple thyme, the sea-side common with its golden whin, or the deep woodland, which was full of song, as the days were of sunshine and our young hearts of joy. We love them all, because we know them well, and they are linked with happiness; but there are many glorious scenes on this rich earth which are open for the mind's enjoyment, and although they be not linked with personal associations, and our foot may never wander among them, we may reap much enjoyment by cultivating an acquaintance with them by study, and through the researches of others. Literature and art will come to our aid, the hothouse and the museum will expand our minds like a flower to the sunshine, and we shall find ourselves happier and more useful members of society by partaking of that mental feast which the Great Creator, and painter, and planner of all has spread for our enjoyment. But I am digressing, and must return to the dinner-table at Ashly, and to the children, to whom I now paid careful attention.

They were listening with evident interest and delight as their father's guests conducted them in thought from country to country; and when opportunity offered, they with great modesty made such inquiries as showed they were not unacquainted with the inhabitants and products. Dessert was now placed on the table, and the fruits and preserves formed a new topic of inquiry; and from these we wandered far away among woods and gums, spices, and gems, and ivories; and such was the delighted interest of the children, that ere long they succeeded in unlocking the treasures of the pensive little man's mind, and in bringing from him, in beautiful and glowing language, an account of his tour. A long and happy hour was now spent wandering in thought with him from Lebanon to Carmel, and among the summer oaks of Bashan. Descriptions of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives were listened to with that deep and solemn interest becoming their hallowed import; and many were the animated eyes bent upon the narrator, as he

proceeded to recount the wonders of the desert, the flights of the wild Arabian, the majesty of the cedar, the rich verdure of the terraced hill-sides, and the grace of the palm-tree, where hang the rosy dates brilliant as corals; and as onward he went, and drew near the beautiful Palmyra, I saw Annie noiselessly lay down her knife and fork, and follow him with breathless interest among the white marble columns, the still and touching beauty of that fair and far-famed desert queen. Soon the narrative finished, and, with tears of deep interest, and of much enjoyment in her eyes, Mrs Melville proposed that we should retire. The older boys remained in the room; but Annie and the young ones, who followed us, made their escape by a side door, and were soon at play in the garden. 'And now, my dear friend,' said Mrs Melville, putting her arm within mine, 'are you not pleased? Horace is quite delighted with the children; he has so much to tell, and is so happy to have such intelligent listeners. The Traveller has done much for them; mind, and memory, and taste, are improved. Did you not see it to-day? Say, my dear Mary, were not you delighted?' By this time we had reached the old familiar window, and their merry voices were ringing in our ears. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am very happy indeed: and more so, that I again see them beneath these dear old trees. They look as if they enjoyed their play more than ever, after their minds have been occupied.' 'That is just what I find,' returned my cousin. 'Their winter and summer amusements are exchanged with increasing delight. Their field and hill-side rambles please them more than ever; and they are constantly telling me that the more they know of foreign countries, they feel they would not exchange, for all their gorgeous beauty, the greenness and verdure, the twilight and sweetly-scented flowers of our own beloved land.'

And so I found it during the many rambles which I enjoyed with them in the course of the following months. Their acquaintance with foreign climes had expanded their minds, and given them a fund of amusing interest among themselves; and while it did so, they were led to value more deeply the beauties and privileges of their own free and fair country.

During the evenings of that beautiful summer, we very frequently played at the Traveller, seated under the old trees in the orchard; and it was difficult to say whether father or children were most pleased; he fighting his 'battles o'er again' to his attentive audience, and they in their turn delighting him by their accumulating stores of useful and accurate information.

But calm and pleasant as these evenings were, the happy time came to a close with me, and a letter of importance hastily summoned me to a distance.

The last evening we spent together was a very wet one, which consequently precluded those out-door amusements which were always encouraged in fine weather; but this evening we were all together in the drawing-room. 'We are not going to ask you for any new game this time,' said Annie, as I seated myself among them for the last time; 'we have still so much of the world to travel over.' 'Well,' I replied, 'you are not going to ask, but I am going to give, not a game to supersede the Traveller, but one which may at times be a variety, and the one, I think, will eventually assist the other. It comes from the same source as the Traveller, and is called *The Academy of Sciences*.' 'What a learned name!' exclaimed the children. 'Do not be frightened, my dear children,' I said; 'you will find nothing very formidable in the new game. In the first place, you must make choice of the wisest person among you as your president, and another much younger may be secretary, and then you must choose your several departments. One may be a historian, one a geometer, one a philosopher, one an orator, and another a poet; there may be naturalists, artists, sculptors, engravers. If at any time, when young friends are with you, you find yourselves too numerous for those I have named, there can be two historians;

one may speak of ancient, and one of modern history; and there may be three naturalists, one for each kingdom of nature. Meantime, the president must have ready written on cards questions relative to the different sciences. For example, in history, "In what country was the making of glass first discovered?" "Of printing?" "Of the colour of purple?" "Where did Charles XII. of Sweden die?" In geography, "What are the largest rivers and highest mountains in the world?" "What productions are found in Russia that are not found in England, and in England that are not found in Russia?" In geometry, "What is a straight line?" "An angle?" &c. In natural history, "Which is the most curious among apes?" and so on. These cards are then put in a vase, and when seated all round the table, the secretary put in his hand and draws forth one, which is handed to the president, who reads it aloud, and the academicians to whose subject it refers must answer it, or else pay a forfeit. The questions at first must be very simple, and of course there must be considerable study and reading on the various subjects, and I should advise each one to choose his science at first, and keep it steadily without change for a considerable time. The knowledge you have acquired in playing at the Traveller will greatly assist you, and in due time I am sure you will reap much instruction from the Academy of Sciences.

'And now, my dear children, I have just one other matter to speak to you about, and that is the subject of forfeits. I have often been vexed to see the silly use that is made of this amusing part of a winter evening's entertainments. "Questions behind the door," and "hopping all round the room," may do very well for once, but they soon become extremely tiresome. Now the Germans, who are a grave and knowledge-loving people, manage these matters in a different way. I am going to give you an account of one of their games at forfeits. "What shall the owner of this forfeit do?" cried one. "Name a great man, and at the same time repeat an anecdote of him." "Well then," was the answer, "Henry IV. of France." "And the anecdote?" "One day while amusing himself on all fours with his children, the Spanish ambassador was announced. The king without moving from his singular posture, with his little son riding on his back, looked up for a moment, and asked the ambassador if he were a father? 'Yes,' was the answer. 'In that case,' said the king, 'we shall finish our game.'"

"What shall the owner of this forfeit do?" was again asked. "Tell us one of the most recent of modern discoveries." That of taking likenesses by the Daguerreotype process was immediately named. Others were in the same style. One was asked to mention one of the most lovely and at the same time one of the most painful sights in the world; another to repeat a proverb; another to name a man whom he should take as the model of any particular virtue. One was called on to cite from history a man remarkable for his justice, and Aristides and the well-known anecdote of the shell were immediately given to the company. Now, my dear children, I would not have all forfeits regained in this precise way; I should occasionally have an amusing story told, or a song sung, and so by a due mixture of grave and gay, I think you might make this part of your amusements more suitable to all ages among you. 'Thank you, thank you,' cried many little voices at once; 'we shall certainly try it, and if the new game and the new way of playing at forfeits afford us as much pleasure as the Traveller does, we shall indeed be delighted!'

Some friends from the neighbourhood were now announced, who came to take leave of me; and next morning found ample employment in packing up and in parting from the dear children, and at noon I left them all standing beneath the portico, and I was driven far, far away from Ashly.

My cousin has since written me that the young academicians are all very busy, and that both games are in

great favour. Captain Melville is generally the president himself; and when, after some time, he has seen great attention and heard correct answers from the children, he frequently rewards them with a book on the subject of their study, which is read not merely as an amusement at the time, but with a view to its being impressed on the mind, and afterwards brought to bear on the games; and this greatly tends, my cousin thinks, to check the desultory habit of reading so common among children.

How and when I may again make one of their number, and play among them, I cannot tell; at present it seems as if the time were so very far distant, that I cannot feel justified in withholding till then this brief account of the Ashly amusements of the two last winters; and most certain I am that if any family of young people will patiently commence as they did, they will in time join with them in thinking that there is much amusement, much instruction, and much real enjoyment to be found, however formidable in name they may be, in the two games of the Traveller and the Academy of Sciences.

THE DOCKS OF LIVERPOOL.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there stood, on a creek of the river Mersey, a town containing a population of six thousand, which, on account of its being near a pool that was greatly frequented at one time by a sea-bird named the Liver, was called *Liverpool*. The principal commerce of the port was with Ireland and the Isle of Man, and many of the inhabitants supported themselves by fishing. Since then, the population has increased fiftyfold; the ancient creek has been filled up, and its site is now occupied by a colossal custom-house; the old sea-beach is a line of commodious docks, and the spot which was once the resort of sea-birds, a 'monstrous pitchy city and sea-haven of the world.' The vast trade of manufacturing Lancashire with America, of which the Mersey is the outlet, has been the principal cause of Liverpool having risen so rapidly from being a small port, dependent upon Chester to become, what its inhabitants with good reason call it, 'the second commercial city of the empire.'

Liverpool is situated at the mouth of the Mersey, which flows past the town in a direction almost due north into the Irish sea. The breadth of the river at Liverpool is only about 1000 yards, or a little more than half a mile; but at Eastham, nine miles farther inland, its breadth increases to three miles. The outlet being thus comparatively narrow, the tide flows with great velocity; the rate of spring-tides being 6½ miles per hour, and neap-tides 4½. There are a number of sandbanks at the mouth of the river, and also near Eastham, but the channel at Liverpool is free from such obstructions. The depth in the middle of the river opposite the docks at low water spring-tides is 60 feet, and these tides rise to the height of 29 feet. The waters of the Mersey have always a very muddy troubled appearance, and no one can be at all surprised that fish should have 'fled from it, vexed by innumerable keels.'

The docks are built by the side of the river, almost in a straight line; their length from north to south being about two miles and a half, and their total area 120 acres. Their number, exclusive of basins, passages, &c. is sixteen; and the general appearance of each may be thus described. It is a large space enclosed by high walls, having three modes of ingress and egress at each end; one for pedestrians, one for wagons, and another for vessels. The latter opens into a basin communicating directly with the river. The water is retained by large gates that open inwards, and over the narrow passage communicating with the basin are bridges which open in the centre, and are moved to the side when vessels require to pass. At high-water, when a number of vessels are leaving or entering the dock, it is common to see crowds of people collected on each

side the passage, waiting with much impatience for the bridge to be closed again. The interior of the docks is fitted up with large sheds, the roofs of which are supported on massive iron pillars. Between the shed and the margin of the dock there is only a narrow footway, so that vessels can be laden and unladen without interruption from the weather. There is always a deafening din and bustle about some of the docks. The creaking of the windlass that is hoisting the goods, the rattle of the trucks wheeling them to the shed, the clatter of the wagons carrying them away, and the various dialects in which the business is carried on, make up a perfect Babel of noises. Nor are the sights that meet the eye less varied than the sounds which assail the ear. In one place the pedestrian has to leap out of the way of a huge bale of cotton rolling down an inclined plane from a vessel's side, in another he finds himself walking on ground rendered slippery by oil and molasses; here a cargo of hides is emitting no very savoury smell, and there innumerable bales of manufactured goods from the interior of Lancashire are glittering in snowy packages, so neatly built and hooped that one wonders if they are really meant to be taken asunder. In one vessel the sailors will be seen hard at work scrubbing the decks, or making some repairs in the rigging, while in another will be seen a crowd of emigrants, principally Irish, lolling listlessly about the forecabin and over the bulwarks. In small wooden offices, mounted on wheels, there are clerks busily at work: men are employed weighing and marking bales and boxes; custom-house officers are looking with lynx eyes after the interests of the revenue; and anxious shipowners and captains are considering when it will be desirable for their vessels to clear out. Property to a vast amount is lying about quite exposed, and many of the articles are shipped and unshipped in a way that people should try to forget when they come to use them. Policemen are stationed wherever there is ingress to the dock, and they keep watchful eyes on all that pass out and in. Small neat cottages are erected at the end of each dock for the accommodation of the officers connected with its management, and it is a pleasing sight to witness bright flowers growing up the sides of these cottages, and turning their petals to the sun as gaily as though they were flourishing in their native valleys.

Between each dock wall and the river there is generally a long quay, or parade, from which an uninterrupted view of the river and the opposite coast of Cheshire can be obtained. The finest of these parades is that at the Prince's dock, the length of which is nearly half a mile, and its breadth 33 feet. This parade is considered one of the finest walks either in the town or the neighbourhood; for at present Liverpool is almost utterly devoid of any public promenade, and has no place for recreation that can for a moment compare with the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, the 'Green' of Glasgow, or the Inches of Perth. The Prince's Parade is accordingly a great resort of the inhabitants, and sometimes on a fine summer Sunday evening it is so crowded, that it is difficult to force a passage. The view from the Parade at high-water is both interesting and delightful. The river is crowded with vessels of all kinds, and bearing the flags of many nations, either coming into port or taking their departure. Many small ferry steamers are threading their way among these vessels, or collected at a landing-place which is thronged with passengers. At the mouth of the river, on the Cheshire side, is seen the Rock Lighthouse, and near it a fort for the defence of the shipping, containing fourteen guns, and capable of accommodating one hundred men. In the neighbourhood of this fort is a small fashionable bathing-place called New Brighton, which is a favourite summer resort of the more wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool. Opposite Liverpool are the small towns of Birkenhead, Woodside, Seacombe, and Egremont, which are rapidly rising into importance, and appear destined yet to form one vast commercial town. Pleasant villas have been erected near these places by wealthy merchants, who

come over to business by the ferry steamers that ply every half hour. Near Seacombe is a large creek called Wallasey Pool, which it is intended to convert into an extensive dock. A bill has been obtained to effect this object, and the works are to be begun during the present autumn, and will, it is expected, be completed in three years. The area of the dock will be 150 acres, and warehouses are to be built all round it. When completed, it will be the largest dock in the world, and will add very considerably to the importance of the Mersey as a commercial entrepôt. Further up the river are seen several old hulks, which are used as quarantine ships for vessels from the Levant, &c. Near them is the station for the North American mail steamers. These vessels are among the largest of their class which have been built. Their burden is 1200 tons each, and their voyages across the Atlantic are made with the utmost regularity. In summer, one of them is despatched on the 4th and 19th of each month; but in winter on the 4th only. The mails for Canada and the other British colonies are conveyed to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and those for the United States are taken to Boston. The shortest time in which the passage from Halifax has been performed is nine days and a half. The interior of these steamers is fitted up in the most magnificent style. No expense has been spared in decoration; and the comfort may be said to be equal to that enjoyed in the best hotel on land.

There are very few small boats to be seen on the river, considering the extent of the shipping. The work which at other ports is done by small craft, is here done by steamers. A steam-tug company has been long established, and a great portion of the vessels are towed both in and out of port by the tugs of that company. There are four life-boats stationed in the Mersey, two of which are kept at Liverpool, and two on the Cheshire side of the river. A master and a crew of ten men are kept at each station to man the boats, and they have been instrumental in saving many lives. The pilot-boats belonging to the port are twelve in number; they are very strongly built, and capable of encountering rough stormy weather. No foreign vessel, or British vessel trading to foreign parts, or coasting vessel above 100 tons burden, can refuse a pilot; and pilots refusing to conduct vessels subject themselves to a penalty of £10.

The docks are built on the side of the river in the following order, commencing at the north:—

Clarence Dock and half-tide basin,	area	9 acres	4773 yards.
Trafalgar Dock,	6	2643	...
Victoria Dock,	5	4159	...
Waterloo Dock,	6	1153	...
Prince's Dock,	11	3889	...
George's Dock,	5	2593	...
Canning Dock,	3	4575	...
Salthouse Dock,	4	3665	...
King's Dock,	7	3896	...
Queen's Dock,	10	3101	...
Union Dock,	2	3505	...
Coburg Dock,	4	2198	...
Brunswick Dock,	12	2744	...

Besides the above, there are basins, graving-docks, &c. which occupy an area of more than thirty acres. The first of these docks, the Clarence, is used solely by the steamers that ply between Liverpool and the various ports of Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England. The largest vessels that are to be found here are the Glasgow steamers, which, as a line of coasting steamers, may be said to be quite unrivalled either in this or any other country. They generally make the passage from Liverpool to Greenock in about eighteen hours.

A considerable traffic in cattle and other agricultural produce is carried on between Liverpool and the south of Scotland and Ireland. This trade is conducted almost entirely by the steamers which lie in this dock, and it is a most amusing sight to watch the landing of a large

quantity of live stock from one of them. Such cargoes are landed on the parade between Clarence dock and the river, and the lowing of the cattle from Dumfriesshire, blended with the grunting of pigs from Ireland, makes up as *natural* a concert as was perhaps ever given at Exeter Hall. The Trafalgar dock contains generally small coasting vessels and steamers. In this dock several large steamers have been built, among which we may notice the Bentinck, intended to convey the mails between Calcutta and Suez, and in which service it is now employed. The Waterloo dock generally contains some of the New York packet ships or 'liners,' as they are usually called. Many of these vessels are more than a thousand tons burden, and they are all fitted up in an elegant style. It is a splendid sight to see one of them coming into port with a fair wind and full tide. The departure of one of these vessels with a number of emigrants is always a scene of great interest. The quay is crowded with the friends and relatives of the emigrants, and many tears are shed, many kind words spoken, and many blessings sent from full hearts after the wanderers. As the vessel moves slowly down the river, some of the emigrants may be seen hanging over the bulwarks gazing wistfully at the shore, or waving their adieus to their friends among the crowd, while others are gathered together in a conspicuous part of the vessel, and cheering with great vehemence, as if to keep up their own spirits and the spirits of those they have left behind.

At the bottom of Chapel Street, near the corner of Prince's dock, is the Telegraph station. The telegraph is on the roof of a warehouse, and intelligence is communicated by the movement of its arms. On Redston Hill, in Cheshire, opposite Liverpool, there is another station which communicates with a regular line along the Welsh coast to Holyhead, distant from Liverpool seventy-two miles. So rapid and effective is the communication, that intelligence of the arrival of a vessel off Holyhead is communicated to Liverpool in about five minutes. It was a curious coincidence, that the first vessel whose arrival was telegraphed by this line was an American packet ship called the *Napoleon*, and the intelligence of its arrival was carried out to America in another packet ship called the *Josephine*.

At the south end of the George dock there is moored the hull of a frigate which is now used as a mariner's church, where an ordained clergyman officiates every Sunday. On the parade of this dock there is a very handsome edifice containing public baths. The principal ferry steamers, the Welsh and Isle of Man boats, and the Dublin mail packets, take their departure from this parade or quay, so that it is continually thronged with travellers of all ages, sexes, and conditions in life, and has always a very bustling animated appearance. In the Coburg dock, near the south end, the North American steamers lie when they are lading and unloading. This is the dock in which the Great Western is always found when she is in port. Near the Coburg is the Brunswick dock, which is mostly occupied by timber vessels. Instead of sheds, there is a large open space around this dock, which is more convenient for unshipping timber. Near it are a great number of very extensive wood-yards. There are several graving-docks for vessels requiring to be repaired. These, of course, are always dry; and they are so constructed that the vessel stands upright, being kept in that position by means of fixtures on either side.

Of the immense traffic carried on in the docks of the Mersey, this is not the place to give any elaborate detail; but the reader may be enabled to form some idea of its amount from the following statement of the number of vessels and their tonnage which have been entered on the shipping lists of the port on particular days during the current year:—There were, on

Feb. 9,	746 vessels whose tonnage was	164,695
May 3,	602	96,324
July 20,	755	184,200

In the above statement, the steam-vessels lying in

the Clarence dock, and others plying on the river, and to various ports in Wales and the Isle of Man, are not included; nor are those undergoing repairs in the various graving-docks. The number of the latter at the same dates was as follows:—

Feb. 9,	16 vessels whose tonnage was	8608
May 3,	14	6182
July 20,	21	8137

Of the 755 vessels that were in the docks on 20th July, 52 were loading for various ports in England and Wales, 30 for ports in Ireland, and 37 for ports in Scotland; 196 were loading for foreign parts; and some idea of the great trade between Liverpool and America may be conveyed by the fact, that 90 of these vessels were loading for various parts of that continent, while 50 were loading for ports in Europe, 15 to Africa, 30 to the East Indies, 5 to the Levant, 4 to China, and 2 to Sydney in New South Wales.

From this passing sketch the reader may form some idea of the colossal magnitude of the Liverpool docks, which will shortly, if they do not at present, stand unrivalled in the maritime history of the world.

A NEAPOLITAN FESTIVAL DISTURBED.

NEAR the entrance of the renowned grotto excavated by the ancients under the mountain of Posillipo, to serve as a short communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, there is a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose shrine is almost concealed by numberless offerings in gold, silver, and other precious metals, as tokens of the wonderful cures and blessings obtained through her supposed mediation. Her festival is celebrated on the 8th February, and on that day the inhabitants of the capital and its populous environs, and even the court, go to pay their veneration to the miraculous Madonna, and their annual offerings to the priests that monopolise her miracles.

Joachim Murat, who, whilst king of Naples, had the means and opportunity of gratifying his fondness for Oriental display, always celebrated this festival with the utmost pomp and splendour. At the appointed day in 1811, he appeared in the military cloak and sabre of Charles IV. of Spain (part of the spoil of his Spanish conquests), both covered with jewels of the highest value, and looked more like a knight-errant of old than a modern warrior. A military review having been arranged, several thousand men were mustered, and went through various complicated evolutions. After this a naval review took place. The Neapolitan flotilla, consisting of two men-of-war carrying 74 guns, three frigates of 40 guns, and several brigs and sloops gaily decorated with flags, left the beautiful bay in full sail, followed by numerous private yachts and pleasure boats, and steered towards the island of Capri. A naval sham fight had been arranged to take place on their return.

About three o'clock a grand procession was arranged on shore at the Villa Reale. It was headed by twelve magnificent carriages containing the king and his suite, guarded by a squadron of the royal lancers and their admirable band of music. Eleven of the carriages were each drawn by eight thorough-bred horses, and in them rode the great officers of the household, the ministers, and princes and princesses of the royal family; to the twelfth, which had formerly been the state-carriage of Charles IV. of Spain, and which contained the king and queen, were harnessed twelve Arabian gray horses. All the ornaments of this splendid vehicle—consisting of elaborate chasings and a massive crown—were of pure gold. The carriages were followed by the king's staff and a body of the royal cuirassiers. At this moment the Villa Reale (which is situated on the sea-shore) presented a magnificent spectacle. A vast number of people of all classes had assembled on the spot to view the procession, whilst the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with elegantly-dressed company. The palaces of the Strada di Chiaia, which overlook the Villa Reale,

were filled with the wealthiest families in the kingdom, ambassadors, and other distinguished foreigners. The concourse of spectators of all descriptions stretched for nearly two miles, in a straight line, and presented a *coup-d'œil* extremely picturesque and imposing. Everything was joyous, and the entire city seemed abandoned to the pleasures of the festival.

Scarcely had the procession begun to move, before a brisk cannonade was heard from the sea towards Cape Posilligo. The attention of the multitude was immediately directed to that quarter; for it was believed that the sham fight had begun before the appointed time. Presently two frigates and several smaller vessels appeared, doubling the cape, and making their way into port with all possible speed; the firing from the ships in pursuit being, all the while, kept up. In short, the fight was to all appearance so admirably managed, that the procession was entirely neglected, every person looking at its progress, and applauding the admirable look of reality which the Neapolitan flotilla was giving to the engagement. While the excitement produced by the chase was, however, at its highest, the crowd on shore were astounded by the firing of an alarm signal from the castle of St Elmo, and which was never heard unless at the approach of an enemy, or at the commencement of a revolt. This astonishment was turned into a panic of alarm, when it was perceived that instead of a sham, a real fight was going on; for three English men-of-war now hove in sight. To add to the general distress, several stray shots struck the shore.

It would be impossible to describe the scene of terror and confusion which followed. The screams were truly terrific, and re-echoed mournfully in the bay and on the hills. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen threw themselves on their faces; many fainted; and the rest betook themselves to flight. As all wished to be the first out of danger, the gates of the Villa Reale were soon choked up by the fugitives, and became impassable to all. Murat, informed of this unexpected English visit, left the state-carriage, and, followed on horseback by his staff, went to direct, from the Castle dell' Uovo, the defence of his fleet and his capital.

After this, a real fight began by sea and land, which lasted until night put an end to the gallantry of the assailers and defenders. The latter, however, sustained great injury in their ships and batteries: while the former, after amusing themselves with disturbing the festival, and frightening almost to death the people of Naples, sailed away, and no vestige of them was to be seen the next morning. The Villa Reale, however, presented a sad aspect; its beautiful flowers, and exotic shrubs and plants, were almost all destroyed; its alleys were covered with broken hats, parasols, shoes, gloves, reticules, and other articles of wearing apparel; and the hospitals and private houses were filled with persons who had been injured—not by the English shots—but by the consequences of their panic-terror.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF THE WASHITA.

In the morning the weather had cleared up, and the sun broke out in great force, so, having lighted our fire, and dried our effects, my son went to the stream for a pail of water to make our ablutions. We now found out that we were really at the Hot Springs of the Washita, [State of Arkansas], for there was a very great difficulty in procuring cold water, the springs occupying a breadth equal to 400 yards of the base of the ridge; and all of them—at least thirty-five in number—falling into the brook, raised its temperature to that of a warm-bath, especially in places where springs of hot water came through the clay-slate. Finding this to be the case, I thought I might as well go to the water as have the water brought to me; so taking my brushes and towels, I sallied out, and was exceedingly pleased with the picturesque effect produced upon the slope of the ridge by the volumes of vapour proceeding from so many fountains. A gentle snake seemed to emerge from an immense thicket of arbusts, and young

plants, all of which, in full leaf of a brilliant green, made a fine contrast to the naked oaks already stripped of their leaves. The water in the brook was pleasantly tepid, and having no one to intrude upon my privacy, I made a profuse use of it, and wading about, found that the hot water came through the slate in an immense number of places; yet, mingling with the water of the brook, it did not scald my feet, although on the shore I found that if I insinuated my fingers a few inches below the gravel, I was obliged to withdraw them instantly. Fishes are never found in this stream when the waters are low; but when it is much raised by floods from the mountains, then trout, perch, and other fish are taken in all parts of it. One of the inhabitants told me that towards the northern end of the travertine, where there was a considerable pool, he had often seen the fish gliding below, and that upon such occasions when he would throw a few crumbs in, they would dart upwards, and getting their noses into the stratum of hot water at the top, would instantly wheel about and disappear. Snakes and snakes, too, when they fall into it inadvertently, drown themselves out and die. We were so charmed with the novelty of everything around us, that we got some corn bread and a little milk from Mrs Percival, and sitting down by one of the springs, the temperature of which was 148 degrees Fahrenheit, we made our breakfast there, the water being sufficiently hot for the purpose, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We were not a little amused with the uses the settlers made of these waters: the facility of obtaining hot water was fully appreciated by them, for they never seemed to boil any water for any purpose, nor to drink any cold water: a tree, smoothed off on the upper side, was laid across the stream at a narrow part, so that they could easily cross and supply themselves for the purpose of washing their clothes, and on a shelf near the door of each cabin was always a pail of mineral water, with a gourd to drink it from. Some of the springs are quite tasteless, others have a slight chalybeate flavour, but certainly the first neither communicated a foreign taste to tea nor coffee. The highest temperature of these springs at the time I was there did not exceed 148 degrees, but there had been a good deal of rain, which had no doubt lowered it. If there was no admixture of atmospheric waters, it is probable they would mark a few degrees more; indeed an individual here with whom I became acquainted, showed me a memorandum which a visitor had given him during a period of long drought, where a particular spring was noted at 156 degrees Fahrenheit.—*Featherstonhaugh's Slave States.*

ADULTERATION OF GREEN TEA.

The following facts relative to the adulteration of this indispensable article of consumption, cannot be too widely promulgated. They are taken from a paper entitled 'Observations on the Green Teas of Commerce, by R. Warrington, Esq.' published in a late number of the Chemical Gazette:—On submitting a sample of green tea, supposed to be spurious, and which had been seized by the excise, to microscopic investigation, the author found that the variation of tints which had led him to this mode of examination was dependent on adventitious substances mechanically attached or dusted on the surface of the curled leaves. The principal part of this powder was of a white colour, interspersed with particles of an orange and of a bright blue. From the abraded dust of this sample, obtained by agitation, some of the latter were separated, and proved on examination to be Prussian-blue; the orange portion, was apparently some vegetable colour; and the white and principal part was found to contain silica, alumina, a little lime and magnesia, and was probably kaolin or powdered agalmatolite, more particularly from the rubbed and prominent parts of the tea assuming a polished appearance. A great variety of other samples of teas were submitted to examination; but in all cases they were found to be faced with various substances, to give them the bloom and colour which is so distinct a characteristic of the green teas of commerce. The unglazed varieties appear to have had no bluing material applied. Very high qualities of glazed teas have this facing apparently tinted of a uniform pale blue before application; while others, still of high quality, and embracing the great part of the samples examined, have both the white and blue particles very distinct, the latter varying in its quantity; in the low qualities, as Twankay, being pretty thickly powdered. When this facing was removed, the tea was found to be of a black colour, but without the

corrugated aspect presented by black teas ordinarily, and which evidently arises from the higher temperature to which they are subjected during the process of curing or drying. The substances separated from these green teas were sulphate of lime, a material analogous to kaolin, and Prussian-blue, together with some yellow vegetable colouring body. It is evident that the whole of these teas come to this country in a dressed or adulterated state, a conclusion which is satisfactorily confirmed by the opinions and observations of individuals long resident in China.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

The Dreadnought hospital ship is moored in the Thames, opposite to Greenwich Hospital. Formerly a ship of war, she fought at Trafalgar under Captain Conn; she captured the Spanish three-decker, the San Juan, which had previously been engaged by the *Bellerophon* and the *Defiance*, and did duty in battle and in storm as one of England's boasted wooden walls. For many years

'Her march was o'er the mountain waves,
Her home upon the deep.'

But her ninety-eight heavy guns are changed for feather-beds, to accommodate four hundred suffering, destitute sailors—her decks have become wards, her captains, doctors—her crew, nurses—and now, like an aged warrior, she rests upon former exploits and glory; leaves battle and carnage for peace and benevolence; and in old age ministers to the sick seamen of all nations. Should the outside of this floating hospital suggest an inspection of the interior, a boat will in a few minutes place the visitor upon a staircase leading, from the water's edge to the upper deck. A card sent to the officer in charge, with a civil request for leave to see the ship, will secure the required favour. The patients are ranged upon the lower decks, the port-holes affording the necessary ventilation. The cabins are converted into surgeries, and the whole arrangements are very complete and satisfactory. Whoever examines them, and reflects on the benefits they confer upon destitute seamen, will scarcely leave the *Dreadnought* without giving his mite towards its support.—*Pictorial Guide to Greenwich.*

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation, in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are flooded by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.—*Dr Johnson.*

IDLE VISITS.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and then sallies forth to distribute it amongst his acquaintance.—*Colton.*

CONTENTMENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Dr Johnson.*

THE OTTER IN INDIA.

We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandbanks, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept

one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested in the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine, that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death for no cause but the gratification of our cruelty, might, by reasonable treatment, be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo shows here a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England.—*Bishop Heber's Journal.*

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

With dark foreboding thoughts oppress,
I wandered forth one summer day,
Hoping abroad to ease my breast,
And grief allay.

Deep in a lone and green retreat
I laid me down with many a sigh,
When lo, a daisy at my feet
Allured my eye.

Methought with sympathetic smile
It seemed to pity and reprove,
And thus my bitter care beguile
With words of love.—

'Sad mortal, cease these anxious sighs;
Why sit you thus in sorrow here?
Does not each leaf that meets thine eyes
Reprove thy fear?'—

'Although a mean unheeded flower,
My daily wants are all supplied;
And He who brought me to this hour
Will still provide.

'The light and dew, the sun and rain,
Are hourly sent to foster me,
And fearest thou God will not deign
To think on thee?'—

Ashamed I rose, rebuked my care,
And blessed the teacher of the sod,
Resolved to chase away despair,
And trust in God.

SAGACITY OF THE CAT.

Passing by the back-window of a neighbour's house a short time since, I saw a favourite Tom cat seated on a table near the window, beside a narrow-necked cream-jug containing milk; no person was in the kitchen. He was smelling the milk, and endeavouring to reach it with his tongue, but could not; at last he inserted one of his fore-paws, and withdrew it, the fur saturated with milk; after he had licked it clean he dipped again, and kept repeating the process as long as I remained observing him, which I did for several minutes, and then left him to his employment, for I thought he had well deserved his reward by his ingenuity.—*The Zoologist.*

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The desire of knowledge is not more natural than is the desire of communicating our knowledge. Even power would be less valued, were there no opportunity of showing it to others; it derives half its value from that circumstance. And as to the desire of esteem, it can have no possible gratification but in society. These parts of our constitution, therefore, are evidently intended for social life; and it is not more evident that birds were made for flying, and fishes for swimming, than that man, endowed with a natural desire of power, of esteem, and of knowledge, is made not for the savage and solitary state, but for living in society.—*Reid.*

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SELF-DENIERS.

It can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than unlucky, that, while one half of the world are self-indulgent over-much, the other half are self-denying to a degree almost equally reprehensible. Some know no restriction upon the gratifications which they are to allow to themselves; with others it is only to themselves that they are severe or illiberal. Generally a spirit of excessive self-denial is the effect of early habits of economy and application, which were appropriate and laudable at the time when they were formed. Unfortunately men cannot always readily adapt their modes of life to changed circumstances: the law of habit forbids such rapid transformations. Hence it is that we so often see them exhibiting, in wealth and ease, the rigidly parsimonious life proper to a state of humble struggle, and transferring to a fine mansion the maxims which are suitable only in a cottage. And hence also it is that wealth so often passes unenjoyed from the hands of those who have earned it, into the possession of others who will know it only in its expenditure, as if making and spending were things incompatible.

It would be startling to many who have fulfilled, or humbly and earnestly endeavoured to fulfil, all the great duties of life, to be told that they have omitted and never thought of one great duty—the duty towards themselves. But this, strange as the avowal may appear, is a duty as much neglected as perhaps any other. There is no peculiarity of human character more conspicuous than the inability to allow one's self the least relaxation from customary tasks, or the slightest addition to ordinary comforts. Amongst the respectable portions of society, persons are every day met with who exhibit this character in all shades of intensity, from the downright miser, to him who, with a competency secure, fears that all will go to wreck if he allows a headache to detain him in bed a minute beyond his customary time. Generally founded as it has been upon generous and conscientious principle, and as generally unattended by any shade of an exacting spirit towards others, it is impossible, nevertheless, to view such a failing without some degree of the ridicule which is due to all absurdities. But ridicule is not alone due to it, for it is often attended with such consequences as to become liable to serious censure.

The almost unavoidable effect of the predominance of one decided self-denier in a domestic circle is to make the rest careless and over-easy. A mother, for example, who is of this disposition, is extremely apt to monopolise all the duties of housekeeping, to the exclusion of her daughters, who accordingly grow up ignorant of, and inexperienced in, those very accomplishments which the matron deems the most essential to female excellence. A father professedly rears a son to

assist him in his business; but being one of those anxious self-devoted beings who find no peace unless when everything is done by themselves, he cannot fully intrust any of his duties to the youth, who consequently not being called upon to exercise the full powers of his mind, and never having the stimulus arising from responsibility, grows up a sort of waste being, becomes negligent and self-indulgent, or, if possessed of irrepressible activity, devotes it to some frivolous pursuit. I have seen several young men thus all but lost, not because they were intentionally led, but because their parents were in the opposite extreme. A man often thinks that no one can do well or think well but himself, and the consequence of such overweening self-conceit is, that it leaves him to do and think for all—his servants and children becoming unavoidably the idlers which he assumes them to be.

While a self-denier may be able to endure all the supererogatory duties and severe privations which he chooses to impose upon himself, his character is not for this reason sure to remain unaffected. Often this habit of doing what others should do, leads to a pride in ourselves and contempt for our fellow-creatures, which are alike ungraceful. Often does the temper imperceptibly become sour and irritable for want of enjoyments which we might innocently have. It is easy, speaking comparatively, to suffer unflinchingly when we have self-gratulations to support us; but it is not so easy to continue cheerful, confiding, and amiable, amidst a life which gives toil without relaxation, and partakes of no enjoyments. The effort may be made—human nature may struggle with its inclinations, and these may be to appearance got the better of; but still the fact remains, that we have all of us faculties desiring exercise, and tastes craving gratification, and these are not to be continually disappointed of their appropriate objects, or at least they cannot all be repressed and set by, without our whole nature suffering some deterioration. A cheerless life unavoidably takes the sweet principle from our composition; and when we do not, or will not enjoy, we never see others do so with any degree of good-will. Thus it is that the spirit of self-denial, which in some circumstances is so great a merit, shows itself in others as only a blight to domestic peace, and a source of far-spreading vexation and trouble. Thus it is that men of the greatest excellence in some respects do occasionally become known to their fellow-creatures, and particularly to the sharers of their homes, as only objects of terror and antipathy. The most exact rectitude, the most laborious exertions for a dependent family, and even a respectable share of practical benevolence, will fail to secure esteem when accompanied by that severity of spirit which so often takes its rise in a system of self-denial, protracted till it has become a fixed habit exclusive of all the milder

feelings. A person who has carried self-denial to this excess, may be said to have transformed a virtue into a vice, and made himself detestable by the very means which he originally adopted to obtain a good name.

While it is good, then, to practise self-denial—while this stands as an essential to all virtue, and in itself a great one—while we worship it, as is right, as the source of many of the greatest of acts called heroic, and the principle which carries men above the condition of savages, since it is what places them above being always on the borders of want—let us also be on our guard against carrying it to excess. Let us endeavour to secure its beneficial fruits, but avoid the evils which it is also capable of producing. Man is a being of wants: he cannot have all of these systematically denied without suffering therefrom. He must not self-deny overmuch, as otherwise he is sure to produce more harm, to others as well as to himself, than good to either. He must here, in short, be restrained by a regard to that moderation in which all virtue consists. He must not allow good intentions to hurry him so far away from a common class of failings as to run into an opposite and equally vicious extreme.

The philosophy here inculcated may serve in some cases to suggest a means of banishing domestic unhappiness. It must often happen that the growing bad temper complained of in an important member of a family, has no other source than a too constant self-denial of innocent enjoyments, or a too close application to duties which, while not much liked, or absolutely hated, are yet un murmuringly submitted to. With such a key as to the cause of this affection, it may sometimes be found possible to remove it. Such persons should be, as far as possible, tempted into innocent pleasures, and induced to relax in their excessive application. By the very act of sharing in the pleasures which their fellow-creatures enjoy, they will learn to sympathise with those fellow-creatures, and will become better men, because kinder and more yielding, by doing many things which almost appear frivolous,* or indulging in what would at another time appear to them as culpable idleness. If they can by and by get into a habit of allowing themselves to be human, they will become a source of happiness to all around them, and their conversion may be considered as completed.

THE CROSS OF SANTA ROSALIA.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

IN no place which came under my notice during my days of American travel, have I retained a more vivid interest than in the Mexican village of Santa Rosalia, and yet I came only within a few hundred miles of it. My connexion with the navy of the republic of Texas rendered crossing the frontier matter of serious difficulty and danger. At Corpus Christi, however, in the society of Mexican and American smugglers, of casual trading parties, and in the other towns of Texas, some wholly peopled by this mixed Indian and Spanish race, I acquired considerable knowledge of their manners, habits, and modes of life. I was personally acquainted, too, with some of the individuals who composed the disastrous Santa Fé Expedition, and from them I largely increased my stock of information. One evening, when wind and weather bound at Corpus Christi, our schooner tossing angrily on the bay, and ourselves snugly ensconced in the mud cabin of Old Doherty, roasting ducks on our ramrods, and smoking the delectable weed through corn cob pipes, I induced a young Irish officer to favour us with a narration, of which I took ample notes at the time, and which I now carefully transcribe, merely drawing upon my own resources for language, because I cannot hope to imitate his rich dialect, but preserving the facts and mode of narration.

* I believe you are all aware that the Mexican women are, in extreme youth, superbly beautiful. Dark, even

sometimes swarthy, there is still about them a tenderness, a liquid melting of the large and eloquent eye, a rosy tinge in the cheek, a glossy blackness of the hair, which, combined, produces a whole of great loveliness. Indeed, though most Englishmen prefer the northern style of beauty, yet were you to see some of the exquisite, innocent girlish creatures which adorn a Mexican fandango, they could never be effaced from your memory. The Texan prisoners,* composing Colonel Cooke's division, were halted a whole day at St Rosalia, and I being of this party, and on parole, employed my leisure in strolling about the neighbourhood. The village itself, with its miserable huts and indolent population, afforded no temptation for any one to remain in it, and I accordingly followed my own fancy. A walk of about half a mile brought me to a small wooded dell, beside which was a little plain, which I at once recognised as the scene of many a murder and savage deed of blood. No country is more infested with robbers and brigands than is the republic of Mexico at the present day: the constant revolutions which occur, let loose upon society a vast horde of marauders, who gain their living by rapine, seldom unaccompanied with murder. Cowards always have a leaning to assassination; and the same gang which would fly before one well-armed Englishman, have no hesitation in putting to a cruel death such of their own countrymen as they may fall in with, whom they then rifle and abandon on the wayside. Whenever a man meets with this tragic fate, his friends erect a cross on the spot, frequently cutting the name of the murdered person on the wood, with his age, the time of his death, and his occupation. They also cast around the foot of the cross small stones, one being added on each occasion when a prayer is said for his soul: the number of the departed's friends, and their great or little solicitude for his welfare, are thus easily ascertained. On all roads throughout the land, numbers of these rude wooden crosses are met on every day's journey; and of the Barranca Secca, a noted haunt of these *ladrones*, Brantz Meyer thus speaks:—"The quarter of a mile through which the ravine extended was literally lined with crosses, marking the spot of some murder or violent death. These four or five hundred *memories* most seemed to convert it into a perfect grave-yard."†

It was the sight of some half dozen of these signs which satisfied me that I had fallen on evil ground; but, despite the associations brought up in my mind, I speedily fixed my attention on one feature of the scene. In a corner of the field of blood was a cross of more careful workmanship than the rest, placed, too, at the head of a grave, and surrounded by a little bed of flowers carefully ruled in and protected from the inroads of cattle. Crouching down at the foot of the cross, in so close contact with the earthen mound as to be at first scarcely distinguishable, was a female, motionless, and seemingly in the act of prayer. Perceiving that she paid no attention to my presence, I advanced nearer, curious to know what could bring a woman to this spot thus alone and unprotected. I was within five yards of the spot ere she moved; then slowly rising, and fixing her eyes inquiringly and reproachfully upon me, she turned towards the village. Never had I seen anything so ethereally beautiful as that face. About sixteen, her form was wrapped only in a coarse petticoat and chemise; but Phidias or Praxiteles never hewed anything so faultless and exquisite. Her bare ankles, her tiny feet, were perfect models for a sculptor; and her face, as pale as a cheek of the purest and richest olive could become, was—oh, how beautiful! Her full, dark, and lustrous eyes, beneath their silken lashes and penciled brow, looked out upon the world as if she had no communion with it. The expression was sad, weary, and woe-begone. I saw at once a tale of love, of misery, and

* For an account of the Santa Fé Expedition, see the Journal, No. 22, new series.

† Mexico as It Was, and as It Is.

disappointment; and when the fair apparition had disappeared, I turned towards the cross. It told nothing.

It would occupy far too much of your time to detail how and by what means I succeeded in unravelling the mystery of that scene. I did so, however, and now give you, my friends, the benefit of what has made a deep and lasting impression upon me. Maria Guerra was the only daughter of Hezoos Guerra, the owner of a small portion of land near the village of Santa Rosalia, and the keeper of the apology for an inn which adorned that locality. From extreme youth she had been remarked for her singular beauty, and it was universally prophesied that she would, when arrived at a proper age, be elevated to the dignity of some great man's wife, and be thus transferred from the village to the capital. Maria, however, was not ambitious. She tended her father's hut, drew water from the well, irrigated his pumpkins, and laughed at the flatteries of the young sparks of the neighbourhood. When she had reached the age of fifteen, without even having an accepted lover, it was looked upon as something quite remarkable in a country where women are often mothers two years earlier. Maria, however, took no note of time, but sang and danced at the village fundagos, and chirruped in the open air, like any other bird of song, and was a very child in all her actions. There is for every one a time, and poor Maria's was soon to come.

Early one morning she stood by the village well-side, her left arm leaning upon a mud-wall close at hand, and her other hand clasping the bucket which she had just filled. Her beautifully curved and half-open lips disclosed teeth of dazzling and pearly whiteness, her eyes were cast upon the ground, when the sound of a horse's footsteps sounded near, and raising her head, she beheld a cavalier approaching. The rider was one of the *arrieros* (carriers of valuables, jewels, money, &c.), in their usual picturesque costume—a broad-brimmed steppie-crown, a *sombrero*, covered with oil-skin, shaded his brow; his body was eased in a short leathern jacket, faintly embossed with painted nails, like the old buff coats of the feudal soldiery; while his leathern trousers, with rows of buttons at the seam, prevented the chafing of the saddle, and leggings guarded his feet and ankles. In front of him were the *arnas de agua*, or large skin, cut in two parts, the ends of which on one side were fastened to the saddle bow, the other two being tied behind him, so that his legs were entirely free from rain; before this were fastened his pistols, while by his side hung his

“Toledo trusty,
That for want of fighting had grown rusty.”

From the peak of his curious saddle hung his *lasso*, a long running noose wherewith to catch his horse in the morning, and behind was strapped the *serape*, or blanket-cloak, with a slit in the middle, through which on occasion the head was passed.*

When I inform you that the *arriero* was young and handsome, it will be less surprise you that Maria blushed, and looked pleased, when the horseman demanded, in the politest manner of a man who had seen the world, a drink of water for his steed. The maiden cheerfully complied; and ere the task was executed, they were friends. The young man had, it seemed, suddenly discovered something wrong about the harness of his horse, which absolutely required his dismounting to remedy it; and though, when on his feet, even with the assistance of Maria, he could not find out the defect, yet he vowed he was glad to be able to stretch his legs after a long ride. Maria suggested his adjourning to her father's inn, though nothing could be farther from her wishes; and the young man, as if divining her secret thoughts, declined the proffered hospitality. Close to the well was a grassy bank, shadowed by the broad-leaved plantain, and the thready

pride of China, the “feathery palm,” so as to form, with lacing vines and creeping plants, a perfect bower, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Could these two young people have had the courage to be frank, both would have said, “Let us lie yonder; let us sit down; and speaking and listening, let us learn by mutual conversation if, on better acquaintance, we like one another as well as we now do, judging only from outward appearance.” But could we be thus methodical in all things, much of the illusion of life would be gone. The young *arriero*, therefore, hesitated lest he should be thought too bold, while Maria seized her bucket, as if about to lead the way to the village.

“It was already warm,” the *arriero* observed, casting a sidelong glance at the shady bower, and fastening his horse to one of the well-posts.

“It was very warm!” Maria quite agreed with him on that point, and if the cavalier would like to rest a few minutes, she would walk slow enough to be easily overtaken.

Josef cleared his throat once or twice, and then ventured to remark that the walk would be more pleasant together, “and,” he added, “I am sure I shall not find my way myself to your father's inn, where I must stop to-day and to-night, for my horse is quite lame, and I am too fatigued to advance without rest.”

Now Maria knew that the road to her father's door was as straight as a line, that the horse looked fresh and hale, while that the cavalier could ride at that moment fifty miles, was self-evident; and had she been a coquette, she would have raised one of these objections. As it was, she laughed, laid down her pitcher, and saying, “I see, signor, you are in a gossiping humour, or have had some terrible adventure, and want to tell it, so I will please you” led the way to the bank. Had there been within twenty miles of that spot a clock, watch, or other contrivance of time, its longer hand would have fairly turned round three from twelve to twelve again ere they thought of rising. Young, without care, seeing in each other the very beam ideal of the opposite sex, these hours were the happiest of their lives. Josef told of his travels, of his visits to the capital, of wondrous things the maiden had never dreamt of, sang the last song which was popular in the city of Mexico, and declared his companion to be the most beautiful creature that had ever crossed his eyes in all his rambles. Maria almost looked as if she thought him the handsomest youth that ever bestrode a steed, and in her innocent girlish way soon let him see that her heart was unshackled, a discovery which appeared to give the *arriero* great satisfaction. He in return told her frankly that he was without a sweetheart; and ere they rose from that bank, true to the impetuous Mexican character, they had mutually vowed eternal love and fidelity. No sooner did Josef induce Maria to whisper “yes,” than his ecstasy knew no bounds: he leaped from the bank, drew his horse to him, mounted, and, despite her cries and laughter, placed the blushing girl before him, and spurring his steed, dashed furiously across the space which separated him from the village inn.

Old Guerra, who had been wondering at his daughter's absence, was more surprised at the mode of her return than at the delay; but as he instantly recognised Josef as the son of one of the richest *arrieros* on the road, his surprise was not unmingled with pleasure. Josef explained the circumstances of his meeting with the daughter; and, amid sundry smiles and shakes of the head, gave a complete history of the morning's adventures, despite the blushes of Maria. He was careful not to leave out that great stroke of generalship, the lame horse, at which Hezoos Guerra laughed until the tears rolled down his bronze cheeks; and when he heard their romantic betrothment detailed, at once sanctioned it, with the exceptional clause of six months' probation. Josef appeared not exactly to understand this part of the compact; but as Maria seemed to think her father quite correct, he was fain to submit; old Guerra, however, could not help thinking

* On all things relative to Mexican costume and manners, consult “Meyer's Mexico,” a most useful and agreeable work.

with a very bad grace. The father in an ordinary case had been right, but the lover's impetuosity in this instance had been wisdom.

Six months, therefore, were to be passed, and Josef determined to spend the time as profitably as possible, following his avocation as an arriero, with the intention of entering into some business in one of the populous cities on the occasion of his marriage. His journeys, however, were very much shortened, and he usually contrived to pass once a-week through Santa Rosalia, where Maria always received him with a joyous smile, and bade him adieu in tears. Week after week passed, and the time of their union drew nigh; Maria advanced into full and blooming womanhood, and Josef vowed that each visit gave him the opportunity of discovering some new grace. At length ten days only were wanting of the time: Josef arrived in the village loaded with presents, among which a handsome *reboso* or shawl was most remarkable, and intimated that one important journey would end his career as an arriero. Maria heard this with joy, and bidding him not forget the wedding-day, allowed him to depart. The arriero or carrier in Mexico is often intrusted with sums of great magnitude. In a country without banks, without roads, without accommodation for the better kind of travellers, this is necessary, and never is the trust repented, as far as the men themselves are concerned. "Often ill-looking and ill-clad," Meyer says, "I have never been more struck with the folly of judging of men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the arrieros. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well-greased jerkin, that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with; he overcomes them all—is scarcely ever robbed—never robs; and at the appointed day comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or monies have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless, and unsecured, with nothing but his fair name and unbroken word. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim, 'Soy José María, señor, por veinte años, arriero de México—todo el mundo me conoce.'"

Josef, whose reputation, though not quite so widespread as that of his friend, was still very great, had, a few days before his parting with Maria, been summoned to the hacienda or plantation of a rich proprietor, thence to bear the sum of six thousand dollars in silver and gold to a creditor of Don Rafael de Gama, the lord of the estate. Proud of the faith put in him, Josef had mentioned the fact at Santa Rosalia, and as the money was to be borne to the city of Mexico, intimated his intention of passing through the village on a certain day, and being married, and proceeding on his journey with his bride. The two brothers of Maria quizzed him somewhat on his impatience for the union, and there the matter dropped. Maria awaited the day with calmness—her pure and innocent soul little imagined the fearful tragedy which was about to be enacted.

On the eighth day the young Guerras disappeared with several other young men in the village, intimating their intention of being back in time for the wedding. Maria shook her head, and vowed she would never forgive them if they were absent from her nuptials, and then suffered them to depart. The ninth day came, and Maria was only a little paler than usual; the tenth, and she rose to keep a promise to her lover. On the high road near the dell which I have mentioned, there is

a little hill, on the top of which, beneath a shady grove, Maria was used to meet her Josef on his return from his journeys. A long line of road could be seen from the spot, to the right of which was the field of blood. Maria did not wait long ere, far on the plain, she saw a horseman hurrying rapidly towards her, leading a second by the bridle. She felt it was Josef, and seating herself on a grassy bank, awaited his arrival, herself entirely concealed from view. Each moment brought the impatient rider nearer, and soon she could distinguish, first, the valuable packet on the led horse, then the glad some features of her lover, who in five minutes more would be at her feet. Suddenly, when within two hundred yards of the spot, he reined in his steed violently, jerked the led horse forward, gave it a smart lash, and away came the faithful animal at a hard gallop in the direction of the village. With loud execrations a party of men disguised, and with their faces blackened and disfigured, rushed upon the arriero, with vows if he did not recall the retreating beast, to put him to death. Maria saw no more; she had recognised two of the robbers; all she could tell was that pistols were fired, that swords were clashed, that two horrid shrieks re-echoed around, and then Josef was at her feet.

"Mind not, mind not, my dearest," cried he; "I could not help it; it was in self-defence; and two have paid dearly for their villany."

"Which two, Josef?" said Maria with a calm smile, which ended, however, in a look so ghastly, that the arriero started back in affright. "Come, let us see; it cannot be; I must dream!" and, supported by her lover, the poor girl hurried to the scene of the struggle. The two men whom Josef had shot were those who had planned the robbery, who were foremost in the attack—the young Guerras.

Neither spoke, but when the arriero placed his beloved mistress on the horse before him, she was senseless. How sad, how changed since that happy day when, smiling and merry, she had struggled for freedom on that same steed's neck! They reached the inn. Josef told the tale: all, even the priest, absolved him, and vowed that as he had but acted in self-defence, no blame could attach to him. But Maria was inexorable. She would never marry, but devote the remainder of her days to praying for the soul of her erring kindred; she pressed Josef's hand kindly, told him that she, too, absolved him, but there was now no happiness in the world for her. She could see him, talk to him of old days, but wed the man who, however unwittingly, had slain her brethren, was more than she could have courage to go through with. Josef was awe-stricken, and his lips refused their office when he would have renounced with her; and then, with scarcely a farewell, he sped furiously on his way. Who can tell the thoughts of that miserable man? Blood upon his hand, his fondest hope dashed to the ground in one moment, he felt sure he should turn out a villain; and often afterwards he would describe the sensation of recklessness which gradually came over him.

Meanwhile the Guerras were buried, and the father alongside them, dead of horror and disappointment; while poor Maria constituted herself the guardian of their grave, and the earnest mediator with Heaven for those whose wretched avarice had brought desolation and misery on so many. It was thus I saw her where the greater part of her time was spent, and doubtless the poor thing is each day at the foot of the cross still.

Since my return to England, I have often heard from my friend, who is now settled in the city of Mexico, and it is a paragraph in a late letter of his that has tempted me to tell this story. "Had I not married, I should say I had lost all faith in romance; but Benedicts have no business with romance. But will you credit it? Josef, on his arrival in Mexico city, retired home, and after some months, sickened, so badly indeed, as to cause his father and mother to give up all hope of his recovery. While in this state, his mother, with that maternal piety which is, I believe, peculiar to no

* I am Jose Maria, sir, an arriero of Mexico for twenty years—*all the world knows me.*

country, made a pilgrimage to Santa Rosalia, bearing with her the bishop's formal absolution for her son's offence. That her task was difficult, can be best judged from the fact, that she was daily, during a whole month, at the cross of Santa Rosalia. At length, however, the picture of her dying lover, and, more than all, the absolution of the prelate, of sufficient power in the people's eyes, in a superstitious semi-Catholic country like Mexico, to efface the deadliest sin, had its weight, and Maria departed with the worthy old lady. Though grave beyond her years, and with a settled sadness on her brow, she is now to a certain degree happy. Time, absence from the dread scene, and a fond husband, have all had their influence, and I am sorry to say there is now no one to tend the cross of Santa Rosalia.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE English lake district comprises a portion of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster. The picturesque beauties of its scenery are probably unequalled in any other part of England. It presents attractions no less interesting to the antiquary, in the remains of the abbays of Furness, Calder, and Shap, of the feudal fortresses of Penrith, Brougham, and Haere, and of several Roman stations and Druidical erections; while the many rare plants with which it abounds, and its rich variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, furnish abundant matter for employment to the student of nature. 'We penetrate the glacier,' says Cumberland, 'and traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, while our domestic lakes of Ullswater, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so stupendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him.' The lake district is, moreover, the spot with which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Wilson, and others of our great modern poets have been intimately connected, and from which many of their finest poems have emanated. A visit to such a locality is calculated to confer no common pleasure, and we purpose laying before our readers some of the fruits of a few weeks' sojourn in the midst of its beauties.

Approaching the district from the north, we enter it at the ancient market town of Penrith, seated at the foot of an eminence near the southern verge of the county of Cumberland. When the northern part of the country was parcelled out among the followers of William the Conqueror, the district in which Penrith is situated was 'a goodly great forest full of woods, red-deer, and fallow-deer, wild swine, all manner of wild beasts, called the forest of Ingleswood;' but like many other ancient forests in this country, it now retains no other trace of what it once was, except the name. Penrith is a neat clean town, containing but little worthy of notice. To the west of it are the ruins of its ancient castle, which was dismantled by the parliamentary party during the great civil war. In the churchyard is a singular monument of antiquity, consisting of two huge stone pillars covered with what are supposed to be Runic carvings. The neighbourhood of Penrith abounds in interesting objects, at the head of which stands Brougham Castle, occupying a striking situation near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther. This celebrated fortress, now in ruins, was for many generations the property of 'the stout Lord Clifford that did fight in France,' whose wild adventures, loves, and wars, occupy so conspicuous a place in our annals. In 1617 the Earl of Cumberland feasted James I. in Brougham Castle on his return from Scot-

land; of which Entertainment, which was of a magnificent description, there is a curious memorial still in existence—a folio volume, printed in 1618, entitled 'The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle, in Westmerland, in the King's Entertainment given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifford, composed by Mr George Mason and Mr John Earsden.* The Countess's Pillar is a short distance beyond Brougham Castle: it was erected in 1656 by the famous Lady Anne Clifford; 'a memorial,' as the inscription says, 'of her last parting at that place with her good and pious mother—in memory whereof she has left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor within the parish of Brougham every second day of April for ever upon the stone hereby. Laus Deo.' This interesting memorial of affection has been illustrated by no fewer than three of our great poets—Rogers, Wordsworth, and Mrs Hemans—the first of whom has referred to it in these lines:—

'Hast thou through Eden's wild wood vales pursued
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour.'

Brougham Hall, an old and picturesque building, the patrimonial mansion of a man who has occupied a large space in public attention during our age, stands on an eminence not far from the ruins of Brougham Castle, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, and, from its situation and beautiful prospects, termed 'the Windsor of the North.' At a short distance, in a field on the right of the road, is King Arthur's Round Table—

'Red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renowned'—

a curious circular intrenchment, about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with two approaches directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured that the enclosure was designed for the exercise of the feats of chivalry, and the embankments around for the convenience of the spectators. Besides its traditional importance, this place is interesting as the spot where King Arthur is represented in the 'Bridal of Triermain' as having held the tournament at which the contest was carried on for the hand of his daughter. Higher up the river Eamont is

'Mayborough's mound and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour'—

a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently-sloping hill. In the centre of the area is a large block of unhewn stone, about twelve feet in height, supposed to have been a place of Druidical judicature. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The celebrated relics of antiquity called 'Long Meg and her Daughters,' are six miles north-east of Penrith; the former consisting of a square unhewn column of red freestone, fifteen feet in circumference, and eighteen feet high; the latter forming a circle three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and composed of sixty-seven stones, some of them ten feet high. Of this interesting monument Wordsworth says, 'Though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.'

'A weight of awe not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.'

* An account of the famous family of the Cliffords will be found in No. 615 of the Journal, first series.

Speak thou whose masey strength and stature scorn
 The power of years—pre-eminent and placed
 Apart to overlook the circle vast—
 Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the Moon
 While she dispels the cumbersome shades of night.
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
 At whose breast uprose on British ground
 That sisterhood in hieroglyphic round,
 Forth-shadowing some have deemed the Infinite,
 The inviolable God that tames the proud!"

Another object of local note in the neighbourhood of Penrith is Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, who is the owner of immense possessions in this district. The building, which is of recent origin, has a double front, one in the castellated style, the other in the Gothic cathedral style, a circumstance noticed by Wordsworth, who has a sonnet commencing—

'Lowther' in thy majestic pile are seen
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
 With the battorial castle's sterner mien,
 Union significant of God adored,
 And charters won and guarded with the sword
 Of ancient honour.'

The interior is adorned with many master-pieces of the ancient painters, and the productions of Chantrey, Westmacott, and other sculptors. Here is also a *fac simile* of the famous Wellington shield, carved in solid silver, representing in a regular series the victories gained by the duke. The effect of the whole pile is strikingly grand. The park in which it stands abounds with fine forest trees, and is watered by the swift-flowing river Lowther, remarkable for its pellucid clearness. Altogether, the extent of prospect, the grandeur of the surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversities of surface, the gray and tree-crowned crags, the extensive woods and command of water, render this one of the finest scenes in the north of England. The Lowther family, which possesses unrivalled power in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, is of great antiquity; but, unlike their former neighbours the Chifolds, of little or no historical note. One of the family was attorney-general to Edward III. Another of them was warden of the west marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and when Queen Mary fled into England, he conveyed her, by the direction of Elizabeth, to Carlisle Castle. The first earl, who died in 1802, succeeded to the three great inheritances of Mauds Meaburn, Lowther, and Whitehaven, which had belonged to different branches of the family; and inherited also two millions of money left by his kinsman Sir James Lowther of Whitehaven. He was remarkable for his eccentricity and caprice, and is not unfrequently described by those who still remember him as 'the bad Lord Lonsdale.' The English Opium Eater, who has given a number of curious anecdotes regarding him in his 'Lake Reminiscences,' says, he was a true feudal chieftain; and in the very approaches to his mansion, in the style of his equipage, or whatever else was likely to meet the public eye, he delighted to express his disdain of modern refinements, and the haughty carelessness of his magnificence. The coach in which he used to visit Penrith was old and neglected, his horses fine, but untrimmed; and such was the impression diffused about him by his gloomy temper and his habits of oppression, that, according to the declaration of a Penrith contemporary of the old despot, the streets were silent as he traversed them, and an awe sat upon many faces. In his park you saw some of the most magnificent timber in the kingdom—oaks that were coeval with the feuds of York and Lancaster, yewes that perhaps had furnished bows to Cæsar, and oaks that might have built a navy. All this savage grandeur about these native forests—their sweeping lawns and glades had been unapproached for centuries, it might be, by the hand of art, and amongst them roamed not the timid fallow deer, but thundering droves of wild horses. Lord Lonsdale (in the words of a contemporary writer) 'went sometimes to London, because there only he found a greater man than himself; but not often, be-

cause at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Even in London, however, his haughty injustice found occasions for making itself known. On a court-day, St James's Street was lined by cavalry, and the orders were peremptory that no carriages should be allowed to pass, except those which were carrying parties to court. Whether it were by accident or no, Lord Lonsdale's carriage advanced, and the coachman, in obedience to orders shouted out from the window, was turning down the forbidden route, when a trooper rode up to the horses' heads and stopped them. The thundering menaces of 'Lord Lonsdale perplexed the soldier, who did not know but he might be bringing himself into a scrape by persisting in his opposition; but the officer on duty observing the scene, rode up, and in a determined tone enforced the order, causing two of his men to turn the horses' heads round into Piccadilly. Lord Lonsdale threw his card to the officer, and a duel followed, in which, however, the outrageous injustice of his lordship met with a pointed rebuke; for the first person whom he summoned to his aid in the quality of second, though a friend and a relative of his own, declined to sanction by any interference so scandalous a quarrel with an officer for simply executing an official duty. In this dilemma he applied to the late Earl of Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther, who accepted of the office—a service which his lordship gratefully remembered; for, by a will which is said to have been dated the same day, Sir William became eventually possessed of a large property which did not necessarily accompany the title. Another anecdote is told of the same Lord Lonsdale, which expresses in a more affecting way the moody energy of his passions. He loved with passionate fervour a fine young woman of humble parentage in a Cumberland farm-house. Her he had persuaded to leave her father, and put herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful, she died. Lord Lonsdale's sorrow was profound. He could not bear the thought of a final parting from that face which had become so familiar to his heart. He caused her to be embalmed; a glass was placed over her features; and at intervals, when his thoughts reverted to her memory, he found a consolation (or perhaps a luxurious irritation) of his sorrow in visiting this sad memorial of his former happiness. Mr Pitt was first brought into parliament for one of the boroughs of Lord Lonsdale, then Sir James Lowther. When Pitt became prime minister, Sir James was rewarded for his services by being raised to the dignity of an earl. Yet so indignant was he, says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, at finding himself last on the list of newly-created earls—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already barons of many centuries old—that he actually attempted to reject the peerage, preferring to remain a commoner rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the House of Commons, where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor and placed himself on one of the opposition benches, as member for the county of Cumberland, if the sergeant and deputy-sergeant had not withheld him by main force. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the crown.

Leaving Lowther, with its magnificent domains, we return to Penrith for the purpose of visiting, by a slight detour on our way to Ulleswater, the remains of Dacre Castle, long the residence of the famous border family of Dacre, the descendants of that fierce baron who derived his name from his exploits at the siege of St Jean d'Acre, and whose crest

'Once swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee.'

A quaint old writer, giving an account of the edifice, says, 'Dacker Castle stands alone, and no more house about it; and I protest looks very sorrowful for the loss

of its founders in that huge battle of Towton Field, and that total eclipse of the great Lord Dacres in that grand rebellion with Lords Northumberland and Westmoreland in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in the north called Dacre's Raide.' Dacre Castle is now occupied as a farm-house. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Turning our steps from Dacre Castle towards the romantic lake of Ulleswater, and passing through Dalemain Park, we reach Pooly Bridge, where the river Eamont, clear as crystal, issues from the lake. Ulleswater is nine miles in length, and its extreme width is about three quarters of a mile; but the eye, it has been justly said, loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores and the grandeur of the fells that rise beyond. It spreads everywhere in an easy curve, beautifully broken in some parts by promontories, which divide it into three separate portions or reaches, as they are locally termed. At the foot of the first reach stands Dunmallet, a steep and conical hill covered with wood. Here there were formerly the traces of a Roman fortification; and on the summit of the hill, which commands a fine view of the lake, a monastery of Benedictine monks once stood. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; but the mountains surrounding Ulleswater in this neighbourhood do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches. Following the road to Patterdale, which skirts the west margin of the lake, we reach the second bend, which assumes the form of a river, and contains in length nearly two-thirds of the lake. According to Mrs Radcliffe, this part of Ulleswater brings strongly to remembrance some of the passes of the Rhine beyond Coblenz, though the cliffs which rise over the lake do not show the variety of hue or marbled veins that frequently surprise and delight on the Rhine, being generally dark and gray, and the varieties in their complexion, when there are any, purely aerial, but they are vast and broken, rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it, while the mass of water below accords with the dignity of that river in many of its reaches. This bend of the lake is closed in by Birk Fell on the left, and on the right by Stybarrow Crag, far away above which is seen 'the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.' On its eastern shore are the broken precipices of Holling Fell and Swarth Fell, 'now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but showing huge walls of naked rock,' and scars and ravines formed by the winter torrents. On the west are the grassy hillocks and undulating copes of Gowbarrow Park, 'fringing the water sometimes over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and leaves the road that winds there.' 'In Gowbarrow Park,' says Wordsworth, 'the lover of nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood. Here are beds of luxuriant ferns, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles, and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets.' In the middle of the park there is a hunting seat called Lyulph's Tower, a square gray edifice with turreted corners, battlements, and windows in the Gothic style, built by Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, and bequeathed by him, along with Gowbarrow Park, to Henry Howard, Esq. of Greystock Castle. It stands on a green eminence a little removed from the lake, backed with woods and with pastures rising abruptly beyond to the cliffs and crags that crown them. In front, the ground falls finely to the edge of the lake, and is scattered over with old trees, and darkened with copses, which mingle in a variety of tints with the light verdure of the turf beneath. The lake is here seen to make one of its boldest expanses as it sweeps round Place Fell—an enormous mass of gray crag—and enters Patterdale, its third and last bend. This reach is the smallest and narrowest of the three, but greatly superior

to the others in the mingled grandeur and beauty which surround it. On the left side,

'Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink.'

On the opposite shore the rocks are lower and richly wooded, and a tract of meadow land or pasture frequently interposes between them and the water. The view is closed at the upper end by the massy broken rocks which guard the gorge of Patterdale. Passing through Gowbarrow Park, in the vicinity of Lyulph's Tower, a stream is crossed by a small bridge, about a mile above which is a beautiful waterfall called Airey Force. The banks are finely wooded, and the surrounding scenery is remarkably magnificent. This glen is the scene of Wordsworth's 'Somnambulist,' the opening stanza of which thus speaks of the scenery we have described.—

'I, who pass by Lyulph's Tower
At eve, how softly then
Deth Airey Force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from his woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the sound
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale
Enshrouded in the sound.'

A mile beyond Airey Bridge we cross another torrent, called Glencoin Beck, which here divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The highest reach of the lake is now fully in view, expanding into an oval shape, and its majestic surface spotted with little rocky islets. A short way farther on is Stybarrow Crag, a lofty and deeply-scarred promontory, terminating a mountainous ridge that descends from Helvellyn. At this spot, where the steep mountain approaches almost close to the water's edge, a party of Scotch moss-troopers were repulsed by the dalesmen under the command of a person of the name of Mounsey, who from this exploit acquired the title of 'King of Patterdale,' which was borne for many years by his descendants. Patterdale Hall, the patrimonial estate of the family, was sold only a few years ago to Mr Marshall of Leeds. A short way farther on we reach the village of Patterdale, peeping out from among trees beneath the scowling mountains which enclose the head of Ulleswater. The church is an ancient white building, furnished with oaken benches, and harmonising well in the simplicity of its structure with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of remarkable size. Here neither 'storied urn nor animated bust' marks the last resting-place of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' who have been gathered to their fathers with no other monument than the green mound.

'In this churchyard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name, only the turf we tread,
And a few natural graves.'

Here lie interred the remains of Charles Gough, a young man of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, who perished in the spring of 1805. This unfortunate 'young lover of nature' attempted to cross Helvellyn from Patterdale, after a fall of snow had partially concealed the path. It could never be ascertained whether he was killed by the fall or had perished from hunger. After the lapse of three months, his body was found at the foot of a tremendous precipice called Striding Edge, guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

'This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that solitary place.
Yes—proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished there through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.*'

* Wordsworth, vol. v. p. 43.

This affecting instance of brute fidelity has also been commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in the well-known lines beginning,

'I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

BLOOD-LETTING.

Now, as in former times, there is hardly any accident in which the person consulted as to the treatment, would not instantly and fearlessly recommend blood-letting from the arm. It is therefore an important point to decide whether a remedy so universally recommended, and so implicitly relied on, is in every case advantageous; and whether there are not, on the contrary, cases in which it may be positively dangerous.

It must certainly be admitted that the practice of general, or rather indiscriminate blood-letting, has in its favour all the authority which high antiquity may give. In the middle ages, the only physicians were to be found among the monks. As most of these were, by the rules of their order, prevented from quitting their monasteries, and were consequently incapable of attending accidents and many serious diseases, they delegated their medical functions to the surgeons of those days, who, however, were contented with the humble rank of tonsors, or, vulgarly speaking, barbers. That blood-letting was considered by these men as the principal exercise of their art, may be easily seen from the signs which they adopted to denote their occupation; the pole, or bleeding staff, with painted fillet, and the barber's basin 'lined with red rag to look like blood,' being equally significant emblems of their calling.

When the Reformation swept away the poor man's physician, the monk, the barber still remained; and the mass of the people, deprived of their only source of medical knowledge and medical remedies, were driven to the universal phlebotomy practised by that operator. To this cause is no doubt to be ascribed the custom existing in this country of indiscriminate bleeding. Many persons make a point of being bled in the spring and fall of the year, not as a remedy for any particular disease, but as a general precautionary measure.

When I was serving my indentures, now some thirty years ago, we bled the poor gratuitously every Sunday morning. Great was the number of applications; but rarely, if ever, were we called upon to give an opinion as to the necessity or propriety of the operation. Nor has the practice been restricted to the human race: the veterinary surgeon, or rather farrier, has been equally zealous in the cause with the barber of old; and all animals, no matter what the complaint, exhaustion or plethora, whether proceeding from over-work or over-feeding, inflammation or depression, in all cases was the phlema applied alike, and in the same rude way; the blood being suffered to fall unmeasured to the ground, as recklessly as though the operator possessed the power to restore that which he so freely abstracted.

In most cases, if the general bleeder were asked to give some reasons for the operation, he would not know where to find them; not in medical books or lectures certainly: the law, if it do exist, is a '*lex non scripta*;' and perhaps the best thing he could say would be, 'that it is a popular practice, and popular opinion forced him to it.' Surely this is a sorry excuse for one pretending to scientific knowledge and medical responsibility.

The value of blood-letting in all inflammatory diseases, and in most cases of congestion, is too well established both in theory and practice to admit of the

slightest doubt. But this very value which it possesses is another reason why it be not abused; for it is clear that the indiscriminate practice of blood-letting is the reason which has made certain members of the profession object to it altogether, even in those cases just mentioned.

It is highly important the public should know that it is only in cases of inflammation and congestion that blood-letting is permissible, and as such do never arise suddenly, *in no cases therefore of accident or suspended animation in its various forms is it ever to be used.*

To explain the reason of this rule, it will be necessary to describe more minutely the nature, or rather the immediate consequences, of accidents in general.

In all cases of sudden and severe violence, partial or complete insensibility is produced; the surface of the body will be found pale, bloodless, and cold; the pulsation feeble, if not altogether imperceptible; the brain, being for the time paralysed by the shock, the heart ceases to beat and the arteries to pulsate. The blood, therefore, does not receive its revivifying properties from the lungs, which also become inactive, from the respiratory muscles being deprived of their nervous influence; the veins, however, not so immediately depending on the vital powers of the heart still continue to return blood unfit to sustain life to that organ, which consequently becomes loaded with this black and impure fluid.

If the state of suspended function we are now considering were caused by the presence of the black blood with which the heart is loaded, it would certainly be a valid reason for venesection; but as the presence of such blood is not the cause, but the effect of the cessation of nervous energy by depletion, we should only increase the debility, and probably break the slender thread by which life is suspended.

It is curious to observe how many of those wise precautions, which providence has adopted for the preservation of life, are looked upon as the direct causes of death! Thus, when either from hemorrhage, or during the temporary cessation of vital energy which sometimes occurs, and is marked by the presence of syncope or fainting, blood will not flow on the opening of a vein, this, which in the case of hemorrhage, by affording time to arrest the bleeding, often saves the patient's life, and which in all cases should be looked upon as an effort of nature to rally her feeble powers, is here deplored as a most unfortunate event. How often do we read in accounts of accidents, that 'a talented surgeon was called in, who attempted to bleed, but, alas! in vain;' as if the success of the operation would have retarded that death which in fact it could only have hastened.

What, then, is to be done at this moment of danger? Stimuli are clearly the most obvious remedies; and as one of the most easily procured and most efficacious, brandy naturally suggests itself. If the power of swallowing remains, at once give brandy (or any other spirit) in warm water. *Do not alter the recumbent position of the body.* Apply warmth either in bed or bath, and in extreme cases use artificial respiration; in short, proceed in the same way as if the patient were being recovered from drowning.

After a short time, if the remedies have been promptly applied, the heart resumes its functions, the skin its heat, and the brain its vital sensibility. It is now that the skill and attention of the surgeon are eminently required; for the too rapid reaction of the system often produces dangerous inflammation. To prevent this justly dreaded evil, perfect rest, absence of stimuli, abstemious diet, and medicinal remedies, are required. Should these fail, then, *but not before*, is bleeding to be employed.

The general rules then to be borne in mind respecting accidents, in order to make ourselves useful at the moment of danger, are—1st, That in all accidents, the first symptoms are those of depression, and consequently stimuli are required. 2d, That all unnecessary motion,

particularly raising the patient from the recumbent position, is to be avoided.*

The only case of accident (if accident it can be called) opposed to such treatment is that of apoplexy. Here, however, the whole train of symptoms is entirely opposite, and cannot be mistaken for those above-described. The face is suffused and tinged with purple blood, the heart beats more strongly than in health, and the heat of the body is increased rather than diminished—such symptoms are evident proofs of the necessity of blood-letting. In such cases raise the body to the sitting posture, to lessen the volume of blood thrown to the brain; lay bare the throat, to remove any obstruction to the return of blood from the brain; and pour cold water on the head in a high and continuous stream, until medical assistance arrives.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Two papers under this name, drawn up by Mrs John Ballantyne, appeared in the Journal last year. At the request of some friends, she has been induced to draw upon her memory for the materials of one more paper on the same theme.]

It is now forty years since my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott. I must ever remember with some degree of shame my conduct on that occasion. Young, half spoilt by flattery, and newly married, I resolved, when I heard Mr Scott spoken of as a great lion, to let him see that his roar, mane, and claws, had no terrors for me. Accordingly, when he addressed me at table, asking me to drink wine with him, or to sing, I affected not to hear him, or gave him only very laconic answers. It would not be worth while to tell this tale to my own discredit, were it not to add that Scott, instead of taking offence, so won me by his kind and polite behaviour, that ere an hour had elapsed, I was heartily ashamed of my folly. Here was the nobleness of the true lion indeed.

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit; but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. During the height of the border feuds, when every petty chieftain held despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependents, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time allowed for shrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these border fastnesses was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his stronghold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed cap-a-pie, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A cork-screw staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the apartment of the governor; one of whom, a small landholder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of bagging the

whole of his honour's poultry—cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old clocker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided; he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honour had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the courtyard of the castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-loom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honour, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience. "Hoot, man," cried that grim officer, "come awa, noo; come oot, and be hangit, and duna anger the laird, ye fashious deevil that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the courtyard. "Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gowk* then?" and quick as lightning bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hoo!" he cleared a low unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who, with a tremendous shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers.

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:—

'Earth walketh on the earth
Glistering like gold,
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth
All shall be ours.'

The astonishing facility, rapidity, and carelessness with which he wrote for the press, is not the least remarkable feature in the history of his works. He never revised them, and I believe never saw them after they were sent to the printing-office. This recalls to my mind an anecdote in which Mr James Ballantyne was concerned. Saving that the manner was a little too theatrical, James's readings from English books, and particularly from poetry, were singularly delightful. His voice was sonorous, his articulation clear and distinct, his mode of utterance correct, and his ear musical. Entering the library one forenoon, I found Mr Ballantyne reading. "Hermione," said he, "listen to these lines; can anything be finer?" He then read from a poem very popular at the time; but we had not been many minutes thus engaged when Mr Scott joined us, and insisted that Mr Ballantyne should continue to read. "Never mind, James, who your author is, or what may be your subject—go on, go on." Without allowing him to perceive it, I managed to watch the Minstrel's countenance narrowly as Mr Ballantyne continued to read. He, at the first few lines, nodded his head in approbation; then, "Very good, very good indeed!—charming!—powerful!" I soon saw that the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble; then a tear started into the small gray eye. He was soon quite overpowered, not only with the beauty of the composition, but with the charming manner in which Mr Ballantyne read it; and snatching up his staff, he strode across the room, and looking over the reader's

* The blood, although a living fluid, is governed by the laws of motion of fluids in general. It therefore flows more freely in a horizontal than an upright position. Where hemorrhage has occurred, or whenever great debility is present, this is a point of the greatest importance to attend to. The heart may retain sufficient power to send the blood to the brain in the recumbent, although not in the erect position; and, consequently, many a person in these circumstances, in attempting to rise up in bed, has sunk back lifeless on the pillow.

* Literally cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.

shoulder, discovered, to his manifest discomfiture, that it was the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He indignantly dashed the offending tear from his eye, uttered an impatient 'Pshaw!' and exclaimed, 'God help me, James, I am losing my memory!' The same thing happened subsequently as my husband read some pages in his hearing from one of the novels—I have forgotten which—but I well remember that he never appeared to be flattered on such occasions, but, on the contrary, evinced great impatience.

Let me here record an instance of his benevolence. One day, at a very numerous and rather ceremonious dinner-party at my own table, there was a scarcity of spoons; and what added in no trifling degree to the awkwardness of the circumstance, just at the precise moment when one servant was handing them to another behind the dining-room door, for the purpose of washing them, there occurred a most determined pause in the conversation. Nothing could have been more completely *mal-apropos*—for the silence was so profound, that no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the servants and the washing of the spoons. At last my husband drank, 'Relief to all in distress,' which broke the spell, and set us all a-laughing, while Mr James Ballantyne, who had an apt quotation from his favourite author Shakspeare ready on all emergencies, called out to me, in his sonorous tones—

'My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!'

'Not I, indeed, my lord,' responded I, 'for I have none to spare.'

'A hit—a very palpable hit,' answered Mr Ballantyne.

'Not amiss,' observed Sir Walter, nodding his head gently from side to side, as was his manner on some particular occasions; but shortly afterwards I observed that he became silent and abstracted, appeared to be ruminating, drew down the upper lip to an unusual length—a change seemed to have come over him, and it was some time before he was altogether himself again. The following day, a parcel addressed to myself, in Sir Walter's well-known hand, was presented to me, containing a dozen of the handsomest table-spoons which could be procured in Edinburgh.

The stories told by Mr Creech the bookseller, some of which lately appeared in the Journal, were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Alas that those days of boundless jocundity, when I lived in an atmosphere of merry whim and tale, and daily saw the ablest men of my time in their moments of highest excitation, should be gone never to return! Creech's droll anecdotes were a source of never-ending amusement; for though he told them frequently, they never were quite the same thing. Every repetition brought out something new, and each new feature was invariably an improvement. Scott never failed to have something to add as a sort of rebound to all other people's stories. For example, Creech one day threw us all into fits with an account of a minister in a north-country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the precentor also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:—

Oh what a toon, what a terrible toon,

Oh what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!

They've hangt the minister, droon'd the precentor,

Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

I know not where he got the lines; but their effect at the moment was overpowering.

I shall now conclude this truly rambling paper with another story of Creech, which used to be a prime favourite in our circle. 'In my young days,' said he, 'there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of consider-

able classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth travelled on the Continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a tempest of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy-towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church wall—"What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? can you inform me what they call it?" "Is't yon bit auld gray-stane dyke yonder, wi' the dockens grown owre the tap o't? Ou ay (scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory); they ca' that *Legs-my-leary*, I'm thinking." "Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid donnerst idiot?" raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullwtery*. "Bullwhattery, ye fool?" exclaimed the laird in a fury, and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—"I'll Bullrowtery ye; can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira*?" "Deed no," was the answer; "I'm no just sae daft's a' that—I ne'er fash my thumb wi' ony sic havers; Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Belly-rowtery* every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the tain, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense." Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthoepical blunders.'

COMPETITION IN GAS AND WATER COMPANIES.

In the evidence taken before the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts, Mr Hawksley, engineer of the Nottingham water-works, states an opinion which goes counter in some degree to common prejudices, and will strike most persons as novel, but is nevertheless, we are persuaded, worthy of attention. Speaking of gas-works for small towns, where the expense of an act of parliament cannot be afforded, he states that, often when such works have been commenced, and are doing well, competitors step in and ruin the prospects of the original adventurers. Hence there is a reluctance to invest money in such works, without an act protecting from competition. Being asked what is the operation of this introduction of a second company, Mr Hawksley answers:—"Usually injurious to the interests of the proprietors and of the public. Two capitals become invested; two sources of

wear and tear are created; two managements, and two complete sets of officers must be maintained; two causes of loss and leakage are established; for all which the public must and do ultimately pay, as well as for the enormously expensive conflict to obtain the act of parliament, and for the rivalry and strife of several subsequent years. It may be mentioned that in some districts of London, three, four, or five companies have pipes, and are occupied in performing the service which might be quite as effectually rendered by one, and perhaps by that one, under proper supervision, at half the cost of the present supply. These companies seldom continue in active competition for long periods. Finding the competition ruinous, they coalesce openly, or enter into a private understanding, by which the public are deprived of the benefits of the supposed competition. The charges are either increased, or remain fixed much above those at which a single company would willingly supply. It may be affirmed that the metropolis might, under proper arrangements, be efficiently supplied with gas at 5s. per thousand feet, instead of at the 8s. or 9s. now charged; and yet the companies are in general ill remunerated for the capital they have invested and the risk they have encountered; and this evil arises solely from the great amount of capital brought into the field to encourage competition, and to satisfy the complaints against a monopoly which exists only in consequence of the omission of parliament to subject single companies to a supervising authority, competent to afford an equal protection to the interests of the public and of such companies. Actually, at Manchester, where there is but one gas-work (one under the management of the public), the charge for gas per 1000 cubic feet is 5s. 2d. In Liverpool, where there are two companies, the price is 6s. 2d. Yet notwithstanding the lower price, and a smaller manufacture, Manchester has been enabled to apply to the improvement of the town, and in increase of assets, as much as the two 10 per cent. dividends of the Liverpool companies—thus showing that two companies will cost the public more than 20 per cent. more than one company.

Mr Hawksley states that there is the same inappropriateness in rival companies of all other kinds working with a superfluous capital. 'Second companies,' he thinks, 'would be wholly unnecessary, but for original defects in the system of legislation. In nearly all cases, the objects sought to be obtained by the introduction of rival companies would be infinitely better obtained through the agency of an authority instituted for the double purpose of enforcing the compliance of the original companies with the provisions of the acts under which they are established, and of protecting them from the aggressions of interested parties, and of capitalists stimulated to the conflict by the hope of pecuniary gain. For example, in the case of Liverpool, there are two capitals employed in supplying the town with water on the old system. I believe it would be found that one of these companies could, with but small additions to its means, supply the whole of the water required for public purposes, had there been any authority to interfere and adjust equitably the additional charge to be made for the extended supply. But the usual mode of intervention was in this case resorted to. A third capital of £1,100,000 has been introduced to effect purposes which might have been obtained at probably one-third the expense. This additional capital has been raised for the attainment of a nearly single object, namely, the extinction of fire, and will entail a lasting tax, and an annual expenditure of large amount upon the inhabitants.' For a further illustration of the principle, Mr Hawksley adduces the case of the city of Glasgow, in respect to its gas-works. 'That city was supplied by one company, which, as its consumption of gas and its works extended, went on reducing its charges. The quality of its gas was proved and admitted to be excellent, the price very reasonable, and the manufacturing power more than sufficient. But its supposed prosperity excited the cupidity of another body of spec-

ulators, who, hoping that they might share the extending field of supply, made application for a private act. The diminished and diminishing price was incontrovertible; but the company had refused to supply consumers during the day, on the ground that the expense of a day-supply to the few consumers requiring it, would, from the leakage of the extensive system of pipes to be kept charged for that purpose, be wholly disproportionate to the return. Thus, along with other minor allegations, was thought to justify the resolution that the preamble of the bill was proved, and that a further supply to the city was needed. Now the consequence was this, that a further capital of £1,150,000, or more, has been driven into a field where it is almost entirely superfluous. The interest of all this capital must and will be charged on the public within the field where it is intruded. By the introduction of this other company, the cost of the gas will be increased or kept up at least 1s. 8d. per 1000 cubic feet, even although the consumption of gas should increase so much as 30 per cent. This will of course constitute a permanent tax in whatever form it may arise.'

The principle concerned in these cases is, we believe, fully established in political economy. Further illustrations of it may be found in a paper entitled 'Competition,' in the eleventh volume of this Journal. And practically, we have no doubt it would be advantageous to the public to have water and gas supplied in all instances by one company, if proper provisions could be made to insure to the community the benefit of any improvement in the company's circumstances beyond a certain moderate rate of profit.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

At the conclusion of the legend of Claude de Verre in a late number, a similar English story of personation was promised. This story we proceed to relate, only premising that the materials are supplied to us by one of the parties who suffered from the imposition. We need scarcely remark what a curious light such anecdotes throw upon the liability of the mind to be deceived by those inlets to all its ideas—the senses.

Our informant, Geoffrey Randell, is, it appears, the eldest son of a hard-working and industrious man, who has been for many years the carrier from the village of Chedworth to the town of Cirencester, and who succeeded in bringing up with credit a family of eight children, four of whom were sons.

In 1828 John Randell, the youngest of this family, being then sixteen years of age, procured the situation of letter-boy in the family of Sir W. B. Guise of Rendcombe Park, which is situated about three miles from Chedworth, his native place. Here he remained for two years, and during his servitude was remarked for being of a somewhat reserved and eccentric disposition. One Sunday morning, in April 1831, Geoffrey Randell was crossing the market-place of Cirencester, on his way to church, when he met one of the servants from Rendcombe Park, who to his surprise had been despatched for the letters instead of his brother. From this person he learnt the afflicting intelligence that John had suddenly disappeared the day before, and no one knew whither he had gone. Geoffrey instantly repaired to Rendcombe to obtain such information respecting his brother's flight as might, he hoped, lead to a discovery of the route he had taken. Nothing satisfactory, however, could be learned, and all subsequent inquiry was equally fruitless. Days, weeks, months passed away, and no tidings of John Randell were received. At length it was supposed that he had gone to America, as he had often expressed a wish to do so, for many persons were at that time emigrating. So strong was this belief in the family, that from every person who was known to be going to the new world, a promise was exacted that they would seek out the lost young man, and if they found him, communicate by letter with his brother or parents. In the autumn of the same year Geoffrey

Randell had occasion to go to the Isle of Wight, and actually made a point of visiting all the American merchantmen in Portsmouth harbour, in the hope of finding his brother amongst their crews; but his search was in vain.

Years passed away, and no tidings having been received, less pleasing conjectures were formed as to the fate of John Randell. In the meantime the rest of the family were dispersed, being called away from their native place by their various avocations. Sophia, the eldest sister, filled a situation first at Henley-on-Thames, and next at Hurst in Berkshire. Elizabeth, another sister, lived at Gosport, near Portsmouth. These, with Geoffrey, were the immediate and chief actors in the story; for Amy, the youngest sister, and the brothers Moses and Alfred, were so situated as to be out of the reach of the deception practised on the other relations.

The scene of the continuation of this true story is laid at Hurst. Sophia Randell had made the acquaintance of a young man named Holloway, a blacksmith—an acquaintance which ended some time afterwards in matrimony. One evening in April 1836, exactly five years after John Randell's disappearance, Holloway, being in a public-house at Hurst, was forcibly struck by the likeness which the features of a stranger who was in the room bore to those of his intended, Sophia Randell. Having heard about her lost brother, he immediately asked the man if his name were Randell, and if he did not come from the neighbourhood of Cirencester? The stranger replied in the negative, adding, that his name was James Hains, and that he was a native of Warwickshire. This did not satisfy Holloway, who, on pressing him more closely, got the stranger to admit that he knew something of Gloucestershire. When other questions were put, he prevaricated, and young Holloway was much strengthened in his conviction that the man was John Randell. To make sure, however, he made an appointment to meet him on the following evening, and in the morning told his father what had happened, desiring him to go to the house and see the stranger. This Mr Holloway senior did, and declared on his return that 'he would swear it was Sophia's brother, if he were among a thousand people.' The appointment at night was duly kept, but for some time the stranger refused to satisfy young Holloway's inquiries. It happened, however (whether by accident or design, is not mentioned), that the landlady, in setting out his supper, placed the knife on the left-hand side, upon which he exclaimed, 'I will have my supper, but am not left-handed.' Holloway caught at this, and retorted, 'No, but you know your sister Sophia is!' Upon this the man said that it was useless to deny it any longer: he was her brother.

At this announcement young Holloway bestowed every proper mark of regard upon his new friend, and insisted on his becoming his guest in his father's house, whither they both retired. The next day the lover set out for a neighbouring village, where Sophia Randell was staying, to communicate the news to her. Having done his best to prepare her for the interview, he accompanied her to his father's house. Here she was introduced to one whom she supposed to be her long-lost brother. The scene was affecting, for the young man wept, and declared he fully repented of the past, while the young woman—being completely deceived by the appearance and manner of the youth—was so much agitated that she swooned. When she had sufficiently recovered, she wrote to her brother Geoffrey, and the contents of that letter will show the clever use the deceiver made of the facts he had caught up in conversation from Holloway and Sophia Randell concerning the individual he pretended to be. The episode is dated Hurst, April 19, 1836. 'You will scarcely believe, when you see the contents of my letter, that our dear and long-lost brother was lost and is found, dead and is alive again. My dear father and mother, I beg you will all make yourselves happy now, for he has been doing very well ever since he left home. His first start was to London, and there he en-

gaged himself to a butcher, where he continued nearly twelve months, and for a long time he has been with a horse-dealer. He has been something of everything, and he just got into a good place with a travelling family, but unfortunately was put into a damp bed, by which he took a violent cold, and was obliged to leave his service, as the family were going to France; and as the Almighty had so ordered it, they happened to be staying at Hurst when he was taken ill, but thank God he was taken good care of. His master paid him a month's wages and his doctor's bill, and provided him with everything he wanted. I think they behaved very well to him indeed. We have no one to thank for finding him but the blacksmith, whom I have sometimes before mentioned in my letters. I have always told you I had found a father and mother at Hurst, and now you have all every reason to join with me in your prayers for them, as they have now acted as a father and mother to our dear brother, as well as to me.' After detailing the circumstance of the accidental meeting of young Holloway and her supposed brother in the public-house, she proceeds:—'The first words poor John spoke to me was to ask for his dear father and mother, and then all of you. He sends his kindest love to you all. He is heartily sorry for what he has done, and begs you will all forgive him. He would have come home, but was obliged to go to London to meet a gentleman to whom he was hoping to be engaged as servant. I would tell you more, but my time now will not permit. I am sure you will all make yourselves happy now: and now, dear brother, pray let this letter go home as soon as possible, and write to me as soon as you can, as John is very anxious to hear from you all, and to know what is said about his being found, as I shall write to him in London. He has faithfully promised to write to me every two or three months, which will be a great comfort to us all. I cannot write more now, but will send all the particulars when I write again. Excuse my bad writing, as my hand shakes with joy. I am happy to say John has got comfortable lodgings in London, which he has made his home ever since he left me.—From your overjoyed sister, SOPHIA RANDELL.'

It was not true that the false John Randell had departed for London. He had induced the young woman to say so on some plausible plea, but in reality to avoid meeting Geoffrey at too early a stage of his deception, lest he should at once be discovered; for he had good reason to suppose that the elder Randell would have posted off to Hurst immediately to meet his lost brother. His great object now was to find out what relations he should lay claim to, and other circumstances connected with the family. This he managed to do, first, by conversations with Sophia and Holloway, and next by going to the post-office (at Twyford) and obtaining possession of the answers to her letter. These he opened, read, re-sealed, and delivered, owning laughingly to what he had done, and saying he was anxious to know the feelings of his family towards him. He remained several days at Hurst, hospitably entertained, Sophia and Mrs Holloway (the young blacksmith's mother) providing him at their joint expense with several new shirts and other articles of clothing. Hearing, however, that Geoffrey Randell was really on his way to meet him, the impostor set off to London; and not the least singular circumstance in this little romance is, that Geoffrey Randell arrived only one hour after he had taken his departure. Having learnt every particular from his sister, Randell proceeded to the metropolis, but only ascertained that his supposed brother bore a very bad character. In spite of every exertion, he did not meet with the young man, and returned to Cirencester without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Nearly two years elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the pretended John Randell; but on the 30th of December 1837 a letter was sent to Sophia, scrawled on three dirty pieces of paper. It was penned in Northampton jail, where the writer was confined under sentence of seven years' transportation. The Northampton

Herald, of December 30, 1837, contained the following under the Northampton Borough Sessions' Report:—'John Bryan [an alias adopted by the impostor] pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a watch, value twelve shillings, and a pair of boots, from a room at the Cross-Keys Inn, the property of the ostler. The prisoner had also been previously convicted for stealing several articles of wearing apparel from a stable at Leamington—seven years' transportation.' The epistle ran thus:—'John Randell to my sister Sophia—Little did I think of writing such a letter to you as this, dear sister; I hope it will find you, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends well, as it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect. Dear sister, I was taken on the second of October, and have been laying here in great distress ever since. Dear sister, this is the third time I have wrote to you, and received no answer. Dear sister, I hope you and my brothers will be friends to me at this time, as I am in great distress, and am sorry that, through my bad conduct, I am transported for seven years. Dear sister, I should be happy to see my brother Jeffery, but they will not admit any one to see me. Dear sister, I hope you and my brother will take it into consideration, and I hope you will not fret yourselves more than you can help. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will forgive me for all that is past, and be a friend to me in this distressing case; and I hope you will send me some money, and ask my brother Jeffery if he has got a greatcoat to send me whilst I am here, and when I leave I will write to you again. Dear sister, I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible, and grant the favours which I ask you for. Dear sister, I hope you will excuse this writing, as it is unbeknown to our Governor; we are obliged to make what shift we can. Dear sister, direct your letters to me for John Briou, County Gaol, Northampton, as I did not like to make use of my own name. Remember me to all inquiring friends: so I remain yours, John Randell; and though I have been absent in body, I have always been present in mind. Dear sister, do not make use of my name in your letter, as there is no one who knows it in this place. Be careful what you write in your letter, as the governor reads all letters that come in. I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible. I am in want of a little money.' This letter was enclosed to Geoffrey; and he wrote to the convict, who, in his reply (evidently the composition of a more skilled hand than the former scrawl), said, amongst other things, 'A combination of unfortunate circumstances has led me rapidly into that career of misconduct which now places me in the greatest wretchedness. Had I the good fortune to have met you in Berks, I should not be as I am now; I was not then tainted with the propensities to crime which have brought me to this deplorable condition. After I arrived in London, the gentleman I was with in Berks behaved very kind to me, and wished me to return to my friends at Cirencester. After I stated my case to him, he even offered to pay my coach hire to Cirencester; but having left you, my dear brother, under such unpleasant circumstances, I could not be prevailed upon to return. If you send me a greatcoat, you can make a parcel of it, and also a neck handkerchief, with a pair of worsted stockings, and a trifle of money, if you can, as I am utterly destitute. You can make them in a parcel, and take them to the coach-office, where you can book them for Northampton, and direct to John Randell, County Gaol, Northampton. So, dear brother, with the deepest contrition and sorrow for the trouble I give you, believe me, your ever affectionate, but unfortunate, brother,

JOHN RANDELL.

'Give my love to my father, mother, brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts, and all inquiring friends.'

Upon the receipt of this, Geoffrey sent a greatcoat, with several other articles of clothing, some useful books, two pounds ten shillings in money, and 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' Shortly afterwards, the convict was removed to Portsmouth, and put on board the Leviathan

hulk, and Geoffrey Randell determined to go and see him for the first time. We give an account of this interview in the author's own words:—'My brother had now been absent nearly seven years; therefore, going now as I did, under the full conviction that I was about to see him in the person of this convict, it may cease to be a matter of wonder that I should not discover the fraud, for what difference of features I beheld, I concluded they were now become fixed. My feelings certainly were highly excited to behold a relative in so degraded a position. One manœuvre I resorted to, in order to see if he remembered me; I stood and gazed intently at him without uttering a word, and when he spoke to me, his first words were, "Well, Geoffrey." 'Thus was I satisfied so far that I was not deceived. This was to me a most painful meeting; and when I took my departure, he sprang forward on the deck, and embraced me with the most seeming affection, and as I left the ship in a boat, he put his hand through the grating of a window, and waving it after me, bade me a parting adieu. I left him now thirty shillings, and various articles.'

Indeed, during the whole time the convict was at Portsmouth, he levied heavy contributions on the kind-hearted Geoffrey; and not only on him, but on Elizabeth Randell, who happened to be settled at Gosport, and who visited the impostor as often as was permitted by the authorities. She gave him several sums, besides allowing him, for two years, a shilling a-week to enable him to procure white bread, a luxury not included in the ordinary rations. Neither did the misplaced affection of these worthy people end here. Geoffrey, on returning home, addressed a letter to the secretary of state for the home department (Lord John Russell), praying for a mitigation of his imaginary brother's sentence. To this application it was answered by his lordship's secretary (May 16, 1838), that his lordship, on carefully considering the case, regretted 'there was no sufficient ground to justify him, consistently with his public duty, in advising her majesty to comply with the prayer thereof.' But the ardent wishes of Geoffrey Randell were not to be daunted by a first repulse. Since his conviction, the prisoner had addressed several letters to him, many of which contained—amidst artful solicitations for money—passages of apparent contrition. Geoffrey copied and embodied them in a second petition for a remission of the sentence; but in vain. A third application by G. Randell personally at the home office in September 1839 met with a more favourable reply. He was told that, if his supposed brother conducted himself as well as he had done hitherto, he would be restored to liberty in four years instead of seven. Early in January 1840 the convict was removed to Plymouth, there to serve for the remainder of his shortened term. During all this time constant applications for money were made, and granted.

In July 1841 G. Randell received a letter from the impostor, filled with the most ardent expressions of attachment, and communicating the pleasing intelligence that the writer was restored to liberty, but asking as usual for more cash. On the day after its receipt, Sophia and Elizabeth Randell sent for Geoffrey's perusal letters they had received, containing exactly the same words as that addressed to him. This looked like an endeavour to extract sums of money from each of the family without the other's knowledge. The kind-hearted Geoffrey, after first refusing, eventually sent ten shillings, with directions how to travel from Plymouth to Cirencester. The day came when Randell hoped to receive into his home a reformed, repentant brother. All the anxiety and expense he had suffered was to be repaid by the presence of the lost relation; but a new and bitter disappointment was in store. A letter came to Geoffrey Randell at the moment he was expecting his brother, dated Plymouth Jail. The impostor had again 'got into trouble,' and wanted five pounds for his defence on his trial. He had only been liberated sixteen days when he stole a check for fifty pounds, from the master of a ship. For

this robbery he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Nor did his crimes end here, for almost immediately after his condemnation he made his escape from prison, having first knocked down and robbed his jailer. A week after, the ruffian was retaken at Liskeard in Cornwall, brought back to Plymouth, finally tried for the new offence at the Exeter assizes, and sentenced to transportation for life. Despite all this, he had the hardihood still to send letters to Geoffrey Randell, containing solicitations for money; 'but,' says the latter, 'I never sent him any more. I have likewise destroyed the letters, for the sight of them brought continually to my mind feelings of the deepest remorse and regret, to think I had such a worthless relative; and, in fact, from that time, July 1841, until February 25, 1843, I scarcely ever enjoyed an hour's happiness; for his fate, of which I never had the slightest doubt, haunted me night and day.' Thus, more than a year and a half after the impostor had been sent out of the country, the Randell family continued to believe that he was their brother.

It is now necessary to relate the accident by which the delusion these worthy people had laboured under for five years was cleared up:—One day towards the close of 1842, two young men, who had known John Randell in their boyish days, were walking through a street in Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, when one of them seeing a person at a distance, declared him to be John Randell. He knew him, he said, by his walk, which was very like that of old Mr Randell. His companion, on closer inspection of the individual pointed out, at once exclaimed, 'Yes, that is John Randell!' They afterwards made themselves known; and Randell invited them home, where he introduced them to his wife. Upon this Mrs John Randell wrote to her husband's father, and the letter having been sent to Geoffrey, he lost no time in answering it, 'asking,' to use his own words, 'many questions of a family nature, which I knew a stranger could not answer; for I could not possibly believe that it could have come from my brother, whom I considered to have been banished for ever. To this letter I received a most satisfactory reply. My next step was to write to propose a meeting, either for me to go to Wolverhampton, or my brother to come home. To the latter he acceded.' The brothers met on the 25th of February 1843. 'I confess,' Geoffrey continues, 'I could not satisfy myself that it was my brother until I had conversed with him on several topics; so completely was my imagination beclouded with the thought that he was dragging out, in a far distant clime, a miserable existence in hopeless captivity. It was to me and all my friends, when fully persuaded of my brother's identity, a source of unfeigned joy, and, I trust, of gratitude to a merciful God, to learn that he had not only never been in disgrace, or placed in unpleasant circumstances during his absence, but had both been steady in his conduct and fortunate in his situation of life.' After leaving Sir W. B. Guise's in April 1831, John had supported himself creditably; for seven years he had continued in one service near Wolverhampton, had saved between one and two hundred pounds, and was in a creditable situation when he visited his native home in 1843.

It would seem surprising that John Randell had not once communicated with his friends during the twelve years of his absence. In answer to a remark to this effect made by Geoffrey, he replied, 'that it was what he had long earnestly desired; but he felt ashamed to come, as he had remained so long without communicating with his friends.' The feelings of the whole family must have been intensely gratifying, first at having found a long-lost son and brother, and next at finding him to be a respectable member of society, instead of such a wretch as the impostor who had been mistaken for him. 'I have been repeatedly asked,' says Geoffrey Randell, in concluding his narrative, "'who was this man?" which question I am utterly unable to answer,

as I have not the remotest idea who he is, or from whence he came.'

Every one will be struck with the well-intentioned benevolence of each of the individuals imposed on by the false brother. Geoffrey never ceased to succour and assist him till his bad conduct would have rendered it a crime to do so any longer. We cannot help pointing out that little trait of feeling (which would have softened any heart but that of an utterly irreclaimable villain) which Geoffrey evinced in sending with the first parcel of clothes and money 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' In another place this kind-hearted person, so far from regretting the losses he had sustained, says of the fellow who had duped him—'What I did for his comfort I regret not in the least; for the sacrifice of that is now much more than counterbalanced, in having discovered that my brother is not the outcast and degraded character I had considered him to be.' The ready help rendered by Sophia (now Mrs Holloway) at the beginning of the imposture; the additional comfort supplied by Elizabeth at the hulks—all show this to be an extremely benevolent and excellent family. These considerations render the little story of real life as affecting as it is singular.

PREFACES AND ADDRESSES.

THE origin of prefaces involves a pleasant bit of antiquity. Nares, in his excellent *Glossary*, says that *proface* was long a 'familiar exclamation of welcome at a dinner or other meal, equivalent to "much good may it do you";' from what language derived, was long uncertain; but he gives etymological evidence that 'we had it from the Norman romance language.' In a quaint old letter, we read—

'Thus, *proface* ye with the *proface*.'

In Shakspeare's *Henry IV*, we have—

'Sweet sir, sit—most sweet sir, sit—*proface*.'

and in one of Heywood's epigrams—

'Reader, read this thus; for *proface*, *proface*,
Much good may it do you.'

This old hospitable welcome of *proface* is forgotten at our feasting, but is still found at the threshold of books, inviting us to a banquet for the mind. Prefaces would soon be out of fashion, however, if authors and editors could be convinced of the truth of the old proverb, that 'good wine needs no bush,' and that no apology nor recommendation of theirs can give character to the dishes they have prepared, unless these possess the merit of pleasing the taste and gratifying the appetite. Many authors find it exceedingly difficult to write a good preface to their own books; while some few have been celebrated for their skill in this species of composition. Dr Johnson wrote the preface to Dodsley's *Precursor*, and to various other works.

The prefaces of old books are remarkably quaint and amusing, and generally written in an off-hand careless style. An ancient almanac in the Harleian Collection has the following preface:—'*To all who buy Almanacks, Gentlemen; a good New year to ye; and I believe you wish the like to us too, for that is but manners; but this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sheets were printed for nothing? No: the bookseller swears that if he thought you would not have bought um, he would never have published um; and he swears further; that if you dont buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus, you see, 'tis in your power either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell.*' Geoffrey Whitney, in offering his delightful *Emblems* (1586), says, 'Trusting that my good-will shall be weighed as well as the work, and that a pearly shall not be looked for in a poor man's purse, I submit my doings herein to your censures.' In a poetical address, signed S. G., prefixed to William Stokes's *Vauling-Master* (1652), horse exercise is thus recommended:—

'This to your weakened limbs will strength restore,
Making that brawne that was but veal before.'

A scarce work, entitled *Theoremata Theologica*, or Theological Treatises, by Robert Vilvain of Excester (1654), has these two lines by way of preface:—

'If critics aught in reading shall offend,
Know that I nought but weighty things intend.'

John Bunyan, in the poetical preface to the second part of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, says—

'Now may this little book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me;
And may its buyer have no cause to say
His money is but lost or thrown away.'

The first edition of that excellent work, *Puckle's Club*, in a *Dialogue between Father and Son*, has the following verses appended to it:—

'Go, little book, and show the fool his face,
Tell knave his picture, and the sot his case;
To each youth what is, and what's not fit,
And teach to such as want, sobriety and wit.'

Archbishop Parker's version of the *Psalms* is introduced by a preface consisting of fifty verses of rhyme, only a short specimen of which we need quote:—

'Herein because : all men's delight,
Bene diverse found in mind :
I turned the Psalmes : all whole in sight,
In rhythms of divers kind.

And where at first : I secret meant,
But them myself to sing :
Yet friends' requests : made me relent,
Thus them abroad to bring.

Us song should move : as sprite thereby,
Might tunes in concord sing :
God grant these psalms : may edifie,
'That is the chiefest thing.'

John Marston's *Metamorphoses of Pygmalion's Image*, and *Certain Satyres* (1598), has this curious address:—"To the world's mightie monarch, GOOD OPINION, sole regent of affection, perpetual ruler of judgment, most famous justice of censures, onely giver of honour, great procurer of advancement, the world's chiefe balance, the all of all, and all in all, by whom all things are that they are—I humbly offer this MY POEM:—"

Thou sole of pleasure, honour's onely substance,
Great arbitrator, umpire of the earth,
Whom fleshy pleasures call vertue's essence—
Thou moving orator, whose powerful breath
Swaves all men's judgments, GUESS OPINION!
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection, &c.

Some works contain addresses not to the public, but to the bookseller. In Gen's *Poetic Sketches* (1808) is the following:—

'Thy spirit, groaning like th' encumbered block
Which bears my works, deplores them as dead stock.
Take up the volumes, every care dismiss,
And smile, gruff Gorgon, while I tell thee this
Not one shall lie neglected on the shelf;
All shall be sold—I'll buy them in myself.'

A rare and witty little book, entitled *The House of Correction, or certain Satyricall Epigrams*, written by J. H., together with a few characters, called *Par Parr*, or like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier (1619), consoles the bookseller in these words:—

'Nay, fear not, bookseller, this book will sell;
For be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will que buy it: but say it be ill,
All will que buy it too; thus thou sell'st still.'

Robert Heath's scarce little book of *Epigrams* (1650) has this admonitory address:—

'TO MY BOOKSELLER.
I've common made my book, 'tis very true;
But I'd not have thee prostitute it too;
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall
To tempt the buyer: nor boast it on each wall
And corner post, close underneath the play
That must be acted at Blackfriars that day:
Nor fee some herring crier for a groat,
To voice it up and down with tearing throat:
Nor bid thy 'prentice read it and admire,
That all f' the shop may what he reads inquire:
No: proffered wares do smell. I'd have thee know
Pride scorns to beg—modestie fears to woo.'

From this curious extract we learn that, nearly two centuries ago, the announcements of new works were stuck up or placarded under the playbills of the time.

THE SNOWDROP, DAISY, AND DANDELION.

In a recently published address on the value of Natural History as a branch of education, Mr R. Patterson of Belfast thus alludes to the above flowers: 'Let us examine some of our common flowers—let us take, for instance, the one which is the firstling of the year—the snowdrop. Its

drooping head and its snowy blossom make it seem peculiarly delicate and fragile—

"Coldly pure and pale,
Like weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale."

It comes forth amid the storms of winter, and yet looks as if the first breath of the rising gale would destroy it for ever. But this is not the fact: its apparent weakness constitutes, in reality, its strength; from its seeming fragility arises its power of resistance. The head droops, the three outer leaves of the blossom, to use the ordinary and popular terms, overhang the other portion of the flower, and, like a penthouse, fling off every drop of rain. The stalk, by which the blossom is attached to the stem, is so extremely slight, that it does not impede its turning with every change of wind. From whatever point, therefore, the gale blows, the flower presents its back to the blast, and, thus protected alike from wind and rain, it lives unhurt in the midst of all the inclemencies of winter.

But the snowdrop is here known only as a garden-flower. Let us turn to some of those which are everywhere common. Let us, for example, take the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" which sparkles our meads and pastures. Many are the poets who have paid to it their homage; none more gracefully than Montgomery:—

"'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies."

Those who have all their lives been looking at this flower, but who have never examined it with the discriminating eye of the botanist, may perhaps be surprised to hear that it is not the simple thing for which they take it; that it is not, in fact, one flower, but a numerous assemblage of flowers growing together, and enclosed in one common flower-cup or calyx. Every one of the minute roundish yellow parts which form the centre of the daisy is, to all intents and purposes, a distinct flower, and produces its own distinct and separate seed. Every one of the flat, white, "crimson-tipped" portions, which give to the daisy its star-like aspect, is also a distinct flower. Is not this fact strange in itself? But more strange are the beneficent contrivances by which the safety of this humble plant is secured. Its white rays fold closely over the yellow disc at night, and also during rain, and thus serve as a protection to the precious pollen, on which the fertilisation of the plant depends. This is in itself a beautiful provision for plants which grow in humid and uncertain climates. When once the important object for which this precaution is needful has been attained, the petals lose sensitiveness, and close no longer. A new provision now comes into operation. The seeds are formed; but that they may not be endangered during the process of ripening, the calyx or flower-cup contracts, shields them from the weather until they are fully matured, then expands, and, bending downwards on the stalk, facilitates their escape.

'Let us take up another common flower—let us take one which is common everywhere, even by our dusty waysides—the despised dandelion. It resembles the daisy in being an assemblage of distinct florets, and in the precautions, different, but not less effectual, for the safety of the unripened seeds. But when the seeds are ripe, we behold a singular and beautiful apparatus employed for their dispersion—a winged appendage has been supplied to each. From every seed springs a stalk or shaft, surmounted by a star of down of the most delicate texture: a breath, as every child knows, is sufficient for their dispersion; and, carried along by the winds of heaven, the seed is scattered abroad over the earth.

If, by the communication of these and similar facts, which each can verify for himself, we can bring the young to look with admiration not only on the beauty of flowers, but on the skill and wisdom manifested in their structure, we enable them more justly to appreciate the passage, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow," and so far we aid in the elucidation of a text of Scripture.'

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions for which others

are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your 'tale of symptoms,' and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer; but depend upon it he is not your friend.—*Emfield.*

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to chastity of sentiment. *First*, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon that no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving a manifold offence. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences; the more they are advanced in civilisation, the more they consult this part of politeness. *Secondly*, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age, itself, is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health, and that several vices both of mind and body are inconsistent with the habit of it. In the *third* place, it bears a great analogy with chastity of sentiment, and naturally inspires refined feelings and passions. We find from experience that through the prevalence of custom the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us, while, on the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples fly from the first appearance of what is shocking; and thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by these objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.—*Addison.*

A BACHELOR BLACKBIRD.

The following curious anecdote is related by Mr Saul of Fortgreen Cottage, near Gurstang, in a late number of the Zoologist:—'Last year a male blackbird resided in my orchard, and, as it appeared, failed in finding a mate. As early as February he began building a nest under some long leaves by the side of a fenny place, having first scratched away a little earth in order to make a level site for the nest. When the nest was finished, it was completely concealed from the sight, and protected from rain, by the long leaves bending over it; so close was one of the leaves, that the bird had to lift it up every time he went in or out, a feat I frequently watched him perform. About two weeks after this nest was completely finished, the same bird built a second in another part of the orchard; and in this second nest I often saw him sitting later in the season. When the leaves were on the trees, he built a third nest in a thorn-bush. During the time he was engaged in these three nests he would continually perch in one of the highest trees in the orchard, and send forth his rich and melodious song, as if to invite a partner to join in his family cares, but always without success.' And served him right too, for his atrocious disregard of the rules of politeness and gallantry. What would society think of the ladies were they so facile as to be wheedled into copartnery in this style—tempting as the mansion might be to which

they were invited—without the proper attentions, anxieties, jealousies, protestations, and so forth, which make up the sum-total of legitimate courtship?

RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut; and so cuts, that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE PASSING RAILWAY TRAIN.

Poetry is creation; whose planned
Railways—the mighty veins and arteries,
And telegraphic wires, the nerves of nations,
And fiery engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight, or ploughing through the seas
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife;
Promethean spirits conquering time and space,
And quickening all the pulses of their race
Throughout one vast organic globe of life,
Made rich by them with wonderful creations,
Such as the opiate fancy never dreamed,
Even in *Arcturion*—poets should be deemed,
If any should; for poetry is 'making'
As well as writing—to be seen no less than said.

Lo! here is poetry—the Railway Train!
First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass.
The mighty moving arm; and on and on
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarcely seen; so much the roaring speed begets
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
A way, a way, along the horizon
Like a lifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance, melting into space.

Manchester, 24th July.

H. H.

MENTAL ENJOYMENT.

If I am regardless of sensual comforts and pleasures, if I am not greedy of dainties, if I sleep little, &c. the reason is, because I spend my time more delightfully in things whose pleasure ends not in the moment of enjoyment, and that also make me hope for an everlasting reward. Besides, thou knowest that when a man sees that his affairs go ill, he is not generally very gay; and that, on the contrary, they who think to succeed in their designs, whether in agriculture, traffic, or any other undertaking, are very contented in their minds. Now, dost thou believe that from anything whatsoever there can proceed a satisfaction like that of believing that we improve daily in virtue?—*Socrates.*

FALSE HUMILITY.

It is a false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for everybody can do something. Everybody can set a good example, be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; everybody has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life.—*Miss Talbot.*

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'ADVICE TO THE POOR GRATIS.'

THE medical profession obtains deserved esteem for the liberality with which it acts upon this notification; but such generosity is not confined to the professors of the healing art—unless, indeed, we are to take the profession as one embracing in some sense all mankind, which would be so far justifiable, as almost everybody conceives himself to be able to cure his neighbours. It may be said of the whole community, with little violence to truth, that they are willing to give advice to the poor gratis. No one grudges his advice. It is a ready money which all have in ample store, and are ever prepared to disburse. Nay, the public may even be said in this respect to exceed the medical men in bounty, for they are willing to give advice to the rich, as well as to the poor, gratis.

To put this to the proof, announce your being afflicted with so simple an ailment as the toothache. Are you not sure, in that case, to get an advice on the subject from every one who may be in the company at the moment? No. 1 cries, 'Have it out.' 'By no means,' says No. 2; 'why part with a tooth which may yet serve you? Have it stopped up.' No. 3 suggests creosote; No. 4 laudanum; No. 5 brandy; to which No. 6 will perhaps add—'and water.' Others will recommend—hot fomentations, external applications of ice, chamomile flowers, flannel bandages, ginger, tincture of myrrh, essence of cloves, and peppermint lozenges. The hydropathist tells you to sleep in a wet sheet, and the homœopathist to take an invisible dose of poison; whilst a facetious friend will in all probability throw the whole code of counsel into the shade, by producing that much-worn jest of Joe Miller, which recommends you to fill your mouth with cold water, and sit on a fire till it boils. A burn or scald is the subject of an equal amount of contradictory but gratuitous advice. One tells you to hold the sore to the fire, giving as a philosophical reason, 'that it draws out the heat'; perhaps upon Dr Hanneman's principle of *similia similibus curantur*. Others severally suggest the application of cold cream, raw potatoes, flour, scraped lint, turpentine, wadding, pomatum, spirits of wine, and, in short, a hundred things all different from each other. In the case of an accident in the street, a different piece of advice is equally sure to proceed from some dozen of the bystanders. Verily, the regular men with diplomas are far from being the only people who give advice on medical matters gratis.

So also with other afflictions. Who ever experienced any downcasting misfortune, but he was sure to receive a vast quantity of good advice as to the conduct which he ought to pursue upon the occasion? Some advise means of repairing or overcoming the evil. Others are sedulous to make the unfortunate person aware that

misfortunes must be submitted to. They advise him to bear, which is a very remarkable kind of advice, since it is almost impossible for the advised party to help following it. Unfortunate and poor people of all kinds receive a vast quantity of good advice, of which, it is to be feared, they do not always make a good use. The rich have no wish to conceal from them the arts by which they themselves have thriven, but, on the contrary, are perpetually advising them as to the proper means for improving their circumstances. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to take advantage of these hints. A widow with a large family may be imagined visiting a wealthy brother-in-law, to lay before him a statement of her unfortunate circumstances. He receives her with the most affectionate urbanity, condoles with her misfortunes, admits their extent and severity, and promptly comes forward to relieve her distresses, before she has even had time to ask it, with—his advice. He counsels her, in the kindest and blandest tones, by all means to procure her eldest daughter a situation. He suggests the expediency of getting one of her boys into some asylum for orphans. Then for herself, a house-keeper's situation in a nobleman's family is exactly suitable. Admirable advice this, could a widow with few friends and no influence contrive to follow it. As things stand, it is of about as much use to her as that of a certain fashionable physician is to his pauper patients, when, from sheer force of habit, he advises them 'to take a little claret-whey, with occasional carriage exercise.' Still, the intention of the giver of the advice was the same. It is not his blame that the widow cannot profit by his benevolent recommendations. And it must be admitted that, for one good advice which falls to the ground, from the inability of the patient to act upon it twenty are lost through his mere stupidity, or his self-conceit.

Even to be poor only in experience or sense, is sufficient to draw forth a large share of this form of benevolence. Only appear a little irresolute about your course, or fearful of not proving competent for what you are entering upon—be young, be frivolous, be accessible, or simple—and you are sure to have twenty persons of immense sagacity and knowledge of the world immediately around you, offering, nay, pressing upon you, advice gratis. 'John, if you are wise, choose the law; you have a bachelor uncle high in the profession.' 'William, avoid that family of the Scampers; the young lady would never make a proper wife for you.' 'You're a young man, Thomas; take a situation as a clerk, and don't go into business for yourself for some years yet.' You publish a juvenile volume of poems, and twenty critics, in the greatest concern for your interests, immediately advise you to desert the dangerous society of the Muses: Byron himself received such an advice from the Edinburgh Review. 'It is our desire,' said his lord-

ship's benevolent censor, 'to counsel him that he forthwith abandon poetry.' There would be a vast deal more good advice given to thoughtless and inexperienced persons than what is, were there always good opportunities of presenting it. But, in a great majority of cases, it is found quite impossible to get the advice offered. For example, a merchant is entering upon an adventure which all other people believe will be ruinous. Hundreds are saying, 'If I only could get him advised, he might be saved from ruin.' They fear to offend, and keep their advice to themselves. A gentleman with obscure perceptions of arithmetic, and large capacities of enjoyment, is overspending his income, and hopelessly encumbering his estate. Every other gentleman in the county is brimful of advice suitable for him, but dreads uttering it, lest it be taken amiss. A young lady is understood to be engaged to marry a young gentleman who is thought, by all besides his intended's family, to be unworthy of her. All declare their eagerness to advise against the match, but refrain from similar motives. Thus an incredible quantity of good advice is pent up, and utterly lost; which all must hold as very much to be deplored.

While Advisativeness is a feature in all characters, there are some in whom it is unusually well developed. Impressed with a strong sense of their superior intelligence and wisdom, they are eager to diffuse the benefits of these qualities amongst their less gifted fellow-creatures. Being so fortunate as to be always right in their views and opinions, they labour to force these upon the attention of all who they think may be the better of them. Mention to one of this select corps that you have been insuring upon your life in the *Magnum Bonum Mutual Life-Assurance Society*—'Oh, my dear sir,' he will say, 'let me advise you to sell out there, and take a policy in the *Royal Proprietary*.' You inquire why, and learn, 'I insure in that office.' Supposing you mention a school to which you are going to send your sons, he will, with equal anxiety for your good, advise you to send them to a certain other seminary—for why? 'My boys go there.' After a brief argument on some speculative subject (advisers do not like long arguments), he will cut short all with—'Let me advise you, as a friend, to give up these eccentric sentiments; they cannot but be fatal to your prosperity in life.' You vainly endeavour to get any reason from him beyond, 'I think very differently.' Men of this kind are well known to ministers of state, conductors of literary works, and public men in general, in consequence of their being so eager to extend to all persons in critical situations the benefit of their extraordinary sapience. Her majesty's advisers are probably the most advised of all men. Without any exact knowledge of the fact, but judging from mere general appreciation of human nature, I would venture to say, under a considerable penalty, if wrong, that the Home Secretary does not get less than twenty letters of the most profound advice per diem, at an average. These gentlemen it is who write letters to the Bench of Bishops in the newspapers, advising how to rescue the church from those dangers to which it is so much accustomed. It is they who recommend proper sites for all public monuments. They are also great in deciding on the comparative merits of contending lines of proposed railways—matters on which they cannot but be disinterested, seeing that they have not a pound of stock in either, but are only anxious to discriminate as to how other people should spend their money. Such a monitor-general deems no subject too humble for the exercise of his gift. He is as ready to advise ladies how to extirpate warts, as generals how to fight battles. He tells a housekeeper by what means she may save a shilling a-month in the purchase of coffee, with the same gravity as he writes a letter in the papers to the chancellor of the exchequer, developing to him a first-rate plan for paying off the national debt. Sent into the world to scatter advice over it broadcast, it is nothing to him how it falls, or where it

germinates. Only let him say, 'I would advise you,' and he is content.

How lamentable to think that scarcely any of the advice that is thus sown so liberally comes to any good. 'Advice to the poor gratis' is a notification which were as well not made, for nobody takes advantage of it. Where lies the cause of this sad waste and misexpenditure of good counsel? Is it not in the fatal word *gratis*? All know well that things to be had for nothing are never esteemed. But put a price on anything, and mankind instantly begin to imagine there must be some value in it. Let me for once, then, be an adviser, and recommend my sage friends to cease giving counsel gratis. Let them assign a scale of fees for good admonitions, and upon no account ever give the *quid* till they have touched the *quo*; and they may be assured that none of their recommendations will ever then be allowed to fall to the ground.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

From Patterdale to Ambleside, a small town situated at the head of Windermere, is a distance of ten miles. The first part of the road, as far as Brothers' Water (a mountain tarn which is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of two brothers having been drowned in it), winds through level meadows skirted by hanging woods and lofty mountains, down whose sides

'A hundred torrents rend their furious way.'

but the remainder of the way lies through a rugged pass, truly Alpine in its character, and winds along a contracted valley, with a lofty and naked mountain impending on the left. A steep and difficult path, by the side of which a torrent tumbles and foams over its rocky channel, leads to the summit of this famous pass, where we find Kirkstone, a huge fragment of rock,

'whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage pass its name.'

Besides its picturesque attractions, this spot is interesting as having been the way by which the Roman legions must have passed on their march to the station at Ambleside. The whole scene is solemn, and profoundly impressive. At a height so great, it may be easily supposed that the tumults of the world have been left far behind, and that no sound of human life breaks in upon the intense and awful solitude that reigns for ever in this romantic pass. And the traveller is fully prepared to say, with Wordsworth, in his fine stanzas on this memorable place—

'Within the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
 Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills;
Where, save the rugged rock, we find
No apparance of human kind,
Nor hint of man. * * *
Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bonn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide.'

The descent from the small spot of table-land at the summit to the town of Ambleside at the foot of the mountain, a distance of three miles, is sudden, precipitous, and in some places frightfully steep, and not a little dangerous; for the road being only the original mountain track of shepherds, gradually widened and improved from age to age, is carried over ground which no engineer even in Alpine countries would have viewed as practicable. The views of Windermere and the valley of Ambleside obtained during the descent are very fine.

The small market-town of Ambleside is built in pleasing irregularity on the side of a hill commanding charming prospects of the parks of Rydal and Brathay, and the lake of Windermere. It stands upon the spot formerly occupied by the Roman station, *Dictis*, and is surrounded by mountains on all sides ex-

cept towards the south-west. The situation is peculiarly delightful, and its beauty is heightened by the presence of the rivers Rothay and Brathay, the two principal feeders of Windermere lake. Ambleside is one of the few places where the annual custom of rush-bearing, which once prevailed in most parts of England, still lingers. The garlands of rushes, which are formed with great taste and elegance by the young women of the village, are deposited in the church on a Saturday, and remain there during divine service on the Sunday, when each girl takes her respective garland, and all the bearers walk in procession, preceded by a band of music. The origin of this simple ceremony must be traced back to those primitive times when the floors of churches were unpaved, and a covering of rushes was employed to protect the feet from the damp earth. The strewing of rushes was not, however, confined to churches; private houses and even palaces had no better garniture for their floors in the olden times. In 'Newton's Herbal to the Bible,' mention is made of 'sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in sommertime to strawe their parlors and churches.' Hensler, in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says, 'The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hug*, meaning rushes; and Shakespeare, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, speaks of those who

'Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.'

It became of course necessary at intervals to clear away the old covering, and strew fresh rushes in its place, and the annual renewal of the rushes was converted into a festival, and was attended with various ceremonies and rejoicings. In some few places the ceremonial has been preserved to the present day.

A mile from Ambleside is

'Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,'

with all its bays and promontories reposing in gentle yet stately beauty. Windermere is about twelve or fourteen miles long, and from one to two in breadth, and sweeps like a majestic river with an easy bend between low points and eminences that, shaded with wood, and often embellished with villas, swell into hills cultivated to their summits. For several miles along the western shore, however, a range of rocky fells rises over the water, and on the north, the lofty mountains which surround the head of the lake are disposed with uncommon grandeur of outline and magnificence of colouring. Two miles from Ambleside we reach Lowood Inn, a favourite residence of visitors to the lakes, delightfully situated on a small bay, and commanding a magnificent view of the whole upper part of Windermere. Close at hand is a small villa called Dove's Nest, which will be viewed with interest as having been at one time the residence of the late Mrs Hemans; and at no great distance, perched on the hill-side, is Elleray, the property of Professor Wilson, which, in the words of its owner,

'rests upon the brow
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orrest Hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below,
Her green recesses and her islands still.'

A mile and a half from Lowood is one extremity of the 'long vale-village' of Troutbeck, remarkable for the rude picturesqueness of its many-chimneyed cottages, with their numberless gables and slate-slab porticos. 'The cottages,' says Christopher North, 'stand for the most part in clusters of twos and threes, with here and there what in Scotland is called a *clachan*—many a *śma* town within the *ae lang* town—but where, in all broad Scotland, is a mile-long scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropped down where the painter and the poet would have wished to place them, on knolls and in dells, on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks, and all bound together in picturesque confusion by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards rich as those of

the Hesperides?' Great part of the land in this neighbourhood is in the hands of a class of small proprietors, locally termed 'statesmen,' in whose families the same properties have been hereditary for many hundred years. They are a sturdy independent race, distinguished for the possession of many virtues, which in not a few cases are unfortunately alloyed by an inveterate propensity to litigation. It is stated by one well acquainted with their character, that of 'all the people that on earth do dwell,' your Troutbeck statesmen are the most litigious and most quarrelsome about straws. Not a footpath in all the parish that has not cost a hundred pounds in lawsuits. The most insignificant stile is referred to a full bench of magistrates. That gate was carried to the Quarter Sessions. No branch of a tree can shoot six inches over a march wall, without being indicted for a trespass. And should a frost-loosened stone tumble from some *shires* down upon a neighbour's field, he will be served with a notice to quit before next morning. Many of the small properties hereabouts have been mortgaged over head and ears to fee rascally attorneys. Yet the last hoop of apples will go to the land sharks, and the statesman, driven at last from his paternal fields, will sue for something or another, *in forma pauperis*, were it but the worthless wood and second-hand nails that may be destined for his coffin.

Pursuing our route along the eastern margin of Windermere, many exquisite views are obtained of the lake, the whole length of which stretches out before us,

'With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds.'

'There is not,' says the author already quoted, 'such another splendid prospect in all England. The lake has much of the character of a river, without losing its own. The islands are seen almost all lying together in a cluster—below which all is loveliness and beauty—above, all majesty and grandeur. Bold or gentle promontories break all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage or cottages embowered in trees; and while the whole landscape is of a sylvan kind, parts of it are so laden with woods, that you see only here and there a wreath of smoke, but no houses, and could almost believe that you are gazing on the primeval forests.' About two miles from Lowood we reach the mansion-house of Calgarth, which we looked upon with deep interest for the sake of the illustrious dead, for there long dwelt Bishop Watson, 'the Defender of the Faith; and there, within the shadow of his memory, still dwell those dearest on earth to his beatified spirit.' From Calgarth to Rayrig is almost a continuous forest, but interspersed with glades, and occasionally enlivened with open uplands. At this part of our route the road proceeds along a terrace, 'to which,' says Professor Wilson, 'there was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains not only in Westmoreland, but—believe us—in all the world.' Passing through the stately woods of Rayrig, we reach the pretty village of Bowness, which has been not inaptly termed 'the capital port town of the lakes.' It stands upon the edge of a large bay, and with its irregular roofs, white, blue, gray, green, brown, and black walls, its fruit-laden trees, central church tower, and enviroining groves, presents a most picturesque appearance. The church is an ancient edifice, with a square tower, and a large and curiously painted chancel window, which originally belonged to Furness Abbey. It is divided into seven compartments, and exhibits sketches of Scriptural subjects, Roman Catholic superstitious, ancient legends, and armorial bearings of several noble families. Entering the church, it was impossible not to feel the beauty of the lines in which it has been described by Wordsworth in the 'Excursion':—

'Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;

With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed
Like leafless undelimited 'mid some thick grove
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the wall—
Each in its ornamental scroll enclosed;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls, and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared with emblems graven,
And footworn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

Here lie the earthly remains of Bishop Watson, distinguished only by a small plate containing a brief record of his name, age, and death. The finest edifice in Bowness is the school, which has been recently rebuilt on a most munificent scale by the late Mr Bolton of Storrs, and is only much too splendid for the purpose for which it was designed. The view from the front is exquisitely beautiful, comprising the whole of the upper half of the lake. The mountains round the head, into the recesses of which the waters seem to penetrate, arrange themselves in the most graceful forms, and the wooded heights of the opposite shore cast a deep shadow, upon 'the bosom of the steady lake.' Opposite Bowness is Belle Isle, the largest island in Windermere, upon which stands

'A Grecian temple rising from the deep,'

the residence of the proprietor, Mr Curwen. Belle Isle was formerly the property of the Philipsons, an ancient Westmoreland family, who were also owners of Calgarth. During the great civil war, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, had both espoused the royal cause. The elder, to whom the island belonged, was a colonel, and the younger a major, in the royal army. The latter, whose name was Robert, was a man of high and adventurous courage, and from some of his desperate exploits had acquired, amongst the Parliamentarians, the appellation of Robin the Devil. After the death of the king, though the war had subsided, private malice and the desire of revenge long kept alive the animosity of individuals. A certain Colonel Briggs, an officer in the Parliamentary army, resided at this time in Kendal, and under the double character of a leading magistrate and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was secreted in his brother's house on Belle Isle, went thither, armed with his double authority (for he was

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War as well as Peace),

with the view of making prisoner so obnoxious a person. The major, however, was on the alert, and gallantly stood a siege of eight or ten days, until his brother came to his relief. The attack being thus repulsed, the major was not a man who would sit down quietly under the injury he had received. He therefore raised a small band of horse, and set forth one Sunday morning in search of Briggs. Upon arriving at Kendal, he learned that the colonel was at prayers, and proceeding straight to the church, he posted his men at the entrance, and dashed forward himself down the principal aisle into the midst of the congregation. Whatever were his intentions—whether to carry his enemy off prisoner, or, as is more probable, to shoot him on the spot—they were defeated: the colonel was not present. The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them, and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round and galloped down the next aisle. As he was making his exit from the church, his head came violently in contact with the arch of the doorway, which was much smaller than that through which he had entered. His helmet was struck off by the blow, his saddle-girth gave way, and he himself was much stunned. The congregation, recovering from their astonishment, attempted to make him prisoner. But his followers made a furious

attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand one of those who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling on his men to follow him, and with his whole party succeeded in making good his retreat to his asylum in Belle Isle. The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil. This incident is referred to by Sir Walter Scott, as having furnished him with a hint for his description of a similar adventure in *Rokeby*, Canto VI.—the murder of Wycliffe by Bertram of Risingham.—

'All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed—
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned.
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddle bow his pistol drew;
Grinly determined was his look,
His charger with his spurs he strook.
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham
Three bounds that noble courser gave,
The first has reached the central nave;
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side * *
While yet the smoke the deed concealed,
Bertram his ready charger wheeled;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore;
And bursting in the headlong swif,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from monument's roof tance
All Wycliffe's soldiers walked at once,' &c.

Some distance below Belle Isle, at a place where the lake suddenly contracts, and where two promontories extend to meet each other, a public ferry has been established, of which we availed ourselves to reach the western shore. In crossing the lake, we obtained what was perhaps the most interesting view on Windermere, and could not but admire the extraordinary clearness of the water, through which we could see far below the inhabitants of its deep recesses as they played in shoals, or occasionally

'sporting with quick glance,
Showed to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.'

Near the ferry a pleasure house has been erected by Mr Curwen of Belle Isle, on a spot commanding fine views of the surrounding scenery. The prospect, however, requires a fine day in order to be seen to advantage. Its character is of that beauty which disappears almost utterly in wet or drizzly weather. Further to the south, but on the eastern shore, Storrs Hall, the fine mansion of Mrs Bolton, is seen standing on a promontory which projects into the lake. Its late owner, Mr Bolton, was the friend of Canning, who was in the habit of paying frequent visits to this enchanting spot to obtain a temporary rest from the cares and toils of public life. Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, gives a graphic description of one of these visits, to which the presence of Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, and Wilson, gave peculiar interest. 'It has not,' he says, 'I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was "high discourse," intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed, and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy transient pleasantries in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through

the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight, and the last day Professor Wilson ('the Admiral of the Lake,' as Canning called him) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried kind happy Mr Bolton and his guests. The three bards of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-forested islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators.

From this spot the lake gradually narrows, till it becomes in reality 'the river-lake,' and at a place called Newby Bridge, six miles from Storrs Hall, it finds an outlet in the river Leven, which carries its waters into Morecambe Bay.

SURETISHIP.

THE unpleasant nature of the obligation called suretiship need not be enlarged upon: it is universally felt and acknowledged. Yet there is a vast number of offices and situations to which parties are not eligible, unless they can bring forward satisfactory security for the sums which may be intrusted to them. Individuals, seeing friends thus depending for the means of a livelihood, or of advance in the world, upon obtaining guarantees for their intrusions, are often induced by humane feelings to undertake such obligations; and how frequently they suffer loss through this friendly act is but too well known. On the other hand, individuals who might obtain certain situations if they could give proper sureties, often fail to do so, from either their inability to get security, or their honourable dislike to ask a friend to undertake such a hazard in their behalf.

The intellectual progress of our country has at length furnished a solution of this class of difficulties. It has been found that, however uncertain may be the contingency of a fall before temptation in an individual, there is a determinate and regularly recurring number of such lapses out of a wide number of cases—the same principle holding here as in the annual criminal statistics of a country, which are always nearly uniform, allowing for progressive conditions. The idea of founding upon this natural fact a society for making suretiship a matter of business, was first explained to the public in the *Dublin Review* for August 1840, by the first writer of the day on this class of subjects, Augustus de Morgan. He showed that, 'if a thousand bankers' clerks were to club together to indemnify their securities, by the payment of one pound a-year each, and if each had given security for £500, two in each year might become defaulters to that amount, four to half the amount, &c. without rendering the guarantee fund insolvent; also that, 'if it be tolerably well ascertained that the instances of dishonesty (yearly) among such persons amount to one in five hundred, this club would continue to exist, subject to being in debt in a bad year, to an amount which it would be able to discharge in good ones.' In 1842, these ideas were realised by the establishment, under favour of an act of parliament, of 'The Guarantee Society, for providing security for the fidelity of persons in situations of trust, where securities are required, on payment of an annual premium; capital one hundred thousand pounds.' There

is something startling at first sight in such a society; but its advantages are readily discovered.

The first of these undoubtedly is its enabling a clerk or other salaried agent, of good character, to obtain at once, and without obligation to others, such security as he may require. To quote a pamphlet upon the subject,* which has fallen into our hands—'One or two instances of deserving individuals, debarred of their well-earned reward, may convince the reader of the serious hardship that the system of private suretiship often inflicts upon the deserving. They are selected from two very different ranks in life, and will be sufficient evidence of the truth of the position here laid down.

'First, with respect to the army. The reward for merit, accompanied with pecuniary advantage, is very limited in this branch of the public service. Suppose the officer to be educated in the military school, and immediately drafted into the army (which is a very common case), his whole life will have been spent either on service or in the barrack. He may have distinguished himself upon the field of battle, and obtained a company by exertion amidst the greatest dangers. To the veteran of this description the paymastership is the only pecuniary reward that can be enjoyed while upon active duty with his regiment. He is shipped from colony to colony, and the war-office authorities, anxious to afford substantial reward, may have the opportunity of offering him this appointment for services brought under their especial notice. In this case the most unexceptionable sureties are required to the amount of £2000, and hundreds of meritorious officers have reluctantly been forced to decline the office, which it would have greatly benefited them to accept, and gratified the authorities to have conferred. An example amongst officers of this standing is not wanting to acknowledge the importance of the honourable help to be obtained from the Guarantee Society, and the society itself is under obligation to the authorities of the war-office for the support given by them to the society in its infancy.

'The second case to which I would allude is of another class. A person who had entered the establishment of one of the large clubs, in the neighbourhood of St James's palace, upon daily pay, conducted himself with so much propriety, that he was gradually promoted to the office of assistant butler. The butler died, and as valuable articles were intrusted to his keeping, it was important that none but a trustworthy person should be appointed to the vacancy. The club was protected in this appointment by a bond to a considerable amount. The good character of the assistant-butler recommended him to the house committee, who unanimously selected him for the vacant office. The necessity of providing sureties, however, was an insuperable bar; the man had no friends of sufficient property to whom he could apply for such a favour. It was most desirable that his services should be secured, and as the Guarantee Society, which at that time had scarcely commenced business, offered the means of removing the difficulty, some members of the committee of management communicated with the society; inquiries confirmed the opinion of the good character of the man; the society became his sureties, and, a deserving, well-qualified person obtained his reward for good and faithful services.'

It also appears that the Guarantee Society furnishes security under circumstances which form a great improvement upon the private mode. It not only institutes a rigid investigation into the moral character of the applicant—rejecting him if there be any deficiency in this respect—but it exercises a care over the parties concerned, demanding that the employer shall exert due vigilance over the employed. Private parties, acting as

* Suretiship: the Dangers and Defects of Private Security, and their Remedies. By Charles Saunderson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1844.

securities, are usually prevented by delicacy from making any inquiry about the footing on which employer and employed may stand; and, when failure takes place, they are usually at a loss to ascertain how far the alleged defalcation is real; but the Guarantee Society is under no scruple on these points, and facts prove that it is well for them to be so. On the other hand, employers who conceive themselves to be amply protected by private sureties, often find that these either were fallacious at first, or in the course of time have become so, their minds being too much engrossed with other objects to admit of their exercising due care. But a society making suretiship a business, and possessing an ample capital, may be depended upon with absolute confidence.

Mr De Morgan, in the able paper which has been quoted, anticipated in some degree the objection, that security obtained on commercial principles from a society would exercise a less control over the moral feelings of the assured party than does a private guarantee. On this point Mr Saunderson is still more explicit, and we extract his observations in full. "The only consideration," he says, "which remains worthy of notice, is the effect that the introduction of this principle will have upon other general interests of the community, especially with regard to morality. The rarity of a prosecution by sureties sufficiently attests the weakness of the moral control that private suretiship exercises in the relations between the employed and their bondsmen. It is sufficient for the surety that he has incurred a heavy penalty; and it would evince great ignorance of the world to suppose relatives would further expose their family honour by public proceedings against the offender. Under such feelings, the worthless servant escapes punishment, he may form other acquaintance and other friendships, he possibly may obtain another employer and other sureties, and run a similar round of folly and vice, and eventually plunge into greater delinquencies. The proceedings of the Guarantee Society, on the contrary, appear well calculated to arrest such a course of events. Upon the first defalcation, if it be not a case of gross fraud, the individual may be called upon to protect the society from pecuniary loss, his employer still having the right to prosecute. If this can be accomplished, when a second application for guarantee is made, the answer of the society to the proposed master would be, "We will not guarantee A. B. a second time; we believe he can be employed more usefully than in offices of pecuniary trust."

"The individual is by such means most probably saved from the temptation that would constantly beset him. If the circumstances attending the defalcation afford evidence of serious criminality, prosecution will certainly follow. The society have their personal interests to protect, and will in such a case exert the only real check upon the positively dishonest—namely, the certainty of exposure and punishment. Upon this subject no doubt can exist: the appointment of the solicitors to the Association of London Bankers for the Prevention of Fraud, as the society's solicitors for the prosecution of defaulters, is positive proof of the society's determination that punishment shall follow a violation of laws instituted for the protection of the community at large.

"The success of the Guarantee Society must therefore lead to a diminution of fraud and dishonesty.* In further proof it may be stated, that of parties whose default the society have had to make good, some are now undergoing the penalty awarded by the law as a punish-

*The experience of the society has already shown to the directors that fraud by servants, under private sureties, is committed to a serious extent in the commercial world. Cases daily arise to prove how totally inadequate and defective the system of private security is as a preventive of crime. Under the present system, with the exception of certain of the bankers, whose excellent association is a safeguard to the best principles of civil society, and one or two other prosecuting associations, the punishment for such crimes falls upon the surety, who is altogether unprotected; and the worthless delinquent is left to continue his depredation upon the unwary public.

ment for dishonesty, while other delinquents have absconded to avoid the consequences of a prosecution."

We are, upon the whole, impressed with a strong sense of the soundness of the principle involved in the establishment of this society, and believe we are only doing an acceptable duty to a large portion of our readers in making them aware of its existence.

FAITH—A TALE.

Every town and city has its promenade, where the inhabitants or visitors make it 'their custom of an afternoon' to lounge. This is either specially provided, as in continental cities, by public gardens and esplanades, or else the people choose one of the streets wherein to make their daily perambulations. Regent Street in London, Sackville Street in Dublin, and Princes Street in Edinburgh, have been selected by the respective inhabitants for this purpose. It is in the last of these that the first scene of the little drama we are about to describe is laid.

One sunny afternoon in 1833, Princes Street was unusually crowded. Never, perhaps, was there a more brilliant display of spring fashions than adorned the fair promenaders, who made the street gay with their presence. Here a mother was sedately chaperoning her fair daughters, glancing now and then to either side, well satisfied with the unusually elegant appearance of the damsels, now that the weather was fine enough to admit of abandoning winter costume. There an infantry officer from the castle loitered beside a couple of young ladies, bending his head towards the prettier, that the soft nothings it pleased him to utter might be heard with greater distinctness. Sisters leaned on the arms of brothers, fathers took care of daughters. At one moment a cavalry officer from Piershill dashed past on his hack, bowing as he rode to the various ladies whose acquaintance he had made at the assemblies or elsewhere. Open carriages, with tastefully-attired occupants, drove slowly past, and, in short, the street appeared to contain what the newspapers call all the 'beauty and fashion' of Edinburgh.

Amidst all this gaiety, there was one individual who did not partake of it. He had already paraded the pavement several times, and from the anxious scrutiny with which he reviewed every lady he met, it was manifest he sought amongst the crowd one bright particular star on whom all his thoughts were concentrated, and for whom all his sighs (and they were deep and frequent) were heaved. At length, as he crossed the end of Castle Street, the young lady he sought was seen to approach. She was not alone, which appeared to be a terrible disappointment to the expectant. Her mother was with her; and one glance told him that a certain question, the issue of which he looked forward to with the most intense eagerness, had been decided against him. Eyes, the expression of which he had studied for months, had manifestly been weeping. He passed the two ladies, for he was too agitated to address them. With watchful gaze, however, he followed their steps, and once or twice was on the point of overtaking and speaking, but prudence checked him; for he felt that, should his worst fears be realised, his emotions would master him, and the result would be quite ridiculous in the public street. This forbearance was, after a time, rewarded. The ladies stopped for a minute, and having exchanged a few words with Mr Panson (the young lady's father), whom they accidentally encountered, went into a music-shop. The lover instantly quickened his pace, passed the old gentleman without recognition, and followed the two ladies into the shop.

Having succeeded by a mighty effort to control his feelings, the intruder addressed Mrs Panson and her daughter as one intimate with them. The elder lady returned his salutation with some degree of coldness. Miss Panson turned pale, and trembled. They had come to try a piano, and walked into an inner room.

Burton (that was the lover's name) followed them—a proceeding which evidently did not accord with the views of the mamma, for she frowned, and inquired whether Mr Burton had come to buy any music? He replied in the negative, but still hovered near them. The truth was, he was anxious to speak a word to Maria Panson without, if possible, being overheard. After a time, they were for an instant hidden behind a cabinet-piano; this was the moment; he seized it, and whispered, 'Be at the ruins at eight.' The young lady made a motion of assent, and Burton almost immediately afterwards took his leave. As he turned to go, he encountered a third person, who had entered during his agitation quite unperceived—no other than Mr Panson, who, on shaking hands, asked, 'Did you get my note?' Burton answered in the affirmative.

'Then I shall see you at six?'

'Punctually,' was the reply; and Burton left the shop.

It will now be necessary to change the scene, though not to a very great distance from where it was first laid. For the information of those who have never been in Edinburgh, it will be necessary to state that the space between Princes Street and the castle rock is occupied with gardens, so that the street from which they take their name has houses only on one side, the other being bounded by the railings of the gardens. At the base of the steep ascent which leads from the gardens to the castle is a picturesque ruin, half shrouded in ivy, being the remains of an outwork covering a spring, from which the garrison in early times was supplied with water. Beside it is an alcove, made to look ruinous by the hand of art. This was the spot indicated to Miss Panson in the words which Burton uttered in the music-shop; and here, as the hour of eight approached, a young man, attired in an infantry uniform, was seen pacing up and down. Restlessness and disappointment, with violent grief, were depicted on his countenance and by his actions. For a moment he would pause in the middle of the graveled walk, as if plunged in the most profound meditation. Then he continued his promenade with the haste of a man walking against time. For one moment he sat on the bench in the ruined rather than ruinous alcove, and the next he rose, and striding to a point from which he could see one of the entrances to the gardens from Princes Street, he strained his eyes in the twilight to seek the object of his sorrows. A spectator observing the restlessness of the young officer, would have imagined that he was either suffering under some terrible annoyance, or that he was very much in love. The latter conjecture would have soon been verified; for presently two female figures made their appearance; one of whom, on seeing him, quickened her pace, so as to leave her companion behind. In an instant the lovers met!

It has been said that only light griefs are loquacious; 'deep sorrow hath no tongue.' Thus it seemed with these despairing lovers. Instinctively she had placed her arm in his, and they wandered far up the steep ascent beside the castle rock, ere the agitation of either had sufficiently subsided to allow of their breaking silence. The first words were uttered by the lady; indeed it may be observed, that on such occasions it is the lady who generally *does* speak first.

'All, then, is over,' she exclaimed, 'and this is to be our last interview!'

'Such is the decree which has been pronounced,' replied Edward Burton. 'I kept the appointment with your father this evening. I cannot repeat to you what he said, for that would pain us both unnecessarily; but it was decisive. My pretensions to your hand at this or any future time are summarily rejected!'

Miss Maria Panson became so agitated on hearing this, that her lover found it necessary to place her in a garden seat near to which they had by this time wandered. Edward did all in his power to lessen her grief. He reminded her that, though forbidden to engage themselves to each other, it was still in their power to main-

tain their attachment, in the hope of better times. After a few years' foreign service, it might be his fortune to attain such promotion as to entitle him to claim her as his bride. 'Maria,' he said at length, passionately, 'may I hope that you will continue constant to me?'

The young lady raised her head and looked steadfastly at her lover through her tears; she gently returned his grasp, and, in tones made tremulous by the struggles of some feeling wounded by the suspicion which the question implied, asked, 'Could he doubt her?' Edward, as if ashamed of underrating the constancy of a heart which he believed to be solely his own, intreated forgiveness, and made the warmest protestations of his own un-failing attachment. At this moment the lovers were startled by the drums of the castle—a signal for separation which Edward dared not disobey; for early the next morning the regiment, in which he was an ensign, was to march, and he was obliged to appear at a preliminary muster. There was no time for words. Edward drew from his pocket a coin nearly severed in half; one portion he presented to Maria, the other he retained. They quite broke it, each keeping a moiety; the meaning and impressiveness of which ceremony must be well known to those who are versed in ancient Scottish customs, and who have read Scott's pathetic novel, 'The Bride of Lammermuir.' By a mighty effort Edward tore himself from his fair companion. As the soldier bent his slow and sorrowful steps towards the castle, he paused for a moment, and drew from his breast a small packet with which Maria had on a previous occasion presented him. It contained a lock of her hair, and he kissed it fervently; and, in imitation of the chivalry of old, he only vowed that these tokens should cheer him in moments of despondency, and animate him in the hour of danger. With this high-souled resolve he passed the gate which opens on the esplanade, and hurried off to his quarters to prepare for duty.

Maria, on her part, was found by her young companion weeping bitterly, and scarcely able to support herself. With kind solicitude her friend helped her along, and strove, with words of soothing and encouraging consolation, to blunt the sharpness of the grief she suffered. It was growing dusk, and they quickened their pace. In the gloomiest part of the grounds, where the path is almost hidden by overhanging trees, they heard to their great alarm footsteps overtaking them. This induced them to double their speed; it was useless; the heavy tread of a man still gained upon them; and in another instant Maria heard her name pronounced in a tone of impatience, not un-mixed with anger. On looking round she beheld her father!

The result was, that Maria's misery was increased tenfold, and that night was without doubt the most wretched she had ever spent, as her disordered and careworn appearance next morning fully indicated.

After breakfast Mr Panson took his daughter kindly by the hand and led her into the study. Her heart beat violently, for she had a presentiment that Edward was to be the subject of their conversation. 'My dear Maria,' he commenced, 'neither your mother nor myself can see you in this state of affliction—in spite of the imprudence on your part which has led to it—without feeling deeply afflicted. Let me reason with you a little on the engagement you would have entered into with Mr Burton. Let me assure you it is from no caprice or hardness of disposition that I have so decisively negatived your mutual wishes. He is, I confess, a well-conducted, and, for aught I know to the contrary, an amiable young man; but his profession, as well as his want of fortune, are obstacles to any hopes of happiness as your husband. It was therefore my duty to reject him as a son-in-law. You, an only daughter, must have either followed him to India, and deprived your parents of your much-cherished society, or have remained burdened with an engagement indulging in a fruitless hope that young Burton would

carve his way to fortune with his sword, which is in these days the worst of all instruments for making money.' When her father adverted to the idea of her going abroad, and leaving him and her mother, Maria's tears fell fast, and she remembered that, amidst the strong feelings which had lately agitated her breast, she had never *definitely* thought of that event as forming a necessary consequence of her union with Edward.

'Besides,' continued the kind father, 'you are young, and the ardent feelings of youth are not always to be trusted. Burton has been your only lover; your affections have yet to be tested by the adulation and addresses of others. You may change!'

'Never!' interrupted the young lady with firmness.

'Make no rash vows, my dear; and I trust you have made none. Unknown to you, I witnessed the parting scene in the gardens last night.' At this announcement Maria started, and a crimson blush suddenly overspread her face. 'Nay, child, I have no wish to reproach your imprudence,' Mr Panson added; 'you suffer enough already; for at this time I believe your grief, and the love which it springs from, to be sincere. One thing, however, I must forbid; and that is correspondence: for understand, that no latent hope of ever gaining my or your mother's consent to the match must linger within you. Remember, not a letter must be sent to or received from Edward Burton; and this is the last time his name shall ever pass my lips.' Maria spent the rest of the day in her chamber, and it was months ere she recovered her wonted cheerfulness.

It is necessary to the due development of our story, that the reader's imagination should help us to pass over a space of twelve years. In that period many changes had taken place; none more rapid and important in their consequences than the position of our Eastern empire. Amidst these Burton took a not inglorious part. He proved himself on several occasions a good and brave soldier, and his gallantry was rewarded with promotion, which he earned, however, not without some sacrifice of bodily health; and after having long endured the trying influence of Eastern climes, he obtained his majority and leave of absence to return home. Amongst all the chances and changes which a dozen years had produced, the general appearance of Princes Street, Edinburgh, was only altered by the display of a few additional shops, and the handsome front of a club-house, which had recently been erected. The trees in the gardens had grown taller, and the ruins had received a few more strokes of the picturesque from the legitimate artist in that line—Father Time. Still the street itself was enlivened by gay company—elegantly attired ladies, military dandies from the castle, and cavaliers from Piershill, abounded as heretofore.

On a spring afternoon quite as sunny as that on which our story opened, a travelling carriage was drawn by four horses up to the door of Mackay's hotel. Its occupants were a gentleman whose complexion betokened a recent residence in a warm climate, and a lady, who, as she stepped from the carriage, was remarked by the casual passers-by who caught a glimpse of her face, to possess great beauty. Travellers who go about in coaches-and-four are invariably indulged with the inn's best room, and accordingly the lady and gentleman were ushered into the front drawing-room, the windows of which looked into the Princes Street gardens.

'Dinner, sir?' inquired the waiter, bowing low enough to let his towel of office touch the ground.

'Decidedly!' replied the traveller with the unhesitating promptitude of a hungry man.

'For two, sir?'

'Of course, and as soon as possible.'

'Meantime,' rejoined the lady, 'send up my servant.' The waiter bowed again, turned on his heel like an automaton, and left the room.

'Well, darling,' said the husband, 'here we are at last in my native city of Edinburgh. I shall almost dread to inquire after old friends; twelve years makes

sad havoc amongst them.' He walked to the window, and looked at the passers-by for a short time. 'Yes—all new faces. Out of the hundreds of acquaintances I left behind me, there will scarcely be one to greet me on my return.'

'Yes, one!' replied the wife, placing her hand on his shoulder. 'Welcome, welcome, dearest Edward, back to the place of your birth; I love it for your sake.'

This affectionate speech was accompanied with a little endearment, which nearly overthrew the husband's firmness; but it does not do for soldiers to be overcome, so he answered quickly, 'You must love it for its own sake, Milly. It is a beautiful place. Look at those gardens; are they not refreshing to see in the heart of a crowded city?'

The lady admired the slopes, the walks, and the bold rock shooting up perpendicularly from the earth. At last her eyes wandered to the ruins, and she inquired what they were. The gentleman was a little disconcerted; stammered; but at length managed to get out, that he had not the slightest idea. At this moment his eye caught the figure of an old friend between the trees. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'there is Waterton; I am glad he is in town; he shall be amongst the first I will seek out. You will like him amazingly; he is an excellent fellow—and so droll.'

The dinner was soon despatched, and plans arranged for the evening. The lady was to write letters to her friends in London, and the major (for, to keep the reader no longer in suspense, the 'arrivals' were Major Burton and *his wife*;) intended to seek out Waterton. To carry out the first intention, Mrs Burton rung for her writing-desk. Her maid answered the summons, but in a state of the utmost agitation. She trembled, and taking up one corner of her apron for fear she should have occasion to cry, exclaimed, 'Please, ma'am, I could almost hang myself with vexation; for, please ma'am, I thought I put your desk into the rumble, and I didn't.'

'Then it is left behind? How very provoking.'

'Oh, no matter,' said the major; 'tell Johnson to give you mine.' Whereupon the girl flew out of the room like a person who had escaped some appalling danger.

'There were things of consequence in my desk,' said Mrs Burton; 'letters which I should not wish all the world to read.'

'Some of mine perhaps?' returned the major. The lady assented. 'That is perplexing,' he continued; 'but never mind, you can use my desk for the present; here is the key.' The desk was brought. Mrs Burton began her task of letter-writing, and the husband sallied forth to discover the abiding places of a few of his old friends—Waterton amongst the rest.

When the lady had finished her first epistle, she could not find the wax; and while ransacking every part of the desk, all of a sudden out flew a little drawer. Though startled at first, she was much more startled afterwards: something was concealed in this mysterious little recess. With trembling hand she opened a small paper packet. It contained a lock of hair, and (destruction to her mental peace!) *auburn* hair—not the jet black lock she in a moment of romantic folly gave to her husband during his loverhood! But lest that should fail to make her wretched, there was another evidence of more than equivocal import. She had read the *Bride of Lammermuir*, and knew the full meaning and intent of that severed half-sovereign! She had a rival! Some fair-haired Lucy Ashton!

In the midst of her distress, Major Burton returned, bringing news that he had met with Waterton, who promised to come in to take his negus, and be introduced to the bride. She received the information with greater indifference than pleased her husband. She looked pale and agitated. He asked her the cause. Mrs Burton said nothing, but with dumb though effective eloquence displayed the lock of hair and the love-token. It was now the major's turn to turn pale

and become agitated. For a time he could not reply; and when he made the attempt, muttered something about a former engagement, youthful folly, and the other excuses always uppermost on such occasions.

'Of course,' said the lady in a tone of pique, 'I can have no right to inquire into circumstances which happened before we met. But you have deceived me!'

'Deceived you, Millicent; I am incapable of—'

'Nay, do not sink deeper into falsehood. You *have* deceived me. When we formed our solemn engagement, I was made to believe that no former one existed.'

Major Burton stood a little abashed, and wisely thought that the best way was to own his fault, and to sue for forgiveness. This he did; but the lady appeared inexorable. 'Come, dearest,' he said beseechingly, 'be a little charitable. At all events, whatever feeling you may have to expend on the affair, let me enlist it in favour of the unhappy girl to whom your irresistible attractions have made me false. I own that the hopeless misery she must have felt on hearing I had become the husband of another, has indeed cost me many a pang, and formed a bitter drop in the cup of happiness you, dear Millicent, have filled.' The major said this with so much emotion and earnestness, that his wife could scarcely help being affected. She demanded to know the whole of the circumstances. He told her honestly and without reservation. He did not conceal the pledge of eternal fidelity he and Maria Panson had exchanged at the ruin in the garden—a pledge the token of which was now lying before them.

Next to love, pity is the strongest passion which warms the breast of woman; and if any resentment lurked in Millicent Burton's heart against her husband, it was now turned to pity for the wretchedness into which she was unwittingly the cause of plunging a confiding and perhaps amiable girl. 'For her sake,' she said, 'I cannot forgive you. At least you might have written to break off the engagement before proposing to me.'

'But we were strictly prohibited from corresponding. Poor girl! I must own I dread to inquire after her. I feel acutely the wrong I have done; it is irreparable.'

'I fear she will prove a dangerous rival to me!' replied Mrs Burton, in a tone meant to be jocular, but in reality not much pleased with the deep remorse her husband professed.

'No, no, Milly; let the honesty with which I have confided to you every tittle of that unhappy affair banish so unworthy a thought, nothing but a full confidence in the strength of my own and your affection would have wrung the painful disclosure from me. No; if we *should* meet—if, by the interference of friends, and by the exercise of that strength of mind which I know Miss Panson to possess, she *can* endure to behold me the husband of another, be it yours to pour the balm of friendship into the wounds I have made. You *will* be her friend, Milly?' Mrs Burton placed her hand in that of her husband, and said with a sigh she would.

At this moment Mr Waterton was announced. The introduction to Mrs Major Burton was soon made, and the two friends were speedily engaged in an interesting conversation concerning the fate and fortunes of several of their old cronies. Nothing, however, could exceed the caution with which Burton avoided the smallest allusion to the Pansons. And Waterton, though he named several of their acquaintances, never once mentioned them: refraining perhaps on account of the delicacy of the subject in the presence of the major's wife. When, therefore, the lady rose to retire, upon the plea of fatigue, Burton's heart beat fast with apprehension. He dreaded to hear the truth which he feared would come out in his wife's absence. How could he justify his falsehood, the effect of which he did not doubt had been disastrous? Perhaps the victim of his faithlessness was—— But he dared not anticipate the truth. He would know it presently, for Mrs Burton had left the room. The reminiscences of bygone days

were then renewed; but, to Burton's astonishment, his friend fought as shy as before of the subject of the Pansons. This helped to increase the major's fears. Delicacy evidently prevented Waterton from shocking his feelings by some fatal disclosure concerning Maria. He was the destroyer of her happiness, perhaps—he shuddered to think—of her life!

After a long gossip Waterton left, and Burton retired to his chamber fully convinced that he was one of the vilest perjurers upon earth!

Before parting, Waterton made the major promise to dine with him, and bring his wife. Next day at the appointed hour they made their appearance at Waterton's house. Burton's spirits were much depressed. He dreaded going into society, knowing that sooner or later the crisis must come; that some person who knew the Pansons would blurt out the fate which he doubted not had befallen his victim. In this mood he entered the drawing-room, his wife hanging on his arm. To his surprise he beheld Waterton romping with three children, whose likeness to him at once pronounced a very near relationship. He greeted his guests heartily, and said Mrs Waterton would be down immediately.

'Why,' exclaimed the major, 'you never told me you were married.'

'No,' said the host; 'delicacy forbade that.'

'Delicacy?'

'Yes; and when you know *whom* I have married, you will understand my reserve—but here comes a better explanation than words can give.'

The door opened, and Mrs Waterton entered. She welcomed her guests with great cordiality. Burton started; he trembled with amazement; and his first impulse was to exclaim, 'Miss Panson?'

'Yes,' interposed Waterton, 'Miss Panson a dozen years ago, but Mrs Waterton now. Why, your friend and I have been married these ten years!'

'Miss Panson married!' repeated Mrs Burton with unfeigned pleasure, as the last suspicion of a rival was thus banished from her breast. 'Oh, my dear madam, how very delighted I am to know you,' and she seized both her new friend's hands and shook them heartily.

This, then, was the love-stricken broken-hearted damsel whom Burton had conjured up in imagination! This was the wreck his broken faith had pictured! Instead of a pale grief-burdened lady, he beheld a matronly, but still pretty woman, full of life, gaiety, and happiness. 'The fact is, my love,' whispered Mrs Burton to her husband as they went down to dinner, 'you are not the desperate lady-killer you think yourself!' The major was at first conspicuously chaff-fallen; and some remote allusions to the Princes Street gardens, in which Mrs Waterton took the lead, gave him so much uneasiness, that they were after a time not repeated. A glass or two of champagne, however, nerved the soldier for a downright assault on his former engagement with his friend's wife; and when the ladies had retired, he and his host entered laughingly into the subject of their respective marriages. Each of course (as all husbands do after dinner) spoke raptures of his wife. 'Besides all my love,' said Burton, 'I owe my Millicent a deep debt of gratitude. Possessed of a large fortune, she preferred sharing it with me, then a poor subaltern, to marrying one of the richest men in Calcutta.'

'For my part,' returned the other, 'until Maria's father died, which he did three years since, the only fortune I got with my wife was herself, and part of a half sovereign which——'

'Nay, nay, spare me on that point!' exclaimed Burton, rising to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Young reader, the lesson to be derived from this little sketch is—beware how you trust solely to the ardent and inconsiderate feelings of youth; vows uttered under their influence are invariably 'rash' ones, which a venerable maxim tells us we ought never to make. Actuated by the blind impulse of violent emotions, we

are sure to deceive ourselves—imagining that we are perfectly sincere, when we are merely impelled by a giddy and untoward passion, nothing abated by the well-meant interference of relatives and friends. The consequence of such conduct is, that the integrity of the promises then made is as unstable as the feelings that prompt them. Had Edward and Maria really loved as they thought they did on parting, they would never have broken their 'FAITH.'

THE SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE diffusion of science has not a more efficient agent than the familiar explanation of familiar occurrences. Every appearance in nature, however trivial it may seem, is governed by laws as immutable as those which regulate the revolutions of the globe itself; and to know well that which is simple and common, is the best and only preparative for the investigation of what is difficult and obscure. The discovery of natural laws, and the familiar explanation of them, require different gifts of mind—gifts which are very seldom possessed by the same individual. The former demands patient investigation, powerful grasp of intellect, and extensive knowledge of relative causes and effects; whereas the latter depends more on the pleasing aptitude of expression, and the institution of comparisons between things known and the thing to be described. Both gifts are, however, alike indispensable to the dissemination of science; and it detracts nothing from the merit of the original discoverer, that the individual who renders the discovery familiar must meet with an equal share of approbation. The one addresses himself to those whose learning and habits of mind are kindred to his own, the other to the young, or to men whose time and toils forbid the acquisition of vast learning, but who are nevertheless capable of understanding, and of deriving enjoyment from the knowledge of Nature's operations, when rendered intelligible to them. Convinced that the condition of the masses will improve with their knowledge, and that the young can only be successfully instructed in science by leading them upwards from things familiar and obvious, we feel pleasure in noticing every honest effort, however humble, which is made towards the accomplishment of these desirable objects. One of the most successful of the many recent attempts in this line is that of Mr Gower,* wherein familiar objects and everyday occurrences are explained in a manner so clear and winning, that he must be a very dull individual indeed who does not rise after its perusal with a perfect knowledge of every subject which it treats.

The plan of this little trifle is as familiar as its style. The author begins with the bedroom, leads his pupil through the breakfast-parlour, a morning walk, the kitchen, the study, and the enjoyment of a summer's evening—explaining as he goes the laws which relate to the more prominent objects and operations. In introducing Mr Gower's tiny treatise to notice, we can only glance at a few random passages, recommending the whole to every schoolboy and beginner in science.

The current of air and smoke which ascends the chimney is again an object to attract our attention—caused by the same expansive power of heat. The air, as it passes through and over the fire, becomes greatly increased in bulk, and consequently lighter; that is, a gallon of air expanded to double its bulk, or two gallons, will weigh only as much as it did before it was so increased, which causes it to ascend through the denser part, leaving its space to be filled by cold air from the door or window. By this means the fire is supplied with the proportion of fresh air necessary for combustion, whilst a considerable quantity of rarefied air ascends the chimney, carrying up with it the smoke or

dense vapour which arises from burning bodies. It may be inquired how it is that, when a fire is lighted in a room, the air does not descend the chimney to supply it, because that appears the easiest access to the outside air; and this, if the chimney were very large, and quite open above, so as to admit space enough for an ascending and descending current, might be the case. To obviate this, if the chimney is large, we contract the opening at top by putting on a chimney-pot, by which means the current of ascending air is rendered so strong through the small aperture as to prevent the external air from entering. We are very frequently disturbed by smoke coming into our rooms, particularly at first lighting a fire, and more especially when other fires in the house have been burning some time previously. When this is the case, it will occasion a downward current of air in the chimney, caused by the other fires requiring a supply of air; and the open chimney being the easiest way by which the air can find admittance, this occasions the chimney to smoke when the fire is first lighted; but if the door of the room is closed, and a slight portion of the window opened, the room is cut off from communication with the other fires, and the smoke will then ascend the chimney. When the fire is sufficiently established to cause a good draught, the window may be again closed, and the door opened without further annoyance, because the air to feed the other fires in the house will no longer find this chimney the easiest way of introduction, and some other means of entrance will probably soon discover itself. Sudden gusts of wind are apt to cause chimneys to smoke, by removing the equality of the atmospheric pressure on the outside, whilst the interior pressure is not exactly subject to the same influence. During the gust, the perpendicular pressure of the atmosphere above is partly removed by the velocity with which it passes over, in the same manner that the pressure or weight of a cannon-ball is removed from the earth while it is flying along, its velocity having overcome its gravity or weight; but when it loses its velocity, its weight again becomes perceptible, and it falls to the ground. The consequence is, that during the time of the gust, whilst the pressure is removed, there is a rapid draught up the chimney, caused by the want of resistance above; but the moment the wind lulls again, this pressure returns, the upward draught is suddenly checked, which causes a momentary obstacle to the ascending current, and a puff of smoke in the room is the most probable result. Some particular direction of wind will generally influence a chimney in this way more than another, either from some peculiarity in the situation of the chimney above, or from the apartment being more or less immediately influenced by the same cause; for, it is clear, if the variation of pressure above and in the room is simultaneous, no confusion will take place, but if the one happens a few seconds after the other, a contrary effect will be produced.

Taking a glance over the breakfast-table, we are reminded by Mr Gower 'that a bright silver tea-pot will make better tea than an earthenware one, and for this simple reason, that bright surfaces radiate, or throw off heat much slower than black and dull ones; consequently the tea is kept hotter. From this we may learn that, whenever heat is to be retained, a bright polished vessel should be employed; but, on the contrary, if we want a vessel to absorb heat rapidly, a black dull surface is the best. The quickest boiling saucepan, therefore, will be one which is black on that part exposed to the fire, but bright on the portion which comes only in contact with the air; the black part as a good conductor, to allow the heat to approach the water, the bright as a bad radiator, to prevent its escape. Woollen, as we before stated in the instance of the carpet, is a bad conductor, therefore a very proper substance to wrap round anything which is to be kept hot; and by the same reasoning, although it may sound rather contradictory, it will equally keep any substance cold; for instance, a piece of ice wrapped in woollen will be much slower melting

* *The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life.* By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. J. Ridgway, London: 1844.

than another piece not so enveloped. Heat and cold, we must remember, are only relative terms, as there is no precise point where heat ends and cold begins.

Again, 'Evaporation always produces cold, because the heat required to convert water into steam must be withdrawn from the surrounding medium; hence wet summers are often succeeded by cold winters; the greater evaporation produced from the excessive moisture having reduced the temperature of the earth. That evaporation produces cold, may be immediately proved by moistening the palm of the hand and exposing it to the wind, thus causing evaporation, when cold will be very sensibly felt, and the more so if we use a volatile fluid, such as sal-volatile or spirit of wine, the greater rapidity with which they evaporate producing a greater degree of cold. It is from this reason that remaining in wet clothes is so dangerous; the evaporation that takes place during the time they are drying carries away so large a portion of heat from the body, as almost certainly to induce cold, and all the thousand diseases which follow in its train. When a person is obliged to remain in wet clothes, the best method to adopt is to prevent evaporation by covering them with a Mackintosh, or any other garment which will best keep the moisture in, and if this is effectually done, the person will feel little inconvenience from his damp clothes; the warmth of the body will soon communicate itself to the damp garments under the Mackintosh, and as the steam cannot escape through it, there is nothing to produce a greater degree of cold than if the garments had been dry; let it not, however, be supposed that I recommend keeping on wet clothes, I merely advise this proceeding in cases where it cannot be avoided.'

But it is not alone on the mere physical laws of nature that Mr Gower is fluent and attractive; he is equally pleasing when he turns his attention to organic phenomena. 'The soil, considered mechanically, is merely that substance in which the plant projects its roots or anchors, by which it attaches itself to the locality where the seed is deposited; but even in its mechanical part, it is of much consequence that it should be adapted to its situation, and to the species of vegetable production that is to be cultivated upon it. In some situations, it will be beneficial to have a sandy soil, to aid in disposing of a too abundant supply of moisture, whilst in another situation, such as a sloping hill, a sandy soil would be very disadvantageous, and one better adapted to retain moisture far preferable. An instance of a purely mechanical soil may be seen by sowing some seeds of mustard and cress in a piece of moist flannel, which, if kept warm, will be found to vegetate; the blanket, however, only acts the part of keeping the plant in its proper position and place, for its nutriment is derived from the air and water with which it is supplied. Most soils contain some portion of vegetable matter, on which their richness depends; but by constantly cropping, this rich matter becomes exhausted, and therefore the best soils, without the addition of manure, will soon lose their productive qualities; those however of the best mechanical construction, will be the most easily restored to a healthy state.

'There are certain elements contained in every plant, without which it cannot exist: different plants contain different elements, and in different proportions. Many of these are derived from air and water, which was the case in the mustard seed, though it is doubtful whether this plant would produce seed without some further nourishment: air and water may suffice for the stalk and leaf, but still not be enough for the perfecting the plant. The business of the agriculturist, therefore, should be to consider what are the elements required to bring the seed to be sown to perfection, and then to examine what portion of these elements remain in the soil—what will be supplied by the air and moisture; and if there is a deficiency of any one elementary ingredient, he must add it in the manure which is to be carried to the land. The practical farmer will perhaps smile at this theory, and say he has never failed in producing a crop

of wheat, although he is quite ignorant of the elements of which it is composed. But though he may be ignorant of their names, he has proved himself thoroughly acquainted with their properties by the success of his labours: that success has been the result of his inquiry and experience, and he has by it arrived at the conclusion that certain manures and certain treatment are best suited for the production of certain crops; and if he were to examine these manures chemically, he would find they contained the elements required.

'Plants and flowers, left to the guidance of nature, soon establish themselves in those places best suited to their wants, whilst in situations not congenial to them they soon wither and die. The wallflower chooses for itself some old ruin, where it finds a plentiful supply of lime, furnished by the old mortar. The common nettle contains saltpetre, and hence is always found around stables, outhouses, and other localities where saltpetre is generated. The violet finds itself a shady bank; the forget-me-not and the iris, also, will be seen frequenting the brooks and streams, with many more, that seek each its peculiar locality. It may be inquired how it is that these indigenous plants grow, year after year, in the same place, without exhausting the soil, whilst if the farmer rears the same crop for several successive years, it will be sure to fail. The difference is this, that in the one case the plants perish, but the elements remain to promote a fresh growth the following year, and those parts which have returned to air and water can be again supplied by those fluids; but the farmer's crop has been removed from the land to return no more, and consequently the elements for that species of crop will soon be expended, if not renewed by manure or some other matter contained in them. The first is a natural, the second an artificial state.'

This is well and intelligently spoken of plants; let us next observe how our author treats of man—his habits and acquirements. 'The eye is very much the creature of habit, much more so than we are accustomed to believe, till, being placed in some situation perfectly new to us, we become convinced of the truth of the assertion. Some years ago, coming rather suddenly amongst some mountainous scenery, to which the author was quite unaccustomed, he observed, grazing on the hills, which did not appear far distant, some animals, which from their size he mistook for goats, but upon a nearer approach they proved to be oxen; and having once become acquainted with the fact, the eye immediately adapted itself to the distance, and he could not again be deceived in the size of the object: returning to the same place from whence he had first seen them, they no longer appeared the size of goats, but of full-grown oxen. Now this clearly showed that the eye was unable to measure the size of the object, whilst the distance it was off, owing to the novel features of the scenery, could not be determined.

'To exemplify this fact to some friends, he tried the following experiment from a window commanding a view down a beautiful river, on which vessels of considerable magnitude were frequently passing. Without mentioning what he intended, he cut out in paper the picture of a vessel, with her ropes and sails, about one and a half inches in height, and pasted it on the middle of a pane of glass, in such a situation that, looking through a paper tube fixed to a screen on the other side of the room, the miniature ship appeared exactly in that part of the river where ships were usually seen sailing; the paper tube prevented the observer from seeing the cross-bars of the window, which would have dispelled the illusion. Thus the deception was complete; the observers, ignorant of the contrivance, fully believed that they saw a large vessel sailing on the river.

'It is this principle of keeping the spectator in ignorance of the distance the picture he is looking at is from him, that so greatly increases the deceptive effect of those beautiful exhibitions, the dioramas and panoramas, and other works of the same description, which are now carried to such wonderful perfection.

'A person accustomed only to the scenery of England, with its trees and houses, and every well-known object rooted in his mind, is quite at a loss, when first catching sight of the different description of buildings, trees, and scenery that meet his view on his arrival in the Eastern world, for a standard by which to measure their size; and generally imagines them to be not nearly so large as they are, till, approaching nearer, he discovers man, or some other familiar object, which at once serves as a scale by which to estimate the objects presented to his view.'

Such are a few specimens of Mr. Gower's endeavours to familiarise the young and unlearned with the deductions of science, and to inspire them with the desire to know the why and wherefore of every natural appearance and occurrence which presents itself. The step which the author has taken is no doubt short, but still it is one in the right direction. Its only defect seems to be the want of illustrative diagrams, which in many cases would greatly facilitate the conception of the reader; but this—if Mr Gower's design be persevered in—is a deficiency which can be readily remedied.

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

BY THEODORIC BROWN.

WHILE making a tour through Canada a year or two ago, I fell in with a young man who owned a farm in one of the districts that were then only beginning to be settled. He had resided in a part of England in which I had many friends, with some of whom he was himself acquainted; and from talking of scenes in which we had both taken part, and calling up 'old familiar faces,' we became very intimate. During my stay, he gave me a narrative of his experience as an emigrant, and as it may serve to show what a settler in the station of a gentleman, but with little capital, would have to go through before arriving at even comfort, I shall endeavour to present the main incidents to the reader, without, however, mentioning the particulars of real names or places, as I have not permission so to do.

Henry Robertson, as we may call my friend, was the son of a merchant, who ranked high among his class in one of the large provincial towns of England, and who had risen by his own merit from the station of a friendless and penniless clerk, to become the partner of his employer; and on the death of that gentleman, the sole representative of a well-known firm. His partner, when he died, was a widower, and left behind him to his guardianship an only daughter of eighteen years of age, with directions that the fortune which he had left her should be allowed to remain in the capital of the firm until she had attained her majority, when it was to be invested in the funds. At this time Henry Robertson was at college, studying for the profession of medicine. He had hitherto thought of Mary Hervey merely as a very pretty, but spoiled girl, who used to hide away his hat, and put ripe gooseberries in his boots; but on hurrying home upon receiving intelligence of the death of her father, he was much surprised at the change which had taken place in her appearance. He had not seen her before for more than a year, she having been on a visit at his last vacation; and during that time she had changed from a pretty girl to a beautiful woman. It is not my hint, however, to speak of love matters. 'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing;' and this being expedited by the ready consent of friends, the young couple were in due time united in wedlock. No sooner was this irrevocable step taken than the misfortunes of the world broke upon them like a torrent.

The bridegroom's father died of apoplexy, the young wife's dowry was swept away by the ruin of the business, and in a short time my friend Robertson was

reduced to poverty. Robertson was very young, and knew nothing of the world, and his pride forbade him to seek employment in any subordinate situation. He had received a letter from an old schoolmate, who had, with several relations, and a considerable capital, emigrated to Canada a year or two before, and whose descriptions of the country were confined to an account of sporting adventures, and of the pleasant life of a settler whose means are large, and who consequently need not engage in more hard work than is agreeable to him. Robertson had scraped together a few hundred pounds by the sale of articles that in his present state were useless to him, and he resolved to employ it in forming a little paradise amidst the wilds of the western world. As for his wife, she had some forebodings when she thought of the voyage; but for the rest, she considered it very romantic; and, besides, she had not been married long enough to begin to doubt the infallibility of her husband. They made up their minds to settle in a part of the country where there were none to know them, on account of the small way in which they would be compelled to begin. Accordingly, the husband purchased a choice assortment of fowling pieces, and the last patent plough; and as they must at first live in a homely way, the wife resolved to take nothing with her but useful silk gowns, with the exception of one or two only of a better sort, which were reserved for dress. Knowing that their relations were averse to the step they were about to take, they engaged a passage in a first-class packet-ship, without taking leave of more than a very few friends. I shall pass over the voyage, merely remarking that they fully experienced all the usual sea-going miseries; and if repentance for the step which they had taken was not in their thoughts, yet its place was filled up by doubt and anxiety.

On arriving at New York, Mrs Robertson was much comforted by observing that its inhabitants did not differ in any material degree from those of civilised countries in general. They spent a day or two here, which made a not inconsiderable inroad into their small capital, and then started for Canada; of course going to see the Falls, as these were not much out of the way; and as Mrs Robertson was in rather delicate health, they travelled slowly and expensively. They were both disappointed and somewhat indignant at not having met with either a deer or a recognisable Indian in the whole four hundred miles of their journey, although they travelled through the locality of many of Cooper's tales—unless a Blackfeet, who was exhibited by a wandering showman, could be taken into consideration. Having seen the Falls, they went to Toronto; and after a week's residence in that place, Mr Robertson made, as he thought, a very advantageous bargain for the purchase of a hundred acres of land in a part of the country which, as the agent informed him, was remarkable for its picturesque beauty, and which perhaps would be the most desirable spot in the whole world when it became a little more settled, as its society was at present small and scattered. The agent also enlarged on the hospitality and good humour of an Irish gentleman, a friend of his, who had an estate in that immediate neighbourhood, and who would be happy to accommodate Mr Robertson until his own house was built. As soon as the terms were agreed upon, and the money paid down—which, however, with some necessary purchases, very nearly amounted to the whole of their little store—the agent wrote, by a farmer who was going that way, to Mr O'Donohue to make preparations for the reception of the young couple, who were to set out in a few days.

The sun was just rising on a beautiful morning, in the beginning of August when the emigrants started to take possession of their location, and to see it for the first time. Their wagon, which was driven by a young Irishman calling himself Tim, whom they had engaged as a farm-servant, was merely a wooden box mounted on four high wheels, and having a couple

of "runners" lashed alongside, which looked something like an enormous pair of skates, and served to convert the vehicle into a sleigh in winter. Immediately behind the Irishman Mr and Mrs Robertson were seated, and behind them was a large pile of goods, covered with a piece of canvas to protect them from the weather. It consisted of a small short-handed plough that could be turned among the stumps, the one that had been purchased in London having, by the agent's advice, been sold to an old settler whose land was sufficiently cleared to permit of its use—a cross-cut saw, three axes, and a few augers, which are the only tools used by the backwoodsman in building his house, or in making wagons or sleighs. Besides these there were a table, a bed and bedstead, half a dozen chairs, a Yankee stove, which within the space of some two square feet contained an oven and places for three saucepans; while a host of other things of less importance occupied every other available place. The whole was drawn by a span of good trotting horses, cart-horses similar to ours being unknown in America, and our party dashed along the road at some seven miles an hour, Tim having lived long enough among the Canadians to acquire a habit of quick driving. On they went, sometimes with the wheels on one side a foot higher than on the other, sometimes bumping against a log that had been placed across a mud hole of unknown depth by some farmer who had been a sufferer from it, and sometimes the wagon making its progress by short leaps as they passed along a corduroy road, or causeway made of round logs placed across the path in some part that had before been impassable. For three days they travelled in this manner, stopping on each of the first two nights at a log tavern, and on the third at the house of a settler, there being no accommodation for the public in that quarter. Even in the first part of the journey the roads were very bad, producing a motion in the springless wagon sufficient, as Tim said, to have churned all the butter in creation in five minutes; but as they left the settled districts behind them, matters became much worse, and the whole country bore an aspect of great dreariness. They rode for miles along a narrow winding path through the woods, skirted by gigantic trees whose trunks arose without a branch to the height of some fifty feet before spreading out, the dead stillness only broken when the loud tap of the woodpecker, or the scream of the jay, would be heard echoing from a distance; and only occasionally would the solitariness of the scene be broken by the signs of civilisation in the shape of a small clearing reclaimed from the forest. The young couple were rather disheartened at the aspect of affairs, but consoled themselves with the idea, that perhaps the soil of the district through which they had as yet passed might prevent it from becoming more populous, and that the neighbourhood of their own and Mr O'Donohue's farm would present a strong contrast; but as the evening of the third day brought with it no change, and they knew that they could not be far from their location, some faint ideas of the true state of affairs forced themselves into their minds. At last, however, after having ridden for four or five hours through an un-interrupted forest, they came to a small clearing. It was a piece of ground of about fifteen acres, in the centre of which was a small log-house, with a barn of about twice its size, and surrounding them were unfenced fields of wheat, potatoes, and Indian corn, among which, however, black stumps might still be seen; and the whole was backed by the dark gloomy forest. Our travellers had observed thus much of the scene, when their attention was drawn to four figures, who, on the sound of the wheels, rushed from the house in the direction of the road. The foremost was a tall bony man, with a very ragged jacket and trousers, having upon his head a small fur cap, through a hole in the top of which some of his own sandy locks might be seen. This article, on nearing the travellers, he snatched from his head, and hurled it in the air, giving at the same time a most unearthly yell. The remainder of the party consisted of

two boys, dressed like their father, and whose clothes seemed to adhere to them by magic, together with a fat woman, who bustled along after the rest. As soon as the man came within halting-distance of the wagon, he shouted out, 'Isn't it Mr Robertson?'—and upon an answer in the affirmative being given, he indulged himself with another yell, during which our emigrant sprang from the vehicle.

'I suppose you were informed of my coming by Mr O'Donohue?' inquired he.

'Mr O'Donohue!' exclaimed the other with a comic expression of countenance, 'sorra a Mr O'Donohue is there in the whole neighbourhood, barrin' myself, and a cousin of mine livin' fifty miles off up by the lake.'

'But are you the person to whom Mr Tim's of Toronto wrote about us?'

'To be sure I am,' was the reply; 'didn't he say that you would stop with me till your own place was built?'

Mr Robertson made no remark, but turned to his wife, and said quietly, 'Mary, this is the Mr O'Donohue.'

'What do you mean, Henry?' inquired she in a tone of astonishment.

'This is Mr O'Donohue,' he repeated, 'and I suppose this is his estate which we see; is it not?' turning to that gentleman.

'What else is it?' responded the Irishman.

Henry said nothing, but, with his hands behind his back, walked up and down for a minute or two. At last he stopped, and taking Mr O'Donohue by the hand, said, 'I am sorry to have given you so poor a return for your kind reception, but the fact is, I was misled by the agent as to the character of the district. I expected to have found it a more settled place, and from his description of you, I fancied that you were a gentleman farmer.'

'And isn't it a gentleman farmer that I am—what else? Why, we're all gentleman farmers in these parts; never a servant is there in the whole continent anyhow. But if the lady will come out of the wagon, the boys will take it into the barn beyant there, and we'll have a bit of a bite ourselves comfortable. There is nothing that makes a man hungrier than disappointment, I know.'

Mrs Robertson and Tim accordingly descended, and the whole party walked towards the house, Mrs O'Donohue hastening on first to see if everything was 'dacent,' and to expedite the culinary operations that had been hurriedly commenced on the first glimpse of the strangers.

The building upon the outside looked much neater than the generality of such dwellings tenanted by the Irish in Canada. In the front it showed a door and two windows, while a third had been commenced among the shingles of the roof, but remained unfinished from the want of glass, and in the meantime was closed up with boards. Several of the panes in the other windows were wanting, and their place was supplied by some ancient articles of clothing; but this was owing not so much to the dearth of glass, as to the distance of any place from which it could be procured. The door opened into the only apartment, unless a sort of loft beneath the roof could deserve the appellation of a second one. One end of this room was separated from the remainder by a curtain composed of deer-skins and blankets thrown across a line. The principal object was the fireplace, which was quite a little room of itself; and although the weather was warm, there was as many maple logs as two men could carry blazing on the hearth, and on little heaps of hot ashes raked out from the fire were one or two iron pots, a small iron oven, and a frying-pan, emitting an odour grateful to the senses of the hungry and wearied travellers. A roughly-made table occupied the centre of the apartment, presenting a strong contrast to some half-dozen well-finished chairs, the manufacture of the Yankees, and which by this ingenious people are formed by machinery, even to the seats. These, together with a bedstead and

a Connecticut clock, formed the whole of the furniture contained by the visible portion of the room. But Mr and Mrs O'Donohue seemed impressed with the idea that the travellers must be starving; the lady alternately engaging herself in laying out the table, and in hurrying to the fireplace in order to assist her daughter, a barefooted damsel of about fifteen; while her husband was employed in filling a large jug from a keg of whisky which stood in a corner, and in superintending the cookery of some dried venison, which he seemed to consider his exclusive province. The meal was prepared in a wonderfully short time, and our emigrants fell to with appetites of which they would have been ashamed a few months previously, but which did not appear to satisfy their kind entertainers, who very earnestly pressed them to persevere. After they had eaten heartily, whisky and cider were passed round, the former, however, to the surprise of Mr O'Donohue, being but slightly partaken of, with the honourable exception of Tim, who very satisfactorily proved, before the evening was over, that he at least was no teetotaller. The Robertsons were tired and sleepy, the length of their journey, with the constant change of scene, having deadened their minds even to the sense of their disappointment; and accordingly they were introduced behind the before-mentioned curtain, where there was another bed. For the next hour Mr O'Donohue and Tim were rather uproarious, in spite of the whispered remonstrances of the hostess; and the curtain being partially opened while that lady was removing some article of clothing from it, those two gentlemen were discovered seated upon the ground in a corner, very affectionately embracing each other.

The next morning the male inmates of the log-house walked out to inspect Mr Robertson's land. After proceeding for two miles along the road, bounded on either side by the forest, Mr O'Donohue stopped where a stream crossed the road, and pointing to the woods on the other side, he said, 'That's your lot lying along the burn there, and it's about as good a piece of land as you'll see anywhere in these parts, or, for the matter of that, in Canada rather; not to talk of the water power, which will be worth something in its day. It's all beech and maple.'

'Yes,' said the new landholder despondingly, 'that is the worst of it—it is *all* beech and maple, and I am sure I don't see how I am to get rid of it.'

'Nonsense, man,' said the Irishman; 'didn't myself and the boys clear our farm betwixt us, and it isn't often you'll see a handsomer sight than it is now; and it's a hard case if you, and Tim, and us three, can't make a good clearing before the winter sets in.' The first thing they did was to walk round the lot, in order to ascertain the boundaries, which were marked out by the trees being chipped at certain intervals, and to find the best site for a log-house. This they determined at last should be on a small rising some forty or fifty yards from the banks of the stream, and to mark the spot, three or four trees were cut down with an axe they had brought with them. This instrument—which in the hands of the backwoodsman opens, as if by magic, a path for the progress of civilisation, and which also in many cases is the only tool he uses in building his house or making his furniture—resembles a wedge, or perhaps a better idea of its shape might be given by supposing it to be a cross section, four or five inches long, of a gigantic razor, and this illustration is still further carried out by the keenness of its edge. The handle, which is slightly curved, is about two feet and a half in length, and although made of tough ash, it looks so slight, that one would suppose it would break in two at the first blow. Robertson, as is the case with all choppers on their first trial, was soon worn out and dispirited. After working a couple of hours, he found it almost impossible to hit the tree twice in the same place. Mr O'Donohue, however, gave him much advice and consolation, and pointed to his son, a weakly boy of thirteen, who by a little practice was now able to

chop in one day, without fatigue, as much as would suffice to have knocked up entirely the strongest man who was unaccustomed to this work; and, assisted by Mr O'Donohue's advice, he found that in the course of a few days the labour became much easier for him.

However, in spite of all encouragement, he became exceedingly dispirited and enraged with himself for his carelessness in not properly ascertaining his real chances of success as a farmer before he laid out his money in land, and exposing his wife to what would be considered hardships by even the poorest class in the country where she had so lately lived in affluence. He now repented of his weakness in refusing the assistance of friends, because he should have been at first obliged to fill a subordinate situation, although one far superior to that in which his own father commenced life. His wife, however, acted like a sensible woman, and instead of reproaching her husband, which would inevitably have made him cease all endeavours at the first difficulty, and rendered her own life miserable by souring his temper, she cheered him on by the good-humoured manner in which she treated the many little disagreeables to which she was exposed. When by herself, she shed many bitter tears, perhaps not so much from the change in their circumstances, as from the effect it had on her husband; but when he came in after a hard day's chopping, he always found her neatly dressed and in good spirits, the supper ready, with dry stockings and slippers airing before the fire, and everything at hand that she thought would administer to his comfort. And then she built such delightful castles in the air, that, although Robertson generally shook his head doubtfully at them, it was always with a smile; and in whatever mood he might have come home, he always departed in the morning in good spirits, and full of hope for the future.

In the course of a fortnight, great progress was made in clearing the farm; but Mrs Robertson could not help seeing, that although her husband had got over his first disappointment, his health was suffering much from his hard and unaccustomed labour. Every evening he seemed to be paler and more exhausted; and yet, in spite of her remonstrances, he persisted in allowing himself no rest. At length, having one day been exposed to the rain, and looking more exhausted than usual, the O'Donohues joined with his wife in insisting that he should stop at home the next day, and he reluctantly consented. But it was now too late; for, on awaking next morning, his teeth were chattering, and he complained to his wife of cold, while to her feeling his brow was feverish and hot. He had the fever and ague.

The poor lady now began to experience real troubles. Her husband was laid up helpless in bed for the whole of the long winter, without the possibility of obtaining medical advice. She had now good cause for tears, although her lot was happiness itself compared with that of many wives of poor emigrants, who, if their husbands were ill, had neither money to support them nor assistance in carrying on the farm as she had. But it was a sad trial to her, as this was the first sickness that had taken place since their marriage; and she was without a friend to talk with or feel for her, if we except the rude but well-intentioned consolations of Mrs O'Donohue. Her own health began to suffer from anxiety and the little rest she gave herself; and if we add to this, that she was confined with her first child near the end of the winter, we may conceive that our young couple did not gain a very favourable idea of the life of an emigrant. However, affairs began to present a more favourable appearance after this; the husband's health improved every day, and the rapidity of his convalescence was increased by knowing that he had now another incentive to exertion, and by the accounts that Mr O'Donohue gave of the goodness of the land and of the excellence of its situation, and in a short time he was able to walk about, and in a few days after that, to chop for an hour or two at a time.

It was about this time that I paid them a visit. Having

heard at a farm-house where I passed the night that a young couple of the name of Robertson had arrived the autumn before, I came some distance out of the way to see if they were my quondam acquaintances. I was received by them and their kind-hearted hosts as if I had been brother to every one of them; whereas, if we had met in a more civilised part of the world, we should have bowed to one another, and sat down stiffly on our chairs, talked about the weather, or inquired about friends, and on taking my leave, I should have been informed that they dined at five, and should be happy to see me any day that was convenient. Here it was quite different. In five minutes we were calling one another by our Christian names; knew everything about each other; and I had expressed my determination, even before I was asked, of stopping with them for a week. However, in Canada visitors are few, and provisions cheap, whereas in England acquaintances are much more plentiful than legs of mutton. The last time I had seen the Robertsons was on the day of their marriage, when I was among those who were invited to a ball in the evening. It was in a splendidly furnished house; the bride was dressed in the first style, and hundreds of friends were surrounding her, wishing her all kinds of happiness. She had a different appearance now; her dress, though neat, was of plain stuff, purchased of a pedlar, and her face was pale, and had an anxious appearance. Still, every now and then a gleam of happiness would flit across her countenance as she pressed her infant to her breast, or looked at her husband, who, as she told me, seemed in rude health compared to what he had been a few days ago; although, for my part, I fancied he was about as sallow and thin as it was possible for mortal to be. However, he was in good spirits now, as he began to hope that, after he had got over the effects of his illness, he would make a good backwoodsman.

The morning after I arrived, Mr O'Donohue and Tim reported that enough of land was cleared to commence with, and that this was a favourable opportunity to build a log-house. Accordingly, Tim went with the wagon and horses to the saw-mill, some nineteen miles off, for boards and shingles, and at the same time to inform the neighbours that the *raising* would take place that day week, as it is customary for all the male inhabitants within an available distance to assist on such occasions; while the rest of the party at home cut the trunks of trees into the proper lengths with a cross-cut saw, or squared and dovetailed them with the axe according to Mr O'Donohue's directions, who arranged everything so that there might be no trouble at the last. On the afternoon preceding the day determined upon everything was in perfect readiness, and in the evening a wagon arrived containing four young men, who came to assist, and the same number of ladies, to partake of the rejoicings that usually follow a raising. As the accommodations for sleeping were not very great, the ladies occupied the beds, while we of the other sex lay down on the floor before the fire. Hard boards do not make a very comfortable bed to one unaccustomed to sleeping on them; but on a subsequent occasion I had a month's trial of this method of passing the night, and can safely say that, after one becomes used to it, it is quite as easy to go to sleep on good dry boards as on a bed, and it is much more refreshing when one awakes. As soon as it was daylight we had breakfast, and after it was finished we set out in a body to raise the log-house, accompanied by the two boys, each of whom bore a large jug of whisky-punch, of the kind generally known by the name 'two-thirds' (referring to the whisky, not the water). On arriving on the ground, as is customary on all such occasions, each man solemnly took a drink of this beverage, at the same time saying to the owner of the future house, 'here's luck,' and when this ceremony was finished, we all set to work as if life depended on our exertions. For the rest of the day we were straining ourselves lifting up heavy logs, or fastening them down in their places with wooden

pins, sawing holes for the door and windows, and putting on the roof, and interspersing these employments with appeals to the 'two-thirds,' without which it is generally considered impossible to raise a log-house.

At length, when it became dusk, nothing remained to be done except a few things that could be easily finished without the assistance of the neighbours, and so we all walked home arm-in-arm, while one of the party gave out 'The Farmer's Boy' at the full pitch of his voice, and the rest took up the chorus. This song seems to me to be the most popular in the language, next to 'Auld Langsyne;' there is not an agricultural district in England or North America where it is not well known. When we came in sight of the house, three cheers were given, to let the inmates know that we had finished, and that none of those accidents had occurred which are very common on such occasions. On opening the door, every man stopped involuntarily to stare at the sight that met his eyes. I had been informed, as a secret, that the evening would be passed in the first-rate backwoods style, and my expectations had been aroused by the mysterious air and the whispered conferences which had lately taken place between the O'Donohues and Mrs Robertson after everybody else was in bed, but I never even dreamt of the grand scale on which things were to be carried out. The table, by some unknown means, was three times its usual length, and was covered with two table-cloths. High in the middle was a bear's head, the tribute of one of the strangers, who was a mighty hunter. At the head of the table was a fat goose, at the foot a turkey, while roast chickens appeared at intervals between them, and joints of mutton and venison, and a boiled pike, took up every spare corner. On the floor were jugs of whisky and cider for the gentlemen, with a couple of bottles of wine for the ladies, along with dishes of apple and peach sauces, and ditto pies, and last, though not least, carrot pudding. This last dish has a very modest unassuming name; but, as Tim said, when expatiating on its merits, there's no mistake about it. Let no man say that the world is not worth living for who has not tasted carrot pudding.

After supper was over the ladies were asked to sing, and at first it appeared that not one of them had ever sung in her life; but after some pressing, one of them began, and the rest, like a flock of sheep, followed easily enough. Then Mr O'Donohue gave the adventures of an Irish haymaker in London, and all the rest of the gentlemen followed, until the turn came to Mr Theodorick Brown, who warbled forth a sentimental song, which, however, did not seem to be much appreciated, as the company rose unanimously for a dance in the middle of the third stanza, whereupon that gentleman remained in a state of indignant silence for at least ten minutes. The supper things being now cleared away, Mr O'Donohue took down his flute, and we arranged ourselves for a country dance. At first some difficulty was experienced, as he could not play anything but jigs; however, that was got over at last by his playing rather slower, and by our dancing rather quicker, than usual. But it must not be supposed that our country dance was of the kind that is customary in England, when one or two couples do all the hard work, and the rest stand up as stiff as possible, and stare at their opposite neighbours; no—we got up to dance, and dance we did in good earnest. We all commenced at the same time with 'hands across,' and we all went 'down the middle' in a body. However, this could not last long, as we had been working hard all day, and had only just got up from a hearty meal; so, after a time, we sat down, and watched Tim and Magee O'Donohue dancing a jig, after which the ladies retired behind the screen, and the gentlemen, wrapping themselves up in greatcoats or buffalo hides, lay down with their feet to the fire. The following morning the neighbours took their departure, and the day after I followed their example.

This was the state of affairs on my first visit; and if

my readers have sufficient patience, I will take an early opportunity of informing them of how the Robertsons had progressed when I again visited them about ten months after, when I had occasion to be in their neighbourhood.

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

[Many of our readers must have some knowledge of William Thom of Inverury. He is a handloom weaver, a humble, meritorious man, who has experienced a large share of the miseries incidental to his class, in the course of which he closed the eyes of a wife and several children. He was at last only saved with his surviving little ones from the final refuge of extreme poverty by the kindness of a few gentlemen, to whom he became known in consequence of the publication of a felicitous poetical piece in one of the Aberdeen newspapers. For a striking chapter in the actual life of a man without work and means of livelihood, see a paper by Thom in the 517th number of this Journal. He has now published a collection of his poems, for which we venture to intrust the attention of the public, and from which the present piece is an extract. We may take the opportunity of mentioning, as a characteristic and interesting circumstance, that this fervent-spirited child of the Muses made a journey of upwards of two hundred miles to pay his devotions to the shade of his brother poet, Burns, at the festival of the 6th of August. Perhaps no person there made one half so great a sacrifice to attend as the Aberdeenshire weaver.]

The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain and stream,
And troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
And fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awakened to me!

O! come, spirit-mother—discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheeded, played sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection—nae trial could break;
When a' else forsook me, ye wouldna forsake;
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
And soon and for ever I'll come unto thee!

And thou, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled there,
Will burn—ay, and burn, till that brea's' beat nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me, oh! bless ye their sleep,
Your ain dark-e'd Willie will wauken an' weep;
But blithe in his weepin' he'll tell me how you,
His heaven-bamed mummie, was 'dautin' his brou.*

Though dark be our dwellin'—our happin' though bare,
And night closes round us in cauldness and care,
Affection will warm us—and bright are the beams
That hale our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then,
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

QUICK TRAVELLING AND TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

The intelligence of the birth of a prince-royal on the 6th of August was conveyed from Windsor castle to Paddington, near London—a distance of about twenty-one miles—in eleven minutes! It was effected thus:—A messenger mounted on one of the fleetest horses in the royal stud went over the three miles between Windsor and the railway station at Slough in eight minutes. The electromagnetic telegraph was instantly set to work. The communication reached Paddington, and an answer was returned to Slough acknowledging its receipt, in three minutes more. The ministers of state in London were apprised of the event, and arrived at Windsor in two hours and a half from the moment the messenger started from the castle. After remaining there about an hour, they returned to London in a special train, which conveyed them from Slough to Paddington (eighteen miles and a quarter) in fifteen minutes and ten seconds, or at the rate of seventy miles an hour! Thus—after having gone over about forty-three miles of ground—they got back to their residences by a fashionable breakfast hour.

* Patting his forehead.

THE ALPACA IN SCOTLAND.

In number 494 of our former series (somewhat more than three years ago), an account was given of the alpaca, detailing its natural history, its economical importance, and the attempts then making to establish it on the list of our domestic animals. Since then, several parties have so far succeeded in their endeavours, as to render the naturalisation of this interesting creature a matter of almost absolute certainty. Among those who have published their experience, is Mr Stirling of Craigharnet, in Stirlingshire, who thus writes in the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society:—'The alpacas arrived the latter end of August. When the weather became cold, and the nights were getting long, a wooden shed was erected for them in the park. At first they hardly ever went into it; but when winter commenced, I made the keeper (whom they follow like a dog) put up a small rack in their shed, in which was placed some rye-grass hay. The weather was fine, and they ate very little of it; but by and by, as winter advanced, they relished it better. I then ordered them to get a few yellow turnips, which at first they seemed to like, but, tiring of them, I desired a little corn to be given, which they partook of pretty freely; but one day the keeper told me they would not eat their corn, especially when the day was good. Having some excellent beans, I ordered the man to try them with a few. No sooner did the alpacas hear the beans rattling in the dish, than they showed an eager desire to have them, and during several months preferred them to every other sort of grain; indeed so much so, that upon some oats being intermixed with the beans, the latter were picked out, and the former neglected. What is extremely satisfactory, is the hardness of these animals compared to our sheep, and their indefatigable perseverance in searching for food when sheep would to a certainty starve. I may state that this winter, 1843-4, has proved a most severe one. The park in which the alpacas and sheep were confined was covered for nearly three weeks with snow; and during that time there was not a vestige of herbage to be seen, with the exception of some little green tufts under the trees. The sheep required to be regularly fed with turnips and hay. Not so the alpacas; they were seen in the most stormy days under the trees for hours, constantly eating the grass, and never minding either the cold or snow. They have never had a day's illness, have never attempted to leap a fence, and are far easier to keep within an enclosure than the common sheep. We observe that Mr Stirling's alpacas, accompanied by a young one, aged two months—all in fine healthy condition—were exhibited at the Highland Society's show in August, where their appearance produced quite a sensation among the breeders of our ordinary domestic animals.

MANUFACTURE OF BUTTER.

The following results are derived from the experiments of Professor Trail, as detailed in the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland:—1. That the addition of some cold water facilitates the process, or the separation of butter, especially when the cream is thick and the weather hot. 2. That cream alone is more easily churned than a mixture of cream and milk. 3. That butter produced from sweet cream has the finest flavour when fresh, and appears to keep longest without acquiring rancidity; but the butter-milk so obtained is poor, and small in quantity. 4. That the scalding of the cream, according to the Devonshire method, yields the largest quantity of butter, which, if intended for immediate use, is agreeable to the palate, and readily saleable; but if intended to be salted, is most liable to acquire, by keeping, a rancid flavour. The process of scalding is troublesome, and the milk after the removal of the cream is poor, and often would be unsaleable, from the taste it has acquired from the heating. 5. That churning the milk and cream together, after they have become slightly acid, seems to be the most economical process, on the whole, because it yields a large quantity of excellent butter, and the butter-milk of good quality. 6. That the keeping of butter in a sound state appears to depend on its being obtained as free from uncombined albumen or casein and water as it can be, by means of washing and working the butter when taken from the churn.

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SOCIAL EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS.

THE spread of ideas, as well as the conveyance of persons and of merchandise, depends almost entirely upon means of transit. Ships, roads, and canals, therefore, are the most powerful of all agents of civilisation and social advancement; and it follows, that the more either of those means of communication is improved, the more rapid and effectual will be the spread and increase of social and intellectual happiness. The vast revolution which has been made during the last forty years in road-making, has done its part in causing a corresponding alteration for the better in the condition of every branch of society in Great Britain. That change has received a vast impetus from the introduction of railways, and we purpose to point out some of its workings, now that 'steam and rail' are in full operation.

The earliest system of roads by which this island was intersected, was that laid down, and gradually executed by the Romans. This system was so admirable, that it has never been materially departed from; and it is not a little singular that in England the general direction of the old Roman roads, and that of the modern railway lines, are identical. The Roman 'Watling Street,' which ran diagonally across the country from Chester in the north-west to Dover in the south-east, is now replaced by the Dover, London, Birmingham, Grand Junction, Chester and Crewe railways. The ancient 'Foss Way,' between the Humber and Exeter, which intersected the above, is now partly supplied by railways, some of which are in progress, others in full operation. The route of the 'Ermine Street'—which began at Newhaven in the south, and ended at the mouth of the Humber in the north—is now followed, with little deviation, by the series of railways which have been made between Brighton and Hull through London. The 'Antonine Way' is now the 'Great Western,' and when the South-Western line of railway shall have been completed to Exeter, it will nearly correspond to the Roman road thence to London, also called the 'Antonine Way.'

The reason of this union of ancient and modern lines, is the influence which the former exercised in determining the position of towns. The Romans originally constructed their roads simply to convey their armies into the different parts of the island; but a series of military stations having been established along them, these camps were never wholly abandoned, and became in course of time villages, towns, and cities. Lincoln, for example, was originally a Roman station called Lindum, which was established at the point of junction of the Ermine Street and the Foss Way. Leicester occupies the site of Ratae (an important Roman station mentioned in the itinerary of Antonine) on the Foss Way. Chester, again, replaces a station established at a point where Watling and North Watling

Streets joined, and was, according to Camden, the head-quarters of the twentieth Roman legion. By the North Watling Street it communicated with York; and both these places once established as towns, communication was ever after maintained by a route which deviated little from the original road that connected them; consequently, the direction of North Watling Street, and of the railways between Chester, Liverpool, Leeds, and York, are nearly the same. The roads, therefore, constructed at first for the temporary convenience of military marchings, gradually becoming studded with towns, have still continued lines of communication between such places as rose to importance. Hence it is that the main lines of road have remained nearly the same throughout England, because they connect her most ancient cities.

The not very important deviations which were made from the oldest roads, arose from improvements in engineering. The Romans looked out for fords, and were not deterred by elevated ridges, over which to carry their 'ways;' but more modern road-makers, in improving the old roads, went round the bases of hills; and, having more permanent views, built bridges. By the side of these deviations villages and towns gradually sprung up, because of the readiness of communication with the great cities which were the termini of the roads. After a time, however, when the mineral riches of the country began to be known and appreciated, men congregated near to where those treasures existed—around the mouth of the coal-pit or the mine; and to this our great manufacturing towns, such as Leeds and Birmingham, owe their origin. Roads had to be made to and from them, and these roads form the greatest deviations from the Roman lines, though they do not alter the general direction of the old ones throughout the country.

We have made these preliminary remarks, to show what share roads have had in distributing the population over this country in cities, towns, and villages, and consequently what share they have had in bringing about our present social condition. We are now able to point out the further changes which are in progress through the introduction of railways. The most important of these changes is exactly that which always occurs in deviations from old lines, namely, the springing up of new towns upon those deviations. In planning a new railway, two great considerations operate; the first, to direct it through the most level parts of a tract of country so as to avoid expense in formation, arising from excavating, tunnelling, and embanking; and the second, to make it near to the greatest number of populous places that happen to lie between the extreme points, so as to secure a profitable return of capital when finished: the question is of certain expense on the one hand, and of probable profit on the other;

and where the former is likely to exceed the latter, the line is taken in a new direction. When this is the case, railway stations are often erected where no houses ever previously existed, and out of which towns will gradually arise as they did out of the Roman military stations. This has indeed already happened in several instances. On the Birmingham railway, a station was made at Wolverton, about midway from London, the company erecting a refreshment-room and a few sheds for their engines. Around these buildings a town has rapidly sprung up, and is so well populated, that the railway directors built and endowed a church, which was consecrated at the beginning of this year.—The similar rise of a small place called Slough, on the Great Western road, is somewhat singular: it lies about a mile and a quarter north of Eton College, and the authorities of the academy successfully opposed the erection of a station so near the school; clauses to prohibit any stoppage at the place having been inserted by their influence in the act of parliament. The masters were afraid that the temptation to 'run up to town' rather often would be too strong to be resisted by their pupils; for the distance is only eighteen miles. The company, however, knowing how great the accommodation would be to the public in the neighbourhood (of which Windsor forms a part), ventured at first to set down and take up passengers near the village. The heads of Eton College immediately attacked the railway directors with proceedings in Chancery. These, however, ended amicably: the Eton authorities withdrew their opposition; and now there exists at Slough the finest and best frequented station in England, habitually used not only by the sovereign and the court, but by some of those who, a few years before, instigated hostile proceedings. The new hotel at Slough is almost a town in itself, being one of the largest and most completely fitted with out-offices in Great Britain.—In like manner, the South-Western railway brought at least one new town into existence near Kingston-on-Thames, called New Kingston. It has a fine crescent, shops, and every requisite for a population of no mean number.

These are instances, amongst many others which could be enumerated, which now the chief social change which the existence of railways is bringing about, namely, the creation of new towns. Were it not for this new mode of travelling, the demands for increased household accommodation, called for by our rapidly augmenting population, would have been solely met by the enlargement of towns, cities, and villages already in existence.

Not the least important effect produced by the existence of railways, is the facilities they have afforded to the humbler ranks for recreation. Short trips to celebrated or picturesque localities are frequently organised, to give the working-classes the opportunity of seeing that which they would never have been able, under the old stage-coach and wagon dynasty, to behold. Thousands of the hard-working inhabitants of Glasgow, for example, would never have seen Edinburgh but for the railway. Now excursions are frequently made, of which a vast number of the Glasgow operatives are able to avail themselves, on account of the extreme cheapness to each individual with which they are got up. In the same way the Birmingham workmen have had, on several occasions, opportunities of visiting London which would otherwise have been denied to them. A few months ago an excursion was undertaken between London and Boulogne, on the Folkestone line, at a cost to each partaker which brought it within the reach of persons in a comparatively humble rank of life. These persons would have never been able to get a peep at France but for the facilities created by railways.

Shorter country trips in the neighbourhood of large towns are always to be had by railway at a cost far below that under the old system. In manufacturing

towns, where the greatest number of persons are congregated, the effects produced in this respect by railways have been most beneficial. The artisan, cooped up, and constantly breathing bad air, has now the opportunity, on every available holiday, of making excursions into the country. Though the means provided him for such healthy relaxation are not derived directly, yet they have been produced indirectly, by railways, which have driven the old modes of travelling into new channels. Coaches are now running in districts in which no such accommodation previously existed. In consequence of some modification in the stage-coach duties—of which railways were undoubtedly the origin—spring-vans and other vehicles are occasionally chartered with freights of happy faces, on their way to some delightful scene at a distance from some smoky town. By this means of transit the Londoner, for example, is able to visit Hampton Court, Greenwich Hospital, or Dulwich College, where, besides beautiful scenery, he has access to the best public collections of pictures in the country. The humanising effects of these excursions are negative as well as positive. They prevent the operative from making a bad use of his holiday, while they supply him with recreation at once healthy and intellectual. We say nothing of the opportunities afforded by local steamboats in towns placed upon navigable rivers, such as London, Glasgow, and Liverpool; although the influence railways has exercised over them, has been to bring them into competition, and to cause a general reduction of fares.

Another good effect brought about by railway travelling is, in conjunction with other influences, a visible breaking up of that exclusiveness—a gradual thawing of that reserve—for which the people of Great Britain are celebrated. Formerly, each class of persons had their own separate modes of travelling. There was the private carriage and post-chaise for the rich and noble, the mail for the country gentleman, the stage for the tradesman, and the wagon for the poor. The circumstances of a man were inferred according as he travelled inside the mail, or inside a stage-coach, or outside either of these vehicles. All were kept separate and distinct, the uneducated never having opportunities of profiting by the manners or knowledge of the educated. A railway train materially alters, and will at no distant period, we predict, reverse the picture. It takes masses of people from one place to another, of all ranks and conditions; and though there are 'classes' of carriages for the accommodation of people of different ranks and means, yet the third-class, designed for the poorest travellers, are, in fine weather, much used by the rich also. To this two considerations conduce—the superiority of these carriages for a look-out and for the enjoyment of the open air in fine weather, and the common regard for economy. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, it is declared that a certain member of parliament habitually rode in the third-class carriages in going backwards and forwards between the town he represented and 'his place' in parliament. Nay, the reviewer himself owns to having ridden to Brighton in a third-class train. Lastly, certain magistrates of Glasgow have been observed to content themselves with a 'stand' in the cheapest part of the train from their own city to Edinburgh. The motives here may not be unmixedly good; and we have already expressed our regret that the frequenting of third-class carriages by wealthy people should have had the effect of lowering the character of the accommodation for the poor, directors being naturally anxious to drive as many of the rich as possible to the higher-priced vehicles. But, however this may be, the effect of such a commingling of ranks is certain. The rich are brought into contact and converse with the poor, sympathies are engendered between the two classes, and the intelligence and manners of the higher ranks descend to the lower. By a new act of parliament, opportunities for the companionship of intellectual with ignorant, of rich with poor travellers, are to be much increased; it being rendered imperative for

every company to provide the public, under certain conditions, with carriages at a penny per mile.

Again, railways, holding out so many temptations for travelling, have wonderfully increased it; and nothing opens men's minds, whatever be their grade, so much as seeing a variety of things, of places, and of men. By comparing them one with the other, ideas expand, facts accumulate, and prejudices vanish. The greater the number of travellers, then, the greater the intellectual advancement and social improvement; and let us see to what extent personal locomotion has increased of late. There is no means of ascertaining correctly what number of journeys was performed in England during the stage-coach times, but the parliamentary returns enable us to learn the quantity of travelling by railway *only* which took place in 1843. In that year, upon the seventy railways then in operation, no fewer than 25 millions of passengers were conveyed 330 millions of miles. In other words, a number of journeys was performed in England greater by nine millions than the gross population of England and Wales, and over a distance more than three times greater than the space between the earth and the sun! And this, at a very moderate calculation, could have been scarcely two-thirds of the gross amount of land-travelling by these and all other conveyances. Taking this supposition to be correct, the number of miles travelled over in England alone in 1843 would be 440 millions. Porter ('Progress of the Nation,' volume ii. page 21) estimates the number of miles traversed in 1832 by stage-coaches in the whole of Great Britain at 358 millions; consequently the increase in land-travelling in England alone has been 92 millions of miles in eleven years.

One other view in which the social influence of railways must be regarded, and we have done. They have been the means of circulating vast sums of money through legitimate channels. The seventy railways, finished by 1843, were formed at a cost of 1,343,360 per mile, amounting in all to upwards of sixty millions of pounds sterling. Nor must this be looked upon as a mere temporary distribution of capital consequent upon their original formation. Railways are gigantic distributors of money while in operation: to say nothing of outlay in the cost of repairs, machinery, and servants, the income from passengers was, during the year 1843, 1½d. for each of the 330 millions of miles—in all, 24 millions of money disbursed in railway travelling.

These are a few of the most obvious considerations presented in viewing the social changes railways are, with their characteristic rapidity, effecting. And even these, few as they are, must cause us to regard them not only as instruments of convenience and comfort, but as powerful agents in the advance of civilisation.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

JEAN LOUIS.

A TALE OF GUERANDE.

THE flood of civilisation and social improvement which it is asserted has rolled over the hills and valleys of France, has not been universal in its extent. There are various spots which seem placed beyond the reach of the movement. Having little or no direct communication with Paris, and connected with the chief town of the department by a bad and unfrequented route, the inhabitants of these isolated districts hear of the events which take place, of the changes and chances of society, of railways and steam-engines, gas lights and constitutional kings, without considering themselves as in any way concerned in them, and regard those who are, rather with feelings of contempt than of envy. This is the case more particularly in some parts of Bretagne, where the people cling with the greatest pertinacity to old habits and usages, rejecting, with proverbial obstinacy, every alteration, be it for better or

for worse. One of the spots in which the habits and manners of bygone ages are most peculiarly preserved is Guérande. Placed amidst the sand-hills and marshes where the Loire joins the ocean, between the ancient towns of Croisic and the Burg of Batz, it has preserved even its outward appearance intact from the innovation of modern habits and manners. Circumscribed within its ancient walls and ditches, with streets not wider than an omnibus and a half, its battlements unimpaired, its three gates showing the apparatus for elevating or letting fall the ponderous portcullis, and its wooden drawbridges, though no longer raised at sunset, still in a state to be so, everything about the town preserves the same primitive character; the upper storeys of the houses resting on solid pillars of wood or stone, and forming galleries, under which the passengers are secure from rain or sunshine; the shops small and low, their fronts covered with slates fastened over one another like the scales of fish; the windows ornamented with carved wood-work, which projects into the street in some places even beyond the pillars, in grotesque faces, or lengthened out into fantastic animals of some unknown or extinct race, whose remains are to be found only in museums. The population of Guérande is not numerous; and in consequence of the absence of the busy trade of more modernised towns, the passing traveller wanders through silent and deserted streets; and if he meets with a well pipe-clayed gendarme, or some such emblem of recent days, is startled at the anachronism, and would have been less surprised at encountering a warrior in the costume of the middle ages; for the dress of the Bretons in general might pass for that of any era. The geographical position of Guérande in some measure accounts for all these circumstances. It possesses but two roads, one leading to the chief town of the arrondissement, and but little frequented, the other to St Nazaire, which is six leagues distant. It has no speculations in trade to bring visitors, and the few strangers who make their appearance are chiefly invalids, who come for the purpose of sea-bathing, and the advantages of so retired and economical a situation.

Even the arrival of a strange beggar, some five-and-twenty years ago, was the subject of a nine days' wonder; more especially as he seemed inclined to take up his abode in Guérande, and differed from the native population, and even from persons of his class, in his habits and appearance, which were those of a person of education. It was supposed at the time that he was one of the unfortunate persons ruined by the Revolution, and proscribed by the parties in power, which supposition was aided by a report that he was possessed of some remains of property; but no inquiries could elicit anything from him, though the supposed circumstances of his history strongly predisposed the royalist population in his favour. He neither confirmed nor denied the passing rumours, but quietly took his station at the door of the church as a regular mendicant. With many of the inhabitants it became customary to bestow upon him a weekly alms. Amongst those who did so was the Abbé Sorel, who officiated at the matin service, and who had been from the first struck by his appearance and singular conduct, though he could never extract from him any particular of his past history. The stranger went by the name of Jean Louis, and took up his residence in a large and nearly deserted mansion in one of the most desolate parts of the town; but no one was ever permitted to enter his domicile, for which he very regularly paid a small rent, which was never in

arrear. He was not obtrusive in his habits of mendicancy, but quietly awaited the charity of the worshippers in silent resignation. Amongst persons of the same class he was regarded with deference; and in case of any dispute arising amongst them, was appealed to as an umpire, by whose decision every one was contented to abide. Amongst other singularities of Jean Louis, was that of his never being known to enter the church, though there was little doubt of his being a Catholic, and deeply impressed with religious feeling.

At length the Abbé Sorel, on entering the church one morning, missed his pensioner from his usual place. The next day he was still absent; and on the third morning, Jean Louis not having made his appearance, the worthy priest, making himself acquainted with the residence of the poor man, resolved to seek him out, and ascertain the cause of his continued absence. With some difficulty he discovered the dreary abode of the beggar: in one corner of a ruinous court, once the residence of a Breton noble, he found a dark winding staircase, which conducted him to a low arched door, where he knocked for some time without being able to gain admittance. At length a small grating was withdrawn; and the person within having ascertained who the visitor was, removed the bar which impeded the entrance, and the priest was admitted into a small dark chamber by the mendicant himself, who was evidently suffering from severe illness and bodily weakness. He made a hurried apology for having detained the abbé so long; and then, after some slight hesitation, during which he seemed to form some sudden resolution, requested him to follow him, at the same time throwing open the door of an inner chamber. The first room into which the priest had been admitted was a dark and miserable abode, unfurnished, and with every appearance of desolation and poverty; the second, to his infinite amazement, was furnished not only with comfort, but with considerable luxury, though the articles were generally of no modern date. As they entered this chamber, Jean Louis seemed labouring under great mental agitation as well as bodily weakness. He, however, placed a chair for his guest, and then staggered to a heap of straw covered with a coarse rug, which was placed on one side the room, and contrasted strangely with the various articles of comfort with which it was surrounded. For a few moments the priest was silent from surprise, till a deep groan from his companion roused him, when, advancing to the spot where the beggar had fallen exhausted on his rug, he took him by the hand, and said in kindly accents, 'Jean, my friend, you seem to possess every means of relief for your bodily wants, but the mysterious circumstances in which I find you placed, lead me to suppose that there is some secret sorrow or some secret sin, which only religious consolation can relieve; is it not, then, the hand of Providence which has brought me here to console your solitary wretchedness? As your friend and spiritual guide, I intreat of you to confide in the divine mercy, and you will receive comfort and support.'

'There is no relief, no consolation, no mercy for me,' wildly exclaimed the sick man.

'Such doubt and such despair,' mildly replied the abbé, 'are more criminal than you are aware of; there is mercy for every repentant sinner.'

'But none for me, none for me,' groaned the unfortunate; 'for ingratitude of the blackest dye, for robbery, for murder, nay, almost for parricide; no, no, there can be no mercy for me.'

'By faith and penitence, every sinner may have hope.'

'Penitence, penitence,' murmured the beggar; 'can penitence obliterate sins like mine?'

'There is an atonement beyond the penitence of man,' replied the abbé; 'have faith in that atonement, and you will receive hope and consolation.'

Jean Louis moaned in heartfelt agony, but made no reply; and the priest kneeling by his side, prayed long and earnestly. This seemed to tranquillise the mind of the sufferer in some degree; when, suddenly rising, he seized the hands of the abbé, and exclaimed, 'Hear the tale of my iniquities, and then say if hope or consolation can exist for me.'

'Hope exists for all men, if that hope be fixed aright,' replied the priest, who, at the desire of the penitent, placed himself in his seat. The beggar then knelt before him, and midst many sobs and groans, which at times interrupted his narrative, told the following history to the attentive priest:—

He was, he said, the son of a poor vigneron in Burgundy, and at an early age had been taken into the family of the lord of the village, a nobleman of wealth and distinction, who intended to bring him up as a valet for his son, a youth a year or two younger than Jean himself; but having shown some talents, and a considerable readiness in acquiring information, his destiny was changed, and he was educated with his young master, and at length became a confidential secretary. But the revolutionary storm had become darker and more threatening; his master took the alarm, secured considerable sums in foreign funds, and providing himself with a sufficiency of ready money, removed his family in secrecy to a retired spot near Paris, where, under a feigned name, and an appearance of poverty, he for some time escaped from suspicion and from danger. With the exception of his wife and children, Jean Louis was his only confidant; on him he relied, as on his own son, and from him nothing was concealed. At length, prompted by avarice and ambition, the faithless wretch conceived the infernal purpose of denouncing his paternal benefactor; and hoped, by involving the whole family in destruction, to possess himself of the secret funds, of the particulars of which he was well informed. For some time he hesitated; but the suggestions of evil triumphed, and he betrayed to the revolutionary tribunal the retreat of the proscribed family; of whom the son only escaped, being by chance at the time separated from his devoted kindred. The faithless traitor went so far as even to appear as a witness against his benefactors, and consigned them to the scaffold. By accident he was in the streets of Paris as the fatal vehicle conveyed his victims to the slaughter, and the eye of his master fell upon him, and recognised him amongst the crowd; the glance was momentary, but its effect was enduring: it came like the blasting fire of heaven; it awoke within him torments never ceasing, and most intolerable—a remorse and agony which no bodily suffering could have equalled. He fled from Paris, possessed indeed of the spoils of his murdered benefactors, but with a resolution never to enjoy them: he determined to bury himself in the most retired spot he could find, and to pass his life in poverty, surrounded by his guilty wealth, and by every thing which should recall his crime to his hourly remembrance. To that end he had transported the remnant of his master's furniture to Guérande, and brought with him the portraits of the murdered family, that they might be for ever before his eyes; at the same time he pointed to the pictures on the wall.

The abbé, who had listened with intense anxiety to the tale, grew pale as it advanced; and when it reached this point, following the direction in which the penitent pointed, he started to his feet and exclaimed, 'Merciful heaven! my father! and my mother!' The beggar, with a loud and piercing scream, fell senseless on the floor.

After a time spent in mental prayer, the abbé raised the fallen man, placed him on his low couch, and forced some water down his throat; after which he began gradually to recover; but it was some time before he was restored to full consciousness, and then raising himself on his knees, he said in a faint voice, 'Is there pardon for such a wretch as I?'

'For you and for all men,' replied the abbé solemnly.

'And can you pray for me?' The abbé fell on his knees and poured forth an ardent prayer for the sinner, who prostrated himself in silence before him. When the priest sought to raise him—he was dead.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DISPERSION OF PLANTS BY THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE distribution of plants over the earth's surface is influenced by conditions of soil, heat, moisture, light, altitude of situation, and various other causes; for, did they flourish independently of these conditions, then there were no reason why the vegetation of one part of the globe should differ from that of another. Situations, therefore, which present similar circumstances of soil, climate, &c. are capable of being peopled with the same races of plants, and if they are not so now, it is because the seeds or roots of such vegetables have not been transported to them. The agents which aid the dispersion or migration of plants are of various kinds, and are unconnected with the causes which limit their geographical distribution. Many seeds, for example, drop from the parent stalk, spring up into a new series of stems, which in turn give birth to another race of seeds, and these again to another circle of vegetation. Thus any tribe of plants would spread from a common centre till arrested by the influences which limit its range of habitat; and this mode of dispersion no doubt occasionally occurs. In most plants, however, the seeds are small and light, and easily borne about by the winds; some are downy, and furnished with wings; others have buoyant tufts and filaments; and many, when fully ripe, are ejected from the vessels which contain them with considerable force. All these appendages and peculiarities are evidently intended to facilitate their dispersion, which is farther assisted by rivers and other currents of water, by adhering to the coverings of quadrupeds, by being swallowed and subsequently voided by birds, and by the economical pursuits of man, whether accidental or intentional. The seeds are arrested in their progression by various causes: some are furnished with barbs and hooks, which lay hold of objects; others become entangled amid herbage, the mud of rivers, or the softened soil of winter; while many towards spring are acted upon by the heat of the sun, so as to emit an adhesive substance, or their fleshy pericarps melt down into the soil, carrying the embryo along with them. In all, the appendages which aid their migration begin to decay at the proper season, and so are unfitted any longer to transport them. The seeds thus dispersed spring up and flourish, if they find in their new habitats all the conditions necessary to their growth; if they do not, they either lie dormant, or die after an abortive struggle with the obstacles of soil, climate, drought, or moisture, which oppose them.

From what has been stated, the reader must perceive that the geographical distribution, and the dispersion of plants, are two very different things—the former being regulated by immutable physical conditions, and the latter being dependent on agents the most capricious and irregular. Among these agents the lower animals form one of the most curious and interesting, and to them we at present exclusively devote our attention. The modes in which the lower animals aid in the dispersion of vegetation may be classed under three great heads—namely, by the seeds adhering to their hair or wool, and being thus carried to great distances from the parent plant; by being swallowed by the animals, and subsequently voided entire and uninjured; and by being

dropt and lost during the act of feeding, when bearing them from one place to another, or after having secreted them for winter provision. There may be other accidental modes in which they facilitate this dispersion, but the above are the most apparent and intelligible.

Many seeds or seed-vessels, like those of the burdock, teasle, woodruff, &c. are furnished with hooks and barbs which readily lay hold of any floccy substance, as wool and hair; and there can be no doubt that animals of the sheep and goat kinds materially aid in the dispersion of these and other plants whose seed-vessels are similarly constructed. These animals in a state of nature are almost ceaseless wanderers, here passing through a clump of thistles, burr-docks, and the like, there grazing among prickly shrubs, or crushing their way through thickets; and during each of these operations insensibly carrying off seed-vessels, and portions of branches with fruits and berries, which in course of time are dropt in other localities. Again, animals, as the ox, buffalo, camel, horse, &c. as they wander through their pasturages, must aid in a similar manner the dispersion of plants: during the season when they are casting their shaggy coverings, they are prone to rub themselves against every shrub and tree, and are thus placed in more frequent contact with seeds and seed-vessels. This liability of seeds to become attached to the hair or wool of animals, is increased by the structure of the seed-vessels, which are often hooked and barbed, and which, when fully ripened, so distend and recurve, as absolutely to bristle with points of attachment. Thus, for example, in the cones of the fir tribe, the scales are smoothly imbricated over each other when the seed is green, but begin to separate and curl back when it is ripe, and thus readily adhere to any loose or shaggy substance. To what extent plants may be dispersed in this manner, it would be fruitless to attempt an estimate; but any one who has wandered through a pasture field on a sunny day in autumn, and seen the number of grass and other seeds which adhered to his own clothing, or who has observed the fleeces of sheep in an extensive hill-run, the shaggy coatings of cattle as they rolled among the herbage, or rubbed their way through brake and thicket, can have no difficulty in conceiving how the wool and hair of quadrupeds should become instrumental in the dispersion of plants over districts where they were formerly unknown.

That trees and plants are ever disseminated by the animals which feed upon their seeds, has been denied by certain naturalists, who contend that the seeds and fruits are comminuted and destroyed in their passage through the stomach. This, however, is by far too sweeping an assertion, and one which every-day observation sufficiently contradicts. There is nothing more common than to find gooseberries, raspberries, and brambles grow up in situations where we know for certain that the seeds from which they sprung must have passed through the human stomach; or to find stalks of oats and barley in localities where the seeds must have as surely passed through the intestines of the ox or horse. No doubt such cases are, as they must be, the exceptions to the general rule; for, were it otherwise, the fruits and seeds upon which animals feed could not possibly yield them their proper nourishment. Generally speaking, the proper food of truly granivorous animals is masticated, comminuted, and digested; but it frequently occurs that these animals swallow seeds and fruits which do not form their usual diet, and the consequence is, that a portion escapes through their stomachs uninjured. During certain

diseases, occasioned, it may be, by having partaken of unusual food, seeds and grains are still more apt to pass entire. Besides, it is not always the seed that forms the nutriment; the cherry, the plum, the haw, the elderberry, and other fruits, are swallowed by birds not for the kernel, but for the pulp which surrounds it; and many of the birds feeding in this manner have their organs so constructed, that the stone or kernel cannot possibly suffer any injury in its passage through the stomach. On this point we are confirmed by Mr Jerdon, in a recent number of *The Zoologist*:—‘In those species,’ says he, ‘which live partly on berries and partly on soft insect food, like the thrushes, I am inclined to think that in some instances seeds pass through unhurt, particularly those which are of a hard texture, and which are enclosed in a pulp, as the berries of the elder and mountain-ash, and perhaps those of currants, gooseberries, &c. In the course of my own observations, I have found seeds of the elder entire in the intestines of thrushes and blackbirds, and I have also found hawstones in that of the latter bird. It is not at all surprising that the haw should be able to resist the action of the blackbird’s stomach, as it is of so very hard a nature, and I should be inclined to say that in general it does so. I am also of opinion that the seeds of the holly, which are somewhat similar to those of the haw, generally escape the grinding power of the gizzard. In some fruit-eating tribes, as the *Amelidae*, which have a wide and short intestinal canal, seeds of all kinds may, and probably do, pass through uninjured; and in omnivorous birds, as the crows, some seeds may casually and accidentally escape.’ Indeed we have positive evidence of the juniper and mistletoe being dispersed in this manner; and of acorns, taken from the stomach of a wood-pigeon, having so far preserved their vitality as, on being sown, to spring up into healthy saplings, outstripping in lusty vigour the oaks grown from acorns in the usual way.

It has been already stated, that birds which feed chiefly on fruits and berries derive their subsistence not from the stone, but from the soft pulpy pericarp, and therefore that in most instances the kernel passes through the stomach uninjured. A beautiful illustration of this is given by Mr Selby in his monograph on pigeons in *The Naturalist’s Library*:—‘The precious nutmeg, or rather its soft covering, known to us by the name of *mace*, at certain seasons affords a favourite repast to some species of the arboreal pigeons of the Indian Archipelago. This valuable spice for the nutmeg itself, which is generally swallowed with the whole of its pulpy covering, passes uninjured through the digestive organs of the bird, and is thus dispersed throughout the group of the Moluccas and other islands of the East. Indeed, from repeated experiments, it appears that an artificial preparation, analogous to that which it undergoes in its passage through the bird, is necessary, to insure the growth and fertility of the nut; and it was not till after many and unsuccessful attempts had been made, that a lixivium of lime, in which the nuts were steeped for a certain time, was found to have the wished-for effect, and to induce the germinating tendency.’ So it is with many other fruits and berries, the fleshy pericarps of which alone are edible, while their stones resist the digestive powers of these birds. And when we consider that pigeons are most voracious vegetable feeders, take long flights, and some of them even make distant migrations, we can readily allow them to be widely instrumental in disseminating the plants on which they mainly subsist. Nor is it mere herbs and lowly shrubs which may be thus dispersed, but some of the most gigantic trees of the forest, as the banyan and banana, whose fruit furnishes for the arboreal pigeons of the East a favourite repast. As with pigeons, so with many other birds: pheasants devour numbers of acorns in the autumn, some of which having passed through the stomach, probably germinate: linnets, goldfinches, thrushes, goldcrests, hawfinches, &c. feed on berries and stone-fruits, whose kernels resist

their powers of digestion, and are thus transported to places far distant from the parent plant, where they spring up and clothe the landscape with new vegetation.

The next palpable mode in which animals may facilitate the dispersion of plants, is by scattering the seeds when in the act of feeding, by dropping them when bearing them away to their retreats, or by forgetting the spots in which they had deposited them for winter food. An example under each of these heads will be much more convincing than a mere general statement. The brown linnet, when feeding on thistle seed, perches on the top of the weed, and tears the downy head asunder in order to reach the seeds which are attached to the receptacle. During this act, many of the grains being loosened, are borne away on their downy wings by the breeze to places far distant from the parent stem—the bird being in this case the indirect disseminator of the thistle. Were the head not torn asunder in this manner, ten to one but it would become soaked with the rains of winter, and fall down only a few inches from the original stalk, instead of being transported, as it often is, across many miles of country. What is here mentioned of the linnet may be witnessed in any thistly during some fine day in September, when the birds are feeding in flocks, and scattering the down in every direction. The greater part of the seeds is no doubt devoured by them, but a number also escape, a fact which the bird is well aware of, as it frequently gives chase to the stray ones as they are borne away by the wind. Again, birds often drop grains and berries while in the acts of carrying them to their retreats, and of feeding upon them. Thus the nut-hatch, having twisted off the bough a cluster of beech-nuts, resorts to some favourite tree whose trunk is rough and uneven, and tries by a series of manœuvres to peg it into one of the crevices of the bark. During this operation the nuts sometimes fall to the ground, and being neglected by the bird, germinate and spring up into trees. Beeches are often found growing near the haunts of this bird, which have evidently been planted in the manner described. Lastly, as many animals are led by instinct to lay up a store of food against winter, it often happens that some of these stores are forgotten, and the seeds, nuts, &c. which compose them, left to germinate on the return of spring. A familiar and well-known example of this process is furnished by the habits of the squirrel, of which the following anecdote has been frequently told:—‘A gentleman walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House in Monmouthshire, was diverted by observing a squirrel sitting very composedly on the ground. He stopped to watch its motions. In a few seconds the squirrel darted like an arrow to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down again with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the ground with his hands. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter; and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to recollect the spots in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain in some measure indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.’

There can be no doubt, then, that plants are disseminated by the lower animals; but which animals are most active in the process, and to what extent their activity is effective, are problems in natural history, the solutions of which are yet but imperfectly discovered. As it stands, the fact forms one of the most interesting features in creative design—namely, that the lower ani-

mals, without gift of foresight or intelligence, are instrumental in dispersing over the face of the globe those plants from which they in turn derive the means of subsistence.

THE CORK REGATTA.

NEWSPAPER descriptions of regattas are usually very dry affairs, and one generally gathers from them but an imperfect idea of a spectacle which, in reality, is cheerful and animated beyond most others. It occurs to us that the following extract from a letter written by a friend of ours after seeing the last Cork regatta, will be appreciated as a more suitable description of that kind of amusement. The writer is a playful kind-hearted professor belonging to a Scottish university. It is perhaps necessary to add, that he wrote for the amusement of a private circle only.

'Since I last wrote, we were on a visit of a week at the Priory, the residence of Mrs —, which I think I formerly mentioned is delightfully situated close upon the beach of the Cove.* * * As the Cork regatta was held at the time I was there, I must try to give you some idea of a spectacle which is considered to be the finest of the kind in the United Kingdom. It began on Monday last, and continued for three days. The first day was delightful; light airs floated here and there over the surface of the beautiful harbour, and promised, from the aspect of the sky, to settle into a fine summer breeze. Sitting in my bedroom, boats decked with flags passed from an early hour incessantly before me. I could hear the gay laugh of the rowers, while they plied their joyous task, with their oars glistening in the sun. Many of the boats had music, which came more mellow to the ear as it floated along the surface of the water. I need not say that the gaiety of the scene was greatly heightened by the circumstance, that every boat bore along a due proportion of the fair sex. A large steamer decked with flags has entered the Cove, bringing from a distance many a glad heart to enjoy the festivities of the day. But we must go out, and see how things look from the side of the garden. What a gorgeous sight! The standard of England is majestically waving from the opposite batteries, and hundreds of vessels of all forms are covered with streamers. Among these, the Resistance man-of-war, the magnificent war-steamer the Stromboli, and the Volage frigate, particularly attract attention. They are literally covered, from the different mast-heads to the deck, with the flags of all nations. The beautiful yachts which are to contend for the honours of the day are getting under weigh, and some of them, with their snow-white canvass, are already tacking towards the place of rendezvous. In the meantime let us shift our position, and get a little nearer to the place of starting, which is opposite the town of Cove. It is only a mile off, and we shall have a delightful view of everything that is going on, as we walk through the highly-ornamented grounds of Mr French, who has kindly given us permission to do so. We have now got, by our gradual ascent, about four hundred feet above the level of the water, and can distinctly discern the decks, with the persons walking along them, of the crowds of vessels which are moving in every direction below us. Come a little farther on, and from yonder point we shall be able to command a view of the whole. Did you ever see such a beautiful sight? Over a distance of more than six miles in every direction, the surface of the water is covered with shipping. Try to count them. It is impossible, favourably placed as we are for the purpose. Did you hear that gun? It is the signal for starting of the first race—a race of hookers. They are fishing vessels, duly rigged, and very different from our — craft. Only observe how well they sail. They have to make a run of forty miles before they return, so that it will be probably six

hours hence. That other gun is the signal for the sailing of the yachts, some of which belong to ports in England. What elegant sylph-like vessels they are! How swiftly they move through the water! It is now a fine steady breeze, and it would be impossible to have a more favourable day for the competition. Before we descend to the place of starting, let us remain here a little longer, and satiate our eyes with the magnificent and gorgeous prospect, so instinct with life and beauty. Cast your eye westward in the direction of Cork. You cannot see the town for the intervening hill, which you observe is covered with elegant villas, the grounds being decked to the water-edge with fine wood and beautiful green lawns. Happy Ireland! * * For this day, however, all unpleasant subjects are forgotten, and crowds after crowds are pouring down from Cork in the steamers to be present at the regatta. Look now towards the east. The contending yachts are still in view, but in a short time they will quit the harbour, and stand out to sea. Many of a different class are tacking to and fro before the time arrives, when they too shall engage in the contest.

Let us now descend towards the town of Cove. From the windows of the different houses you can see people eagerly gazing at the lively and shifting scene below them. As we advance onward, the crowd gets more dense, and by and by we shall have some difficulty in forcing our way through the living mass. Take care of your pocket handkerchief; I have been eased of mine already, and fortunately will have no occasion to trouble myself farther about it. Now we have reached the enclosed space where the members of the regatta club have provided accommodation for their friends. Mr W— has furnished me with tickets, so that we shall at once get admission. Oh! a considerable number of ladies have got here before us; some of them are seated in open carriages, and others are sauntering about to vary their view of the scene. I see E— sitting in her carriage with her sisters-in-law. Our old friend, Sir William Dickson, is talking to them on one side, and Lieutenant Levinge on the other. The Volage frigate, so gaily fluttering with flags, is within a hundred yards of us. What is that on her maintop-gallant-mast-head? I declare it is one of the seamen, leaning with his breast on the very summit of the mast, and looking down with composure from that perilous position.

Another gun. A fresh race has started. It consists of six-oared barges. The rowers, composed of the best seamen belonging to Cove, are all stripped to their shirts for the contest: how they struggle for the lead! Another gun announces the return of the winning yacht. She ran over the distance (forty miles) in little less than five hours; she belongs to Mr French. Now the hookers begin to heave in sight; and as every arrival is greeted with a gun, the reports are more and more frequent. But though it be very true that things presented to the eyes make a more lasting impression than what is addressed to the ear, I confess I begin to get tired with staring so long at objects which, though constantly shifting, have nevertheless a great resemblance to one another. I see, too, you are beginning to yawn a little; we shall therefore, if you please, make our way back to the Priory, and return to-morrow.

To-morrow, July 30, has come; but oh how different from yesterday! It blows hard, and the appearance of the sky threatens that it will blow still harder. The gay streamers can no longer be displayed without the risk of being blown to tatters. Though the gale has increased to a storm, four yachts have started to contend for the prize, which is £60. Observe how they yield to the sweeping blast as they swiftly scud along—they will soon be out of sight—may they all return in safety. Who could have imagined that this beautiful inland sea could be so frightfully agitated by a summer gale? But it blows so furiously, that it resembles more a wintry tempest than a breeze in the end of July. But we must not prose about it; we shall rather, if you please, go

* The celebrated natural harbour called the Cove of Cork. It is studded all round with pleasant-looking villas.

back to the starting place where we were yesterday. What clouds of dust sweep along the road! Most of the yachts are at anchor, and you observe some of the vessels are actually driving from their moorings, and running foul of each other. We have again reached the place of rendezvous, which, notwithstanding the gale, is even more crowded with carriages than it was yesterday. Here is Captain —, the preses of the club; he will tell us all about the state of matters. "Captain —, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Dr —." "I am happy to make your acquaintance, Dr —, but extremely sorry we shall be able to contribute so little to your amusement to-day. One of the yachts has just returned. She had scarcely got out of the harbour into the open sea, when one of her hands was washed overboard; fortunately, being a capital swimmer, the man was saved, though with great difficulty. The gale being on the increase, and still more violent in the offing than on shore—and, besides, observing that one of the yachts had carried away her mast, and was in imminent danger—they deemed it most prudent, as they could render her no assistance, to endeavour to return to the harbour, in order that the war-steamer, the Stromboli, might be sent to her aid. In the meantime, I have applied to the admiral on the station, who has ordered a revenue cutter to proceed without delay to the spot, and keep a watch on the missing yachts. I fear we can have no more racing to-day; but we are to have a grand dejeuner in the adjoining temporary pavilion, which has been constructed for the purpose, and where I shall be happy to have the honour of your presence."

It is now past five o'clock, the hour at which it was announced the dejeuner was to take place; and though the fate of the absent yachts is still unknown, our fasting will not contribute in the least to their safety. We may therefore join the crowd, and, before it be too late, secure comfortable places at the banqueting table. I see there are four long tables; and as Mr W— is acting as croupier at one of them, we shall endeavour to seat ourselves by him. What a crowd! There cannot be fewer than 400 persons present. Help yourself, and allow Lieutenant Levinge, who is opposite you, to attend to the ladies.

The preses has risen to propose a flowing bumper to the ladies; of course you recollect he gave "The Queen" some time ago. He has done the thing very neatly. His allusion to the commonplace theme, *leap-year*, you must admit, was well managed. He has risen again, to intimate that we must prepare to retire for the removal of the tables, in order that arrangements may be made for converting the pavilion into a ball-room.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Levinge proposes that we should visit the Volage. The barge is in attendance, manned with a crew of twenty brave fellows. We are sure to get a ducking, as it blows harder than ever; and, moreover, there may be some difficulty in scrambling up the frigate's side. Stay you on shore, and Mr W— and I will go and report progress.

Well, you observed what difficulty we had in getting on board. Mr Levinge's hat, you saw, was blown away. When we got alongside the frigate, I confess I had some misgivings in committing myself to the precarious rope-ladder, by which alone I could ascend; but I scorned to betray symptoms of fear before men who would have pitied me as a lubber if I had shrunk from the danger, so I mounted with all the alacrity of a fearless seaman. When I got fairly on deck, what neatness, order, and cleanliness everywhere met the eye! Nothing was out of its proper place; and in five minutes I believe the frigate would have been ready for action. Before the mainmast, on a circular mahogany frame, was inscribed in golden characters the well-known signal of Nelson, "England expects that every man will do his duty!" Everything on board the Volage indicated that this noble sentiment was reduced to practice by Sir William Dickson and his brave officers and crew. You observed the Stromboli pass while we were on board? What a magnificent steamer she is! She carries

sixty eight-pounders. Wo to the Prince de Joinville when he falls in with her as an enemy! Though, I suppose, you care as little about dancing as I do, we may just take a peep into the ball-room to admire the Irish beauties and observe their style of dancing. I am sure you will admit that here there are many lovely and beautiful women, and that not a few of them dance with elegance and grace.

It is now ten o'clock, and as you have no intention of dancing, we may as well be off.

Next day I learned, that on the accident occurring to the yacht which was dismasted the day before (and which proved to be the Union of Cork), one of her competitors, the Edith of Liverpool, gallantly relinquishing the cause of honour for that of humanity, bore down upon her distressed rival, and succeeded in towing her into Ballycotton Bay, from which she was afterwards dragged by the Stromboli into the Cove of Cork. The other yacht, the only one which sailed the prescribed course, returned at half-past eight the preceding evening, and therefore won the race.

JOTTINGS OF THE COLONIES.

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

WE have received a six months' file of a new newspaper, entitled the Adelaide Observer, which was started on the 1st of July 1843. If the flourishing state of a colony may be judged of from the number of newspapers it supports, South Australia must be considered in a state of prosperity, for in Adelaide alone four weekly papers are issued. The new candidate for the favour of the colonial public is well printed, and edited with skill and care. From it we are enabled to glean a few facts, which will show the state of the colony up to the end of last year.

The country appears to be struggling out of a panic brought about by large and not very prudent land speculations into which several of the colonists had plunged. But affairs seem to be assuming a healthy tone, and the province is in a state of progression towards prosperity, which is testified by the following facts:—The population of the Adelaide province has already reached 16,000, of whom 4,300 are tillers of the soil. One thousand children were born in the colony during 1843. In 1840 only 2505 acres of land had been broken up, whereas, by the end of last year, 30,000 acres were brought under cultivation. A glance at the accounts officially rendered of exports and imports, gives additional evidence of gradual prosperity. We must premise, that it is a good sign in a recently established settlement when imports decrease and exports augment in value; that is to say, till they reach the point at which commercial interchange becomes healthy. It shows that the resources of the country are being duly developed, and that the settlers obtain that on the spot which they were at first obliged to derive from abroad. This is the case as regards the Adelaide province of South Australia. On examining the official statistics published in the local gazette, on the 21st December 1843, we find the imports of the last three quarters of the year 1841 amounted in value to L.229,925 against L.74,195 of exports variously produced; whilst the importations of 1843 have not exceeded L.93,148 against L.62,645 of exports, chiefly of colonial production. The tables relating to grain, flour, rice, and potatoes, show that the imports of those articles were upwards of L.50,000 more during the first three quarters of 1841 than those for the whole of 1843, which were only of the value of L.3,500. This must not, however, be received as a sign of prosperity, for the colony seems to be getting into a state of over-productiveness, especially in the article of wheat. One or two paragraphs from the Adelaide Observer prove this fact. At the beginning of the harvest, vast quantities of the last year's corn were not thrashed out, and yet a new and heavy crop had

to be got in. On one occasion a dray-load of excellent wheat was hawked through Adelaide for sale, among the merchants or millers, unsuccessfully; though it ultimately found a customer at two-and-sixpence per bushel. On the same day a load of the best wheat was sold to a baker for three shillings a bushel. In another paper we find an account of a farmer who threw down his fences and allowed his cattle to eat the corn standing, in despair of finding a market for it. We may remark in passing, that in October 1843, while this cheap sale and unavoidable waste of corn were going on at the antipodes, the average price of wheat in England was 51s. per quarter, or 6s. 4½d. per bushel, and thousands were suffering for the want of bread. The wheat crops in the province are remarkably fine; instances being recorded of their yielding 45 bushels to the acre; the straw standing nine feet high.

Of stock, sheep seem to be the most profitable and largely bred, despite a disease (scab) which prevails amongst them. Several intelligent colonists formed themselves into a committee to inquire into the best means of preventing and curing this scourge, but without eliciting anything more than is known on the subject in the parent country.

Besides its natural productions, Adelaide has set up manufactories of its own. In 1839 the only exports from the colony were wool, oil, and whalebone; in 1843 it was able to send away a variety of useful articles, after having supplied itself for home consumption with every sort of implements of husbandry. An important drawback to manufacturing on an extensive scale is a want of coal. No coal-fields have as yet been discovered in the province; a deficiency which, amongst other disadvantages, forbids the use of steamboats; but it is proposed to import this necessary article from New Zealand. Neither is water very plentiful in many districts. The town of Adelaide is near a shallow river (the Torrens), and seems as yet to be ill supplied with water, if we may judge from some squabbling among the water-carriers which appears in print. Iron abounds, and good pig iron has been made by the use of charcoal.

In looking over a list of wages published in the *Adelaide Observer* in 1843, we cannot perceive any encouragement for artisans to emigrate to that colony. Wages are about the same, or perhaps a little less than in Great Britain. The average earnings of a journeyman blacksmith is 30s. per week: 'trade middling.' Sawyers—who are rather scarce—carpenters, painters, shoemakers, tanners, miners (chiefly employed in digging wells), and shipwrights, about the same. Bricklayers, tailors, and wheelwrights, earn only 25s. per week. Agricultural labourers and domestic servants, on the contrary, being in demand, are better paid than in this country. Farm labourers easily obtain employment at 8s. per week, and their food. Shepherds '8s. to 13s. per week, according to ability, together with rations, consisting of 10 pounds of flour, 10 pounds of meat, 2½ pounds of sugar, and ¼ pound of tea, weekly. Where wives act as housekeepers, they obtain rations also. At distant stations higher wages are given. Adelaide holds out the best prospects to domestic servants. Men in that capacity, and female cooks, obtain from £1.20 to £1.25 per annum, besides their board; house and nursemaids from £1.10 to £1.12.

From the advertisements (of which the paper we are quoting has upon an average four well-filled columns), it would appear that the town of Adelaide is provided with shops and stores containing every necessary of life it is possible to wish for, together with a few luxuries. Nor are the intellectual wants of the colonists neglected. A bookseller is frequently announcing the arrival of shipments of books in every department of literature, and boasts that his circulating library contains 2500 popular novels, romances, and periodicals. He promises, moreover, to increase his catalogue by every arrival from England. Another in 'the trade' advertises a 'variety of new and popular works, suitable for bush reading and private families.' Thus the fame

of an English author sometimes extends, it would appear, to the dense solitudes of an Australian forest. But the colony does not depend entirely on the mother-country for intellectual nutriment: it publishes books of its own. There is a native '*South Australian Almanac*' issued annually; and under the head '*just published*,' we find the announcement of '*The South Australian Vigneron and Gardeners' Manual*,' written by an emigrant gardener, and printed and published at an Adelaide newspaper office.

Not the least interesting information we have picked out of the *Adelaide Observer*, is that concerning a colony of Germans in the Mount Barker district, some twenty miles east of the town of Adelaide. By the 5th Victoria, natives of Germany residing in South Australia are made British subjects; to all of whose rights and privileges they are admitted. Hahndorf, or German town, and a neighbouring village which they have established, though not situated near the best land in the colony, is flourishing under their persevering industry. Hahndorf already boasts of a Lutheran church, a mill, an inn, and schools, at which forty-eight daily, and between fifty and sixty Sunday scholars attend. 'The men tan their own leather, and the women card and spin wool, and knit stockings; and in order that no opportunity may be neglected of improving their time and their circumstances, those of the able-bodied among them, who can be spared from home, find employment with the neighbouring farmers and settlers in the capacity of shepherds, labourers, or servants.' These people may be safely set up as models for emigrants. They would 'get on' anywhere. The township of Mount Barker is the 'county town' of the district, and is inhabited by Germans and English. It already boasts of a court-house, where magistrates sit weekly, a police station, a post-office, a school-house, and an inn.

Taking into consideration all the facts we have been enabled to gather from the current information, supplied by the *Adelaide Observer*, it is to be inferred that the colony is in an improving and satisfactory condition.

PERIODICITY OF VITAL PHENOMENA.

Dr LAYCOCK, physician to the York Dispensary, and Messrs Quetelet, Schwann, and Schweig, the well-known continental philosophers, have of late years been gradually bringing to completion a curious theory with regard to the periodicity, or tendency to a regular recurrence, of certain vital phenomena in connexion with periodical phenomena in the external world. From a short view of the doctrine, which we find in the July number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, it appears that the fundamental period of these philosophers is twelve hours. They find the barometer comes to its minimum height for the day between four and five in the morning, and once more between four and five in the evening. Again, it is at its maximum height twice in the twenty-four hours, namely, between eight and ten in the morning, and between eight and ten in the evening. The two first of these periods are also the times when electric tension is at its minimum; while at the two latter periods it is at its maximum. Now, it is very remarkable that these periods also mark the occurrence of certain organic phenomena, such as the beginning and conclusion of the exacerbation of fevers, the beginning and conclusion of excitement in the insane, the greatest excitability in the circulation, and the escape of insects from the chrysalis. Our philosophers therefore assume that twelve hours is a space of time or period fundamentally concerned in vital phenomena. They call it the lunar day, which they hold the *basic unit* of their system. An ordinary or solar day they consider, accordingly, as two days, and an ordinary week as two weeks.

This hebdomadal or heptal cycle, according to Dr Laycock's views, governs, either in its multiple or sub-multiple, an immense number of phenomena in animal

life. The phases of development in insects appear to present the most uniform examples of its influence. In these Dr Laycock makes four principal periods; 1. the hatching of the ova, &c. The ova are hatched in periods varying considerably as to length. The shortest is a lunar week, or three days and a half, as in the wasp, common bee, and ichneumon; in the *cecidomia tritici*, it is two lunar weeks; in the black caterpillar and gooseberry grub, three lunar weeks. The larva state rarely occupies less than two, or more than twenty-four lunar weeks, and the moults of that state have usually an interval of two lunar weeks. "The period spent in the pupa state is the most in accordance with the general law of limitation by weeks; in fact, the more exact the observations are as to the length of this period, the more confirmatory are they of the general rule: for example, Mr Denny had three larvæ of the *sphinx atropos*, which went into the earth on August 22d, 24th, and September 2d, respectively. They appeared as perfect moths on October 16th, 18th, and 27th; or, in each case, in exactly eight weeks."

"A peculiar class of the functions of the adult insect or imago exhibit the agency of the same law. Thus twenty or twenty-one days after the queen-bee has begun to lay the eggs of drones, the bees begin to construct royal cells. If her impregnation be retarded beyond the twenty-first (Huber) or the twenty-eighth (Kirby and Spence) of her whole existence, she lays male eggs only, showing then no jealousy of the young queens. Some insects attain puberty immediately after leaving the puparium; others occupy a definite number of weeks in growing, especially the coleoptera, arachnida, and crustacea. Thus the newly-disclosed imago of the *cecilia aurata* remains a fortnight under the earth, and that of the *lucanus cervus* not less than three weeks. The common cyclops is at first nearly spherical, and provided with no more than two antennæ and four short feet. On the fourteenth day a small projection appears on the hinder part of the body; on the twenty-second it acquires a third pair of extremities; and on the twenty-eighth it moults."

"The periods of incubation or of development of the ova of fishes have not been closely observed, with the single exception of those of the salmon. From Dr Knox's industrious zeal, we learn that the ova of that fish are hatched in exactly twenty weeks, or 140 days. These periods in birds are much better known to us; they are all regulated by this "heptal" law. The eggs of small birds, as fly-catchers, sparrows, &c. are hatched in two weeks; of gallinaceous birds, the common fowl, pheasant, grouse, &c. in three weeks; of the duck tribe, in four weeks; of swans, in six weeks.*

The higher tribes of animals are shown to be under the same law in respect of their periods of gestation. "It is not, however, the phases of development only that exhibit the law of periodicity just laid down; there are various other changes and functions amenable to it. The moults of adult annulose animals, as the arachnida, myriapoda, and crustacea, the exuviation of serpents, and the renewal of the dermoid appendages in birds and mammals, are all regulated by it more or less. And so also are minor processes. The ring-pigeon not only sits fourteen days, but lays eggs previously to sitting for fourteen days. Birds of the goose and duck kind lay eggs in the wild state at tertian intervals [the basic unit quadrupled], that is to say, seven in fourteen days, or one every other day. The goldfinch builds its nest in three days, and it is left unoccupied for four, the first egg not being laid until the seventh day from the beginning."

Dr Laycock has some laborious investigations of the periods of intermittent disease, which go upon the whole to support his theory. He adopts the hypothesis of a regular sequence of critical days in health, going continually on from the beginning of organic existence, and predisposing to the outbreak of disease. It is par-

ticularly marked in the stages of the development and shedding of the teeth. In support of this idea, he instances the case of twin brothers, sick-nurses in an hospital at Bourdeaux, who were always ill at the same time, and became affected with cataract together. We can add, from our own observation, another case of twins, identical in appearance, who frequently have coincident ailments, and who even lost, in two or three instances, during dentition, the same particular teeth in succession.

It appears that the number 7 is deeply concerned in this curious hypothesis. This leads Dr Laycock into a dissertation, too abstract for our readers, on the importance attached in ancient and modern times to that number, and on its remarkable properties in transcendental arithmetic. We may only remark, that 7 has been long known to be distinguished in the laws regulating the harmonious perception of colours and sounds: it is so in that of forms also, and probably even in tastes, if we may believe the works of our ingenious townsman Mr Hay. "There is harmony of numbers in all nature; in the force of gravity, in the planetary movements, in the laws of heat, light, electricity, and chemical affinity, in the forms of animals and plants, in the perceptions of the mind. The direction indeed of modern natural and physical science is towards a generalisation which shall express the fundamental laws of all by one simple numerical ratio." Probably it will soon show "that the mysticism of Pythagoras was mystical only to the unlettered, and that it was a system of philosophy founded on the then existing mathematics, which latter seem to have comprised more of the philosophy of numbers than our present."

ETCHINGS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.

THE CONTRAST.

ROBERT MATHEWS, or, as he in the meridian of his fashionable life used to write himself, Robert Mowbray Mathews, was the only son of an honest hair-dresser who commenced business in the thriving seaport of K——, when hair-dressing was a very different sort of affair from what it has been since the abandonment of pigtails and powder. John Mathews was an agreeable old man, fond of joke and banter, but possessed withal of a degree of quiet worldly wisdom, which gained for him in his native burgh the nickname of Pawky John. Nobody's shop could be more tidily kept or more neatly painted than his; the floor was so thoroughly scrubbed, that it almost vied in whiteness with his linen apron; and the pleasant odours which escaped when his sash was open, were enough to keep one on that side the pavement though his business lay directly over the way. In fine, about the beginning of the present century, Mr Mathews was the beau-ideal of a provincial hair-dresser's shop, aspiring to do a little in perfumery, and a great deal in the toy trade, if one might judge from the display of drums, trumps, tin swords, and pea-guns which adorned its windows. The truth is, its owner was a thriving man: no one could be more obliging to his customers than he, and no man truer to his profession, if we except a few errant bursts of patriotism which led him on sundry occasions to don the martial habiliments of a volunteer. Possessed by inheritance of the house and shop in which he practised his art, having a frugal and industrious partner, and blessed with no more than two children, the demands upon his income were not numerous, and by the time that his eldest child and only son was fit to become an apprentice, John Mathews had managed to lay aside somewhat more than three hundred pounds. About this period Waterloo gave a quietus to 'the war,' as it did to our hair-dresser's patriotism; and henceforth he, his wife, son, and daughter, were all working-bees in that shining little shop of his. There was always something for each to do, and as the family expenditure was small, John's capital accumulated more rapidly

* British and Foreign Medical Review, xviii. 167.

than could be expected by those, who have never attempted a similar experiment. No person, however, would have known that fact from his bearing: he was ever the same cheerful, modest, little man, with a bit of pleasantry for all, and a willing and ready hand to whisk off the roughest beard in the seaport.

Time went on. John Mathews made money, bought house-property, and acquired a status in the burgh. And now that this fact became known, he was treated with somewhat greater deference. Mr was heard more frequently than John; he was sundry times elevated to the council-board; and on one occasion, if his modesty had permitted, would have been honoured as bailie. All this, however, wrought no change on our hair-dresser. No doubt the frontage of the old shop was remodeled, and a more commodious house fitted up above, with other similar improvements; but this was no more than befitted the condition of a man at the head of his profession in the bustling little seaport of K—. Well would it have been had this prosperity affected the son as little as it did the father. Robert, now a young man, had very different ideas of hair-dressing and the world: he hated the one, and looked upon the other as a field only for 'genteel and fashionable' amusements. Many and long were the altercations on this point between father and son; but the old man had his hand at the helm, and took his own circumspect and industrious course. 'No, no, Bobbie, my man, stick to your trade; and if ye dinna dishonour it, it'll no dishonour you. What though you were a merchant, or a writer, or a doctor to-morrow, ye would still hae to work—ay, a great deal closer than ye do now, and maybe at dirtier work than ye meet wi' in your father's cutting-rooms. No, no, lad, folks that set up to be gentlemen at a once, would need to hae lang purses, or gude-sooth their horses and gags 'll no stay lang wi' them. Wait till we double what we hae, and ye catch some braw leddy, and then we'll talk o' *Mathewsille* and our crops, but just now, let's crop the cluns and paws o' our customers.' Thus would he endeavour to reason the young man out of his folly, which had already become painfully apparent in his perpetual anxiety to be mistaken by the public for a gentleman, and in the horror he felt at being recognised as in anyway connected with the craft of his worthy father. 'Had I been a lawyer or a merchant, or anything but a hair-dresser,' he would say, 'I might have associated with other folks, might have dined on the Sundays with Farmer Graham, kept a couple of pointers, and taken the license to shoot over young Newlands's moors; but the connexion with that—toy-shop—faugh!' Thus did Robert Mathews, like many other foolish fellows, fret himself out of humour with his profession, get idle, and associate with certain young men, whose chief glory it was to sneer at humble pursuits, and to ape the vices but not the virtues of their superiors. To preserve an only son from ruin among such associates, as well as to gratify his 'esire of being in some other business on his own account, his father at length consented to advance the capital necessary to set him up as what is in Scotland called a 'general merchant.' It was indispensable, however, to have some knowledge of business; at least so thought the father; and the capital was to be forthcoming only on condition of the son's attending for twelve months the warehouse of a neighbouring trader. To this the young man reluctantly yielded; he saw nothing in a general merchant's business which his father's shop had not fitted him for; besides, it was a year lost, allowing some other person to get the start, and the chance of turning over a few hundred pounds' profit gone. The consequence was, that before six months were over, his inattention and presumption had become so annoying, that his master was glad to get rid of him.

He was now ready to commence business; but where? His native burgh was out of the question: in any part of its best street he was within sight of the painted pole of his father; and for a 'general merchant' to hold up his head under the pole of a barber, was impossible.

The town of D— was accordingly chosen, not precisely because it offered the most advantageous opening, but that it was where one of his former associates had recently opened as haberdasher, and because the moors of his gentleman acquaintance, Newlands, lay within a comfortable dinner drive. Here 'Mr Robert Mowbray Mathews, merchant,' rented a large shop, fitted up a house by one half too expensive for his station, and commenced business on a great scale—all upon a cash account of one thousand pounds from his father, and the credit which that worthy man's good name inspired among the wholesale traders. For the first six or eight months the novelty of the change was quite exhilarating; our young shopkeeper really did wonders; for, with all his folly, he had a strong liking, for money, which he found was indispensable to his extravagances. But then, having established his business, the business, if worth keeping, must take care of itself. Such was the sage maxim of Robert Mowbray Mathews; and now he recommenced his career of gay and fashionable aspirations. A young man of twenty-six, at the head of a first-rate retail trade, could surely afford to have a horse and gig, take a game license, and keep a couple of pointers. There was no harm in all this: his profits could afford it; his 'young men' could manage the shop; and, with a little supervision on his part, affairs would get forward quite swimmingly. Fagging day after day would never do with his constitution; and if he had only a few years of this over, what with his own and the old man's capital, he would settle down in some snug little country estate, marry an heiress, and then—hurra for it! Thus did he reason with himself; and, suiting the action to the word, would wave his quill in ecstasy, and kick the counting-room stool under the desk for the evening. Happy Mr Mathews!

Robert's first year as merchant passed by without anything particular to attract the attention of his father or friends. His accounts were duly paid; and if he could not say as much for his own customers, it was that, being a beginner, it would not do to be over-harsh in demanding punctual payments. The second year came round; he saw less of his shop, and more of a few loungers who were connoisseurs of wines, and talked knowingly of horses and dogs. To be the associate of such men, was more than fortunate in the son of a hair-dresser. It cost him, to be sure, some of the most expensive dinners; but what of that? He was only doing what other gentlemen did; and then did not he reap the pleasure of his own horses and dogs, which, without such society, it would be ridiculous in him to aspire to? Thus, amid jockeys, dog-fanciers, fashionable idlers, and dissipated lairdlings, did Mr Mathews neglect his business, and squander double what he could earn by it, even if it had been attended to—a thing it was not—for his shopmen followed in their own way the example he set them, and spent in vicious enjoyments much of the profits of their employer. The close of the second year came round; bills became due; every shift was tried to meet them; customers were dunned for their accounts; and at last old Mathews was appealed to. Much, however, to the credit of his good sense, he firmly resisted; and thus his son was left to his own shifts and resources. Somehow or other he scrambled through this his first business-difficulty, and might have recovered himself had he abandoned his sporting and dissipated companions: but no; he wanted nerve for that, and knew too little of mercantile affairs, to conduct them with profit against such expensive demands. His customers whom he had dunned now fell off, his creditors became duns in turn, and refused new stock till the former supplies were accounted for. Against such a concatenation of difficulties scarcely any experienced merchant could hold up, far less Mr Robert Mathews, who knew less of merchandise than his youngest apprentice. His gay companions could do nothing for him; for they were equally penniless with himself, and only hung about him so long as he could

minister to their pleasures. In a few months more his name figured in the Gazette; his shop and goods were disposed of for behoof of his creditors; and he, poor fellow, was under the necessity of taking shelter under the old painted pole which he had so cordially despised. Doubtless, had he possessed any manly spirit—but when did such as he ever boast true pride?—he could not have submitted to this humiliation. He attributed his misfortunes to other people—to his customers, to his shopmen, to the dull times; in fine, to everything but the right cause—his own extravagant expenditure, want of steady purpose, and the necessary knowledge of, and attention to, his business.

Old John Mathews was now a humbled and much altered man. Reflections upon his lost thousand pounds, and the disgrace of his son's bankruptcy, preyed sorely upon him; and it required all the cheering influence of his wife and daughter to keep him from sinking under it. 'Hoocver, the laddie's wi' me,' he would say; 'and if he sees the folly o' his ways, and resolves to do better, the experience is cheaply bought, dear as it has been to me.' In life, Robert was now little better than a cipher: his former comrades only laughed among themselves at his silliness; and finding himself no longer in request among them, he was fain to sit quietly down in his father's shop, which was by this time of considerable value. What his employment was, no one ever rightly could learn, for he seldom or never made his appearance before customers; but there are many things which can be done in a peruke-maker's back-room, and amid these varieties we believe Robert was profitably employed. While his son had been squandering, the old man had been storing. The returns from his business were considerable, and by one or two lucky appliances of his capital, he had more than doubled it. The reader must not imagine, however, that John Mathews was a speculator. He was too cautious for that, especially in matters which he knew nothing of, and yet it was by speculation that he doubled his savings. A shipowner, skilled in the whale trade, saw how he could readily make his fortune, had he only the command of a certain sum; but to ask this publicly, was to let his secret out, and therefore he had recourse to Mr Mathews. 'I'll no join you,' said John, 'for I ken naething about whaals or Greenland; but I'll tell ye what I'll do. If the *spec's* sae gude as ye say, gie me security over your insurance, and I'll lend you the twa-three bawbees I hae managed to scrape thegither. If ye lose, I'll seek aae interest, and if ye succeed, ye'll surely share the profits.' The captain saw no other way of raising the money, and hard as was the bargain which old Mathews drove, it was agreed to. The speculation was tried, and proved doubly successful. John was now, comparatively speaking, a rich man; but still he venerated the painted pole and his toy-shop, and would not have parted with his business (which, by the way, fully employed a journeyman and couple of apprentices) for ten times his capital. What the amount of that was, no man, and far less woman, knew. 'Is it three thousand?' says Mrs Mathews in the most winning tone she could utter, one evening when John was in an unusual sunshiny mood. 'Na,' says his daughter, striking the key a little higher, and more directly to the old man's pride—'it's four.' 'It's neither,' replied John, imitating the tone of his daughter; 'but when ye get a man wi' the half o't, I'll tell ye what I'll do—I'll double his fortune.' The old man, however, never lived to fulfil this pleasant promise; for, in a few months after, and just as he was meditating retirement from business in behalf of his son, he was suddenly cut off, leaving his effects to his children after the decease of the mother. Nor was this event long in following. Within less than a year the grave also closed over Mrs Mathews, leaving Robert inheritance to the value of three thousand, and his sister to the value of two thousand pounds. Now was the heyday of Mr Robert Mathews's wishes. Grief for his parents soon subsided; his old companions began to recognise him; his former habits returned; and

a few months saw the old hair-dresser's shop, and every trace of it, obliterated. His mind was irrevocably fixed upon a small moorland estate adjoining that of his friend Newlands, which he was to improve and farm on his own account, and for the purchase of which it was resolved to sell off all the property which his father had acquired in the burgh of K—. His sister, a facile and somewhat vain woman, readily consented to all this, her concurrence being the more easily obtained, that one of her brother's 'gentlemen' companions was soliciting her hand. Still, all the money they could muster was not sufficient to purchase and stock this hill-farm; but that was easily managed by the lawyers—a mortgage concluded the bargain. R. M. Mathews, Esq. of Broadmoor, was now in his own eyes a most important person. The very mention of hair-dressing or perukes put him in a fever; he would, indeed, have given half his fortune had such distressing vocables never been invented. He scorned the idea of his father's journeyman succeeding to the business, even though handsomely offered for the good-will thereof, lest it should perpetuate the remembrance of his origin. Nay, he even went so far as to make it a question in law whether that individual should state in his handbills 'fifteen years journeyman with the late Mr Mathews.' The journeyman, however, kept to his resolution, and now makes almost as good a living under the painted pole as did his respected master and preceptor.

How Mr Mathews of Broadmoor conducted the affairs of his estate is easily told. A mansion was built, quite unsuitable to the extent of his land; hunters and dogs were of course indispensable; and as these luxuries necessarily involved the keeping of company, company was kept of the most expensive description. The companionship of quiet decent farmers was what Mr Mathews could not of course condescend to; and country gentlemen of standing and respectability treated him with the same indifference. In short, his associates were of the most objectionable sort: those of a higher rank, who, despised and excluded by their own circle, sank down to his only for the sake of his wines and the social liberties allowed them. Ignorant of farming and its details as if he had come from a different planet, he had to depend entirely upon the advice of others; and they not knowing, or not caring to know, the condition of his land, gave admonitions often the most contradictory and perplexing. Thus it was that in less than two years he found himself in pecuniary difficulties, and had to raise money by mortgage. To increase his difficulties, his sister married one of his gay companions—the peniless youngest son of a neighbouring family; called up her portion, and departed with her husband for New South Wales. Thus additional mortgages were thrown on Broadmoor; and Mr Mathews, relaxing nothing in his expensive habits, and learning nothing of his business as gentleman-farmer, but getting into debts through racing and other extravagances, was, in the course of eight years, compelled to submit to a sale of his estate.

When his debts were cleared off, he found himself worth somewhat less than six hundred pounds. With this sum he might have succeeded as a farmer. Thousands have built fortunes on less; but farming and a country life were now to him as nauseous as mercantile pursuits. He embarked the remnant of his fortune in some maritime speculations, in partnership with another equally unsettled as himself. Handsome fortunes had recently been made in this line, and what should hinder Robert Mowbray Mathews and his partner from doing what others had done before them? So thought our quondam laird, and so he had always thought at each new turn of his career, till misfortune and failure had taught him the contrary. For a few years, he was seen about town endeavouring to look something like business, but the guise was too flimsy to hide the fact from those who knew him. He was an idle and profligate man. Suddenly he was missed from his accustomed resorts; he had fallen in debt, and fled no one knew whither. Years passed by, and Robert Mathews was found in company

with his former partner as a petty coal-broker in the Scotch metropolis. This, too, like all his other schemes, failed him, or was abandoned for something new; for the last time we happened to observe him, was during the present autumn, in the habiliments of a broken-down jockey, attached to the steps of a public omnibus.

Wyse men alway
Affirme and say,
That best is for a man
Diligently
For to apply
The business that he can;
And in no wyse
To enterpryse
Another faculté,
For he that will,
And can no skyliff,
Is never like to the [to thrive].

So saith Sir Thomas More in his 'Merrie jest how a sergeant would learne to play the frere;' and there is a world of sound practical sense in the observation. Had Robert Mathews adhered to his original profession cheerfully and diligently as his father had done, he might in due time have become the country gentleman he so much desired to be. He might have bought his estate, and lived in a quiet and comfortable way on his interests and rentals. Even had he wisely laid out the inheritance his father left him, he might have passed his days in quiet competence; but his ambition and vanity would not rest. For the time being, no pursuit was so contemptible and unprofitable as that which he had attempted, and failed in; none possessed of so many golden attractions as those untried. Thus it was he followed from one profession to another, disappointed when he found that it required diligence and attention to master its details, and disgusted when he had not the patience to bestow that attention and study which alone secure success. Such has been the fatuous career of Robert Mowbray Mathews. And now that tattered figure, with blotched countenance, and eye that seldom meets the public gaze, that shrunken frame and paralysed step which is tottering towards the refuge for the houseless, is the melancholy result.

CARE AND CONDENSATION IN WRITING.

THERE are some writers who seem to regard mere quickness and facility of production as of more importance than the quality of the thing produced. They insult the public with a flippant boast of the little time which they have thought it necessary to bestow upon a work intended for its acceptance, and make that a subject of triumph which calls for an apology. If the public were in a state of intellectual deprivation, and were too voracious to be nice, these rapid writers might be looked upon as benefactors: but the case is precisely the reverse; the world abounds in books, both good and bad. There is, at all events, no demand for a greater number of the latter kind. We can afford to wait for the result of an author's best exertions, and are not obliged to accept with gratitude the first crude and hurried productions that he is disposed to offer.* It is not the task of a day for a man to enter into competition with such writers as Shakespeare and Milton, or Byron and Wordsworth, or to produce a work of whatever kind, which the world would not willingly let die. A reader is as little curious about the number of hours which a poet may have taken to write his verses, as about the number of arms or legs of his study chair. The question is, whether the verses are good or bad, and not how, when, or where they were composed.

Anna Seward had the impudence to talk of translating an Ode of Horace while dressing her hair. If her translations had been worth a straw, we should have been surprised at her facility; but their real value

would have received no additional charm from the mode in which they were produced. On the contrary, we should have had reason to be dissatisfied with them, however good, when we came to consider how much better they might have been made if the author had been less presumptuous and more careful. Her affectation of facility was disrespectful both to Horace and to the public, and her indecent haste or negligence was in direct defiance of the advice of Horace himself. Extreme facility is, generally speaking, an unfavourable indication of the character of an author's mind. Rapid writers, like rapid talkers, are far more frequently shallow than profound. It has been very justly observed, that nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.

Rousseau has described 'the ceaseless inquietude' with which he attained the magic and beauty of his style. 'His existing manuscripts,' says D'Israeli, 'display more erasures than Pope's, and show his eagerness to set down his first thoughts, and his art to raise them to the impassioned style of his imagination.*' Dr Johnson has told us of the 'blotted manuscripts of Milton,' and has shown the painful care and fastidiousness of Pope (to which D'Israeli alludes) by the publication of some of the corrected proofs of the translation of Homer. Ugo Foscolo, in his elegant Essay on Petrarch, informs us that if the manuscripts did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine or believe the unwearied pains this poet has bestowed on the correction of his verses. 'They are curious monuments,' he adds, 'although they afford little aid in exploring by what secret workings the long and laborious meditation of Petrarch has spread over his poetry all the natural charms of sudden and irresistible inspiration.' It is said of the celebrated Benbo that he had a desk with forty divisions, through which each of his sonnets was passed in due succession, at fixed intervals of time, and that at every change of place it received a fresh revision. Joseph Warton, in his Essay on Pope, quotes the assertion of Fenton, that Waller passed the greatest part of a summer in composing a poem of ten stanzas. 'So that,' adds Fenton, 'however he is generally reputed the parent of those swarms of insect wits who affect to be thought easy writers, it is evident that he bestowed much time and care on his poems before he ventured them out of his hands.' Warton also mentions, in further illustration of his subject, that it is well known that the writings of Voiture, of Sarasin, and La Fontaine, cost them much pains, and were laboured into that facility for which they are so famous with repeated alterations and many erasures. Moliere is reported to have passed whole days in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verses have the flow and freedom of conversation. Some of Rochefoucault's maxims received twenty or thirty revisions, and the author eagerly sought the advice of his friends. Buffon called genius patience.

It is said that Shakespeare never blotted a line. To this we may reply with Ben Jonson, would that he had blotted a thousand! The errors and imperfections that are discoverable even in his wondrous pages, are spots on the sun that we often have occasion to wish away. Foreigners constantly throw these defects in the teeth of his national admirers. But Pope, in his Preface to Shakespeare, has shown that the great bard did not always disdain the task of correction, though he sometimes neglected it. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* and the tragedy of *Hamlet* were almost entirely re-written.

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to blot.'

Dryden sometimes, however, corrected his pieces very carefully, when he was not writing hurriedly for bread.

* I hate all those nonsensical stories about Lope de Vega and his writing a play in a morning before breakfast. He had time enough to do it after.—*Illustr.*

* My manuscripts, blotted, scratched, interlined, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me; nor is there one of them but I have been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press.—*Rousseau's Confessions.*

He spent a fortnight in composing and correcting the *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*. But what is this, exclaims Dr Johnson, to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose *Equivoque*, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it? Ten years elapsed between the first brief sketch of Goldsmith's *Traveller* and its publication, during which it was nearly re-written two or three times. In his first copy of *The Deserted Village*, the lines were written very wide apart, to give room for alterations; and we are told by Bishop Percy that scarcely a single line in any of Goldsmith's poetical works remained as it was originally written.

The Memoir of Gibbon was composed nine times, and some of Pascal's works were corrected and re-written just as frequently. Addison would stop the press when almost a whole impression of the *Spectator* was worked off, to insert a new proposition or conjunction. Dr Johnson is said to have corrected and improved every new edition of his *Rambler*. Akenside so altered and corrected the *Pleasures of Imagination*, and yet so little satisfied his own judgment, that, after it had passed through several editions, he found it better to re-write it altogether. He did not live to finish the new version, but two or three books or sections of it are now usually included in his works. It is curious to observe his fastidious alterations. His spirited *Epistle to Curio* was first published in heroic couplets, and afterwards turned into an ode in ten-line stanzas. It is true that these two great changes were by no means improvements, but they prove that Akenside was not one of those who think labour needless in a man of genius. He urged this principle, however, too far. He delayed the correction of the warm effusions of his youth until old age had chilled his imagination. This was a sad mistake. But whatever may be the disadvantages of over-labour and too great fastidiousness, they are far less dangerous than errors of an opposite character. I believe no one has seriously recommended haste and negligence of composition. The best critics, on the contrary, have urged the necessity of assiduous care. It is remarkable that some of our most voluminous writers have confessed the great toil and attention which they bestowed upon their works. Cowper, a vigorous, and by some thought a careless poet, in one of his delightful letters observes, that 'to touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse.' He adds, 'I am never weary of it myself.' Moore, whose own poetry, glowing as it is, bears internal evidence of great care, assures us in his *Life of Byron*, that his lordship was no exception to the general law of nature, that imposes labour as the price of perfection. He gives several curious specimens of the noble poet's fastidious changes of phrase, and his laborious correction of defects. Medwin, in his *Life of Shelley*, published in the Athenæum, tells us that that poet exercised the severest self-criticism on everything he wrote, and that his manuscripts, like those of Tasso at Ferrara, were scarcely decipherable. His care, however, I should think, was bestowed more on the choice of striking and gorgeous expressions, than on that finish and condensation of style which is now so much neglected. He is too exuberant. Drummond of Hawthornden beautifully and truly says—

'I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of spirit are so dearly bought.'

In a free translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, partly by Sir William Soame, but chiefly by Dryden, authors are strongly cautioned against too much haste:—

'Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.

—Of labour not afraid:

A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.'

Horace, who is thought a good authority in such mat-

ters, not only advises a poet to keep his work by him for nine years, but particularly insists on the absolute necessity of frequent correction. Beattie confesses in a letter to Sir William Forbes that he thinks it right to let his pieces lie by him for some time, because he was a much more impartial judge of such of his works as he had almost forgotten, than of such as were fresh in his memory.

This is the golden age of periodicals, and though I should be the last to dispute the numerous and great advantages of this species of publication, I confess that I think it has an injurious effect on some of the higher branches of our literature. The genius that should be devoted to works of permanent importance is now often frittered away in divided and hasty contributions to miscellanies of temporary interest. As rapidity and punctuality are great recommendations in a contributor — as the scale of remuneration is regulated more by the quantity than the quality of their articles—and as they are generally published without a genuine signature, and therefore do not involve the reputation of the writer, it is not surprising that terseness, or polish, or condensation of style is never looked for, and rarely met with, in the pages of even the most respectable of our literary periodicals. They exhibit, on the contrary, a vicious redundancy of phraseology, and a reckless disdain of all those gentler or severer charms which have cast such an air of immortality about our best English classics.

When we revert to the dignity of Milton, and the grace and amenity of Goldsmith, the manly vigour of Dryden, and the point and elegance of Pope, the weighty sententiousness of Johnson, and the purity, the refinement, and the quiet humour of Addison, we feel how much English literature has suffered by the present popular demand for a species of poetry at once metaphysical and melodramatic, and for crude, flippant, and shallow criticisms, and flashy and turgid essays. The peculiarities of one class of literature have almost always a direct or indirect effect upon all others of the same period. The rapid, inflated, and redundant prose of the present age corresponds with the similar characteristics of its poetry. Mere rapidity and voluminousness are now commonly mistaken for proofs of the power and fruitfulness of genius. When Gray first published his poems, they were so brief, and so few in number, that to give his work the appearance of a volume, he was obliged to swell it out by printing on one side only of the pages. If it had been brought into juxtaposition with the gigantic and bloated quartos of these times, it would have looked more like the ghost of a book than a genuine volume. Were a work of such Lilliputian exterior now published, the author would be laughed at for supposing that it could attract the slightest attention.

'As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.'—*Bulwer*.

In literature, as in everything else, quality, and not quantity is the true test of excellence; and though the remark is a mere truism, it is not the less called for. There may be more wealth in a lady's jewel-box than in a merchant's warehouse, and there is more poetry and thought in five couplets of Pope than in ten cantos of Sir Richard Blackmore. Voluminous and diffuse writers are rarely the favourites of fame. The greater number of those who flourished in former times are now utterly forgotten. Posterity examines unwieldy luggage with a severe and jealous eye, and seems glad of an excuse to toss it into the waves of Lethæ. The few voluminous writers whose works still exist, would have been forgotten also, had they not been as careful as they were copious. What a vast crowd of prolific scribblers have these great and happy men survived! How many thousands have been buried under the weight of their own lumber!

Against much that has been already said, it may perhaps be urged that a rich soil is characterised by a

speedy and abundant vegetation. I admit it; but this soil must be cultivated with incessant care, or it will soon be covered with a rank luxuriance of weeds and foliage. I do not maintain that quick conceptions are not a sign of genius, but that to connect glorious thoughts with words fit to enshrine and represent them, is a difficulty only to be overcome by assiduous toil and study. It is justly remarked by Shenstone, that fine writing is the result of spontaneous thoughts and laboured composition. Burns has acknowledged that though his ideas were easy and rapid, the necessary correction of his verses was a heavy task. The great Milton well knew the advantage of condensation, and after dictating about forty lines, would reduce them to half that number. It was the custom of Virgil 'to pour out his verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies.' A French author happily illustrated the comparative facility of a diffuse style, when he apologised for the length of a letter by stating that he had not time to write a shorter one.

The writers of the present day, both in prose and verse, possess perhaps, taken as a body, more energy of thought and passion, and more of the genuine spirit of inspiration, than their predecessors in the time of Queen Anne; and if they were only half as careful and condensed, their great superiority would be evident. But too many of them are prodigal of their intellectual wealth, and waste their powers.*

THRIFT, OR NOTHING IS USELESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

JOHN SCHMID was an old soldier with a wooden leg: he was so poor, that for some years he was obliged to solicit alms from door to door in the villages near to that in which he lived, which was situated on the lake of Constance. Now, however, old John Schmid sits at his ease in his arm-chair; he is in independent circumstances; yet few people guess how he came by his wealth. One affirms that he discovered a secret treasure; others have gone so far as to hint that he made a compact with the Evil One. When such hints are dropped in my presence, I fail not to reprove the speakers. I know better the means by which the old soldier got rich, and I will tell you how it was.

John Schmid had three sons, whom he had brought up well in spite of his poverty; for he not only furnished them with good advice, but with a good example, and suffered many privations that he might send them to school. One morning in spring, as the old man was dividing amongst them the bread which was to break their fast, he said, 'My children, you are now old enough to gain your own livelihood; but you must not beg while there are other means of obtaining it—that would be taking bread out of the mouths of those who may want it more than you. Pierre,' he continued, turning to the eldest, 'you are fourteen years old, and have sharp eyes—use them to seek employment. You, Gabriel, though a year younger, have strong arms—set them to work. You, George, though only eleven, have stout legs—profit by them.'

'But what,' exclaimed the three boys at once, 'would you have us to do?'

John Schmid answered, 'I know that you have neither land to cultivate, wood to fell, nor flocks to tend; but there are many things that are thrown away as useless, but which with a little industry may be collected and made profitable. By and by I will show you how. Do not spend the money which you will earn in obedience to your wants, but economise it for the neces-

sities of the future, be it ever so little. Could you save only a batz a-day, each would amass at the end of the year twenty-four florins.'

Upon this John Schmid set about showing his sons how they might earn their bread. He desired them to go in different directions to collect the following articles: first, bones, the largest of which they could sell to the turners, who made them into various useful and ornamental articles, while the smaller were required by farmers for manure. Secondly, pieces of broken glass, to be disposed of to the glass-workers for recasting. As it was spring, he charged them to get together all the rose-leaves and elder-blossoms which fell in their way, and for which apothecaries give good prices. He also reminded his sons, that by a little inquiry the chemists would point out what other plants and roots they required. Upholsterers would purchase cows' hair, saddlers, coach-makers, and chair-makers, horse hair. Besides these articles, he mentioned rags for paper-makers, bristles for brush manufacturers, quills, pins, hedge-wool, birdweed, and several other things which might be turned into money with no other trouble than that of seeking out and collecting them.

The sons did as they were desired, under the guidance of their father. During the spring and summer they collected and sold with such success, that their profits daily augmented.

When autumn came, they sought things of a different kind. Wherever they could obtain permission they gathered wild fruits, some of which could be made into vinegar and other useful articles. From the woods they obtained quantities of acorns and the seeds of other species of trees, for which they obtained a good price sometimes from foresters, at others from grain-dealers. They also got together heaps of horse-chestnuts, and took them to the mill to be ground. The miller thought they were going to eat this bitter flour, and made himself merry at the expense of their curious taste; but John Schmid's sons let him laugh, and took their horse-chestnut-flour to the bookbinders, card-board-makers, and others who make use of paste, the glutinousness of which it increases. Immediately after a warm shower, the young Schmid's sought for mushrooms, which they disposed of to the epicures of the neighbourhood.

Having saved a quantity of birch-twigs, rushes, and osiers, the old man and his sons occupied the winter months in making brooms, chair-bottoms, and baskets, so that their cottage appeared both like a warehouse and a workshop. In this way the spring returned, and old John Schmid thought it advisable to see what had been gained during the year. On opening the box in which the cash was deposited, he found that each of his three sons had contributed more than a batz a-day of savings, for the money-box contained 104 florins and 23 kreutzers. At the sight of the hoard the sons were delighted, for they had never before seen so large a sum at once. John Schmid immediately carried the money to a wholesale tradesman in a large town, and deposited it with him at interest.

John Schmid, now no longer a beggar, employed himself solely in helping his sons to sell off the merchandise they collected. This went on for four years, at the end of which the family had amassed 614 florins! As, however, their riches increased, the young men grew independent in their manners, and disputed amongst themselves; one accusing the other of not working hard enough, of selling too cheaply, or of extravagance in treating himself to a cup of wine rather too often. Poor old Schmid!—do all he could, he was unable on some occasions to settle these discussions. Nothing seemed likely to cure the evil but separation; and addressing his sons, he said, 'Take each of you one hundred florins, and seek your fortunes in the world; industry and economy always prosper. The rest of the capital shall remain in the hands of the banker, in case that any unforeseen misfortune should fall on any of us so as to need it. But while it remains untouched, the interest will be added to the principal.' To this the

* The above is abridged, with the approbation of the author, from Mr D. L. Richardson's *Literary Leaves*. It meets views which we have ourselves long entertained on the subject.

young men agreed; and taking each his apportioned sum, *badu adieu* to their father. They took their departure, each in a different direction. Pierre went eastward, Gabriel westward, and George towards the south. John Schmid grieved to part with his children; but he knew it was for their good, and bore his regrets in silence.

Years rolled on. John Schmid grew old and weak, but he would not touch a krentzer of his children's capital. At length he fell ill; and some of his neighbours, pitying his lonely state, sent him relief; others declared they had poor enough of their own to support, and though he had lived in their village for twenty-one years, threatened to send him away as a stranger. Upon this old John wrote to the merchant who held the money, saying, 'Send me 300 florins of the capital I deposited in your hands; for I am aged and weak, and for fourteen years I have not heard of my children. Doubtless they are dead. It will not be long ere I follow them to the grave.'

The honest merchant promptly replied to the old man's demand. 'I return you,' he wrote, 'the sum you ask. The balance remaining is perhaps greater than you imagine. It has increased, little by little, to more than 1000 florins.'

When the money arrived, the peasants stared with wonder, and declared that John Schmid must be a conjurer. But the old man himself, in spite of his riches, was unhappy. He wished to join his sons, whom he thought to be no more. He would often exclaim, 'I shall die in solitude; no son is left to close my eyes.' However, he recovered from his illness, and it was destined that he should not die alone.

One Sunday evening he was seated with other peasants under a linden-tree, when a servant on horseback rode up, and inquired if any one could direct him to the cottage of John Schmid? The villagers, full of astonishment, replied, 'You need not seek him in his house, for he is here.' As they stared and whispered inquiries to one another as to what was to come next, two handsome carriages entered the village, and stopped before old Schmid's door. Three well-dressed gentlemen and two ladies descended from the coaches, and as old John made his appearance, three of themselves successively into his arms. 'My dear father,' said the eldest, 'can it be possible that you have forgotten us? I am Pierre. I have become a wholesale grocer at Varsovie, in Poland, and this lady is my wife.' Then the second spoke:—'I am your son Gabriel, and also bring you a daughter-in-law. I too, reside at Varsovie, and deal in corn.' Presently the third son came forward. 'I,' he said, 'am George. I have recently returned from India, where I made a fortune by commerce. Seeing by the Gazettes that my brothers were in Poland, I joined them, and we all agreed to travel hither to seek you, and to make you happy for the rest of your life.' Poor John Schmid was quite overcome, and shed tears. He invoked blessings on his children. 'To you,' exclaimed one of them, 'we owe all our good fortune. Had you not taught us that nothing, be it ever so despised, is useless—had you not made us industrious, persevering, and economical, we should still have been mendicants.'

The rest of John Schmid's life was spent in happiness, for one or other of his sons always remained with him. The money, which had accumulated during their long absence, was drawn from the merchant in whose hands it had so much increased, and employed in building a school for the gratuitous education of poor children.

To those who, like me, were aware of the means by which the Schmid family grew rich, their rise in the world is known to be the certain result of integrity, industry, and perseverance in turning to account things generally considered useless. Spite, however, of all I can urge, one or two of the more prejudiced villagers shrug their shoulders when John Schmid's name is mentioned, and insinuate that he must have made a compact with a certain nameless person.

A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPEARE.

The plays of Shakspeare have become a text-book of such extensive reference, that a verbal index to *all* the passages must be regarded as of the greatest utility. This desideratum has been supplied by Mrs Cowden Clarke, who, with wonderful patience and perseverance, has employed herself during twelve years in arranging alphabetically every word used in the thirty-seven plays, and indicating against it the act and scene in which it occurs, printing at the same time so much of each passage in which the expression occurs, as to show the inquirer that it is the one he may be seeking. Thus, under the word 'Apothecary,' we find—

Did the apothecary—2 *Henry VI.* iii. 3.

Civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my—*Lear*, iv. 6.

I do remember an apothecary—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1.

What, ho! apothecary. Who calls so loud—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1.

O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3.

The concordance is published in monthly parts; and we trust that the persevering authoress will be adequately repaid for the vast expenditure of time, labour, and patience, which her work has required.

AN ENIGMA.

'Tis seen each day, and heard of every hour,
Yet no one sees, or ever hears its power;
It is familiar with the prince and sage,
As well as with the peasant. In each age,
Since time began, it has been known full well;
And yet nor earth nor heaven nor even hell
Has e'er contained it, or e'er known its worth.
It does exist, and yet it ne'er had birth;
It now here is, and yet it finds a home
In almost every page of every tome;
The greatest bliss to human nature here
Is having it to doubt, and dread, and fear.
It gives us pain when measuring the esteem
Of those we fondly worship in Love's dream.
It gives us pleasure instantly to hear
From those we love; sweet friendship it can scar.
Thought cannot compass it, yet ne'ertheless
The lip can easily its sense express.
'Tis not in sleep, for sleep hath worlds of dreams;
Yet plain and easy to each mind it seems,
For men of all degree and every clime
Can speak of it. Eternity nor time
Hath it beheld. It singularly sounds
To foreign ears. Title, wealth, and fame,
However great, must end in it the same.
It is, is not. It can be heard, although
Nor man nor angel e'er its sound can know.

COMMON LIFE.

The cares, and toils, and necessities, the refreshments and delights of common life, are the great teachers of common sense: nor can there be any effective school of sober reason where these are excluded. Whoever, either by elevation of rank or peculiarity of habits, lives far removed from this kind of tuition, rarely makes much proficiency in that excellent quality of the intellect. A man who has little or nothing to do with other men, on terms of open and free equality, needs the native sense of five to behave himself with only a fair average of propriety.—*History of Enthusiasm.*

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PROFESSION.

PROFESSION and practice are, by universal confession, very different things. It is all a matter of natural disposition. Some have a turn for profession; others have a genius for practice. We must not expect all qualities to be united in one person. These rarely are so. On the contrary, persons with a predisposition to either, seldom exhibit any trait of the opposite quality. The man of profession has little or no practice; the man of practice has hardly any profession. It looks like an eccentricity of nature, and few are more odd or noticeable. Everybody is invariably as much surprised to find profession disunited from practice, as if it were a fact entirely new to him in the economy of human nature.

Unexpected, however, as this phenomenon always is, and confounded as all men are when it comes strongly under their attention, there must be some law of our mental system concerned in it, rendering it no wonder when rightly considered. May it not be this? That the sense of those wishes, tendencies, or inclinations which prompt profession, is sufficient to satisfy many persons, without their taking the trouble or going to the expense of realising them in action. I, for instance, am charitably inclined. I never hear of people being unclothed, but I would wish to send them apparel. I never hear of them being sick, but I would wish to see them restored to health. I never hear of great multitudes being in starvation for want of employment, but I feel most anxious that they should all get work next week, or, at the worst, be fully relieved from their misery by subscription. Now, I cannot wish to see the naked clothed, the sick healed, or the unemployed relieved, without a gratification to my benevolence. This feeling places me at my ease. I have done something in the case. I look benevolently on with my hands in my pockets, secure from all attacks from my own conscience or any other quarter, in the thick panoply of good wishes in which I am enshrouded. Perhaps I go farther than this, and feel indignant at the cold-hearted people who regard the sufferers with indifference; in which case I am the less likely to think of doing anything in behalf of the good object, seeing that the merit of my benevolent sensations is then the more powerfully brought before me. Or, say that I am a person possessing a strong sense of the value and importance of certain moral feelings. I cherish this sense, and do all I can to impart it to others. In other words, I preach much, and take every opportunity of condemning all departures from the right course. And what can be more natural than that I, satisfied with the earnest entertainment and advocacy of such feelings, should either never think of acting positively in obedience to them, or make occasional trespasses into the opposite ground?

I know that my wishes are right; I tell everybody else to be good, as I wish myself to be. My nature is satisfied, and at ease; therefore I may take no further trouble. Amidst inclinations so splendid, a few external manifestations in act and deed would be insignificant. Protected, sanctioned, made holy by such noble dispositions, even a few indulgences in an opposite course of action are nothing. It might not do for others, for they are weak in tendency; but with me there can be no fear. Hence, I err with a peaceful mind. Such, I think, may be an approximation to the true theory of that separation of practice from profession which is so often remarked. In this light, of course, profession appears as the enemy of practice. It is a weed which supplants or suffocates the right flower. And they are not to be expected to appear often flourishing together.

It would be rash, nevertheless, to set down the profession in such cases as altogether false and hollow. This is a vulgar kind of mistake often made. The feelings are as genuine as feelings ever are, although destined never to undergo the test of deed. They are not assumed or pretended for a show merely, or as an excuse for the absence of active benevolence. That absence is an accident for which the feelings are not responsible. They are there, true and earnest sentiments, wistful of the right, but only happen to be unaccompanied by sufficient impulse to produce action, or are of a nature to be satisfied with themselves, and supersede all presumption of a necessity for anything else. Were they not, indeed, real—real in their own way—our explanation would fall entirely to the ground, for they could not then be supposed to have that power of satisfying the conscience which has been assumed.

On the other hand, it is easy to see how practice is often unaccompanied by profession. The act indisposes to the word. Satisfied with having done what was right, filled, perhaps, with a pride—a just pride—in the act, we feel that talk would be equally unnecessary and degrading. Or it may be that the right course has been taken more from intellectual perception of what was proper and fitting, than from sentimental impulse; and profession is accordingly absent, simply because there is no feeling calling for display.

If I be right in my speculations on the cause of the frequent exhibition of profession without practice, it must follow that profession, in however oblique and secretive a way it may be made, is fraught with danger to the human character. And perhaps in such circumstances as those attending our present national position, there is more than the customary need for a warning against this perilous principle; for how much is there now in the state of large portions of the community to call forth expressions of sympathy from other classes, and how often do we see these expressions wasting themselves on the desert air, altogether unat-

tended by practical benevolence of any kind! We cannot doubt, if the theory be correct, that all such professions must be working an effect on those who make them, producing self-satisfaction, and taking away from, instead of aiding, all righteous actions. Whether for this exigency, or for common life in all its phases, let us keep strongly in view the danger of all profession whatever which is not immediately attended with appropriate action. Better it would be for any one who hears of misery, private or public, to let it pass without remark, than to indulge a condolence over it, which, while altogether fruitless for the benefit of the suffering, tends to build up the speaker in a practical inattention to all distress. More agreeable would it be to find a young person entirely regardless of the outcries of the miserable, than to see him get into a habit of professing sympathy, without at the same time acquiring the habit of making exertions and undergoing self-denials for the sake of turning those cries into the murmurs of relieved humanity.

MR KOHL IN ENGLAND.

It is a question whether an author who places familiar things in a new light, does not excite more interest in his readers' minds, than he who describes novelties or discoveries. Indeed, a stranger often makes discoveries concerning things which, having been constantly under our own observation, have been always regarded with that sort of contempt which familiarity is said to breed, and deemed too obvious and commonplace for minute investigation. From this cause arises the fact, that more information is to be obtained from visitors concerning any city or remarkable locality, than from natives or inhabitants. Strangers regard certain objects with curiosity, because they are new and strange, while those who, see them every day pass them over with no closer observation than is necessary to a mere consciousness of their existence. Let, however, the stranger once indicate to the native or inhabitant the points of interest which belong to such objects, and the familiarity which previously caused them to be passed over is a source of a new and great pleasure. For these reasons, it is to be expected that Kohl's *Travels in Great Britain** will be read with more eagerness by the English public than the entertaining books of foreign travel, translations of which—thanks to the proprietors of the 'Foreign Library'—we have had the opportunity of perusing.

'It was,' says the amusing German, 'by the Birmingham down-train that I ventured to take my first timid steps into the English world.' Birmingham, therefore, was the first stage at which he commenced his inquiries—one of the earliest of which, places before us a fact regarding manufacturers in general, which few amongst us have thought it worth while to notice; namely, that commonplace and even vulgar as people are apt to suppose the avocations of a Birmingham hardwareman, yet, in reality, to carry on his business profitably, he must possess a great variety of geographical and ethnographical knowledge. In describing a show-room, the author observes—'As the people of Birmingham extend their speculations over the whole world, one may see in show-rooms of this description articles, the utility of which is estimated only by the wild inhabitants of some distant and uncivilised land. Here, for instance, I saw some strangely-fashioned money,

current among certain negro nations of Africa. South America, and America generally, are, however, the principal customers, and the constant study of the manufacturers is to find something that may please the tastes and fancies prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. To carry on speculations of this description, an exact knowledge of the laws regulating the import duties of distant countries is absolutely necessary. Thus, for instance, the import duties in Russia on all metal wares are regulated by weight. Candlesticks and other articles destined for that market are, in consequence, made hollow, and filled up after their arrival there.' These remarks were further illustrated when the traveller arrived at Manchester, whose merchants are not behind their Birmingham brethren in this sort of knowledge. 'Every country has its particular partialities in the goods it purchases; or, as the Belfast merchants say, "Every market has its whim." The speculating merchant must always be well acquainted with these, no less than with the real wants and customs of each nation. From the Manchester warehouses great quantities of black cloth are annually sent to Italy, in order to clothe the innumerable priests of that country; but this black cloth must always be of a particular coal black, without the slightest tinge of brown or blue. Goods must also be packed differently for different nations; thus, at Messrs Potters's, I saw bales of cotton intended for China packed in the Chinese manner, and decorated with bright tasteful little pictures, representing Chinese customs, ceremonies, costumes, &c. Nor must the manner of transport used in the interior of the countries for which they are intended be forgotten in the packing of the goods. Wares to be carried on the backs of elephants, camels, or lamas, must be differently packed from those to be conveyed by wagons, canals, or railways.' Birmingham, so exclusively devoted to the useful arts, is complained of for having few ornamental buildings or public trophies. There is only one statue in the whole town—that of Lord Nelson. 'A city,' exclaims Kohl, 'of 200,000 living specimens of humanity, and only one marble man amongst them!'

After Stafford, the series of towns known as 'The Potteries' was visited. Here the traveller states he was 'not a little surprised, among the outside passengers to find a wealthy manufacturer from Manchester; the masters, therefore, are not above riding in the same carriages with the workmen.' We are glad to take every opportunity of marking the progress of social intercourse between the rich and humble, which we have previously found so much pleasure in noticing.* Our author next proceeded to Chester, which, besides being one of the oldest, is one of the most curious towns in Great Britain. A description of it by so lively a writer as Kohl cannot fail to interest a large majority of our readers, who have doubtless heard less of this strange city than if it were a continental town. Its plan 'is the simplest that I know. Its walls form a parallelogram, and the two main streets intersect each other at right angles, dividing the parallelogram into four equal quarters, and then extend somewhat beyond the walls. From these main streets a number of bye streets run off on both sides. On the walls is a footpath, with room for two or three persons to pass each other, so that one may walk completely round the city. Indeed, these city walls, two miles in circumference, form the chief promenade of the townspeople. According to tradition, they were built by Cymbeline, in the century before the

* England, Wales, and Scotland, by J. G. Kohl, forming parts 17 and 19 of the Foreign Library. London: Chapman and Hall. 1844.

* See paper on the Social Effects of Railways, No. 38, new series.

birth of Christ. Of course they have undergone many alterations since then, and in later times they have been much reduced in height, and converted to their present purpose of a public walk five feet in breadth; and a curious promenade it is; sometimes up hill, and sometimes down; at one point closely wedged in between houses, while at another the narrow path passes under some ancient watch-tower; here it runs under a gateway, and there we must descend a flight of steps, because the wall has been cleared away to make room for a street; now we pass behind the venerable cathedral, and now in front of the spacious old castle, which has been converted into a military barrack. There is only one other town in England that can boast of an equally singular public walk—namely, York, which is surrounded by just such another old wall. To say the truth, Chester is the very town for curious promenades, for it contains walks even more curious than the wall I have endeavoured to describe. These are “the Rows,” as they are called. They are long covered passages, running parallel with the streets, through the first floors of the houses. The thing is not very easy to describe. Let the reader imagine the front wall of the first floor of each house to have been taken away, leaving that part of the house completely open towards the street, the upper part being supported by pillars or beams. Let him then imagine the side walls also to have been pierced through, to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all the houses. Now the people of Chester came in this way to spoil their best floor in so many of their houses, is a matter that was never made perfectly clear to me. We have also a number of towns in Germany, particularly in Silesia and the Austrian dominions, where covered passages, for the accommodation of the public, have been made to run through or round private houses; but then these passages or galleries are always on the ground-floor, and on a level with the street. Some English antiquaries will have it, that these Rows were intended as a means of defence, Chester being exposed to frequent attacks from the Welsh on one side, and from the Scots on the other, when, after the city walls had been forced, the citizens were able to defend themselves in these Rows. In support of this theory it has been asserted, that in all the battles which, during the civil wars in England, occurred in Chester, the party in possession of “the Rows” almost invariably obtained the victory. It must not be imagined that these Rows form a very regular or uniform gallery. On the contrary, it varies according to the size or circumstances of each house through which it passes. Sometimes, when passing through a small house, the ceiling is so low, that one finds it necessary to doff the hat, while in others one passes through a space as lofty as a saloon. In one house the Row lies lower than in the preceding, and one has, in consequence, to go down a step or two; and perhaps, a house or two farther, one or two steps have to be mounted again. In one house a handsome new-fashioned iron railing fronts the street; in another only a mean wooden paling. In some stately houses the supporting columns are strong, and adorned with handsome antique ornaments; in others the wooden piles appear time-worn, and one hurries past them, apprehensive that the whole concern must topple down before long. The ground-floors, over which the Rows pass, are inhabited by a humble class of tradesmen; but it is at the back of the Rows themselves that the principal shops are to be found. This may give an idea of how lively and varied a scene is generally to be seen there. Indeed the Rows are generally full of people either making their little purchases in the shops, or mounting to these boarded floors, to avoid the disagreeable pavement of the streets. Perhaps these Rows may be in some way connected with another singularity pointed out to me at Chester. The streets do not, as in other towns, run along the surface of the ground, but have been cut into it, and that, moreover, into a solid rock. The Rows are in reality on a level with the surface of the ground, and the carriages

rolling along below them are passing through a kind of artificial ravine. The back wall of the ground-floor is everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the court-yards of the houses, their kitchens, and back-buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street. The English historians and antiquaries have given themselves a great deal of trouble about this matter, without having ever been able to assign a rational hypothesis as to the motives which could have induced the ancient settlers in Chester to undertake so colossal a work as to hollow out all their streets. For my part, I own myself unable to suggest either a reasonable motive or an unreasonable one.

A mass of statistics and observation, well worthy of perusal, is the result of an examination of Liverpool. Thence the traveller wended his way into Wales, where he discovered in the language and people a striking affinity to those of the Tyrol. My companion, with whom I spent the evening at Caernarvon, was of opinion that a close affinity existed between the Welsh and the Tyrolese. He told me he had been in the Tyrol, and had there remarked the admiration with which his servant, a native of Wales, observed everywhere the Tyrolese, their manners, and their costume, and everywhere discovered something that reminded him of home. In some of the valleys of the Tyrol, he said, his Welsh servant was even able to understand the language of the place, and to make himself understood by the people. Upon these facts my companion grounded an opinion that the Tyrolese and the Welsh must be one and the same people. His opinion seemed to me the more deserving of attention, as he was no scholar, nor at all pre-occupied by learned theories. He understood nothing of German, knew very little of the distribution of the Celtic race, and nothing of the various dialects spoken in the Tyrolese valleys. In these dialects, even among those who speak German, it is a well-known fact that a great many old Celtic words occur. Indeed a part of the Tyrolese may be looked on as a tribe of German-speaking Celts, these Celtic words, no doubt, caught the ear of the Welsh servant. Much that is Celtic, it is equally true, has been preserved in the manners of the Tyrolese, and I am not surprised that the Welsh servant should be struck by a multitude of things that reminded him of home. The love of music, poetry, and song, is common to the Welsh and the Tyrolese, not merely because they are both mountaineers, but probably in consequence of their common Celtic origin. In the costume, I also was struck by many similarities, such as the round, high, tapering, black beaver hat of the Welsh women, which is seen nowhere else in Great Britain, nor anywhere in Germany, except in the Tyrol. The Welsh women enjoy also in England the same reputation for personal attraction, or rather for the want of it, as the Tyrolese in Germany. Here we think it right to interpose our own Welsh experiences to check what we must designate a forced comparison. The hats we have seen on the heads of the female peasantry of Wales are not high and tapering like those of the Swiss, but much the same as those worn throughout Great Britain by men; neither were the faces which appeared under them so devoid of attractiveness as our German critic would lead the reader to suppose. Indeed, the fair sex of South Wales is remarkable for comeliness, and we can answer for a large proportion of female beauty existing in North Wales. “When,” continues the parallel, “I then thought of the bacon dumplings of the Tyrolese, of their millet porridge, buttermilk, and hard bread, and then turned to Leigh’s book on Wales, and read that the Welsh “are very abstemious, bacon, oatmeal porridge, sour milk, potatoes, and a hard heavy kind of black bread being their chief food,” I was almost inclined to agree with my companion that there must be a very close affinity between the two races. “The Tyrolese are famous in Germany,” said I, “for their quickness to quarrel and take offence.” “There we have it again; precisely the character of our Welsh-

men—quarrelsome, violent—a most violent people. From Wales Mr Kohl went to Ireland, and we have already given an account of his travels there.* His Scottish adventures, which immediately succeeded, we shall speak of hereafter. Passing over Carlisle, Newcastle, Durham, and York, we take our rapid traveller up at Leeds, the cloth-hall of which, as being one of the greatest curiosities, was the first to attract his attention. 'The regulations of the cloth-hall are rather curious: there are only two market-days, Saturday and Tuesday, and even on these days the time for transacting business is rigorously limited to precisely eighty minutes. The meaning of this is to save time, by promoting the rapid and energetic despatch of business. It is found that in this short time as much, may, perhaps more business is done than in the former longer periods; for no time is now wasted in hesitation or delay, but both buyer and seller say at once what they mean, and lose neither words nor minutes over their bargains. I would fain put this whole paragraph in italics, for the benefit of my German countrymen, who might borrow a useful hint from the busy cloth-hall of Leeds. The enormous mass of business transacted there during the year requires, in consequence of these regulations, only about one hundred and thirty-five hours.' Mr Kohl reached Manchester at a time of great depression and distress, which he does not fail to depict, by several facts that came under his observation; but he does not state with sufficient emphasis that the poverty and privation in which he found masses of the operative inhabitants plunged were merely temporary. Thus he will lead half Europe to suppose that this town is eminent for destitution and want. He describes truly enough what was happening in 1842 at the time he was there: but this temporary state of things, described as it is in his permanent record of facts and observations, will be always attributed to Manchester by those who have no better sources of information than his own. This we cannot help regretting; for the scenes of destitution and crime to which he alludes are even at this moment much ameliorated. Trade has revived, and prosperity has cast its cheering influence over the manufacturing population. Still, distress is not always the cause of the misery and crime to which English operatives are subject—ignorance is perhaps an equally prolific source. Respecting the value of general intelligence in a workman, in contradistinction to that 'special training' or concentration of his faculties upon one branch of art, and upon that only, Kohl makes, while at Manchester, some admirable remarks. After lamenting the absurd prejudices which still exist against the thorough education of operatives, and against the temperance movement, he says, 'Some of the more enlightened manufacturers, however, have of late years begun to see the absurdity of these prejudices. The statements of a certain Mr Fairbairn, one of the principal manufacturers of Manchester, show them to be totally unfounded. This experienced and enlightened man affirmed that in his establishment he always selected, for every kind of employment requiring any skill or forethought, those men whose general education had been liberal and thorough, in preference to those whose acquirements were limited to what was conferred upon them by the "special training." He found that it was only the very lowest and most mechanical of the factory employments which were not far better performed by well-educated men than by those more ignorant; and that even in these lowest departments there would every now and then occur cases in which superiority of education gave a workman a very great advantage and value. He also maintained that the educated workmen were far more moderate in their demands, and quiet and manageable in their behaviour, than the ignorant ones, who were perpetually actuated by a blind envious animosity to their masters, which it was very difficult for any kindness or

liberality on the part of these to overcome. "In case of any discontents or disturbances among our workpeople, when strikes and combinations are apprehended, the best plan is always to collect the more intelligent and well-informed among them, and converse with them for a while in a friendly and sensible way, until they are gained over to see the folly of their proceedings, and to act as checks upon the turbulence and stupidity of the rest." Mr Fairbairn also stated, that it was a very mistaken notion to imagine that drinking really enabled the workmen to sustain fatigue better, and to perform their work with more activity. It might indeed confer a certain temporary stimulus in cases of great fatigue, but this was more than compensated by the dullness, heaviness, and feebleness which it afterwards brings on. In his own establishment, he was always careful to have a plentiful supply of good drinking water at all hours for his men, and he found that this refreshed and strengthened them as much as fermented liquor, without the bad consequences of the latter. He referred at the same time to the instance of the boatmen of Constantinople, who are all what would here be called teetotallers, and who are the most powerful, athletic, and handsome set of men imaginable. He also strenuously denied the truth of the belief, that the best and most active workmen were generally given to drinking, affirming that such cases were very exceptional. In proof of the bad effects of the shutting out of all ideas from a workman's mind save those which appertain specially to his employment, Kohl declares that abroad, where an opposite system exists, English workmen are, in spite of their undeniable skill and industry, much disliked for their lawlessness, ignorance, and brutality. 'Even where it is found necessary to employ them, this is always done reluctantly and fearfully.' Instances are adduced of the outrageous conduct of our operatives in various parts of the world, which we could not extract without a blush of shame for our misguided and ignorant countrymen; and this chiefly attributable to the want of a proper general education at home.

Mr Kohl has evidently a passion for strong contrasts; hence it is that he went straight from Manchester to Oxford, and no two places can be more strikingly dissimilar. But the contrast from the bustling manufacturing town to the academic quietude of Oxford, was not greater than that presented by the college system in England and the student life in Germany. 'The lower classes of English society are totally unrepresented at these institutions. How many sons of wealthy peasants and mechanics are to be found at all our German universities; but at Oxford, those whom I questioned had great difficulty in naming to me a single farmer's son. The average annual expense of a tolerably economical student at Oxford is estimated at £200. We have among our students many living in a garret, feeding on bread and water, and contriving, by giving lessons in Latin, Greek, drawing, music, or whatever else is required, to work their way arduously to learning and distinction; these are not to be found at Oxford. Here the roads are smoother, and the objects to be aimed at are fixed for every one beforehand. Science is clipped and polished to the semblance of a smooth artificial well-fenced cloister-garden, into which nothing free, natural, or not according to rule, is admitted. Every one knows his road; no one loses his way; but no one cuts new roads, or discovers new points of view for himself. At our universities, science is still a free, graceful, fertile wilderness. Thousands of students plunge into this wilderness. Many follow their own way, and some lose themselves in consequence. But many arrive at new and beautiful scenes and discoveries; and all owe to their own efforts whatever they attain. At Oxford, where everything is learnt by rote, the students must owe everything to the ancient mould in which their minds are here cast.'

Mr Kohl took Salisbury, Stonehenge, Eton, and Windsor in his way back to London, whence he departed for Winchester, and embarked for the continent

* See 'Mr Kohl in Ireland,' No. 3, new series.

from Southampton. Here we take leave of Mr Kohl for the present. After noticing his wanderings in Scotland, we shall have much pleasure in meeting him on the subject of 'London,' a separate account of which he is, it appears, preparing.

THE RICCARÉE WAR-SPEAR.

A TALE OF THE MANDAN INDIANS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BETWEEN the spot tenanted by the great Mandan village on the Missouri, some years since, and that occupied by the Riccarees, is a stream of considerable volume, known as Cannon-ball River. This body of water, partaking of the general features which distinguish the tributaries of the Missouri, is slow, muddy, and deep, with high, and in general precipitous banks. Not far from its confluence with the above branch of the famed Mississippi, is a diminutive valley surrounded on all sides by low bushes, save where it faces the river. A few trees—cotton-wood and willow, for the most part—grow here and there around it, while its centre is a perfectly green and level lawn of young prairie grass. Illumined by the first ray of morning, which came quivering across the vast sublimity of endless plains stretching east and west to the frontiers of the states and the Rocky Mountains, it appeared, but for one circumstance, as still and lone as it probably did at the creation. Though the silence of the place was unbroken, twelve men were congregated in the open sward in the centre of the vale. A fire, composed of some half dozen small sticks, the ends being kept carefully together, was in the centre of the group. The bodies of the men were naked, save the cloth round the middle, and their skins curiously bedaubed with red and white paint, as if to render themselves as hideous as possible. In their heads were stuck feathers, and the long unshorn locks sufficiently designated them as Indians, distinct from the races ordinarily met with on the frontiers and outlying military and commercial ports of the Americans. There was an exception to the general rule in the person of one who, evidently the chief of the party, had his appropriate mark of distinction in the shape of a head-dress, or mane of war-eagle quills and ermine, while the buffalo robe on which he sat, in common with his followers, was more richly ornamented. Behind each man, on the ground, lay the buffalo-hide shield, the short bow with its sinew strings, the well-supplied quiver, and the flat club or tomahawk, as well as the spear, so deadly in the hands of the North American Indian. The chief's arms were staked in the ground within reach of his hand. Any one accustomed to the wilds, and who had looked upon them for an instant, would have had no hesitation in pronouncing them a war-party of the distinct and extraordinary tribe known by the name of Mandans. A personal friend of the race would have designated the head warrior, who sat in anxious thought, as Mah-to-toh-pa, the Four Bears, who, though second in command in the nation, was by far its most distinguished brave, and whose painted buffalo robe, with rude representations of his most famous warlike feats, was held in equal respect with the armorial bearings and achievements of any earl or duke amongst the civilised nations of the earth.

After a brief pause the chief rose, and, assuming his arms, led the way towards the water's edge. All save one followed; and two canoes were drawn from their concealment in the bushes, into which the whole party, amid short questions and answers, entered, and took their way across the stream in the direction of the Riccaree village. The warrior who remained was the younger and favourite brother of Mah-to-toh-pa, whom a wound in the leg totally disabled for walking. On ordinary occasions, they would not have parted without affectionate words; but they were now on the war-path, when nought save the prosecution of their fierce designs of revenge and hatred could be permitted to enter into

their thoughts, or, at all events, into the expression of them. The wounded warrior, a fine noble-looking young fellow, rose after some ten minutes, and standing upright, his wound rendering his motions slow, peered cautiously around in every direction. His glance was at first careless, and as if he looked about more from habit than from any necessity for caution which could exist; but suddenly his eye rested on something which chained his attention for a second—it was, however, but for a second—and then, as if he had seen nothing, he kept turning round in his gradual survey. On rising, he had resumed his bow; and scarcely had he been startled by the object which had interrupted the even tenor of his examination, when an arrow was on its flight in the direction of a cluster of bushes on the western side of the valley. Another arrow crossed it on its way, and entered the side of the Mandan warrior, two Riccarees appearing at the same moment from the place whence it had proceeded. The brother of Mah-to-toh-pa grasped his lance, though scarcely able to stand, and a grim smile of satisfaction crossed his visage as he saw one of the enemy fall lifeless outside the bush from the effect of his arrow. Next instant, each giving the fearful war-whoop of their respective tribes, the Mandan and remaining Riccaree were in close engagement. The contest was of short duration, the young Mandan warrior being mortally wounded by the arrow. The Riccaree very soon plunged his spear into the body of his enemy. To scalp both friend and foe—lest the locks of the former should fall into the hands of his detested enemies—was the work of an instant, when, mounting a fleet horse which lay concealed in the thicket, the victor bounded at a headlong pace across the plain, well knowing that the war-whoop would bring Mah-to-toh-pa and his band upon him.

A few minutes sufficed to bring back the brother to the side of his relative, who, though death had almost overtaken him, detailed the occurrence, and called upon his friends for vengeance with his last breath. Mah-to-toh-pa, as soon as life had departed from his brother, drew forth the reeking spear, and carefully examined it, with an expression in which sorrow, fierce boiling revenge, and anxiety to discover the author of the deed, were strangely blended. The spear was of the tough mountain-ash, exquisitely rounded and carved; its long blade of polished steel was two-edged and jagged, and at intervals were attached, by way of ornament, tufts of war-eagle plumes. That the young Mandan was not the first victim which had been slain with this instrument, was evident from various spots of blood carefully preserved upon it; and equally plain was it that so prized an article would not have been left, unless that the victor wished to make himself known. Mah-to-toh-pa felt the challenge thus expressed, and his burning wish to discover the owner was evident, in the fierce glance which he bent upon it. The warriors looked on for some time in silence, when, perceiving that their chief was at fault, an old brave, who had been some time a prisoner among the Riccarees, advanced, and laying his hand on the shoulder of Four Bears, uttered, in a deep guttural tone, one word of three syllables—'Wonga-tap!'

A loud shout burst from the party; and Mah-to-toh-pa, satisfied with this explanation, which marked a most celebrated Riccaree warrior as the murderer of his brother, sat down on his buffalo robe, while his companions proceeded to bury the brave according to the custom of the Mandan nation, a custom quite peculiar, and separate from those in use among the other tribes. Had they been near their own village, various strange and interesting ceremonies would have been practised; but in an enemy's country, and with perhaps a fierce contest at hand, the mere letter of the traditional law was followed out—the rites being left for performance on their return to the wigwams of the great Mandan village. His own buffalo robe, and that of several other warriors, was wrapped closely round the body, while another cut up into thongs, served to confine it tightly

about his form, so as to exclude as much as possible the action of the air. Four stakes, with forked summits, were then cut, about seven feet in height, and planted firmly in the ground. Two parallel poles were then placed upon the top by means of the forked summit, and willow rods laid across so as to form a platform. Upon this the body was placed, and by its side the spear, bow, arrows, pipe, and tobacco of the departed, with provisions for several days, were laid. A knife, flint, and steel, were further added to the store, which was to be used by the warrior in the happy hunting-grounds of his people, where once more the brave would hunt the buffalo, the elk, and even the enemies of his tribe. The body of the Riccaree, having been most inhumanly mutilated, was left a prey to the turkey-buzzards and prairie-wolves.

The fact of the slayer of their companion being a mounted warrior, was instantly evident to the Mandans. Hence no pursuit had been attempted, but a scout despatched to follow his trail, and discover whither it led. The young Indian employed to execute this office now returned, and informed Mah-to-toh-pa that Won-ga-tap had crossed by the Cannon-ball ford, and was now doubtless half way on his journey to the Riccaree village. Mah-to-toh-pa immediately rose from his sitting posture, and turned his steps in the direction of the Mandan wigwams, where he and his party arrived after an interval of seven days. Great were the lamentations which now took place. The young wife of the deceased refused to be comforted, crying aloud for vengeance upon the murderer. Mah-to-toh-pa brandished the spear of Won-ga-tap aloft, and vowed that she should have revenge, and that speedily. Running through the village, he called upon his friends to aid him in his resolves.

Several months, however, passed, during which certain engagements took place between the Mandans and Riccarees, generally with such results as to take all heart out of the former people. In vain did Mah-to-toh-pa strive to rouse the energies of his brethren, painting, in the most eloquent and glowing colours, the wrongs which the enemy had at various times inflicted on the Mandans. In vain did the widow of the young warrior call the young men squaws, and urge them to go forth and redeem themselves from the opprobrious epithet. They answered not, but sat moodily in the doorways of their large wigwams, smoking their pipes, and waiting for the Great Spirit to remove the cloud from before their eyes, in which case they declared themselves ready to proceed. Mah-to-toh-pa heard them with anger in his heart; and yet he at length declared that no open expedition could give him the opportunity for which he so ardently longed, seeing that Won-ga-tap, satisfied with the glory of having slain the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa, invariably went out since that day against the Blackfeet and Crows. A council was then called, and the warriors, after serious deliberation—that is, after smoking a most inordinate number of pipes—declared that war should be carried once more against the Riccarees after the green-corn feast. Mah-to-toh-pa yielded to the general feeling, though six months would elapse before the time specified would come round. Having, therefore, agreed to this, he rose and spoke, waving at the same time the fatal lance over his head: 'The heart of Mah-to-toh-pa is very sad; a cloud is before him. He looks round upon the wigwam tops, and his brother is not there; in the council-chamber, and he is not there. He sees the river, and his brother swims not in it; his tent is empty; the wife of his youth is alone. Only here (pointing to the bloody spots upon the lance) does Mah-to-toh-pa see his brother. Mah-to-toh-pa looks back many days, when he was a boy, and when no scalps hung in his wigwam; then he hunted, and his brother was with him; he danced, and he danced not alone. Mah-to-toh-pa and his brother were warriors. The Great Spirit called them to fight the Riccarees: they did so, and took many scalps. One day Four Bears

left Little Bear in the fields; the sun was hot, and Little Bear lay down. A squaw shot him behind his back, and left his spear in him to show the deed. The spear is that of Won-ga-tap: he is a dog. No Mandan has seen his face; but Mah-to-toh-pa will see him.' A loud murmur of applause saluted the speaker's ears; and then, saith his historian, he went on: 'Let every Mandan be silent, and let no one sound the name of Mah-to-toh-pa: let no one ask for him, nor where he has gone, until you hear him sound the war-cry in front of the village, when he will enter it, and show the blood of Won-ga-tap. The blade of this lance shall drink the heart's blood of Won-ga-tap, or Mah-to-toh-pa mingles his shadow with that of his brother.'

A silence deep as the grave followed this announcement; a whisper afar off might have been heard; and then, wild, with excitement, the warriors rose as one man, and cried to Mah-to-toh-pa to lead them to the battle. The stern brave resolutely refused; showing, in his answering speech, the great chances of success offered by his own plan; and the Mandans were fain to be persuaded. A war-dance was proposed; but Four Bears declined the honour until his return, successful and revenged, should entitle him to it.

Mah-to-toh-pa then turned his back on the council hall, and walked towards the open prairie. In his hand was the fatal Riccaree lance, by his side his knife, his bow and quiver, which, with his pipe, tobacco-pouch, and a little bag of parched corn, constituted his whole apparel for the journey. The wives of Mah-to-toh-pa, four in number, saw him depart without a murmur: whatever might have been their feelings, they did not betray them. The widow of Little Bear, however, met Mah-to-toh-pa at his exit from the village, and begged him not to return without having sacrificed Won-ga-tap to the memory of her dear lord, since never could she know rest until this was done. Moreover, she had, she said, some notion of a second husband, though a new alliance was not to be thought of until Won-ga-tap was in the hunting-ground of all brave red-skins, where Little Bear would then deal with him on his own account. Mah-to-toh-pa listened with becoming gravity, and bowing his head in silence, sallied forth, and was soon lost to the sight of his companions, mingling, to all appearance, with the distant grassy bluffs.

The Indian warrior, who knew his road well, travelled the whole of that day; not, however, without taking all those precautions which the deep cunning of his enemies rendered necessary. His way lay along the banks of the Missouri; and whenever, on walking up a hill, he reached the summit, he took care not to show himself until his keen eye had taken in every feature on the opposite slope, and in every direction, lest an enemy being secreted beyond, he might be fatally exposed, and his hopes of vengeance frustrated. Some hours after nightfall, the warrior halted, ate a handful of parched corn, lit his carefully-dried spunk, filled his pipe with an ample supply of *kinner-kunec*, and having smoked, laid his head on the ground, and was soon fast asleep beneath the clear canopy of a western sky. Ere the first gray of dawn had crept to the extreme verge of the eastern horizon, Mah-to-toh-pa was again stirring, spear in hand, and his eye glancing alternately in every direction. His mind was yet given up to those dark schemes of vengeance which had instigated him to attempt this long and perilous journey. For one warrior on foot, no path could have been chosen more exposed and dangerous, the banks of the Missouri being the continual hunting-ground of many tribes, which, like the Shiennes, Crows, and Sioux, were at deadly enmity with the Mandans. War-parties, too, were apt to camp upon its banks; but Mah-to-toh-pa trusted to the species of instinct which a life of constant doubt and difficulty engenders, to be able to avoid so unpleasant a vicinity, which could not fail to be made apparent to his practised senses by some indication, however trifling and minute.

During three days Four Bears continued on his way

without let or hindrance. By his side rolled the mighty wilderness of waters that percolates like a huge vein the vast expanse of the American desert. Green grassy mounds and knolls, battlements of pumice and basalt, high and precipitous bluffs, rocks of stupendous magnitude, a country altogether the most novel and extraordinary which man can conceive, was passed through, and Mah-to-toh-pa noticed it not. The time-worn banks of the great river, which, torn away by the action of the water, become daily more singular and picturesque, were to him a blank; so true is it, that when the passions are aroused for good or ill, inanimate nature becomes as nothing in the human mind. Mah-to-toh-pa had, during his journey, but one thought—to pass over the ground between the fortified village of the Mandans and the Riccarees in safety, and then, come what might, to wreak his vengeance on Won-ga-tap. It appeared, however, that his wishes were not easily to be fulfilled; for, just as the sun reached its full height on the fourth day, Mah-to-toh-pa caught sight of some object on the plain to his left, which caused him to sink into the grass in such a manner as still to command a view of the suspicious appearance, which was fast approaching in the direction of our hero. That what he saw was a herd of buffalo, and that their destination was a narrow gap in the bluff banks of the river, where ten thousand foot-marks proved how often it was used, was evident enough. But whether the infuriated animals were bounding along in obedience to a natural impulse, which, considering the season, was possible, or whether they were chased by a party of hunters, remained a matter of some doubt. In the former instance, a chance might occur for Mah-to-toh-pa to provide himself with fresh provisions; in the latter, considerable circumspection would be required to prevent his being discovered. During the time that these thoughts were passing in his mind, the herd approached, and a vast body it was, led by a huge bull of enormous size. As the last straggler seemed to tumble headlong down one of the rolling sides of the prairie, a party of mounted Indians dashed up a neighbouring hillock between the drove and the river, bent, Mah-to-toh-pa at once saw, upon turning a portion of the herd from their course. Upon the success of this manoeuvre, the warrior felt, depended in a great measure his own fate, and accordingly it was watched with much interest. The Indians—Sioux and Shienness—plunged desperately at the buffalo as soon as the greater portion were by, and succeeded in cutting off the retreat of some half dozen cows, in chase of which they very shortly disappeared. To descend the hill, and plant himself close to the track which for ages, by some hereditary instinct, had been used by the migrating buffalo, was the work of a minute, and then Mah-to-toh-pa allowed the herd, in imitation of the hunting party, to pass him, until a fat little cow striking his fancy, one, two, three arrows were planted in her sides in less than as many instants. The rest of the herd rushed madly into the stream, and all reached the opposite side except a few, which, swept beneath the landing by the force of the current, and unable to climb the precipitous banks, were drowned. To kill the animal, and take some little portion of the meat, were rapid operations, and on went our hero once more until past nightfall, when, after a more hearty meal than usual, and an extra pipe to aid digestion, Mah-to-toh-pa went to sleep.

Whether it was that the heavy meal of raw buffalo, after four days' fasting on parched corn, did not agree with the warrior, or whether from some other cause, is not satisfactorily known, but the moon was shining brightly in the heavens when Mah-to-toh-pa awoke, some hours before his usual time. A slight noise caused him to turn his head on one side, and behold, a grizzly bear was devouring the rest of his prize within an inch or so of his head. Lying still, the namesake of this animal felt quite safe from his notice—'man lying down being medicine for grizzly bear,' but our hero felt himself aggrieved, particularly as he felt that Bruin had

been licking his face, and that most likely his war-paint was now anything but an ornament to his physiognomy. To overcome a bear, too, was considered a very glorious feat, none but those who had really killed one being allowed to wear a collar of his claws. Mah-to-toh-pa had several already, but twenty would be an agreeable addition to the expected scalp of Won-ga-tap. Next instant an arrow was sticking in the bear's side; and Bruin, enraged at so bad a return for his forbearance, rising on his hind legs, presented his breast to the chief as he advanced to the combat. Arrow after arrow sped on its way, and rendered the animal furious. His quiver quite exhausted, Mah-to-toh-pa closed with the beast, weakened by his wounds, and soon put an end to him. The skin, the claws, and a portion of the meat, were taken possession of, and Mah-to-toh-pa, continuing on his way, arrived, after seven days, within sight of the Riccaree village.

The interval between mid-day and sun-down was spent by Mah-to-toh-pa in a thicket within view of the wigwams. Here he deposited his bear-skin, his bow and arrows—in fact, all his arms, save the spear which had slain his brother, and which had led to the detection of the author of the deed. Scarcely did the twilight overshadow the earth, when the Mandan warrior arose, and walked straight towards the village. It was the hour at which most of the braves returned from the chase, preparatory to eating their evening meal. Mah-to-toh-pa had taken the precaution of painting himself as much like a Riccaree as possible, and in this manner, with steady mien and unfaltering gait, he mingled outside the tents with the throng of his mortal enemies, and entered the village in their company. To learn the position of Won-ga-tap's wigwam, to idle round it during the long evening, and calmly to demean himself while in this perilous crisis, became to the cunning Four Bears a matter of comparative ease; and when darkness completely shrouded all, he stealthily concealed himself in a narrow gap between two tents, screened from sight by skins of newly-killed beasts thrown across poles to be cleaned in the morning. With his knife Mah-to-toh-pa cut a hole in the buffalo hide sufficiently large to enable him to see all that passed within, and then, his teeth clenched, his eyes fixed upon the narrow aperture, his ears sensitively alive to every sound, he sat awaiting the eagerly-desired opportunity for glutting his vengeance.

Within the tent sat two children, while a woman, still young and comely, was standing by the fire preparing supper. Presently the skin at the entrance of the wigwam was raised, and the eyes of Mah-to-toh-pa glistened, and he ceased to breathe, as he recognised the form of Won-ga-tap. The famous Riccaree warrior advanced to the little fire, laid aside his lance, and seating himself without a word, intimated his readiness to partake of the evening meal. The young squaw immediately laid the platter before him, placed on it pemmican and marrow fat, adding a bowl of pudding made from the white apple, a delicious turnip of the prairie flavoured with buffalo berries, and a horn spoon of Indian manufacture. This done, the humble creature retreated from her master's side, and at a respectful distance stood awaiting his farther pleasure. Won-ga-tap, after glancing hastily at the door, repaid her attentions with a dignified smile of approbation, which she returned by a look of unbounded love and devotion, and then occupied herself, unconscious of the fierce retributory vengeance at hand, in placing the children in their accustomed position for the night. The warrior's meal concluded, his wife followed his example, while he, loading his pipe with kinnee-kinnee, or red willow bark and tobacco, flavoured with a shaving of castor, prepared to smoke. Mah-to-toh-pa, it might be supposed, was moved at the sight of so much happiness and contentment. Not at all; his ideas flew back to the day when such scenes were in the wigwam of his favourite brother, whose scalp now hung before his eyes on the spear of the Riccaree, and Four Bears vowed vengeance in his heart. Raising his head from the contemplation of a scene on which he

dwelt with an interest almost demoniacal, Mah-to-toh-pa listened to the sounds which were gradually decreasing within the camp. The voice of children was long since hushed; the warriors had all separated, and betaken themselves each to his lodge; the women were waiting on their lords; and if a step or a whispered conference was heard, it was that of some Indian maiden whom a lover was wooing under cover of the night. Presently even these sounds ceased, and the growl of the hungry dogs over a bone was all that could be distinguished. Mah-to-toh-pa then looked in upon the domestic scene within. The squaw had lain down on the luxurious pile of skins and furs which served herself and husband for a bed, and Won-ga-tap was taking his last whiff at the almost empty pipe: when, in fine, it gave forth no more smoke, the warrior turned and sought his couch.

Up rose Mah-to-toh-pa on the instant, at first with the stealthy motion of a snake; and then, knowing well the universality of the custom which allows a hungry man to enter any wigwam at any hour, he stepped confidently across the threshold. The fire was nearly extinct; but it sent forth a glimmer sufficient to enable the Mandan to reach the pot containing the cooked meat, when he deliberately made up for the bad fare which he had submitted to during his journey. Not a motion was made by the Riccaree, though his squaw whispered, in tones which caught the ear of Mah-to-toh-pa, 'Who is that man eating in the wigwam of Won-ga-tap?'

'My brother is hungry no doubt,' was the reply of the warrior.

His meal ended, Four Bears took up the pouch, and filling the bowl, deliberately drew long whiffs from his enemy's pipe, calculating all the time as to the best mode of effecting his purpose. The darkness was so great, as to render it impossible for Mah-to-toh-pa to distinguish any object in the wigwam; and besides, his back was towards his intended victim. Leaning back, as if to catch a moment's rest, the Mandan appeared to stir the embers accidentally with his toes, by which manœuvre he succeeded in gaining a look at Won-ga-tap, whose dark piercing eye he saw was fixed curiously upon him.*

'Is the man gone?' inquired the wife.

'No; my brother is tired, and smokes.' The buffalo meat was very hard; he wants to rest.'

The squaw appeared not to relish the insinuation against her cookery, for she pouted visibly; and Won-ga-tap, turning to chide her good-humouredly, received the fatal spear through his back. 'Won-ga-tap goes to the happy hunting-ground where he sent the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa,' whispered the Mandan warrior, while quietly taking the scalp of his victim. The poor squaw, who loved her husband tenderly, lay speechless with terror, affording time to Mah-to-toh-pa, who had caused the fire to blaze up, to take possession of both lances, the scalp of his brother, and that of the unfortunate Riccaree, who died at the first blow. At length, just as Mah-to-toh-pa was bounding through the doorway, she recovered her voice, and screamed with all the power of her lungs. The Mandan warrior turned upon her a look of scorn, and was about to plunge amid the mass of lodges, and endeavour to gain the outside of the camp, when his eye caught sight of one of the ornamental feathers of the spear hanging from the wound of his enemy. This being esteemed as 'medicine,' Mah-to-toh-pa, despite the danger of delay, rushed back and secured it. The wife, infuriated at the sight of her dead husband, vainly strove to clutch the murderer, who, grasping his knife and the trophies of his victory, rushed forth into the village, now alive with warriors terrified and startled at the fearful cries. To thread the crowd as if in search of the cause of the uproar, was to Mah-to-toh-pa an easy matter; but ere he had gained the thicket, the sound of his own name, re-echoed by a hundred voices, caused him to hurry on at double speed. Catching one of the hopped horses which grazed round the village, awaiting the pleasure of their masters, he leapt upon it with his prizes, and

plunged headlong over the prairie, followed by Riccarees, who had imitated his example. Luckily, Mah-to-toh-pa had selected a sturdy mustang, and as, without whip or spur, saddle or bridle, he hurried it over the plain, he experienced an excitement known only to those who, in the execution of some similar deed, have been surprised, and are running for their lives. Away dashed the Mandan, his bow bent ready for use, his spears lashed together, his arms all ready for the conflict. None, however, ensued. The night was tempestuous and dark, thunder rolled across the sky, and the Riccarees lost all trace of their hated foe. But as long as his beast could hold out, Mah-to-toh-pa sped on his way; and, after three days' hard riding, during which time he allowed little rest to himself or his steed, he arrived amid the deafening applause of his people at the upper Mandan village. Great were the rejoicings of that memorable day; dances were immediately begun, and carried on until a late hour: a feast was declared, and Mah-to-toh-pa was ever after held in high honour amid his people. Many were his warlike deeds, but none more celebrated than his surprise of the Riccaree.*

TREATMENT OF THE POOR IN SCOTLAND.

THE parish of Currie is about six miles from the beautiful capital of Scotland—the seat of as enlightened and refined a group of people as can be found on earth. It is a district containing many resident gentry or heritors, who are not in general remarkable for displaying any less than the usual benevolence of their class towards the poor. Yet in this parish two helpless individuals have been allowed for many years to live in a manner of which, after statements and counter-statements, the following appears to be an exact account.

A woman known by the name of Bell—that is, Isabella—and who is deprived of reason, occupies a wooden shed, resting against a garden wall; a receptacle of slight materials, five feet long by four and a half broad, pervious to the elements at every seam, and having no door to fill up the entrance except a bunch of rags which can be suspended for that purpose. Her bedding is a bundle of straw, and her food is contributed according to the good-will of her immediate neighbours; for she is too old and feeble to beg. This woman came to the place twenty years ago, with the appearance of having escaped from a lunatic asylum. She was then possessed of some accomplishments (music and needlework), indicating an origin and education above the common rank. Having a horror for stone walls, she took up her quarters in an open shed. Then she obtained an old hog's head, which she was permitted to occupy till it rotted about her. She was afterwards furnished with her present dwelling, where the neighbours usually contribute a few shillings at the beginning of each winter, to obtain for her a rug and a few clothes. The guardians of the funds for the poor of the parish have never paid the least attention to this unfortunate creature, or disbursed one farthing in her behalf.

About a mile from the habitation of Bell, at the farmhouse of Kavelrig, within an open shed, there is an erection consisting of two or three pieces of wood placed in a slanting position against a wall, and overlaid with a quantity of straw. It is quite open to the north, and hardly approachable for filth; it is also too short for the extended body of a human being. Yet there, with a small log for a pillow, and a few clothes supplied by the parish authorities, lives another fatuous woman, known by the

* The author has here done little more than give, in his own words, a celebrated record of the extraordinary Indian tribe of the Mandans. Those who seek more information concerning this strange people, should consult that enthusiastic and faithful historian of the North American aborigines, Mr Catlin.

name of Jenny. When she lies in this loathsome den, too wretched to be the habitation of a pig, she is obliged to arrange herself like a cat, with her head and feet nearly together. Her food is supplied by the spontaneous contributions of the neighbours. This poor woman, unlike the other, is occasionally violent in her conduct.

How, it will be asked, is it to be accounted for, that, in a land where the charities of life are as rife as in any other, two cases should exist for a series of years of such gross indifference to the calls of humanity? The answer is—a dogma does it all. The Scottish people are so unfortunate as to be under the influence of a belief, that stated and systematic relief for the distresses of poverty is a pure evil—an evil in some degree unavoidable, but which should ever, by all available means, be kept down at the lowest possible amount. The landholders favour this view, as one tending to save them from a certain branch of taxation; and the poor themselves have scarcely an idea that their case, though felt to be hard, is one calling for improvement. Accordingly, the parish authorities of Currie think themselves quite justified in allowing two persons to live in their bounds in the manner which has been described, being satisfied that it always does harm to hold forth instances of destitution relieved by public arrangements. Not a man amongst them but would give from his own pocket enough to succour Bell and Jenny from the pains of hunger, supposing the cases to be brought immediately under his attention; but to give to them from a stated fund a stated weekly support—that is a procedure so pregnant, he thinks, with fatal consequences to the moral character of the humbler classes of the community, that it only can be admitted under the most stringent compulsion.

It has indeed been stated on the part of the parish authorities, that the two wretched women prefer then sheds to houses, and that placing them in asylums would drive them frantic, or destroy them. A surgeon has actually given his testimony to this effect, adding in the case of Bell, that the treatment she receives 'seems as kind and humane as the circumstances will permit'—a newspaper reporter informing us, on the other hand, that when he went to her den, he found 'her sitting shivering with cold, and covered with wet rags—rags literally soaked with the rain which had fallen in torrents during the preceding night, and had come in through the numerous chinks in her wretched dwelling.' Her straw, it must be admitted, is changed once a week. The attempts of these authorities to exculpate themselves only make their case the worse; for who ever heard of the freaks of fatuous persons being considered, when it was necessary to take measures for humanely disposing of them? At this rate, an orphan might be allowed to wander about like a wild animal, unclothed, unfed, uneducated, merely because she preferred freedom to being reared in a workhouse. The real cause of the women being allowed their own will is, that it coincided with what was best for the interest of the parish funds. In the kirk-sessions who manage these funds, the ruling policy is, how shall we battle off claimants for relief, or escape the necessity of sending paupers to lunatic asylums? They have an instinctive horror for all such institutions, as only causes of expense. It is no wonder at all that they should have consulted the tastes of Bell and Jenny as to lodgings. It is unlucky, however, for them, to have added to the infamy reflected upon them from this detail of facts, by setting forth an excuse so wonderfully childish and transparent.

The present work has the largest circulation of any in the empire. It is read not only in Scotland, but extensively in England, and partially also in Ireland and the colonies. We rejoice in the power we thus possess of proclaiming the disgraceful effects of the doctrines generally entertained in our country respecting the stated support of the poor—doctrines founded in false opinion, but supported by selfishness, and attended by such unheard-of inhumanity, as should have produced

their correction long ago. It was once said that Scotsmen loved their country better than truth. We at least do not. We willingly expose the land of our nativity to all the infamy which such affairs as the above—only too characteristic of her ordinary procedure—demand at the hands of all righteous judges in other countries.*

ORIENTAL PARADISES.

THE Arabian writers recognise four different places as possessing such an amount of natural beauties as to qualify them to be distinguished as terrestrial paradises. The first on the list is the Ghutah, or plain of Damascus, a spot admitted on all hands to possess many charms of a high order. The Emperor Julian called Damascus 'the City of Jupiter,' and 'the Eye of the East;' and says, in his letter to Scapion, that it excelled all others, among other things, in the mildness of its climate, the excellence of its fountains, the multitude of its streams, and the fertility of its soil. So charming is the sight, say the Mussulmans, that the prophet Mohammed, when he viewed the plain from the heights of Salâhiyah (abode of Salâhu-d-din, our Saladin), was so delighted with the prospect, that he forbore coming into it, lest he should forget the objects of his mission, and make it his paradise.

This magnificent effect, familiar now to so many, and derived from the verdure of the foliage, which varies from the deepest shade to the slightest tint of green, contrasting with the bright sun and cloudless sky that illuminate the scenery of an eastern world, and which diffuse throughout the landscape a charm unknown in countries where a dense and hazy atmosphere prevails, will not bear the test of close examination. The veil of enchantment is withdrawn the moment we advance upon the plain itself. The arid and dusty pathway is bounded by crumbling walls of sun-dried bricks, which the outline of a ruinous koshk, or the straggling branches of a tree, only now and then overtop. In the open spaces, the dilapidated stump of a date-tree affords the traveller but a scanty shade; and he must fight for a place by the side of an occasional fountain, overshadowed by the wide-spreading plane, with many a thirsty camel, and Arabs soiled with the sands of the desert.

Let him enter, and he will perceive neither arrangement nor keeping. An Oriental garden is always in a state of nature, except where a little cultivation of melons or cucumbers is going on. The most beautiful gardens in Damascus and Shiraz are what we would call orchards in this country. Above, the apricot and the plum invite the eye; and the dark-green of the kharub or locust-tree, and of the mulberry, are pleasantly relieved by the pale-leaved pretty flowering pistachio, and the silvery tinge of the olive. Here and there the vine climbs some branchy tree; but it is seldom trained by art, or led in festoons over shady trellises. There are a few spots rendered more picturesque than others by a dense growth of fig-trees and pomegranates, and rose-bushes also abound about the gardens; but the nine hundred kinds known to florists in these countries are here limited to two or three species. Beneath, the soil is for the most part dry, unproductive, and trodden down, and undistinguishable

*The poor-law of Scotland, dated so far back as 1579, requires parishes to provide needful sustentation for their poor, and commits the management to the discretion of kirk-sessions, with only a right of appeal to the Court of Session. Let the English reader imagine a pauper of Cumberland or Cornwall, who had no resource, if denied by the parish managers, besides the Court of Queen's Bench! Nevertheless, by the instrumentality of a benevolent solicitor of Edinburgh, two appeals have been brought before the Court of Session. A poor widow with seven children, who had been allowed 3s. 6d., and two women of between eighty and ninety, who had been allowed 1s. 1d. each weekly, have had decisions in their favour, ordering larger allowances. The widow has in consequence obtained arrears making up the past allowances to 6s., and is in future, besides 3s. 6d., to have 30s. annually for house-rent.

from the path, which is neither graveled nor edged. Nature does more in the East than the indolence of art, and the wild bosquets of flowering cistus and gaudy oleander by the side of the purling brook—and the frequent continuous growth of myrtle and juniper replacing the heaths of our own land—and still more the splendid spring carpeting of anemones and ranunculuses—far surpass anything which the gardens of the great cities present us with. The most arid portions of the desert are adorned at certain seasons by flowering plants, among which the pink starwort, the rose-flowered onion, and beautiful species of chrysantesema, everlasting, bell-flower, poppies, and gentians, render themselves conspicuous; and at the hottest season of the year, the caper plant and the bright blossoms of the fennel flower (*Nigella Damascena*) still diversify the surface.

The next terrestrial paradise is the Soghd, or garden of Samarcand, concerning which we unfortunately possess no details.

The third is the Sha'b Buván or Sha'abi-Buván, the 'entrance defile' of Fârsistan. Buván is a word used here by Oriental license, for its meaning is the pole which supports the curtain serving as a door to the Arab tent, and hence it is used metaphorically in the sense of 'entrance.' This is a plain situated at no great distance from the celebrated Kal'eh Sefid, or 'white castle,' in Fâro, which so long resisted the victorious progress of Timour (Taimûr) the Tartar. It is approached by thickets of box, which afford shelter to wild boars, francolin, and the turaj, a kind of heath fowl larger than the red grouse, and black, with white spots. The valley or plain itself is covered with narcissuses, which, at the season of flowering, spread like a white carpet over the field for the space of many miles, and affect the senses most agreeably with their perfume. The Baron de Bode had the good fortune to pass through this prairie at the flowering season. 'All our party,' he relates (Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiii. p. 79), 'pushed into this rich parterre up to their horses' girths, to enjoy the fragrance as much as possible. For my part, I felt at first some scruple in thus treading down these beautiful and delicate productions of nature; but I ended by doing as others did—so easy is it to yield to a seductive example.' This valley is interspersed with fields which produce cotton, rice, barley, and wheat; but wherever the ground is left fallow, the narcissus resumes its empire, and seems to have fixed on the Sha'b Buván as its favourite place of abode. This plain of narcissuses, the reader will think, is a very simple idea of a paradise. It is so, indeed, and is the more truly Oriental from that very simplicity.

The fourth of the Arabian paradises is the Nahru-l-Abâllah, or rather the island which is between the canal called Nahru-l-Abâllah, that called Mo'kal, and the Sha'b-el-'Arab, or united rivers of the Euphrates and Tigris, and not far from the ancient port of Basrah, commonly called Bassora. This is a forest of date palm-trees, having an undergrowth chiefly of liquorice plants, and fringed on the banks of the canals by the beautiful foliage and yellow blossoms of the acacia, and the dark-green narcissus with elongated spikelets.

There have not been wanting travellers to detract from the claim of the date-palm to scenic effect. Some have even gone so far as to say that the eye is pained by the sight of so many sharp-pointed leaves—that it amounts to ocular impalement!—(Rev. Mr Formby's Visit to the East, p. 111.) But it can, without affectation on the writer's part, be averred—after long familiarity with the scenery of palm forests—that not only is there nothing wearisome in such scenery, but that, on the contrary, it grows daily in beauty upon the eye.

The naked upright stems of the palm rise out of the plain like tall columns, and adorn the river-side like an interminable peristyle, while the gracefully pendant fronds above form a verdant canopy of great beauty. In the gloom of clouds and rain, as well as in the broad glare of an intertropical sun, the palm-tree is an equally

inviting object. It offers shelter in the one, and the most agreeable shade in the other. The sun setting in a cloudless sky over the green sea of waving leaflets, is one of the most glorious visions of the East; and when stem, frond, and leaf, are alike still as sculptured things, and their outline is brought out in sombre distinctness by the clear moonlight, there is a feeling of enchantment in the endless extent of these great natural temples, and their mysterious shady vistas, which never fails to awaken the deepest sensibilities of the heart. It is not surprising, then, that the Orientals should have made a paradise of their most magnificent palm forests—those on the banks of the river Euphrates—and which constitute at once the most noble, the most graceful, and the most characteristic of all its sylvan scenery: while by their abundant produce, they furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of food to thousands of human beings, among whom forgetfulness of, or ingratitude towards, the Giver of all good is a most rare feeling.

The Persian writers discard from their list of terrestrial paradises the palm forests of the Euphrates, but admit the plain of Damascus, the entrance defile of Fârsistan, and the garden of Samarcand, adding at the same time to this already extensive list two more paradises—the glade of Mashân-rûd at Hamadan, and on the authority of the Noz-hetu-l-Kolûb, the vale of Khosrau Shâh, or of King Chosroes, near Tabriz. With regard to the first, we possess no detailed descriptions. The plain of Hamadan is known to be elevated, well watered, and wooded, and the temperature moderate, never rising above 80 degrees in the shade during the hottest period of the year; but if its gardens resemble those of Uvumiyah and Shiraz, which the writer has visited, and which there is every probability they do, they must differ very little from the description already given of the gardens of Damascus.

The fourth and last of the terrestrial paradises recognised by every nation of Eastern Mohammedans, is the glade or valley called that of Khosrau Shâh, in the hills of Seheid, and which opens upon the great plain of Tabriz, where the latter stretches down to the wide expanse of the lake of Uvumiyah. It is a glade of considerable extent, and presents to view, as far as the eye can reach up among the hills, one mass of groves and gardens. 'It is,' says Colonel Rawlinson (Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. x. p. 2), 'one of the many happy spots along the skirts of the Seheid which enjoy at all seasons a most delightful climate, and owes its fertility to the streams of this most beneficent of mountains.'

We now leave it to the reader, after the brief descriptions which we have been enabled to give of the chief of the Oriental paradises on earth, to consider whether they realise the pictures of scenic and sylvan beauty which might have been anticipated from the glowing language of their poets, or the more sober works of their geographers—premising that such descriptions should be taken in accordance with the position of the people who write them, and the limited means which they have of acquiring more extensive information.

The knowledge that in our own country almost every mile of territory presents something to equal in many points of view any one of the paradises of the East, ought not to be made the ground for detracting from the Eastern's zealous warmth in favour of his own fatherland, but should rather be a just cause for being contented and grateful for what has been vouchsafed to us in the country we dwell in. Not to confound ignorance with error, the former is sometimes, as St Pierre has pointed out in his 'Studies of Nature,' a source of inexhaustible delight to man. It would be almost a pity to withdraw the veil of ignorance which attaches the Esquimaux contentedly to his land of snow and ice; and it is more creditable to sympathise with the innocent and amiable feelings which can make a paradise of a little verdure on a sun-burnt plain, of a field of narcissuses, or of a forest of palm-trees, than to sneer at

them because they do not come up to that standard of perfection which our superior intelligence would exact.

TWO TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'
'Be pitiful—be courteous.'

ANY one in the slightest degree conversant with either of the great English universities, must be aware of the two grand divisions of their youthful population into reading men and rowing men—not boat-rowing (for that is a characteristic applying to both), but diligent, devoted students, and idle, mischief-loving, belligerent lads, whose feuds with the town-folks, and other perpetual pranks, keep the invidious office of proctor from degenerating into a sinecure.

There is, however (and the class, for the honour of England, is a numerous one), between these extremes of study and idleness a sort of *juste milieu*, in a host of noble fellows, who, while devoting a fair portion of their time to the purposes of their residence at the university, are yet foremost in the manly exercises of the place; and deservedly popular with their companions, without forfeiting the good opinion of the seniors of their college. Among these, few ever stood higher with both than my cousin Arthur Penn, whose character was a happy and rare compound of spirit and steadiness, of firmness where principle was concerned, and facility and sweetness of temper in trifles. None 'sporting oak'* more determinedly during the hours appropriated to study; or turned out, when these were over, to more thorough enjoyment of whatever sport was 'toward'; pulling his oar in a boat-race with the same hearty good will and acknowledged superiority as stamped him a 'first-class man' in another and higher field. Then he was not only singularly handsome (an advantage not unappreciated even among men), but carried on his bearing intelligent countenance one of nature's most veracious letters of recommendation, which owed to the faithful reflection of the fine mind within that fascination which, in man or woman, even when less genuine, always insures supremacy. But Arthur's smile was sincerity itself, and his courtesy that of the heart, else I should scarce have deemed worth recording for his own honour, and the benefit of others, an instance in which, by forbearance and urbanity, he disarmed hostility, and gained a valuable friend.

A keenly contested rowing-match had occupied, during the greater part of the day, a set of young men, of whom Arthur was prevented, by a special academical exercise, from making one; but, anxious to learn the result, he had strolled down at the hour of their expected arrival towards the river. Finding the boats, contrary to his calculations, already come in, and the rowers dispersed, he also turned towards his rooms, as it was getting late and dark, and he had yet to put the finishing touch to the essay for which the day's amusement had been sacrificed. He was threading somewhat rapidly, in the fast waning twilight, the rather intricate lanes which formed the short cut to his college, when the sound of footsteps behind him, keeping pace, though with apparent effort, with his own, gave him the disagreeable impression of being dogged; and to ascertain the fact, he suddenly stood still, to give the person behind an opportunity of passing on. He, too, however, stopped short until my cousin again moved, when the unknown resumed his undesired attendance.

Arthur, who would at any time rather balk impertinence than be under the necessity of resenting it, and whom the headache consequent on a day of intense study had made particularly desirous of quiet and privacy in his evening stroll, sought to shake off the intruder by diving into a side alley, leading, though more circuitously, to his chambers. But here, again,

his purpose was so decidedly frustrated by a similar move on the part of his 'double,' that there was nothing for it but to bring the matter to a point by turning round to confront his persevering shadow. I have said that my cousin, though warm, was by nature courteous; and on seeing in his follower—instead of a saucy youth of his own standing, or a rude fellow of twice his years, either of whom, if bent on insult, it would have been his first impulse to knock down—a venerable looking aged man, trembling under the apparently mingled influence of recent terror and strong excitement, his feelings of annoyance found a milder vent in simply saying, 'If, as I am led to believe, sir, you intentionally dog my steps, it must be under the error—which this lamp will afford you the opportunity to rectify—of mistaking me for some one else.' The old gentleman, for such his dress and aspect bespoke him, gazed as steadfastly as his agitation would permit on his calm opponent; and then, to Arthur's great surprise, and no small indignation, exclaimed, 'No! there is no mistake—I am on the right track; and you are the rude unmanly fellow who could first hustle, and then push into the river, a defenceless old man.'

It was in vain that Arthur—whom close inspection enabled to perceive that the poor old man, in addition to other causes of tremor and agitation, was shivering with wet—disclaimed, in the most earnest and solemn manner, all participation in an unmanly outrage, of which he not only professed himself, but referred to all who knew him, to pronounce him incapable. In vain did he, though writhing under the imputation, patiently detail, for his irritable accuser's satisfaction, the nature, nay, the very subject of college exercise which had caused his day's seclusion, and the *alibi* it enabled him to establish on the authority of at least a dozen witnesses. The old man, smarting under cruel insult and injury from a collegian of similar height and appearance, precluded by increasing emotion from listening to reason, or forming a dispassionate judgment, remained as unpersuadable as ever, and continued to lavish on my cousin a series of epithets and threats, under which his naturally quick temperament had a good deal to do to remain passive.

But age, and suffering age especially, had in his eyes a sacred privilege; and seeing in his unreasonable threatened prosecutor only a very ill-used, and to all appearance, if suffered to remain much longer in the night air, seriously indisposed elderly gentleman, he put a period to their colloquy by saying, firmly but gently, and suiting the action to the word by passing his arm under that of the exhausted and well-nigh sinking old man—'We will defer, sir, till another day—when my card here will give you ample opportunity for making yourself acquainted with my character—all discussion of the probabilities of my connexion with the dastardly indignities under which you are suffering. In the meantime, unconvinced as I see you still are of my innocence, you must allow me to discharge the duty, and enjoy the satisfaction, of seeing you safely home. I were all you take me for, nay, less than a man, could I allow you, ill as you are, to find your way alone.'

The old gentleman gave a look, still an incredulous though bewildered one, in my cousin's face, grasped eagerly at the card held out to him, and ere long, to avoid falling, exhausted by conflicting emotions, on the ground, was fain to lay hold, though less willingly, of the sturdy proffered arm also, supported by which he tottered feebly homeward.

To the surprise of one as yet perfectly unaware of the name or rank of the person he had so strangely encountered, the house to which the old man led was one of the handsomest in the town, the residence of an opulent banker and leading inhabitant of the place, at the threshold of which its owner stopped, returning a somewhat stiff acknowledgment for a safe conduct, which he evidently ascribed to a tardy check of conscience, or fear of consequences, in the original aggressor. Regretting this delusion, but sure of being

* That is, locked his door.

triumphantly cleared on inquiry, Arthur walked quietly home, thankful for having been enabled to keep his temper, and to repay unmerited obloquy by Christian kindness, and the purely disinterested deference claimed by age and indisposition.

Disinterested as it was (else it would have been worth nothing), virtue proved in this case its own reward. Made aware, by investigation, not only of the innocence of Arthur of the actual outrage which had so chafed and endangered him, but of his peculiarly correct and amiable character, and high estimation with young and old, what might in the banker have been simple desire to atone for unjust suspicions, was heightened into lively esteem for one who, thus traduced, had shown himself not only patient, but courteous and compassionate.

Long ere the old gentleman himself had sufficiently recovered the effects of an attack, the author of which, already a blot on the university, was traced out, and expelled, his son had been made the bearer of his father's card, accompanied with warm proffers of a hospitality testified, during my cousin's whole remaining college residence, by admission to many a splendid banquet; at which the venerable host seldom failed to recount, as an *amende honorable* for past errors, and an encouragement to similar conduct in the young men present, his nocturnal adventure, and the lasting friendship to which it had given birth.

Lasting indeed: for when, some seven years after, its youthful object returned from abroad to indulge in a hasty visit to his alma mater, almost his first inquiry was after his aged host; and the tear which rose in his eye on hearing he was no more, was unalloyed with one pang of remorse for having withheld from age its meed of duty or forbearance.

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

BY THEODORIC BROWN.

SECOND PART.

ABOUT a year after the visit I described in my last, I made another call upon the Robertsons, having again had occasion to be in their neighbourhood. As I trudged along the road on which they lived, I noticed several small clearings and log-houses which had been made during the last summer, and I argued from their appearance the prosperity of my friends, as a farmer who has paid for his land gets on well when a market begins to form around him. I was but a short distance from Mr O'Donohue's location, when I heard a shouting behind me, and on looking round, saw a timber sledge coming towards me at full speed, having fastened on it one end of the trunk of a large tree, upon which was seated no less a personage than the kind-hearted Irishman himself, while the other end—ornamented by his two sons—dragged along the snow and swayed to and fro across the road in a manner highly alarming to a pedestrian. On seeing me, O'Donohue instantly reined up, and I seated myself beside him. After ascertaining the good health of his own family and of his neighbours, I asked him whither he was going with the log. 'To Robertson and O'Donohue's saw-mill,' said he, peeping at me from the corner of his eyes to see what effect this announcement produced. I expressed my surprise, and inquired by what means he had become possessed of a saw-mill. 'Well,' said he, 'Robertson and myself raised a tidy crop last year, and as we couldn't get cash in these parts, we got a good offer to trade some corn away for hardware. Now, we had plenty of pots and kettles, and such-like, and so, says I to him, "You've got a lovely little stramine down there with a nate little fall upon it, and why shouldn't you and me take a saw-mill out in corn, and knock up a mill together?" He liked the notion: the mill was built, and we set to work the other day, although it isn't often we can work in this hard weather. We had some thoughts at first of calling it the "Blue Creek Company's Saw-mills," but we changed our minds, and called it after ourselves.'

By this time we had arrived at O'Donohue's house, and after greeting his good lady, I saw that he had increased the number of his rooms, and otherwise taken advantage of his new calling, by introducing boards wherever there was the remotest possibility of so doing. He had come home for dinner; and after sharing the meal with him, we set out together to visit his partner. The road was a little improved since the last time I had seen it, and the clearing was considerably larger. On arriving at the house, we found Mrs Robertson alone with her child, the young woman who assisted her in her work having gone to spend the day with her friends. The good lady was much changed in her appearance. She was beginning to acquire quite the air of a stout consequential matron, and it wanted very little to make her a very good hostess of an inn. Her conversation, too, was now entirely on household matters.

'Mr Brown,' said she to me, after we had been talking awhile, 'you are fortunate in coming at the present time. Harry has been building me an oven behind the house, and although I do not wish to boast, yet I think I have reached the perfection of bread-making. Is it not so, Mr O'Donohue?'

'May I never taste the bread that is better!' he replied. 'My old woman had to learn you the way when you first came, but now she can't hold a candle to you.'

Mrs Robertson then proceeded to give me much information on her domestic economy, informing me how many pairs of stockings she had knitted during the past summer, and giving me the exact number of yards that it took to make a suit of homespun for her husband. I asked her if she did not regret the luxuries she had possessed in England.

'When I was at home,' said she, 'I was certainly very comfortable, but my pleasure consisted merely in the absence of pain. Now, however, my exertions in household affairs not only give me a pleasant feeling of responsibility, but also contribute much to the happiness of my husband; and I am sure that Harry loves me better as I am, than if I had remained a drawing-room lady all my life.'

When it began to grow dark her husband returned from the mill. He, also, had acquired a bluff hearty appearance, and from a pale sickly-looking young man, was fast approaching the *beau idéal* of a young backwoodsman. In the course of the evening he gave me an account of his progress since our last meeting, which I will repeat in my own language as far as I can now recollect the facts.

In the early part of the spring they removed into their log-house, and commenced life in the woods. Their residence with the O'Donohues had in some degree inured them to the privations and inconveniences which they were compelled to experience, and had taught them the necessity of energy and self-reliance; yet it had scarcely prepared them for the loneliness of their situation, and the perpetual makeshifts which they had to practise. The wagon-load of articles which they had brought was found to comprise, in many instances, precisely such conveniences as could not be used at the time, although they might be turned to account as things should mend; while those for which they had hourly need were absent, and impossible to be procured. However, necessity has no law, and their stock of crockery having been almost wholly destroyed in the journey, there was a curious perversion of use with many utensils. The place of cups and saucers was supplied by various articles; while wooden bowls, and even saucepans, at times performed the office of dishes. But perhaps the most unpleasant concomitant of their situation was the unvarying nature of their food. Their stock of tea, coffee, and spices, had been very limited, and was now at the lowest ebb, and it would be soon a matter of necessity to drink hemlock tea, which is bitter and unpleasant enough to those unused to it, but has the recommendation, besides its

great wholesomeness, of becoming tolerable upon close acquaintance. Of milk they had but little; for they possessed no cow, and O'Donohue could not always supply them; while butter was a precious rarity in their abode. Maple-sugar, however, was in plenty, and cider and whisky were in sufficient quantities to satisfy their moderate wants. But in meat there was little variety, as it consisted mainly of pork in all its forms of bacon, ham, and pickled pork; together with small quantities of smoked venison and bear-meat, and, upon occasions, squirrels which had been shot by the young O'Donohues. Pickerel and bass were caught by laying lines for them, and served to give some change to a continued diet upon salted meat. However, they contrived to make amends for the unpleasant restriction in this kind of food by puddings, peach and apple-pies, with pot-pies, so called, but which are more properly meat puddings; also buckwheat cakes, greatly relished by the backwoodsman, although strangers think them coarse and somewhat unpalatable on first trial; corn cakes made from Indian corn, and baked in tin vessels before the fire; brown bread, composed of rye and Indian corn, and forming an agreeable article of food; with wheaten cakes, and bread in various forms. Potatoes were in great plenty; and strings of dried apples suspended in the loft showed no want of the material for sauce.

The ground had been too hard, in consequence of the frost, to permit them to dig a well before coming into their house, and thus it became necessary to bring water from the creek, which was at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. This duty, in the occasional absence of Tim, fell upon Robertson, who found it very troublesome and not a little laborious to carry two large pails to and from the water-side, especially as he had to climb a steep bank in returning. Water was therefore economised, to save her the trouble of obtaining it, and Mrs Robertson grew less scrupulous about cleanliness of person, dress, and house, than she had conceived to be possible. A mass of household cares and labours, before unknown, crowded around her with magical suddenness, and tasked every faculty in their fulfilment; her exertions being lightened at intervals by the assistance of Magee O'Donohue, who came over in spare hours to help Mrs Robertson, and perhaps to chat a little with honest Tim—a friendship having arisen between the pair, which afterwards ripened into a warmer feeling. The absence of human intercourse, except on these occasions, or when the families visited each other, and the solitude of the forest around them, had a strong effect on the Robertsons for some time. This feeling of strangeness was increased by the occasional sight of a bear making his way across their small clearing, or an intimation of a nocturnal visit from the animal given by the plunging and kicking of their horses. It was not uncommon to hear the howling of wolves, and once or twice their lengthened yell sounded at night close to the house, and was continued without intermission till the morning. These things had certainly occurred sometimes while they stayed with the O'Donohues; but those older settlers made very light of such occurrences, and our friends soon did the same.

However, labour was now their business, and Robertson had enough of employment to make him forget, in general, that he had ever been an inhabitant of a more populous and civilised country. His Irish friend had assisted to fell a number of trees sufficient to allow him to bring a tolerable portion of ground into cultivation, but the snow being not yet sufficiently melted for that purpose, he turned his attention to the preparation of a pile of firewood, for the use of the forthcoming summer, and to splitting the trunks of the fallen trees into rails, for the purpose of fencing in his land. He also obtained board-beams and shingles from the saw-mill, to erect a barn as soon as the ground would be soft enough to sink the posts which usually form the foundation of such a building. He contemplated the purchase of a cow or two, with some pigs, and a number of

poultry; and in fancy, enjoyed the happy time when he should have milk, butter, and eggs to his heart's content, fresh pork and vegetables, and on festival days even a fowl.

The winter was now over; but owing to its great length, and the suddenness of the change of the seasons in Canada, the backwoodsman allows himself but little rest till the seed is put in the ground. Robertson worked early and late, to keep pace with his brother farmers, and might at this time have been seen guiding the plough in its winding course among the stumps of the fallen trees, often stopping when the coulter caught against a spreading root, and sometimes the plough rising out of the ground when reaching a similar obstacle. From his own unskillfulness in farming business, the work proceeded rather slowly; for although Tim had some practice as an agricultural labourer in the 'old country,' yet it was in employment on a farm, not in making one: the manner of cultivating, and even the articles themselves that are grown, differ in the two countries. Some time, also, was at first occasionally wasted when a deer would appear on the skirts of the forest. The pair would instantly start off in pursuit with sportsman-like ardour; however, they soon perceived that even the carcass of a deer was but a poor compensation for a day wasted at the most valuable period of the year, and the appearance of game in future had no more effect than to cause a passing regret at the difficulty of reconciling sport with business. At length every available spot was ploughed and sown with grain, with the reservation, however, of a potato patch, and ground for a kitchen garden, although the latter is not at all usually possessed by a settler on the commencement of his career. Our friend could now spare some time for the advancement of domestic comfort, and accordingly set about the matter with great energy. There being a considerable distance between his location and the nearest town, he had as yet been unable to procure window-frames and glass in time, partly from his own ignorance of what was necessary, and partly from O'Donohue's thoughtlessness. He now repaired this omission, and the boards and pieces of strained sheeting, which had been insufficient substitutes, were thrown aside. The house had been damp, on account of the imperfect stoppage of crevices in the walls and the floor; but with the assistance of a carpenter who was fortunately passing that way with a small party of emigrants, his dwelling was rendered air and water-tight, and several little improvements were made, that added much to its general comfort. About this time, too, the long-contemplated well was dug, and the chimney rendered more safe and substantial.

The expense of these improvements, added to the previous outlays, reduced their capital very much; and as they wished to reserve what still remained for any contingencies that might happen, their food became limited in its variety, even beyond what it had before been. O'Donohue was but a new settler, and had not much more than sufficient for his own family, yet he never hesitated to assist the Robertsons; while other neighbours, for such they were, although living some dozen miles off, were not appealed to in vain when our friends were necessitated to borrow grain and flour. Still, the Robertsons had a sufficiency of food, and their discomforts were easily borne, now that the change of habits was become in some degree 'natural' to them, and they knew what to expect. The want of society was felt rather severely; and as the location was far from the regular lines of route, great pleasure was excited by the chance appearance of the party of emigrants already spoken of, which, besides new faces, brought news from the settled districts and England. The arrival of a pedlar, too, was quite an era in their solitary life, and Mrs Robertson took advantage of the opportunity thus presented to purchase a stock of pins, needles, thread, and other necessary articles; for although she had plenty of clothing, and cloth for more, yet she had omitted to supply herself with a sufficient quantity

of these other materials necessary in making or mending—a very common neglect on the part of emigrants. I suppose that Tim also must have been a good customer, as, on the Sunday following, Magee appeared decked out in all the finery of a new gown, bright-coloured ribbons, and a necklace, which, being unbought with her parents' money, pointed out Tim as the culprit in the indulgence of her feminine vanity.

The land being now ploughed, and the grain sown, Robertson turned his attention to making the fences; piling the rails in a zig-zag line on each other, in such a way that the end of each rail would rest between that of two others, and the whole strengthened at the angles of the fence by other rails fixed in the ground. However, as he had not time to prepare sufficient materials, he was obliged to content himself with surrounding the cleared parts of the farm, and without dividing it off into fields. Being now relieved from the care of providing for his expected crops, he was enabled to commence the erection of the barn he had projected. His neighbours assisted him to raise it, while he and Tim put on the boards and shingles, and in dividing off the interior, left a space for a stable, which place is generally chosen in America from its warmth in winter. As he now had a barn, and O'Donohue's stock of fodder was becoming low, he purchased sufficient hay and oats for his horses until his own crops grew.

The summer passed while all were incessantly employed in farm-labour, or other affairs conducive to their comfort, and harvest-time approached, bringing with it a further amount of duties. In America, as in some parts of England, grain is generally cradled, that is to say, cut down with a small scythe having attached to it a wicker or light wooden frame, which catches the corn before it falls, and throws it on one side. This, as may be supposed, is laborious work to one unaccustomed to it, and the binding it into sheaves is even more so. The land, however, yielded a pretty good crop; and, after paying O'Donohue in produce for what he was indebted to him, Robertson found that he had an ample quantity left for his own use. Having still a small amount of cash on hand, he found that at last he was beginning to be independent, and that as in future he would be unencumbered by any debt, he might obtain a profit from his crops.

It was about this time, when several parties of emigrants had located themselves in the neighbourhood, that O'Donohue received the offer to exchange some corn for hardware, which he had mentioned to me. The new comers were constantly passing the two clearings, for the purpose of obtaining boards and sawn timbers from a mill at a considerable distance, and it appeared to him to be a good idea to construct a saw-mill on Robertson's stream, and form a partnership with him. Having made the proposal to the other, who at once agreed to it, the exchange was made, and the building accordingly erected by themselves—a saw-mill in the woods being a very simple affair, and easily made by any person of ordinary ability. The scheme succeeded, for the neighbours brought logs in great quantities, and the partners found the trade profitable. Payment is made in such cases with half of the sawn wood, and the owner of the mill disposes of his share at the market.

Things were in this condition when I arrived. The Robertsons, although they did not as yet possess all the comforts they might wish, were increasing the list every day, and forgot the present want of many little conveniences in their hopes for the future, and had ceased to look back with regret on their life in England. I stayed rather longer than I had intended, out of compliment to Mr O'Donohue, in order to witness the marriage of his daughter with Tim. On that occasion there was great feasting, a general invitation to all Canada being left at every tavern within fifty miles. Perhaps, however, the grandness of the operations may be understood when I state the remark of the before-mentioned Yankee pedlar to me the next morning, as we were walking along the road towards the old settle-

ments, he having presided at the violin the evening before. 'Well, stranger,' said he, 'I've seen in my time hull lots of tea-squalls, breakdowns, quiltin' frolics, and pavin' bees, but I must say I ain't never seen nothin' that could chalk up ditto alongside that concern lust night, not by a jugful.'

I received a letter the other day from Robertson, a few extracts from which will save me the trouble of recording the progress of our emigrants since my visit. He says—'Magee, the other day, astonished us all by making O'Donohue a grandfather—he has done nothing since but talk of the joyful event, and expatiate on Tim junior's good temper and powers of consuming food; and, to use his wife's expression, he is as proud as the dog which had two tails. My wife and both my own children are quite well; the former sends all sorts of good wishes to you. As for myself, I am in rude health, looking much more like a blacksmith than a Cantab. O'Donohue and I are thinking of adding a tan-yard and bark-mill to our present business, as there is abundance of hemlock in the neighbourhood; at all events, we have each determined upon having a frame-house up next summer, and turning the old log-houses into cow-sheds. I am sorry to hear that B—— has gone home, after making such a short stay in the country; it is the same with hundreds who have not the energy to face, or the perseverance to endure, a few trifling hardships for the sake of independence in a short time. However, I must not say anything about that, as I have no doubt I should have gone home myself the first year if I had had the means, but now I would not exchange my situation of a Canadian backwoodsman for the highest in England. We would be glad to see you out here, and I am sure it would be the best thing that could be done, both by yourself and by thousands like you, who have not sufficient independence of spirit, even if there was an opening, to go into any business, and who, from your small means, are engaged in a constant struggle to keep up the appearance of gentility. If you should resolve to emigrate to this or to any other colony, keep this golden rule in your mind; for inattention to this has, I may say, been the sole cause of ruin to hundreds. If you have not much money, buy a small quantity of land, and pay cash for it, and never, if you can possibly avoid it, buy anything on credit. You do not know what may occur to prevent your being able to pay at the right time; and, besides, few men have sufficient control over themselves to work with any feeling of pleasure to pay off old debts, instead of being themselves the sole profitters by their exertions. Independence is the grand difficulty, and yet the grand charm of backwood life. I do not mean that we stand alone in the desert, cut off and separate from the sympathies of our kind; for in reality there is no part of the world where men are more indebted to friendship and good neighbourhood than here, where our nearest neighbour is in general a dozen miles off. I mean that we do not lean on the social system for physical support. We have no "situations" to covet, no degrees of servitude as the boundaries of our ambition. We must achieve a living for ourselves, or perish in the wilderness. The idle, the slothful, the dissipated, the cowardly, must fall away before the approach of winter, like the scar leaves of the forest; and, in short, it is only the wakeful, the bold, the temperate, and the persevering, who must hope to be able to maintain their ground. As for myself, my life has been comparatively easy and fortunate. I had a little, though a very little, capital, a good wife, and a kind neighbour. I was therefore not alone in the woods; I was not a beggar in the desert. And yet I cannot help feeling, with a mixture of pride and humble thankfulness, that, in the midst of occasional misgivings and faint-heartedness, there was a leaven of determination in my character which enabled me to triumph over them all. But do not, my dear friend, make the mistake of holding me up as an example to the delicately nurtured, the refined in mind, for to such the consequences in nineteen cases

out of twenty would be fatal. I will not, however, dwell on this. I trust to your own experience and faculty of observation. For myself, all I have to add is, that, with the blessing of Providence, there is a fair field before me. The stream of population seems to follow where I was the unconscious pioneer. Towns and cities will by and by rise on the banks of heretofore desert rivers; my property will acquire new value, and my descendants, it may be, rank among the citizens of a great country now in its infancy.'

MANAGEMENT OF SILK-WORMS.

At a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the council and members were much gratified with a narrative of silk-worm management laid before them by Mrs Whitty of Newlands, near Lymington, Hampshire.

'I have during several years past cultivated the mulberry (mostly used in climates where silk is grown of the best quality), and fed silk-worms upon it with great success. I have had an opinion on the quality of the silk produced from them, which encourages me to hope my example will be followed by others, as a means of profit to the agriculturist, and affording employment to the industrious classes.

'I was led to the undertaking by hearing, in 1835, as I was travelling in the north of Italy, of an English gentleman who had doubled his capital in three years, and who received 10 per cent. on that laid out on a silk establishment near Milan; and wonder was expressed that the culture had not been tried in England. Agricultural produce had been at a low ebb in England, and it was difficult to find profitable work for the labourer. I determined to try and introduce the cultivation of silk. I saw the young mulberry-trees in Lombardy blown aside by the force of the north-east winds, as our forest-trees are here by south-west gales. At this period a fog of thirty-three days' duration had prevailed, and the ground round Milan was covered with snow, and iron-bound with frost. I knew that around Florence the nights were cold, and the weather uncertain, even so late in the spring as the 1st of June. Judging from all this that the climate of England was equally favourable to the growth of the mulberry, I ordered from a nursery-garden at Turin 100 standard trees and 1000 dwarf mulberry-plants of the sort called—Of the Philippine Islands (*Morus mulcinoides*). This sort produces much larger leaves than the Italian wild white mulberry, or that which in England is cultivated for its fruit. Its growth is rapid, and it is easily propagated by cuttings, which strike as readily as the willow.

'My plants did not arrive in England until April 1836. I treated them according to the directions given in M. Burden's book, and I did not lose one. I even gathered leaves from them the same year. I bought half an ounce of silk-worms' eggs at Novi, which is said to produce the best silk in Italy, and thus laid the foundation of a small establishment, which, I hope, will be the means of spreading the culture of raw silk throughout England, and in the course of years render her independent of foreign resources. I have had no difficulty whatever in rearing the silk-worm. I possess an old loft over an unused stable; in the former I have reared the worm; in the latter I placed a silk-reel. Although my cocoons were pronounced "good," and would bear a comparison with the specimens I brought from Italy—although they were exempt from the diseases which I understand carry off at times whole colonies there—although I imported a silk-reel from Italy, and went to a great expense in having a scientific apparatus laid down to heat the water, I found insurmountable obstacles in winding off the silk fit for the loom. I tried year after year in vain. It was bright and beautiful to look at: it was pronounced by Mr Bonorards, of the firm of Prevost and Co., 24 A, Catton Street, to be of "good quality, and sufficient bone and brightness, but the winding was without a peculiarity necessary for the loom." This opinion encouraged me to send to France for a person acquainted with the process; the result you have in the specimens I have sent you. The yellow silk is the growth of this year, the white that of cocoons kept during my many years of trial. I have several pounds already wound off, equally good, and the French girl, aged 19, and another (English) of 15, are now busy at work winding more. All the expense I have incurred in the apparatus above-named is so much money thrown away; the wheel I have imported this year with this young girl from France is cheap, simple, and effectual; it is also

so easy of accomplishment, that three of my household can wind with facility, besides a cottager's wife, who is employed at sixpence a-day to attend upon the worms. The eggs can always be retarded so as not to be hatched before the mulberry is ready to put forth sufficient food. In France and Italy the hatching begins about the 1st of May; I find a month later preferable. All the books I have read describe a temperature of 75 degrees to be essential. I have proved, by eight years' experience, that the insects thrive better at one much lower. In damp or cold weather, I have a very small Arnott's stove lighted, which regulates the temperature to from 65 to 70 degrees. Ventilation is more necessary than extreme heat. The expense of this stove is trifling—as indeed is everything connected with the cultivation of silk. This has been a dry season, and the leaves in consequence fewer and smaller than usual; but the same difficulty has occurred in France; and the father of my little wanderer writes word that he was obliged to throw away this year 10,000 worms for lack of food. Mine would have suffered also had not my friends in the neighbourhood assisted in supplying me with leaves of the red mulberry. A scarcity of leaves happening occasionally is no proof that it cannot succeed. Look around at our fields. Where are the spring crops of barley and oats? Where are the turnips which ought now to make them green? Checks from bad seasons fall occasionally happen to every produce of the earth in all countries; but in general, the mulberry of the Philippine Islands grows luxuriantly and multiplies freely in this part of England. The expense of an establishment such as mine would be small: that which I have incurred in my unassisted efforts to succeed, must not be considered as necessary by any one willing to take advantage by my experience; and I am so desirous to see the culture of silk become general, that it will give me much pleasure to answer any inquiries you may wish to make, or give any information in my power. I almost fear I shall have tired you with this recital; but I knew not how to make it shorter, so as to be clear and convincing. Be it remembered, there was the same prejudice in France as now exists in England against this branch of agriculture: it was attempted to be overcome by Henry IV; but what he tried to enforce by edict, became general as it became better known. All I desire is, to make it known, that others may try in other parts of England.

P.S.—The worms of this year were reared partly from eggs saved by myself last year, and partly from insects I purchased from Signor Augoni, 16 Church Street, Soho.'

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep, or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow, or despatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the enervating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place, to a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance and amendment, grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform: he is a fool.—*Barrow.*

SEEING NOT ALWAYS BELIEVING.

A destructive projectile, invented by Captain S. A. Warner, and often publicly alluded to of late, has given rise to much discussion by scientific persons who take an interest in the matter. This discussion has elicited some curious facts respecting the deceit which the atmosphere, or medium through which we see, practises upon our vision. 'Perhaps,' says the writer of a letter in the Times newspaper, 'some of your readers are not aware that we do not see through the atmosphere (as through a vacuum) in a direct or straight line, but that of a curve, regulated by distance, by refraction, and by density of the atmosphere. Place a gun-barrel in a vice, so that it cannot be moved, remove the breech [in other words, turn the barrel into a tube open at both ends], and place an object a mile off, so that you can look through the barrel and see that object, you will find that object constantly changed in position; sometimes not to be seen at all, from its being visually moved on one side; and at another part of the day it will be seen in another position, solely by the changes and density of the atmosphere.'

PROSCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLAND GARB.

This picturesque and primitive costume may now be said to have become fashionable ever since it was worn by one of our late monarchs; it is, however, seldom worn in the Highlands, except on grand gala days. It is curious to glance back to the time when this dress and everything connected with it was interdicted by act of parliament, under severe pains and penalties. As the act is but little known, even by many who now assume the garb, I will quote it as a curiosity. An act (20 Geo. II. c. 39) was passed 'for the more effectually disarming the Highlanders in Scotland, and for the more effectually securing the peace of the Highlands, and for restraining the use of the Highland dress,' &c. With reference to the latter, it was enacted, that 'from and after the 1st day of August 1747, any person, whether man or boy, within Scotland (excepting officers and soldiers in his majesty's service), who should, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called the Highland clothes, namely, the plaid, philibeg, trows, shoulder-belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use for greatcoats or upper coats, tartans, or party-coloured plaid, or stuff, should be imprisoned without bail for six months, and on being convicted for a second offence, should be liable to be transported to any of his majesty's plantations abroad for seven years.' The term for discontinuing the dress was extended by a subsequent act to the 1st of August in the following year. This obnoxious act, unworthy of a free government, was repealed in 1782. The many little devices the Highlanders adopted to retain 'the Garb of Old Gaul' are calculated to excite a smile in those of the present day. Instead of the prohibited tartan kilt, some wore pieces of a blue, green, or red thin cloth, or camlet, wrapped round the waist, and hanging down to the knees like the *feudun*. The tight breeches were particularly obnoxious. These, when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon sticks; others, either more wary or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches between the thighs, which gave it something of the form of the trousers worn by Dutch skippers. At first these evasions of the act were visited with great severity; but at length the officers of the law seem to have acquiesced in the construction put by the Highlanders upon the prohibition in the act. This appears from the trial of a man named Al-Abiu, from Breadalbane, who was acquitted on his proving that the kilt had been stitched up in the middle. Such were the amusing evasions of this extremely absurd act.

WASHING IN THE MAURITIUS.

The stony bed of the river (*Grand Riviere*) above the bridge presented a cheerful sight. Here nearly all the clothes worn in Port Louis are washed. For about a quarter of a mile the river varies from one hundred to three hundred yards in width. This space was covered with clothes spread out in the sun, and with men and women of swarthy or ebony skins standing in the water washing. They soak the clothes, rub them with soap or goats' dung, beat them upon flat portions of the rock with a flat piece of wood having a short handle, work them backward and forward in the water, expose them to the sun, and occasionally throw water over them when spread out. By these means they make them very white, but destroy them so fast, that our clothes were nearly as much worn during a stay of about three months in the Mauritius, as during one of six years in the Australian colonies.—*Buckhouse's Mauritius*.

LILLIPUTIAN VOLUMES.

Sir John Tobin purchased for the sum of one hundred and five pounds a small missal, called *The Hours of Mary of Burgundy*. The volume is very little more than four inches in height, by three or four only in width, yet it is full of rich and striking specimens of the graphic and ornamental art of the time. The *Novum Testamentum Græcum*, published in 1628, at Sedan, in France, is the smallest Greek Testament ever printed; this exceedingly beautiful volume measuring only three inches and a quarter in length, and one inch seven-eighths in breadth. Copies of it have sold for prices varying from one guinea to five. Dr Dibdin, in his *Literary Reminiscences* (vol. ii. p. 943), says he possesses an *Agnus Dei*, which seems to have been printed for, as well as dedicated to, Prince Henry, elder son of James I. It measures only one inch and three-eighths in height, an inch in width, and half an inch in thickness. Its author is John Weever; and it consists of an abridged life of our Saviour in English metre, having

only a couplet on each page, printed prose-wise. The title is, "*An Agnus Dei*." Printed by N. O. for John Smethwicke, 1610." Then follows, "To Prince Henry, your humble servant, Jo. Weever." A modern work called the English *Bijou Almanac* is not of greater dimensions than the thumb-nail of a large hand.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS IN NAPLES.

The literature of the whole of Italy has long been strangled by political disunion. Each of the various governments under which it has from time to time existed, has deemed it necessary to exercise a rigid censorship over the press, lest the dissemination of public opinion should unsettle existing institutions. The kingdom of Naples is not exempt from this system; and to it is added a very high duty on foreign books, so that the people are denied that information from abroad which they are unable to obtain at home. So strict is the supervision of foreign works, that a correspondent to the *Athenæum* declares that a Neapolitan bookseller told him that even such innocuous books as the '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' and *Madame Cottin's* exquisite tale of '*Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*,' are prohibited. It is, however, not a little extraordinary, that, despite these stringent regulations, periodical literature flourishes in Naples. In 1834 there were thirty publications issued in the whole kingdom, and at the present twenty-eight come out in the capital alone—we cannot add 'regularly,' for their appearance is frequently suspended by the capricious censors. The editors are occasionally afraid to issue them through the booksellers, and cause them to be deposited with their subscribers with as much fear and trembling as if they were contraband goods. From the source above quoted, we derive the following particulars concerning the periodical press of Naples. The intervals of publication vary from two months to a week; and it is worthy of remark, that the government is liberal enough to allow them to pass free through the post. The most expensive is '*Il Progresso*,' which contains 150 pages, and sells for five carlini, (about four shillings and fourpence). The '*Poliorama Pittoresca*' is published weekly at the price of five grani, or twopence-farthing, and undertakes 'to diffuse useful knowledge amongst all classes, and to render reading in families agreeable.' It has much merit, and has been in existence during eight years. '*Il Diritto*' is chiefly devoted to jurisprudence, has lived two years, and sells at thirty grani, or one shilling and three halfpence. The title of '*La Scienza e la Fede*' (science and religion) sufficiently indicates its main purpose, which is to show how science and religion—that is, the Roman Catholic religion—illustrate and support one another. It is sold at two carlini. Amongst the cheapest of the Neapolitan publications is '*Il Lucifero*,' which has been in existence seven years, and sells for four grani, or twopence. Its contents appear to be not very dissimilar to those of our own journal, but on a far more limited scale. There is one, however, cheaper even than '*Il Lucifero*,' called the '*Galleria Letteraria*,' in which 110 pages are given for two carlini, or one shilling and ninepence. It is written partly in French and partly in Italian, and contains some tolerable lithographed views. In commencing a new volume for this year, an intention is announced of reproducing works of established reputation, whatever be their length. 'In this manner,' says the editor, 'we shall give to the public many works of value published in Italy, but out of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as well as the works of distinguished writers of any nation.' Besides such reprints, it gives a great variety, as well as quantity of matter, as may be inferred from the size of the work. This '*Literary Gallery*' has been in existence three years. These are samples of the twenty-eight periodicals published at Naples. Their existence admits of the gratifying inference, that education and knowledge are spreading amongst those who have perhaps more need of them than any other people in Europe. As recently as 1840, it was ascertained that in some of the Neapolitan provinces scarcely one in every hundred and fifty persons was able to read.

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THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

If psychologists were to erect the results of their inquiries into a science, and classify mankind according to their mental, as naturalists have arranged them under their organic peculiarities, circumstantial people would be placed under the genus 'bore.' They are greater consumers of time and patience than any of the species into which that very extensive genus may be divided. I am at this moment slowly recovering from the effects of a visit of one of these narrators of very minute and unnecessary particulars. He came to tell me that his eldest daughter had unexpectedly departed for Paris; a piece of information which, in the first place, it was not highly essential for me to know, and which, in the second, might have been communicated in six or eight words. But so prompt a mode of compromising the information with me was by no means to his taste. He entered my study with an air that seemed

'Dig with the fate of armies and of kings.'

He had evidently been walking very fast—like a man to whom it was of great consequence to get an important piece of information off his mind as soon as possible. His first words were, 'My dear P——, what do you think?' 'I could not say.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you. Yesterday morning, my wife and I were seated at breakfast alone (for Maria had not come down, having been up late at Mrs Farmer's ball the night before); I was just breaking the shell of my second egg, while Mrs Fraser was remarking, that if Maria did not make haste, her tea would get cold—when there came a double knock at the door, and in bounced Hopperton. "Who would have thought of seeing you at this time of the morning?" said I. "Who, indeed?" he replied, laughing; "but I did not come to see *you*, Fraser. On no, I came to see your wife!" And as he gave Mrs Fraser one of his funny winks, we both laughed. Well, I looked at Mrs Fraser, and Mrs Fraser looked at me, as much as to say, "I wonder what Hopperton wants?" He did not keep us long in suspense; for after my wife had asked him if he had taken breakfast, and he had replied, "Oh yes, hours ago!" (you know he is a very early riser), he unfolded the object of his visit. "The fact is," he began, "my wife and daughter are off to Paris." "To Paris?" exclaimed both myself and my wife at the same instant. "Yes," repeated Hopperton, "to Paris; and my Mary Anne swears—at least not exactly that"—(you know what a funny fellow he is)—"but she declares that she will not go, unless your Maria can accompany them. Now, the question is, Mrs Fraser, can you spare her?" "You'll hardly believe me, Peppercorn, when I tell you that my wife was so much astonished at the proposition, that, having the cream-jug in her hand at the time, she let it fall, and spilt the contents

over the hearth-rug—a new one—only sent home from ~~the~~ Pantechnicon three days before. It might have been worse though, for, odd enough, the jug—a glass one—never broke.'

'But about your daughter?' I said, to bring him back to the subject.

'Well, when Mrs Fraser had recovered her fright, and rung for the maid to wipe up the mess on the hearth-rug, she said it was so very startling a proposition, that really she did not know what to say, and for her part she would leave it to me to decide.'

'And,' I interposed, hoping to cut my tormentor short, 'you consented?'

'Wait, and you shall hear. My wife gave me a look, which, I knew perfectly well, meant, "I should like the girl to go." But Hopperton thought she was in doubt, and determined to persuade us. "You see," said he, "such another opportunity may not occur, and it will quite put the finish to your daughter's education; for no girl is thought much of now-a-days who has not been to Paris. Then she will have the opportunity of learning the Polka with my Mary Anne, who is to take lessons from a Bohemian nobleman—the only person, I am told, that teaches the properly authenticated steps and figures." This seemed to strike my wife with great force, and while she was debating the matter with me, down came Maria herself!'

'And the end of it was, I suppose, that Hopperton's arguments prevailed?' I said, touching up the capital D of a Dear Sir with which I had begun a letter, hoping, by this little indication, to show that I was in a hurry to finish the epistle. I might, however, have just as well endeavoured to stop a steam-engine with a hair.

'Wait, wait,' he went on; 'the best of it is to come. Maria blushed, stammered, and looked imploringly at us. Mrs Fraser could not resist. Hopperton told me the whole thing would not cost us above twenty pounds (by the by, I shall not be surprised if I have not five, or perhaps ten more to pay), and, after a little more persuasion, we consented. Poor Maria! she did not eat a bit of breakfast, and as they would have to start at five o'clock this morning (quick work, you see), she went off to begin packing.' This, I fondly hoped, would end the tale; but not so. Fraser insisted on describing every preparation that was made for the journey, even to the articles of dress Miss Fraser had purchased, and the prices paid for them—the exact hour at which the family was called up on the eventful morning, what they had for breakfast, and how long they took to eat it—how much the hackney coachman who conveyed the young lady and her trunks to the steam wharf endeavoured to overcharge—what Mrs and Miss Hopperton said when they met on the deck of the vessel—how much the two younger ladies cried, on parting with

their respective papas—and every occurrence down to the starting of the boat. When, to my great relief, Fraser went away, I found, on consulting my watch, that he had despoiled me of the best two hours of my day. Some time after, on comparing notes with one or two mutual acquaintances, I discovered that they were losers by Fraser of the same quantity of valuable time on the same day by his tedious minuteness in telling the same story.

Fraser is only one of a species divided into many varieties, all of whom are so peculiarly obnoxious to my own habits, feelings, and (I am tempted to add) to my temper, that though I avoid them, when I can, with uncommon promptitude, yet I have many opportunities of studying their peculiarities. A few of these it may be amusing, perhaps useful, to point out.

There is one rule to which I invariably adhere in reference to circumstantial people, which is—never to contradict a circumstantial person, or question by the least hint the truth of his manifold statements; for that is sure to bring down a torrent of trifles in supposed corroboration of what he has been saying. If, for instance, you doubt the correctness of one of this class when he says he did something not very credible—such as having walked five or six miles in an hour—he will try to convince you by declaring upon his honour it is true, for he met his friend Robson before he started, who remarked that he was sure it would rain, and advised me, as I was going so far, to take an umbrella. 'Why, I overtook the Rumble coach, and my brother's wife's cousin was on the outside, and even he called out, What was my hurry? Besides, when I got to my destination, the people I went to see had but just dined, and remarked how warm I looked, insisting upon my taking a glass of soda-water, with a dash of pale sherry in it, just to take away the chill. Nay, upon my word I have not exaggerated—I did the whole distance within the hour—not a minute over.' Whereupon you are expected to have been convinced, although all these 'corroborations' have as much to do with the matter as the man in the moon.

It must not, however, be inferred that the circumstantial are at all addicted to untruth; on the contrary, it is their rigid adherence to the 'whole truth' which—crowding their statements with masses of petty occurrences, and consequently rendering them too confused to be clearly comprehended—causes their narratives to appear to be far from 'nothing but the truth.' By expending their breath in running after unimportant facts, they lose their grasp of the main ones. Their extreme scrupulousness in this respect often keeps their auditor a long while on the threshold of a story before they enter upon it in earnest. This generally arises on a point of time; thus—'Last Thursday—but, let me remember, wasn't it Wednesday? No, it could not have been Wednesday, for I went out of town that day. It must have been Friday; and yet I don't know either: on Friday I had my hair cut, and it was not then, I am certain. No, it was Thursday.' Then, in all probability, the story begins; but when it is to end, is another question, for a narrative commenced after this fashion is certain to be an unusually long one.

Very circumstantial persons keep journals, in which they note down with scrupulous fidelity the daily occurrences of the most monotonous and uneventful lives. I knew an old gentleman who had been engaged from his youth in the Bank of England, where he made his appearance every morning exactly at ten o'clock for fifty years. During that period he lived at Peckham, in the suburbs of London. Yet he journalised with as much industry as if his life had been as eventful as that of Julius Caesar, or as full of hair-breadth 'scapes as Baron Munchausen's. For lack, however, of great things, he chronicled small. That old gentleman boasted that he could tell—by a minute's reference to his long set of diaries—where he had dined, and what he had had for dinner, on any one day during the last half century! His circumstantiality concerning the petty

events of his long existence were minuted with such fidelity, that although he could give very little information about the battle of Trafalgar, the Restoration of the Bourbons—about Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington—yet he could tell you with perfect exactitude how many times he had been troubled with the toothache in a half a century, when guineas were worth twenty-seven shillings a-piece, and when the first omnibus was started from Peckham to the Bank, with the price of the fares, and the name of the driver. His mind was as full of those minutiae as his voluminous diaries, of which his conversation was but a tedious repetition. Though an excellent and worthy old gentleman in other respects, his circumstantial garrulity was far from amusing.

Another instance of this passion for scriptural circumstantiality occurs in our own family. My late worthy Aunt Bridget journalised with so much copiousness, that I really believe more than half her time was employed in chronicling the events of the other half. Indeed, unless she had hit upon a plan of shortening her memoranda, I am confident that so great a proportion of her days would have been swallowed up by her commonplace-book, that she would have had no time left to act—to make, in other words, materials for her entries. This plan consisted in writing the initial letter only of the principal words—a system of short-hand which had a very curious effect on some of her closely-filled pages. I once happened to take a peep into this bulky manuscript, and found the following startling memorandum:—'P'ipe burst, and W flowed all over the H, putting out the K fire, at which D's and P's were being cooked. This put us all out sadly, for P was coming at 5 to D(ine). However, although this caused our D to be half an hour after the T, yet we got over it very well.' I remember that day perfectly. I have good reason; for during the whole of my stay I was entertained with an account of this disaster; the quantity of water (estimated in pailfuls) which overflowed the house; the name of the poulterer who sold the ducks, and of the green-grocer from whom my aunt bought the peas; the exact time at which the pipe burst, with the precise minute when the smoke-jack stopped, and the kitchen fire went out: not one circumstance which did, might, could, should, or ought to have happened, was abated; and although I dined that day with my Aunt Bridget to transact some important family business, yet I was obliged to leave it undone. She could do nothing but talk of her domestic flood. Peace be with her! Let me chronicle the last event of her life, which was the making of her will—next to her diaries, her greatest literary undertaking. It occupied her a month's incessant dictation to a very expert clerk of mine, and filled two quires of foolscap. She left me about three hundred pounds, the bulk of which was in small bank notes, their numbers and dates carefully noted in her will. The rest was in guineas, each of which was described by the date of its coinage. To some of her legatees, the cost of copies of probate was greater than the value of her bequests; so infinitesimal was her method of describing them.

Speaking of the law naturally reminds one of the extreme circumstantiality of that profession. The wordiness of the most trifling transaction when recorded 'at law,' is perfectly wearying to the intellect, though perhaps necessary to insure correctness. Should, for example, Mr Jones quarrel with Mr Smith, and inflict summary punishment by the slightest tap with a stick, and the case be brought into court, the aggressor is accused in the indictment something after the following fashion:—'That he, the said John Jones, did, on the twenty-ninth day of February last past (to wit, the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four), in a public thoroughfare, to wit, the Strand, in the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, wilfully, knowingly, with evil intent, and malice aforethought, beat, strike, assault, and otherwise maltreat the aforesaid Thomas Smith with a certain blunt

weapon, stick, rattan, or switch,* to wit, a sugar-cane three feet one inch in length, and one quarter of an inch in diameter of thickness, for the purpose, intent, and determination of inflicting on the aforesaid Thomas Smith some grievous bodily harm, and disturbing the peace of her majesty's realm, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided.'

Neither is circumstantiality confined to the law. We sometimes find the professors of medicine indulging in it to a very trying extent, in order, one is occasionally led to suspect, to make the most of their technical knowledge. This is very often the case when such evidence of their acquirements is likely to be made public—as when a surgeon is called upon to give his testimony at an English coroner's inquest or in a court of law. On one occasion, when a friend had, by falling, made a rather deep cut under his knee, the country practitioner who attended him described the accident to me in—as near as I can recollect—the following words. 'The case is this, sir—a severe contusion and puncture has been made at the top of the tibia by some hard and blunt substance—probably a flint stone—the consequence of which is, a wound about an inch long, and (say) a quarter of an inch broad, and of a depth sufficient not only to lay open the cuticle and epidermis, but to sever a portion of the tendon-patella, remove a small section of the periosteum, and contuse the bone. Inflammation has supervened, in consequence of the entrance into the cavity of certain minute particles (probably gravel); which, keeping up a constant and active irritation, are calculated to retard recovery, till removed by means of poultices.' Here I desired my verbose informant to stop, my time not permitting me to listen to the rest of the diagnosis.

From the specimens of circumstantiality which I have produced, it will be found a most time-wasting fault, and one consequently to be avoided. The great art in making statements regarding facts is to seize their main features, without detailing the petty events branching from or clinging to them, as have nothing to do with the circumstance-in-chief which the narrator is anxious to detail.

PHONOGRAPHY.

We have always been inclined to regard attempts to improve the spelling and sign-representation of the English language as visionary, partly because so many very miserable failures have been made in this line, and partly because there appeared so little reason to expect that any improved system would ever be so generally adopted as to become of practical utility. Our views, we candidly confess, have been much changed since we lately became acquainted with the system of phonography invented by Mr Pitman of Bath. This system is now in the course of being explained to popular audiences throughout the country by lecturers commissioned by the inventor, and, having had our attention attracted to it, by the visit of Messrs Woodward and Walker to Edinburgh, we have enabled ourselves to speak with a little confidence of its merits, by going through a course of lessons, in which we have mastered its principal features. We shall endeavour to give our readers some general knowledge of it, certain that, if we fail in making the subject interesting, it must be our own blame, as the lectures of our preceptor in the art were universally felt to be that and something more, namely, entertaining.

The evil which phonography primarily proposes to reform, is the imperfection of our alphabet as a means of representing the sounds of our language. There are about thirty-eight sounds in the English tongue, and only twenty-six letters with which to express them, two of these (c g) having two different sounds to represent, while q represents a sound which can also be represented by k. The representation of sounds by signs

began in the infancy of mankind, and was very inadequately effected by the alphabets which they invented. The forms of the letters of these alphabets were determined by chance and caprice, and were far from being so simple as they might have been. The consequences are, that the words of all written languages are set down or spelt in an arbitrary manner, and that the writing of these languages is invariably a tedious process. There is confessedly no principle in the spelling of English words. The letter a, for instance, has four sounds, as in psalm, mat, mate, fall. The other vowels have several sounds each; and several combinations of letters, of frequent use, have different sounds in different words; thus, *ough* has the various pronunciations expressed in thought, though, through, plough, cough, rough, hough, hiccough. By way of an illustration of the uncertainty of the sounds of words in the English language, we may borrow, from a late privately printed pamphlet, a line forming a gentleman's name, which may well defy correct pronunciation in all but those who have heard it sounded—

SIR GEART PRIESE GROUGH, BARONET, OF THOVE.

Ea in Geart may be pronounced four ways, as in Great, Heat, Heart, Earth, and the G either as in get or gem. Therefore the Christian name Geart may be any one of the eight words, Gaert, Gyrt, Gart, Gert, Djert, Djyrt, Djart, Djert. Je in Priese may be pronounced four ways, as in the words Friend, Grievé, Sieve, Cries; and the se may sound sharp, as in Geese, or flat, as in Cheese. Priese may therefore be one of the eight words Pres, Preece, Priss, Prys, Prez, Preeze, Priz, Prize. Ough in Grough may be pronounced in any one of the eight ways above enumerated; so our baronet's patronymic may be Grai, Gro, Groo, or Gron—Graf, Gruf, Groh, or Grup. Ove in Thove may be pronounced three ways, as in rove, prove, and love; and Th may be either hard, as in Thorpe, or soft, as in Thee, or as T, as in Thomas. Therefore, Thove is susceptible of nine interpretations of sound. The sum is this, the name of the baronet may be SIR GAERT (or Gyrt, Gart, Gert, Djert, Djyrt, Djart, or Djert) PRES (or Preece, Priss, Prys, Prez, Preeze, Priz, or Prize), GRAI (or Gro, Groo, Gron, Graf, Gruf, Groh, or Grup), of Thove, Thooove, or Thuv. Suppose each of the varieties of Grough is liable to have any one of the varieties of Priese to precede it, there will be sixty-four possible varieties of pronunciation for Priese Grough, two syllables of the name. Each of these varieties may be preceded by any one of the eight possible varieties of pronunciation for the name Geart, making 512 varieties for Geart Priese Grough. Taking Thove at nine varieties, though it seems to have more, and considering that each of the preceding variations of the name may be followed by one of these peculiar ways of pronouncing the appellation of the estate, we shall see that the full designation of this English gentleman (a real person, we believe) may be pronounced no less than 4608 different ways. Moreover, it so happens that the people of Sir Geart's neighbourhood pronounce the vowels in Grough as in the word *cow*, so that, after all, not one of these 4608 pronunciations is the right one!


This, it may be said, is an extreme case; and certainly it is so; but the language is nevertheless full of anomalies of the same kind, inasmuch that, on a careful investigation of 50,000 words, it is ascertained that only about fifty, or one in a thousand, are pronounced as might be expected from the spelling. The following illustration is a less striking one than the above, yet sufficient to show how far our orthography is from being a guide to pronunciation. To show the incongruities, each rhyming word in the second line is spelt in the same way as the first.

'Twas a fine winter's day, their breakfast was done,
And the boys were disposed to enjoy some good *fun*.
Sam Sprightly observed, 'Tis but just half-past eight,
And there's more time for play than when breakfast is *light*;
And so I'll agree, that, as cold is the morning,
We'll keep ourselves warm at the game of stag *working*.


I'm stag" With his hand in his waistcoat he's off;
And his playmates are dodging him round the pump *trough*.
Sam's active; but still their alertness is such,
It was not very soon that e'en one he could *tuck*.
The captive's assailed by jokes, buffets, and laughter,
By a host of blithe boys quickly following *ugh* & *r*;
But joined hand in hand, their forces are double,
Nor for jokes nor for buffettings care they a *bottle*.
All's activity now, for high is the sport;
Reinforcements arrive from the shed and shed *court*.
More are caught, and their places they straightway assign
At the middle or end of the lengthening *lim*;
To break it some push with both shoulder and thigh,
But so firm is the hold that vainly they *trough*.
Oh, 'tis broken at last! now scamper the whole,
To escape their pursuers, and get to the *gale*.
All are caught now, but one, of the juvenile hosts,
And he, a proud hero, vain-gloriously *boasts*!
But, hark! the clock strikes, and then, by the rules,
They must quickly collect for their several *scholar's*;
We'll leave them awhile at their books and their sums,
And join them again when the afternoon *crums*.






It need scarcely be remarked what a difficulty our imperfect representation of sounds introduces into the study of our language, both for children and strangers. A child, who is told that *love* is *luv*, necessarily of course presumes that *o* has the power of the vowel sound in *luv*, and, on coming to pronounce *prove*, supposes himself right when he says *pruv*; whereas it is *proove*. And so on with all the other 49,950 misrepresented words of the language, each of which requires a special effort of memory regarding itself, before the student can be considered as perfect in orthoepy; the acquisition of orthography, or correct spelling, being a converse difficulty of not less magnitude. How much of the time, labour, and mental energy of an infant is thus absorbed merely in getting over the difficulties imposed by a bad system handed down from antiquity!




It is obvious that, by having a sign for each of the thirty-eight radical sounds, and spelling the words with these in all instances according to the sound, the literature of our speech would be of infinitely easier acquisition, because we should then be guided by a few simple and invariable principles, instead of being required to fix thousands of eccentricities in our memory. To furnish such an extended alphabet, has been often attempted, but never successfully, in our opinion, until now, when the task has been undertaken by a man apparently of much ingenuity, guided by an enlightened view of natural principles. Mr Pitman's system has also the advantage of furnishing a short-hand of an unusually easy kind.

In pursuit of simplification, this gentleman classes the mute and semivocal consonants in couples, which are merely lighter or graver variations of one sound—*p, b*; *t, d*; *ch, j*; *k, g*; *f, v*; *th* as in *think*, and *th* as in *them*; *s, z*; *sh, zh*; and he thus obtains the advantage of expressing these respectively by lighter and heavier strokes, conformably to the nature of their sound. The signs adopted for the mutes are geometric forms of the simplest kind, and determined by an analogy to the modes of their pronunciation. The figure  expresses them




in union, being all the available radii of the upper half of a circle. The stroke or radius to the right is adopted to represent *p* (in its lighter form) and *b* (in its heavier form), because the pronunciation of these takes place nearest to the front of the vocal organs. The upright stroke represents *t* and *d*, because these are sounded from a point next farther back in the mouth. The stroke leaning to the right represents *ch* and *j*, and the horizontal stroke *k* and *g*, for similar reasons. The simplicity of these characters, as distinguished from those which we derive from ancient hieroglyphics, derived in their turn from pictures of objects, must be striking to all; and yet, it will be observed, they are entirely distinct from each other, and therefore not to be mistaken in any possible case. The semivocals are

partly marked on the same principle; thus , a curve for a stroke in the same direction, represents *f* and *v*,





according as it is written lightly or heavily; , the *t* line curved, is *th*, light or heavy; , is *s* and *z*, according as it is thin or thick; and  is *sh* and *zh*. The liquids *l* and *r* are represented by  and . *M* is


; *n* is ; and *ng* is ; namely, the *n* character marked heavily. These are the whole of the substantial sounds or consonants of the language.

The vowels are produced in an equally simple manner. What may be called the fundamental vowels of the human speech, are those in the following words—*reed, mate, psalm, caught, pope, room*; namely, *e, ai, ah, au, oe, oo*. And these Mr Pitman expresses by heavy dots and short strokes placed at various points along the body of the consonants. Thus, taking the consonant *t*, we have the vowels formed as follows—

 The first of these associations is the word *eat*, the second *ate*, the fourth *aught*, and the fifth *out*. So, likewise, transposing the arrangement, we have  *key*,  *kay*; and so forth, the vowel being here sequential to the stroke. The other vowels are those expressed in the following words—*sit, set, sat, sot, rut, look*, and these are only the others shortened; they are marked by merely a light instead of a heavy dot or hyphen. There are also compound vowels—*ye, ya, yah, yau, yo, yoo*; *we, wa, wah, wan, wo, woo*; *i, oi, ou, wi, wou*; and these are expressed by little cusps and arrow-heads, arranged in similar relations to the consonants. It is needless here to give examples.

The whole of the mutes and some of the semivocals are liable in our language to be often associated with *l* and *r*, as in the words, *please, praise, little, tract*; and so forth. This combination is stenographically expressed by merely a hook at the beginning of the fundamental consonant, turned to the right for *l*, and to the left for *r*. A hook made in like manner at the ends of the letters, adds other sounds; in the straight-line letters, at the left, it indicates *n*, at the right, *tion*; towards the inside of the bend in the curved letters, *n*. There is also a reader mode of the letter *s* by a loop at the beginning or end of the adjoining consonants; and the *ed* of the preterite tense is denoted by giving the preceding con-

sonant of half the usual size; thus,  *dip*, when written thus  becomes dipped;  *fable*, when written 

becomes fabled; and so on. The abbreviative power of the system is strongly marked in some instances. For example, two strokes or moves of the hand  would express the word *cautioned*, which requires twenty-eight to execute in the ordinary hand.

Such are the main features of Mr Pitman's phonography; a few less important particulars are overlooked, for the sake of simplicity. It appears that the system, wherever it is explained, meets a warm reception from many persons. It impresses all with an admiration of its simplicity and truthfulness, the result of the relation which it bears to natural principles; and hundreds and thousands have studied it so far as to be able to correspond in it. We find that four lessons have enabled us to convey the system into our mind, and that only practice could further be necessary to enable us to write it with ease and speed. The great question will be, of course, to what good? We wish to give a candid answer, when we say that a large and wide-spread adoption of the system does not seem to us as altogether to be despair of. It is very clear that, when the present acknowledgedly bad system is once, with whatever difficulty, acquired, there is a great indisposition to take the trouble of mastering a new one, however simple. Familiarised with literature in its present appearance, every new mode of expressing it

appears barbarous and ridiculous; and there is a positive dislike to all fresh trouble upon the subject. These facts may be admitted, and yet we would still say that phonography may make progress. A writer for the press may have the benefit of its distinctness and brevity of manual labour, where he is accustomed to have his manuscript set up by one set of compositors, these individuals being also acquainted with it. Merchants and others, accustomed to correspond, may take advantage of its amazing facility. And by thus, as it were, effecting settlements amongst us, it may in time advance to be the predominant system. There are, however, other hopes for phonography. It may yet be found of vast service in the missionary cause. When a need occurs, as is every day the case, for expressing the Scriptures in a barbarous and hitherto unwritten language, this mode of writing ought decidedly to be adopted. We undertake to say that, expressed by characters so unequivocal, and so easily distinguished, a savage novice in Christianity would learn to read the Bible in one-twentieth of the time necessary when his language is expressed in English characters. The difficulty of rightly expressing a hitherto unwritten language in our alphabet, has been experienced near our own doors; namely, when, in the reign of Charles II., it became necessary to print books in Gaelic. Written as this language is, no ordinary scholar could read it from a book, without a great deal of particular instruction; but a phonographer unacquainted with the language could write a sermon at Killin, and his manuscript could be read out by another phonographer to an audience, in Kintyre, not one of whom would fail to understand it, though it was a mere babble to the reader. We cordially, then, recommend the consideration of phonography to those engaged in the diffusion of sacred knowledge among the heathen: it would probably be found the greatest aid they had ever derived from human ingenuity for the advancement of their objects. It might even be worthy of deliberation, whether phonography is not the mode of reading which should be first imparted to the young. Children of six years old would learn to read in it in a very few weeks, and their minds would thus be at once prepared for the further illumination to be gained from education, instead of spending years in mastering eccentricities and barbarisms which are purely accidental, and when learned, constitute no real knowledge. An acquaintance with the forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty capriciously-formed signs for as many words, might be acquired in subsequent years, when the mind was better fitted for application to such a task. Only, it is to be feared that, if once accustomed to the directness, clearness, and truthfulness of phonography, it might be found impossible to bend the mind to pay the needful attention to what has been called One Great Untruth, the ordinary mode of expressing our language.

MR KOHL IN SCOTLAND.

It will be seen, by reference to former articles on this gentleman's travels,* that after having inspected a part of England and Wales, he departed from Holyhead, and having taken a hasty survey of Ireland, entered Scotland by the Clyde. 'The first object which greeted my eyes at Glasgow,' he says, 'was an enormous chimney, which towered out through the mist over the city like the Minster of Strasburg and the St Stephen's Tower of Vienna.' This chimney—said to be 450 feet high, and the tallest in Great Britain—shoots up from Tennant's chemical works, to conduct the noxious vapours which issue from them sufficiently high to prevent damage to the air breathed by the inhabitants. It suggested to Kohl an idea which is striking, and not altogether impracticable. 'What an excellent thing it would be to make them yet more extensive, and make a

few giant chimneys carry up the smoke of a whole town, by conducting it through subterranean passages from each of the houses. These colossal chimneys might easily be converted into picturesque and beautiful objects, by the application of some architectural taste to their construction and decoration. The numberless ugly little chimneys which at present deform great towns would then vanish; and as the whole might be placed under the superintendence of regular functionaries, the many fires which now continually break out in private chimneys would be avoided.'

Nothing seems to have surprised our traveller so much in Glasgow as the large commercial establishment of the Messrs Campbell. 'I visited,' says he, 'the greatest warehouse of manufactured goods in the town, that of the brothers Campbell, who employ no fewer than 200 clerks [or shopmen] in their establishment. Of all the goods sold there, none interested me more than the Scottish checked cloth, or "tartan," as it is called. Next to the tartans, the great embroidering establishments in the house of the brothers Campbell attracted my attention. Numbers of young girls were there occupied in embroidering caps, collars, christening robes, and other garments. The kind of embroidery here worked is called Moravian point. Means have been discovered for printing the pattern to be followed upon the muslin to be embroidered, and this occasions a great saving of time and trouble. In this way 150 embroiderers can produce from 1500 to 2000 richly embroidered caps in a month. A great number of these, as of the other embroidered articles, are of course sent to London. The owners of this great establishment, the Messrs Campbell, began with only a hundred pounds capital. They are now among the richest people in Glasgow, and one of them is lord provost of the city. Chambers asserts, in his Picture of Scotland, that the receipts of this house amounted in the year 1834 to £433,021 sterling, an amount probably unequalled by any other similar retail-dealers in the world. These gentlemen may, perhaps, have earned their wealth hardly enough; but it very frequently happens that a single lucky hit, a single happy idea, makes the fortune of a manufacturer in Glasgow. The animation and spirit with which commerce is carried on in Great Britain, and the immense extent of the market which lies open to the British manufacturer, give such a wide sphere to every invention, and allow each, if successful, such rich and immediate rewards, as can be realised in no other country. I was told of a man who invented a new kind of pocket-handkerchief, the colour and pattern of which happening suddenly to become fashionable among the English and their 100,000,000 of colonists, he became a very wealthy man in an incredibly short space of time. Many other manufacturers endeavoured, of course, to imitate these favourite handkerchiefs, but they did not succeed until the inventor had had time, as I have said, to realise most ample profits. England is truly the country for inventors: here a single lucky thought in this way, hundreds of thousands of which would elsewhere be comparatively useless, may become a true Fortunatus's purse to the possessor. Doubtless hundreds of such lucky notions, which might make a millionaire of me in England, are perpetually springing up in my brain, and dying away for want of exercise; lucky notions upon which others will some day grow rich, although they will at last take the same way which I next took, namely, towards the churchyard.'

Speaking of the wonderfully rapid rise of Glasgow—'At the time of the Union, about a hundred years ago, Glasgow contained only 12,000 inhabitants, and was totally unknown to the rest of Europe. Since then, the city has twelve times doubled its original population; and it now contains 282,000 inhabitants. It is to the cotton lords, and their enterprising speculations, that Glasgow chiefly owes its prosperity. The landlords prefer residing in the old aristocratic cities of eastern Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh, which offers in everything a striking contrast to Glasgow. Edinburgh

* A paper on Mr Kohl's travels in Ireland appeared in No. 3; one on his English travels, in No. 39; both of the present series.

is the centre of rank, cultivation, art, and literature; Glasgow of wealth, manufacture, and commerce. Edinburgh glories in antiquity and historical recollections; Glasgow in its rapid rise and ever-increasing vigour. Both cities are, upon the whole, favourable to the cause of reform and progress, but Glasgow more uniformly so than Edinburgh.

From the metropolis of the west of Scotland Mr Kohl proceeded to Edinburgh—a two hours' ride by railway—through what he calls the heart of the Scottish Lowlands. Edina, with 'its palaces and towers,' astonished and delighted our traveller of many lands. But if the elegance of the architecture, and the general neatness of the newer part of the city, with its wealthy and fashionable society, afford much to admire, so does the more ancient part—the Old Town, perched on its long and abrupt hill—awaken feelings not less of surprise than distress. 'The appearance of Edinburgh is particularly striking at night, and I do not believe there is a city in Europe which is rendered so beautiful by its street-lamps and house-lights of different kinds. The Old Town, the immense houses of which, towering one above another, are seen from the splendid line of Princes Street, which runs all along the side of the flower-and-tree-filled valley, like a quay along a river bank, is particularly brilliant at night. This Old Town glitters every day of the week with numberless ranges and clusters of lights, as other cities do only on great festive occasions. Yet all this splendid array of lights is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness. All these high houses are filled with crowded inhabitants from cellar to roof, and every room has its separate family. As all these poor people are at work till very late at night, light glimmers from the window of every crowded and comfortless room; whilst in the houses of the rich, whole suites of rooms lie unoccupied, and consequently dark.' Visiting the old parts of the town, he proceeds—'Had I not witnessed the condition of the poor in the Polish cities, and had I not seen in various parts of the world so much misery, squalidness, and privation everywhere connected with poverty, I should say that the condition of the poor in some parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh was the most painful and humiliating spectacle that human eye could witness; but so great is the amount of privation and wretchedness endured in different parts of the world, that I hesitate to give the preference to any. Certain it is, however, that the manner of life of the poor in Edinburgh has its own very peculiar evils, which arise chiefly from the remarkable mode of building adopted in the part of the town they inhabit. The "closes" of the Old Town are probably the narrowest streets in the world. The lanes and alleys of Genoa, and those of the Oriental cities, are broad and spacious compared to them. Some are literally only a yard and a half, or two yards across from house to house! Formerly the houses in these closes were inhabited by wealthy nobles, and many of them still bear the names of distinguished old families. It may be imagined, therefore, how filthy and pestilential is the very air in these closes. As neither sun nor wind can ever pierce them, they are always damp. In many places I saw heaps of dirt lying in them, which had evidently been accumulating for years. Strange irregular piles of steps, placed like ladders, on the outside, lead into the upper and inner parts of these houses, which consist of narrow passages, stone steps, and wretched holes of rooms, all forming the most irregular and intricate labyrinths. The windows of these miserable dens often command the most extensive and magnificent views through the narrow mountain-clefts, called streets, over the beautiful New Town with its hills, valleys, and gardens. The cholera made frightful ravages in these closes, often as unvisited by the physician and the police as by the sun and wind; and it is said that some of them are never quite free from infectious diseases of the worst kinds. They contain many Irish inhabitants; and as the Irish never can do without pigs wherever they are, they often take their

favourite animals to live with them five or six storeys high, where they fatten them in the bed-chamber or dressing-room of some noble courtier of the sixteenth century. It is said that at the time of the cholera, when the police endeavoured to clean out and set in order some of these wretched places, they once had to let down a number of pigs through a window four storeys high, because they had grown too fat to pass through the narrow stone doorways by which they were brought in.

'I confess that I was deeply interested by the extraordinary scenes and sufferings to be witnessed in these old parts of Edinburgh; and I visited them several times, both by day and night. The most painful thought connected with them was, that the misery and wretchedness of these places seem likely to remain unimproved for an indefinite period of time. Something, indeed, the authorities of Edinburgh are doing here and there for the purification and enlargement of the closes; and old buildings and alleys are occasionally pulled down to make room for new ones.' Here we must correct Mr Kohl. The authorities of Edinburgh have never, as far as we are aware, taken any pains to improve the dwellings of the poor, or to render the place generally more salubrious. Old houses have been removed, but only to make room for buildings suitable for the middle and higher classes; so that, in point of fact, every such so-called improvement has had the natural effect of driving the poor into more confined spaces. This has been again and again represented to the town authorities; but without effect, either from the want of common sense to understand, or of energy to grapple with, such horrors. Amongst objects which Mr Kohl is pleased to call interesting, he includes our own printing-office, which he visited, and honours with a flattering notice.

From Edinburgh he ascended the Forth to Stirling, and thence to the Highlands by way of Drummond Castle and Crieff, Perth and Dunkeld. At Loch Tay, Mr Kohl, on seeing a Highland drover's hut, was reminded of Landseer's admirable picture; apropos of which we are furnished with some interesting facts regarding Highland droves and drovers. 'The cattle forming one of these great droves are ordered to be assembled on a certain day, at an appointed spot—at the foot of a mountain—on the shore of a lake in the neighbourhood of a village, and in all probability of some renowned battle-field. Herdsmen are then chosen for the different divisions of the drove, and over them all is placed a sort of leader, called a "topsmen." This "topsmen" executes all the business, conducts all the movements of the drove, and is responsible to the proprietors for the value of the cattle. He is always in motion; sometimes at the head, sometimes in the rear, and his advice is asked on all occasions. He knows the safest roads through the wildest mountain districts. He usually prefers, if he has any choice, the grassy byways to the hard and dusty high-roads, as at the same time more agreeable to the hoofs of the cattle, and affording them food on the road. The topsmen are generally well paid for their trouble; and as bankers are to be found everywhere at the present day, the pecuniary part of their affairs is generally transacted by means of them. In former days, the Highland proprietor himself frequently accompanied his drove to the south, and brought home his money in his own hands. The day of departure of one of these droves is usually one of great importance to all the hills and glens in the neighbourhood. It is this moment which Edwin Landseer has chosen for the picture I have alluded to; and as he paid a visit to the north on purpose to study the character of the people and of the scenery, the accuracy of all its details renders it not only valuable as a masterpiece of art, for poetical design and treatment, but also for the ethnographical fidelity of its delineation. The time chosen is the early morning, when the drove is about to begin its march to the south. There are the young men who are to accompany it taking leave of their huts, their parents, or of those still dearer; the old people anxiously calculating the welcome profit which is to return to them from their

departing cattle; the topsman, who must leave house and farm, wife and children, and to whose parting the artist has given a tinge of melancholy, harmonising well with a farewell scene. The landscape belongs to the centre of the Scotch Highlands, where at this moment I found myself. A range of dark and cloud-capped mountains appears in the distance, beyond which lie the beautiful plains of the south, towards which the march proceeds. A lake expands its bosom at the foot of the hills, and on a tongue of land projecting into it lies an ancient castle in ruins, carrying back the thoughts to stormy times, and to the warlike chieftains who inhabited it. Some of the foremost divisions of the drove have already set out in the direction of the mountains, straggling about, as cattle do, and snatching on their way a mouthful of grass, or water from the lake, but kept carefully apart by their respective drovers, who walk soberly after them with the earnest air of men bent on a great undertaking. Some herdsman are taking a farewell cup at the door of a hut, which straw, and heather, and smoke point out as a human habitation; while in the rude structure of a little cart made of a kind of wicker-work, we perceive that society, amidst these Highland hills, is still in the primitive state so favourable to the efforts of the painter. The centre of the picture, and the principal figure, is that of the topsman, who, in full travelling costume, with his kilt on, his plaid over his shoulder, his sandals on his feet, and on his head the "blue bonnet" (probably made at Kil-marnock, for the Scotch say they are not made properly anywhere else), has taken his little son in his arms, while his wife replenishes his travelling bottle with whisky. The infant has caught his father's smartly-mounted dirk, and is carrying it, as babies do all things they lay hold of, to his mouth. The old white-headed father of the topsman has come out of the hut, and sat down before the door, his bent form and wrinkled face indicating his great age; he is probably somewhat deaf, for his unmarried, blooming, black-haired daughter is stooping down to his ear to speak to him, while she wraps closely round him a thick woollen covering, to protect him from the sharp mountain air. It seems as if this must be the last time the old man could witness this stirring scene; but we may recollect in his favour that in Scotland people live to almost as great an age as in Russia or Norway. In the year 1821, there were in Scotland, among 2,093,000 of inhabitants, no less than 150,000 who were above sixty years of age; that is, one out of every thirteen. It is likely that this circumstance would produce a very favourable influence on the state of national morals.' By Killin and Loch Katrine our traveller returned to Stirling, and thence to Edinburgh.

The chief peculiarity of this amusing tourist is the miscellaneousness of his remarks. Whatever thoughts suggest themselves by any of the persons he meets or scenes he witnesses, he jots down at once; hence they have a freshness and a pertinence which a more systematic writer could not attain. With some of these scattered notices we conclude.

An article of food new to the British cuisine is suggested by the seed-shops. 'In general, the shops of English seed-merchants are decorated with a number of fine pumpkins; but, what is very remarkable, this kind of fruit is never eaten, not even the poorest knowing how to boil the pumpkin, and prepare it for the table. It is grown merely for ornament; and yet how many poor people might sometimes make a meal off one pumpkin, if somebody would only teach them how to dress it! He who attempted to introduce the cultivation and use of the pumpkin into Scotland, might not perhaps have to congratulate himself on very splendid success, but suppose he only enriched his country by providing additional food for twelve human creatures. The Romans voted a crown to him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen; should not he be entitled to the same reward who provided room and subsistence for another reasoning creature?'

On his way to Drummond Castle our author met with a parish schoolmaster, whereupon the following colloquial comparison between the condition of Scottish and German schoolmasters ensues:—'I could not help silently comparing this abode [the schoolmaster's house] with those of our village schoolmasters in Saxony, and wondering at the progress made of late years, in this respect, in Scotland. I expressed aloud the agreeable surprise I felt at this change, and my new friend declared that he was content with his position. On the whole, however, he added, "there was a good deal of discontent among the parish schoolmasters, on account of the smallness of their pay." I replied that the same complaint was often heard in Germany; and he inquired what was the average pay of our schoolmasters. "It varies a good deal," was my answer; "some have a hundred, some a hundred and fifty, but many no more than fifty dollars." "How many pounds go to a dollar?" asked he.

"Seven dollars go to a pound," said I.

"What!" he exclaimed, springing up from his chair, "do you mean to tell me that they pay a schoolmaster with *seven pounds* a-year?" "Even so," I replied, "seven pounds; but how much, then, do they get with you?"

"I know no one who has less than from L.40 to L.50 in all Scotland; but the average is L.70 or L.80, and many go as high as L.150."

"What!" cried I, springing up in my turn, "L.150! that makes 1050 dollars. A baron would be satisfied in Germany with such a revenue as that; and do you mean to say that there are schoolmasters who grumble at it?" "Yes," said he; "but recollect how dear things are with us. Sugar costs eightpence a pound, coffee two shillings: chocolate is still dearer, and tea not much cheaper. And then how dear are good beef and pork, and plums, and puddings, and everything else!" I could not deny this; but I thought that our poor schoolmasters were content if they had but bread.'

BELTED WILL HOWARD.

We were grieved to hear a few weeks ago that the fine old fortalice at Naworth, in Cumberland, belonging to Lord Carlisle, had been entirely destroyed by fire, thus adding another item to the list of things fashioned by our forefathers of which time or accident is gradually depriving us. As a memorial of things as they existed when the world was some centuries younger than it is now, and still more of those turbulent days, the recollection of which our border minstrelsy has helped to perpetuate, Naworth Castle was a place of great interest. Its halls and courts, its dungeons and battlements, told to the man of reflecting mind tales of no dull character. Its weather-beaten, time-stricken walls, had witnessed deeds of violence and bloodshed (gallantry and patriotism they were thought then) the like of which, even if those walls had stood, they would, it is hoped, never have seen again. Border warfare and its horrors have long since disappeared; peace, with its blessings, now reigns throughout the district; and yet the mind, against its better reason, cannot forbear reverting with pleasure to the agitated history of former days, as transmitted to us through the coloured media of ballad and tradition. Such charms for all time have adventurous courage and endurance; such is the sanctifying power of time. Hence arises one great source of the pleasure we feel in contemplating an old fortress, connected as it is with the times of which we speak.

It was not, however, to give a description of Naworth that we took up our pen, but to recount the history of one of its inhabitants, the Lord William Howard, through whose residence there the castle acquired much of its celebrity. This nobleman (better known as 'Belted Will') was the son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and grandson of the Earl of Surrey, whose name is famous in the annals of English literature as the first writer of blank verse in 'the vulgar tongue.' He seemed destined to experience and

exemplify the truth, that no rank confers an immunity from misfortune; nay, that at certain periods those most elevated are most liable to calamity. His mother died shortly after his birth, his grandfather perished on the scaffold, and in his ninth year he was compelled to see his father suffer the same fate on Tower Hill for a traitorous attachment (so it was alleged) to the Queen of Scots. The sons were thereupon deprived of rank and estates, so that they were truly reduced to that plight foreseen by the duke (whose grief had need to stretch itself beyond the hour of death), when he described them, shortly before his execution, as having 'nothing to feed the cormorants withal.'

William, at the age of fourteen, was married to his father's ward, the Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who was by some years his junior. Their own statement in after-years was, that at the period of their espousals they 'could not make above twenty-five years both together.' Contrary to what might naturally be expected, his marriage with this lady, who, as one of the co-heiresses of George Lord Dacre, brought Naworth and other large estates into the Howard family, was eminently happy. His attachment to her continued unchanged through the troubles and distractions of a long life. 'In his accounts,' says Mr Howard of Corby Castle, in his Memorials of the Howard Family, a folio volume printed, but not published, 'there are a number of presents to her, even to decorate her person at an advanced age; and he had her portrait taken by Cornelius Jansen, the best painter then known, when she was in her seventy-third year. He fired with indignation, amounting almost to implacability, at Sir William Hutton's having insinuated that she, during his absence, when he was warden of the marches, had connived at the escape of a prisoner, and would scarce accept an ample apology.' The Earl of Arundel, Lord William's eldest brother, having adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and not deeming it safe to remain in England, attempted to make his escape to the continent; but he was intercepted just as he was stepping on board the vessel, and committed to the Tower. Lord William and one of his sisters soon followed their brother into the same place of captivity, at a time most inconvenient for their interests. A claim for the Dacre estates had been set up by Francis Dacre, uncle to the two noblemen's wives; and this claim he prosecuted with great eagerness. Notwithstanding every unjustifiable contrivance was resorted to, jurors packed, 'nay, the counsellors refused to plead their title when they had been formally re-tryed,' yet the trial passed in favour of the Howards. After a year's imprisonment, Lord William was allowed to go scot free; his brother was also liberated, but not quite so easily; they made a star-chamber matter of it, and inflicted a heavy fine. Although an end had been put to the litigation by a solemn judgment against the claimant, it by no means consorted with the queen's policy to suffer such large estates to pass at once into the hands of disaffected persons, as the Howards were thought to be. They petitioned Elizabeth for a restitution of their rights; but it was not until 1601, that is, thirty years after those rights had accrued, nor until a 'consideration' to the amount of £10,000 was paid into her exchequer, that she consented to do her petitioners the justice they sued for. Brighter days dawned upon the house of Howard when Elizabeth died. It was now that William began to repair the decayed castle at Naworth, where old Camden found him in 1607. Having been appointed warden of the marches by King James, he garrisoned Naworth with one hundred and forty men, resolving to fulfil his duties with assiduity and vigour. His efficient measures so terrified the Scots, that the very children were stilled when their mothers threatened them with his name; a trick they did not fail to use when need required. It has been stated, that Indian nurses are wont, in like manner, to menace their rebellious charges with the vengeance of Saib Warren Hastings even at this day. 'When in their greatest height,' says old Fuller, 'the moss-troopers had two great enemies—the laws of the land and Lord Wil-

liam Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer always does his work by daylight.' It seems that he did not always trouble himself to send culprits so far as Carlisle, for a grove of aged oaks near the castle has been pointed out as the usual place of execution, where many a border marauder, both Scotch and English, struggled his last. An anecdote will illustrate this. The lord warden being a thoughtful student, as well as a dauntless soldier, was poring one day over a book, when a trooper hastily entered his study to report that a man of dubious character, from the wrong side of the border, had been captured. He proceeded to inquire his master's pleasure as to the prisoner's treatment, when Lord William, indignant at the interruption, exclaimed, 'Hang him, in the devil's name!' To hear was to obey; the captive was a Scotchman, and no command could be couched in plainer words. The soldier, making no allowance for the puzzling nature of schoolmen's pages, nor supposing for a moment that his master had frowned (as King John would have had Hubert think) 'more out of humour than advised respect,' straightway hurried his unfortunate prisoner to a convenient tree. Imagine Lord William's surprise when, upon expressing a desire to examine the case, he was informed that his previous order had been obeyed to the letter. His lordship's library was placed alongside his oratory, high up in the eastern tower, communicating by a narrow stone stair with his dormitory. From a catalogue which he drew up, we were glad to perceive that his collection comprised Shakespeare's plays and Homer's *Iliad*, as it showed that notwithstanding his predilection for the severer studies of theology and history, and in spite of the distractions consequent upon a military life, he could occasionally find leisure to unbend his mind over the creations of poetic genius. From what we know of his scholastic habits, we can well believe that, secure within his 'peaceful citadel' amongst his beloved books, he often allowed the storm of elements, or of circumstance, to blow without as it listed.

It seems that his lordship frequently rode up to London. The expense of a journey, with twenty attendants and twelve horses, amounted to about £15—a fact which shows the great difference in the value of money between that time and the present, since he must have been at least six days on the road. A century earlier, a similar journey from Skipton Castle, in Yorkshire, to London, cost the Earl of Cumberland, with thirty-three servants, £7, 16s. In 1622 Lord William was attacked with an illness of some danger, since he deemed it necessary to betake himself to Spa, near Aix-la-Chapelle, then the fashionable bathing-place, for the purpose of recruiting his health. In passing, we may notice that this place has given its name to every other medicinal spring, all of them being now termed Spas. The water-drinkers, always a vagrant tribe, have discovered elsewhere *brunnen* of filthier tinge and more offensive odour, and the glory of Spa has become eclipsed; but they cannot take away the honour it possesses of being known to the Romans, and of the visit in 1717 of Peter the Great. To return, however, to our subject. Mr Howard, in the work from which we before quoted, informs us that Lady Howard was often called 'Bessie with the Braid Apron,' not, as he conceived, from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word *broad* in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions. This may be so; but in Mr Howard's remarks concerning the epithet by which that lady's husband is usually known, we think there is good reason to suppose, as we shall presently show, that he has mistaken the origin of the appellation. These are Mr Howard's words—'Lord William is, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, called by Sir Walter Scott "Belted Will Howard," meaning, I apprehend, that he was in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge by persons of high station. But this as to him is not at all founded in fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly

narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has come down to our times is *Bauld*, meaning *Bold Wyllie*. We shall now give Sir Walter's sketch of the Lord of Naworth—

than whom knight
Was never dubbed more bold in fight,
Nor when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy.
* * *
Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of baft,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the borderers still
Called noble Howard belted Will.

The 'broad and studded belt' here alluded to was preserved at Naworth up to the breaking out of the late fire, amongst other memorials of its brave wearer. It was not, however, so much remarkable for breadth as for the metal studs upon its surface, arranged so as to form this couplet in German, a translation of which is subjoined:—

O mensch gedenc an diesen tag
Dass Gottes starcke hand vermag.

[O man! reflect that on this day
God's hand hath power to save or slay.]

The appellation of 'belted' may be easily traced to this baldric. Doubtless, in the vulgar imagination, its uncouth characters locked up some mysterious charm that protected the person of its wearer from danger, an impression that he himself would be in no haste to remove, and which seemed to be countenanced both by his fearless activity and the hours spent in the seclusion of his study.

Lord William was a member of the church of Rome, and apparently a reverent student of her creed. His library contained many religious treatises, and amongst them was one upon the Real Presence, with the autograph of its author, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 'a martyr, if not to the truth that is recorded in the authentic book of heaven, yet to that copy of it which he thought authentic, which was written upon his heart in the antique characters of authoritative age.'* Will was in the habit of writing a motto on the title-pages of his books in allusion to the subject; for instance, in Calvin's Institutes, he had placed in Latin St Paul's exhortation, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall'; whilst in an astronomical treatise by Galileo, he had written—

For their glory is to change,
And their liberty to range.

History and antiquities engrossed much of the lord warden's attention, especially the latter. In the Arundel collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, there are notes and copies of ancient documents in his own neat handwriting. He was the intimate friend of Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, the collector of the Cottonian manuscripts; indeed one of his daughters was married to Sir Robert's son. One of his letters to the antiquary, preserved in that collection, exhibits his laudable anxiety as a 'lover of venerable antiquity' in so striking a light, that we shall transcribe part of it. The letter is dated 'Naworth, 13th Augusti, 1608,' and we must premise that Sir Robert and Camden had, in their travels northwards, visited that place the preceding year. One might imagine, from the mention of 'these extreame partes,' and 'this cold region,' that it was within the Arctic circle instead of Cumberland that Lord William lived. 'Sir Thomas, the curate of Willemon-suicke, that you directed me to, is removed, and his successor would not adventure to deliver the stones before he knewe his master's pleasure, which at first motion I obtained. Till hays tyne was past, I could gett no

draughts to undertake to carry them, and now hays tyne is done, there are no draughts in the countree able to drawe them, so as thereupon I have appointed myne owne draughts to deliver them at Newborne, from whence I doubt not but they shal be speedily conveyed by water to Mr Ruddall, who I assure myselfe will take the opportunitee of the first vessele to transport them to the most convenient haven, from whence you may with most speed loag them in such a place as you intend they shall rest without remove, which I wishe maie remaine as many yeares in your limits, under the protection of your name and familie, as they have had residence in these partes sence the author of them did first erect them; for that I much feare I shall not this yeare see you in these extreame partes, I thought good to informe you in generall, but not to mention any in particular, that I have gotten, and know we are to have neere about me, at least 12 stones, most of them faire inscriptions, that you have not yet heard of, and your penance shal be to come yourself and pick out the contents before you gett any knowledge of them. And so, earnestly desiringe so much happines as once more to see you in this cold region, I will ever more rest your professed friend, William Howard.' Here was a polite invitation to an Oldbuck of the seventeenth century. Here was a *bonne bouche* for an Oldbuck of any century—'twelve stones' with 'faire inscriptions.' The only drawback from the promised pleasure was the *fairness* of the inscriptions; your genuine antiquary prefers a lettered stone too illegible for any eyes but his own to decipher it. We may notice, by the way, that the first sentence of the foregoing letter contains an instance of the custom that formerly obtained of styling the clergy 'Sir,' a custom of which Shakspeare has several examples.

Lord William was an ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle, the present owner of Naworth. He died in 1640, having had fifteen children by the Lady Elizabeth, his wife.

SIMON SAWLEY'S SHILLING.

On a steep hill-side, sloping down to one of our lovely English rivers, stands a small village, looking so still and sequestered, that none would imagine that the greater part of its inhabitants are weavers, employed in a silk-mill a little higher up the river. How it has preserved its primitive rural appearance, it is difficult to say; perhaps the owner of the above-mentioned mill, struck by the picturesque beauty of its detached cottages, followed the example of the original inhabitants, and built similar ones for his workpeople; for the hill-side is dotted over with cottages of every variety, from amongst which rises the taper spire of the village church, surrounded by its quiet burial-ground. There is, however, one exception to the general aspect of the village. At the foot of the hill is one row of cottages, facing the river, with gay flower-plots in front, sloping to the water's edge, and larger gardens behind, divided from each other by thick thorn hedges. In one of the cleanest of these cottages, with the trimmest flower-plot and best stocked garden, there lived, at the time I knew Westleigh, a certain Simon Sawley, or rather, to speak more correctly, I should say a certain Mrs Simon Sawley, for she being the more authoritative person, the residence was always so designated in the village. Simon was a well-meaning, good-natured, inoffensive sort of man—a good *hand* at his work; but not celebrated for great power of intellect or strength of mind. His wife was a pretty little woman, with soft brown eyes, a fine clear complexion, a neat compact figure, and mild expression of countenance. Her voice was sweet and subdued in its tone, and, to judge from appearances, you would have pronounced her the meekest and gentlest of her gentle sex. But, alas! appearances are proverbially deceitful—a truth to which, no doubt, we can all testify; but none with more reason than poor Simon. Martha Sawley, to use her own phrase, 'was

* Hartley Coleridge.

not a woman to be put upon by anybody; which meant, that she was a woman who would have her own way in spite of everybody. In fact, like many mild-looking, smooth-spoken women, Martha possessed that unconquerable obstinacy that neither intreaties nor threats can soften or subdue. She never scolded, she rarely lectured, but quietly and steadily pursued the settled purpose of her soul, regardless alike of the wishes or convenience of others. If ever it happened that she met with more than usual opposition, she would assume the air of a deeply injured person, maintain an obstinate silence, or, when absolutely obliged to speak, answer only in monosyllables; and, in short, fall into a sullen fit, from which nothing short of the most entire submission to her will could rouse her. It was rarely, indeed, that honest Simon ventured upon anything like opposition; for, though not possessed of an extraordinary development of either the arithmetical or reasoning powers, he had learned, from experience, to count the cost before entering upon the war, and to avoid a contest which must end in total defeat. There was, however, one point upon which, though he no longer ventured any open resistance, he secretly indulged in feelings of a rebellious and insubordinate nature. Mrs Sawley insisted that he should every Saturday bring home to her the whole of his week's wages, without any deduction whatever. This, of course, was quite right, and what every good husband does, or ought to do: but this was not all; she would not allow him a penny in his pocket, not even on the condition of never spending it; for, as she was wont to remark, 'men are but men at the best, and frail creatures,' therefore it was better not to put temptation in their way: 'besides, for her part, she could not see what a man, who had a good wife to provide everything comfortable for him, could want with money.' He worked for it, and she spent it, to the best advantage of course; and that, in her opinion, was the order of Providence.

One lovely evening towards the latter end of spring, Simon was busy in his garden. It happened that he was occupied near the hedge which divided his territories from those of his next neighbour. Like most remarkable individuals, Simon had his eccentricities, one of which was a habit, when any affair of moment weighed on his mind, of indulging in audible soliloquy; and as he worked, he talked to the following effect:—'Well, it is too bad, that it is; thirty shillings a-week, let alone odd jobs, and never a farthing to bless myself with. Tom Jones said he wouldn't stand it, if he was me; he'd be master. But it's easy talking; he knows nothing about it: he isn't married, and don't know Martha. Well, never mind. I've got—yes, here it is, safe and sound—I've got a shilling; I have a shilling that nobody knows nothing about.' And after gazing fondly at it for some minutes, he put it again into his pocket, which he buttoned carefully up, pulled his waistcoat well down, and patting it several times to make sure there was no outward and visible sign of the hidden treasure, he resumed his work with great self-complacency. It is commonly said that stone walls have ears; and it has been a notorious fact, ever since the days of King Midas's barber, that woods and groves are the most treacherous of confidants. Certain it is that Simon's secret was no longer his own; it passed into the possession of another, through the instrumentality of the before-mentioned hedge.

However, Simon continued his work, in blissful ignorance, until the sound of Martha's voice from the back-door warned him that supper was ready. That night he lay awake some time longer than usual, revolving in his mind how he should dispose of the bewildering sum in his possession. First, he thought of purchasing himself a new fishing-rod; then of buying a fine tulip for his flower-garden. Various temptations of a similar nature presented themselves to his imagination; but to all there was one grand objection—inquiries were sure to be made as to where the purchase-money came from; Martha would get to know all about it, and that

would never do; so every idea of the kind was dismissed entirely. Then he determined to keep it until a good opportunity occurred of proving to his fellow-workmen and acquaintances, especially to Tom Jones, that he had money, and could spend it on a glass of ale or mug of porter with the best of them. At last a bright idea struck him: he would—yes, that he would—put it into the savings' bank. With a mind set at ease by this laudable resolution, Simon fell asleep, and dreamed that his shilling had, in an incredibly short space of time, accumulated to such a degree, as to enable him to purchase a cow, two pigs, and a stock of tulips that made his garden the wonder and admiration of the whole village. The next morning proving to his great satisfaction wet, Simon (in order to put in execution the plan he had formed) proposed taking his dinner with him to the mill, instead of returning home at noon. Having happily accomplished his purpose with little trouble—for, as it was washing-day, Martha was perfectly willing to have him out of her way—he set off, walking with the conscious dignity of a man worth something. As he passed along, he was much surprised to find himself the object of general attention and amusement. Inquiries as to his health, state of mind, and future plans, were showered upon him. One wished to know when he intended to set up his carriage, and another hoped he would not forget old friends now he was so great a man. Nor was his bewilderment lessened on arriving at the mill, for all his fellow-workmen were ready with a joke and a laugh at his expense. But Simon, like Socrates, was a practical philosopher, and he bore all their railery as a philosopher should—with unruffled calmness. As soon as the bell for the dinner-hour rang, he left his work, and having despatched his own with all possible speed, he, not without some trepidation, made his way to a neighbouring town, where he knew there was a savings' bank which would be open that day. On reaching his destination, he first looked cautiously round, to make sure he was unobserved, and seeing no one he knew, he boldly entered. Mr Vivian, Simon's master, was one of the trustees and managers of this bank, and happened to be in attendance that day. Simon, and Simon's domestic grievances, were well known to him, therefore his appearance in such a place occasioned some little surprise. 'Well, Simon,' said he, 'what is your business; nothing the matter at the mill, I hope?'

'No, sir,' replied Simon; 'I came about a little matter of my own, regarding a bit of money I was thinking of putting into the bank.'

'That's right, Simon; I am glad to hear it,' said Mr Vivian. 'You are getting good wages, and are now strong and hearty; it is very proper you should lay by something against old age or sickness. But how is it,' added he, smiling, 'that you have come without Martha?'

'The truth is,' said Simon, twisting his hat round and round as he spoke—'the truth is, sir, Martha don't know nothing at all about it; and that's one reason I brought it here, thinking it would be safe, you know, sir.'

'Oh, indeed!—that is it, is it?' said Mr Vivian.

'Why, you see, sir, it's this way,' continued Simon, lowering his voice to a confidential tone—'it's a trifle I made unbeknown to anybody; so I says to myself, if I keep it by me, Martha will be sure to get at it, and if I spend it, why, she'll get to know, and I shall never hear the last of it; so I'll put it in the bank, and then I shall have it safe, and it'll be making more; and,' concluded Simon, who, during this speech had been fumbling in his pocket, from the bottom of which he at length brought forth his shilling, 'here it is, and you'll be so good as not to mention it, sir.'

'Oh, certainly not, if you wish it,' replied Mr Vivian, unable to suppress his amusement at Simon's simplicity; 'but you are mistaken in supposing your shilling will, as you say, be making more. If you leave it here for five or six years, it will still be but a shilling; on the contrary, if, every week or fortnight, you added a little

more to it, it would at the end of that time amount to a sum that would really be useful to you.'

It was no small disappointment to Simon to hear that his shilling would not accumulate of its own accord; but the great object was still attainable; so he said with a sigh, and in a somewhat despairing tone, 'I'd like to leave it, if you've no objection, sir; at any rate, it'll be safe; and if I should get another shilling, why, I'll be sure to bring it too.'

'If,' said Mr Vivian, who, though greatly amused, pitied Simon's evident disappointment—'if you really are anxious to be laying something by, and do not mind a little extra work, I think I can enable you to do so. I have occasion to send twice or three times a-week to town on business, and am just now in want of a messenger I can trust. I know you to be honest and trustworthy, and if you like to undertake the job, I will put whatever you earn in that way into the savings' bank, and it will not interfere with your regular wages.'

Simon's countenance brightened at this proposal. It was just the very thing for him. He eagerly accepted the offer; and after expressing his thanks, and begging his master's secrecy, he, with a lightened heart as well as pocket, returned to Westleigh. He was now doubly armed against the raillery of his companions. Various were the devices to which they resorted to induce Simon to part with, or even to display his treasure; but, to their great surprise, against remonstrances, intrigues, and ridicule, he was proof. It was all in vain, even when Tom Jones hid himself behind the hedge. Whether Simon suspected the treachery of which it had been guilty, certain it is that he never again chose that part of his garden for his self-communings.

So weeks, months, and years passed away, and the mystery of the shilling remained unsolved. What had become of it, nobody could tell; and, as it usually happens in such cases, there were not wanting persons faithless enough to doubt whether it had ever existed. In the meantime, it must not be supposed that Mrs Sawley silently acquiesced in her husband's spending any of his time in the service of another, in return for which nothing was forthcoming. On the contrary, few days passed on which she had not some observations to make on the comparative merits of prudence and good nature, always placing the former virtue (which, according to her definition, consisted in getting everything and giving nothing) far above the latter, which, indeed, she considered as only another word for sheer folly, and concluding with a general remark on the contemptible weakness of those who were guilty of it. All this, however, Simon bore without flinching, for there is something in the knowledge of being treated with injustice that inspires even the meekest spirit with fortitude. Nay, sometimes Martha could almost have imagined that Simon turned away his face to conceal a smile. A smile at her! but no, it was impossible; she could not admit her own eyes as credible witnesses to so audacious an act.

About six years after Simon's first visit to the savings' bank, he had the misfortune to break his arm. The fracture was severe, and the pain of the setting, united with the anxiety caused by the knowledge that he was for some time disabled from his work, brought on a low fever, which for many weeks confined him to his bed; and when at length he was able to leave it, he was so weakened and reduced as to render it doubtful when he would be strong enough again to provide for the wants of his family. Added to this misfortune, food was that year remarkably dear; the harvest was bad, and the potato crop indifferent; and though Martha was an excellent nurse and manager, it surpassed even her powers to provide food and medicine, with little or nothing coming in. Their neighbours sympathised sincerely in their distress, and gave the best proofs of their sympathy by rendering them all the assistance in their power; but they were but poor themselves, and found difficulty enough in making all ends meet. It

was in the midst of these perplexities, when rent was due, a doctor's bill in prospect, and, turn which way they would, nothing but debt and poverty staring them in the face, that Simon remembered his secret hoard. From the time of their first agreement, his kind master had regularly provided him with the means of earning a small sum over and above his weekly wages, which, instead of paying to him, he had put into the savings' bank. What it amounted to by this time, Simon did not know; but he thought it never could be worse wanted, and whatever it might be, would afford some relief. His astonishment was scarcely less than his delight to find himself master of the almost incredible sum of thirteen pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. It was enough, more than enough, to pay all his debts. No farmer, contemplating his flocks and herds, his well-stored barns and crowded granaries; no merchant, welcoming into port the costly freight that almost doubles his already overflowing wealth; no young heir, gazing on the spacious park, the sunny fields, and stately woods that he can call his own, ever felt such pure and unalloyed happiness as swelled the heart and glistened in the eye of poor Simon as he looked upon his well-earned wealth. And Martha, what did she say, what did she think? Martha had been taking a few lessons in a school that seldom fails to profit and improve those who come under its discipline—the school of adversity. She had suffered anxiety, privation, and want; seen the husband, whom, after all, she truly loved, feeble and suffering, without being able to procure those things she knew to be necessary to restore him to ease and health; and had known what it was to have her children crying around her for the bread she had not to give. The tears of joy she shed when informed of this timely but most unexpected relief, were not unmingled with those of shame and self-reproach; and sincerely did she now regret her unkindness and selfishness. She said little, for Martha was not a woman of many promises; but she resolved that nothing on her part should ever again give occasion for concealment on his. Nor was her resolution in vain. In a short time Simon, with proper nourishment and good nursing, regained his accustomed health and strength, and returned to his employment; and though they had a hard winter and spring, yet, pleased with themselves and each other, they got well through it. Theirs had always been a clean, well-managed household; but now, brightened by love and confidence, there was no happier family in Westleigh, nor did they ever fail to spare something every week from their earnings to put into the savings' bank.

Great was the wonder, and many the congratulations of the good people of Westleigh; and to think, as Simon said many times in a day, 'to think that all this good should come from my shilling; for he persisted in regarding that as the grand source of his happiness. To this day, it is common in the village, when speaking of an industrious prosperous family, to say that such persons have 'got a shilling that nobody knows of.'

THE MAURITIUS.

EAST of the African continent, the Indian Ocean is studded with a number of islands, of which Madagascar, Bourbon, and Mauritius, are the largest and most important. Madagascar, 930 miles in length by an average breadth of 300, and separated from the mainland by the Mozambique Channel, is under native rule; Bourbon, 40 miles long by 26 in breadth, and 530 miles farther seaward, is a dependency of France; and the Mauritius, about 36 miles in length by an average breadth of 22, and 70 miles north-east of Bourbon, belongs to Britain. Situated on the highway of our eastern commerce, this island, independent of its produce, is one of our most valuable possessions, forming a great resting-place for the numerous traders that traverse the Indian Ocean. Important as it is, perhaps less is known of the Mauritius than of any

other British dependency, and therefore a brief sketch of its history, natural resources, population, and commerce, chiefly gleaned from a recent source,* may be alike interesting and useful.

The Mauritius was discovered by the Portuguese about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Dutch took possession of it in 1598, called it by its present name, in honour of Prince Maurice, made a settlement in it so late as 1644, which, however, they abandoned early in the succeeding century. The French having occupied Bourbon in 1657, sent occasional settlers to the Mauritius; and on its evacuation by the Dutch, they established a regular colony, but did not take formal possession of the island till 1721. Ten or twelve years after, the celebrated but unfortunate M. de Bourdonnaye was appointed governor of the Mauritius, or Isle de France, as it was at this time called; and perceiving the importance of the island, and its excellent harbours, to any power having possessions in India, set about its improvement with a zeal and success which have rarely been equalled. Besides extending the culture of the sugar-cane, coffee, cotton, and indigo, he introduced the manioc root from South America, and cinnamon, cloves, pepper, &c. from the Dutch islands; fixed the seat of government at Port Louis, which he may be said to have created as well as fortified; and constructed numerous roads, aqueducts, and other public works. In 1746 M. de Bourdonnaye was recalled; but during the whole period that the Mauritius belonged to the French, the effects of his good government and skill were vividly perceptible, nay, are not obliterated even at the present day. After the possessions of France in India had fallen into our hands, the importance of the Mauritius as a naval station became painfully apparent to Britain; for, during the last war, our shipping suffered by the privateers and cruisers of that island to the extent of more than two and a half millions. Exasperated by these losses, the British government sent a strong armament against it in 1810; it surrendered to our arms; and was finally ceded to us at the close of the war in 1815. Since then, it has continued in our hands, and, along with a number of adjacent islets, as Rodriguez, St Brandon, the Seychelles, Providence, Agalega, &c. constitutes a colonial government, of which St Louis is the capital.

Physically considered, the Mauritius presents the same rugged and mountainous features which characterise the whole of the islands in that region of the Indian Ocean. It is strictly of volcanic origin, and has several craters, which have evidently become dormant within the current geological era. Its rocks and mountains are universally basaltic; and limestone is only found as the basis of the coral reefs which skirt the shores. 'From whatever quarter it is approached,' says Tulloch in his report, 'the aspect is singularly abrupt and picturesque. The land rises rapidly from the coast to the interior, where it forms three chains of mountains, from 1800 to 2600 feet in height, intersecting the country in different directions. Except towards the summit, these are generally covered with wood, and in many parts cleft into deep ravines, through which numerous rivulets find their way to the low grounds, and terminate in about twenty small rivers, by which the whole line of coast is well watered, from the foot of the mountains to the sea. Though, from its mountainous and rugged character, a great part of the interior is not available for any useful purpose, yet extensive plains, several leagues in circumference, are to be found in the high lands; and in the valleys, as well as along the coast, most of the ground is well adapted either for the ordinary purposes of agriculture, or for raising any description of tropical produce. Extensive forests still cover a considerable portion of the districts of Mahébourg, the Savanna, and Placé, and in the centre of the island are several small lakes. The soil in many parts

is exceedingly rich, consisting either of black vegetable mould, or a bed of stiff clay of considerable depth; occasionally, the clay is found mixed with iron ore and the debris of volcanic rock. In the neighbourhood of Port Louis, and generally in the immediate vicinity of the sea, there is but a scanty covering of light friable soil over a rocky substratum of coralline formation. The whole coast is surrounded by reefs of coral, with the exception of a few openings, through which vessels can approach the shore, and at these points the different military posts for the defence of the island have been established. In so far as regards temperature, rain, physical aspect, and diversity of climate, the Mauritius exhibits a very striking resemblance to Jamaica, though, being south of the line, the seasons are reversed—summer extending from October to April, and winter during the rest of the year. The principal rainy season is from the end of December to the beginning of April, but showers are frequent at all times. Hurricanes are of frequent occurrence, and create great devastation, with much loss of life; they principally occur in January, February, and March.'

The produce of the Mauritius, as might be expected from its tropical situation, consists of sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, and various spices, besides ebony, tortoise shell, and other minor articles. In 1826, the equalisation of the Mauritian and West India sugar-duties gave a remarkable impulse to the trade of the former island, and since then, the sugar-cane has been cultivated to the almost total exclusion of coffee, cotton, and indigo. Wheat, maize, yams, manioc, bananas, potatoes, and other vegetables, are raised in limited quantities; but the inhabitants derive their main supply of farmaceous food from Hindostan, Cape of Good Hope, and Madagascar. According to Macculloch, the sugar exported from the island in 1837 amounted to 684 million pounds, of which fully nine-tenths came to England. The other exports, though considerable, are unimportant in comparison. During the same year the total value of the imports amounted to £1,035,783, while the exports only reached £831,050; and of a public revenue of £187,780, only £177,740 was expended; so that, independent of its utility as a maritime station, this island is, in an economical point of view, one of the most valuable dependencies of the British government. The abolition of slavery does not seem to have had the same effect on labour in the Mauritius that it has had on that of the West Indies, and consequently the plantations continue to yield the same amount of produce as formerly; though it is believed by competent judges that the culture of sugar has reached its maximum. To guard against the anticipated effects of emancipation, a great number of hill-coolies were brought from India; but, despite the regulations under which they were introduced, their condition was little better than that of slavery, and, in consequence, their introduction has been stopped. Labourers from India, China, Madagascar, &c. are, however, within reach of the planter; and with these, and the emancipated negroes, the labour market seems abundantly supplied. It is, no doubt, now more difficult to obtain hands, and more care is necessary to retain them; but, otherwise, the dreaded results of emancipation have been belied. The only complaint, according to Mr Backhouse, seemed to be, 'that many of the women, instead of going to the field to labour, chose to stay at home to take care of their huts and families!'—a result which ought to form anything rather than cause of complaint, were it not that the moral perceptions of the older planters are blunted and their hearts steelled by a long course of slavery and its concomitant inhumanities.

Respecting the government of the Mauritius and its dependencies, little need be said. Power is vested in a governor and a colonial legislative council of fifteen members, subordinate to the orders of the sovereign in council. The governor is assisted in his duties by an executive council, composed, for the time being, of the colonial secretary, the advocate-general, and the officer second in command. Justice is administered in a

* A Narrative of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa. By James Backhouse. London: Hamilton and Co. 1844.

supreme civil and criminal court with three judges, and in a petty court, from which there is no appeal; as also by such local courts as the governor may see fit to establish. There are always certain detachments of the artillery, of the sappers and miners, and of the line, stationed in the island, whose head-quarters are Port Louis and Mahébourg, the two principal towns—the former situated on the north-west, and the latter on the south-eastern shore. So much for the general history, resources, and commerce of the Mauritius; let us now glance at the more minute features of its towns and scenery, and at the social condition of its mixed population, as sketched by Mr Backhouse.

The town of Port Louis is beautifully situated on the west side of the Mauritius, in a cove formed by a series of basaltic hills, portions of which are woody; they vary in height from 1058 to 2639 feet. The Pouce (*Thoub*), which lies directly behind the town, is the highest point. The lower portion of many of the houses is of brown basalt, and the upper of wood; others are entirely of wood, painted. The streets are rather narrow; they are laid out at right angles, have footpaths with basaltic curb-stones, and are macadamised. Many of the houses have little courts in front, well stocked with fine trees and shrubs, and beautiful date and coco-palms. There are magnificent acacias, with large yellow flowers, as well as tamarinds and other trees, in some of the streets; and bananas, caladiums, marvels of fern, and many other striking plants, on the border of a stream from the mountains, that runs through the town. An open space, like a race-course, lies behind the town: it is called the Champ de Mars, and is bordered by several large villas, built in a style of neatness and elegance like those in the neighbourhood of cities on the continent of Europe. The population of Port Louis in 1836 was 27,547, of whom 6679 males and 6664 females were free, and 8247 males and 6655 females were apprentices. Most of the latter and some of the former were persons of colour. French is the language universally spoken.

We took up our abode at Massey's hotel, the only decent inn in Port Louis. It is three storeys high, and has the hall and lower rooms floored with marble; the walls are covered with paper exhibiting large landscapes; the stairs and floors of the upper rooms are painted red, as is common here, and rubbed bright; the beds are covered with muslin curtains to keep off mosquitos, the insects being numerous and the heat rendering it necessary to have the windows open at night. Here, for four dollars (*twelve shillings*) a-day each, we had small bedrooms, with breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at half past five, at the table d'hôte. The latter was in French style, consisting of a great variety of small dishes, and succeeded immediately by coffee. Burgundy wine, diluted with water, was the common beverage at dinner; but though considered as adapted to the climate—and probably it is the most so of any fermented liquor—yet persons who, for the purpose of discouraging drinking customs, have taken water only, have found themselves better rather than worse for discontinuing the use of the Burgundy wine. This much for the capital of the Mauritius, in which Mr Backhouse found everything excessively dear. Board at Massey's hotel, 12s. a-day; a watch-glass, 4s.; a country breakfast, 3s.; thirty miles in an oil-cloth covered omnibus, 12s.; mutton, 1s. per pound; beef, 8d. to 10d.; venison, 2s.; asses, from L.20 to L.80; and fine horses or mules at twice that sum.

Mahébourg, the second town and port in the island, is described as situated at the southern base of 'a picturesque craggy range of woody mountains, on the margin of a deep bay, into which two rivers discharge themselves. The bay is called Grand Port, and fronted by a coral reef that keeps the waters tranquil within, while the roar of the surge tumbling upon it without, continually strikes the ear. The town consists of several streets of wooden houses, chiefly of one storey, many of them shops with open fronts, and a large military barrack of

stone. The population of the town, including the district of Grand Port, was in 1836, of free persons, males, 1672; females, 1613; apprentices, males, 3337; females, 2316. This disproportion between the number of males and females prevails still more extensively in the interior, and is one of the most clamant evils in the Mauritius. Occasioned originally by slavery, and augmented during the introduction of the hill-coolies, of whom only about 200 women were brought with upwards of 10,000 men, it has been the fertile source of much immorality and crime, for which a long continuance of freedom and education are the only adequate remedies.

The next and only other place of note visited by Mr Backhouse was the inland village of Pamplemousses, famous for its botanic garden, established by the French, and for a tomb raised to the memory of Paul and Virginia, the tale respecting whom was founded on some circumstances connected with the wreck of the *St Geran* on the 18th of August 1744. This incident, so affectingly told by St Pierre, took place on the Ile d'Ambre, a small projecting ridge of rocks on the north-east of the island, covered with a few coco-palms and straggling screw-pines. The following sketch of the district which formed the scene of so well known a tale will be read with interest:—'On the borders of a shady part of the road near Pamplemousses, the beautiful orange and white varieties of *Thunbergia Alata* were growing, much in the manner that ground-ivy grows in England; and by the side of a brook there was a species of paper-reed, and a remarkable palm from Madagascar, from the fibres of which beautiful cloth, resembling stuff, was made. The country between Port Louis and Pamplemousses is grassy, nearly flat, and but little cultivated, up to the foot of the mountain ranges of Pouce, Moka, and Peter Bot. Beyond the village, the country is more undulating. Much of it is covered with fragments of vesicular basalt, among which the sugar-cane is cultivated. In many of the fields the stones are collected in ridges, about four feet apart, and in others into squares; the canes are planted in the spaces between these ridge walls. Some of the stones are small, and others are as large as a man's head; but the soil among them is adapted for the growth of the cane, which thrives even in the fissures of the rocks, where the stones preserve it from drought. In some places there are also fields of manioc, and plantations of bananas, &c.; in others the wood has not yet been cleared, and among it are many trees of ebony, also custard-apples, guavas, &c. that have become wild.'

The surface of the Mauritius, however, is not all so tame and accessible; much of the mountain scenery is wild and picturesque. In the evening we accompanied a gentleman, who had resided a considerable time in the colony, to his residence on Plaines Wilhems, seven miles from Port Louis, across the Grande Rivière, and behind the mountains. Many persons of opulence reside in this district, which, being several hundred feet above the sea, is much cooler than the town. The road was crowded with people—Hindoos and Malabars, as well as blacks and Creoles, just (1838) emerging from slavery. Many of them were returning from washing in the Grande Rivière, and were carrying large bundles of clothes. Some parts of the country were not cultivated, but covered with trees, shrubs, and stones. Other parts were occupied by houses of the colonists, huts of the coloured population, and fields of manioc and sugar-cane. Some of the fields were bordered with a screw-pine, the leaves of which are used for making sugar-bags, and with *Ayavé Americana*, *Fourcraea gigantea*, large plants, with aloe-like foliage, that have been used for fences, but have become naturalised, as has also the Indian fig under the same circumstances. The ravine of the Grande Rivière is very beautiful, being deep, and thickly clothed with trees and shrubs, from among which rocks and numerous waterfalls emerge. The botanist will find a large field of interesting facts in Mr Backhouse's volume, narrated with the brevity and precision of a scientific naturalist.

The animals of the Mauritius are comparatively few and insignificant, if we except the fish, turtles, shell-fish, and corals, which abound along its shores. Wild hogs and deer are met with in the forests, and occasionally furnish sport to the settlers. No beasts of prey or venomous reptile exist in the island; but small lizards are numerous, investing even the drawing-rooms of Mahébourg and Port Louis. They are quite harmless, however, eating flies and mosquitos, and occasionally partaking of the delicacies in the pantry. The tropic bird builds in the mountain forests and on the sea-cliffs; and a small hawk, about the size of our own sparrow-hawk, is said to be the only bird of prey in the island. Monkeys are not unfrequently met with; a species of hare is also found; and rabbits are naturalised on the east coast. Two species of partridge, and some pigeons, are the chief wild birds killed for food. The dodo formerly found in the island is now extinct, at least no one has met with it during the present century. Insects are numerous, and, as in all hot climates, exceedingly troublesome: but the natives seem to make reprisals in return; for the combs of a large ochre-coloured wasp are sold in the bazaar at Port Louis, the roasted larvæ or grubs being prized as a delicacy by the Creole population.

The inhabitants of the Mauritius, mixed and multifarious as they are, seem to enjoy conditions more favourable than those of other recently emancipated countries. Their climate, though hot, is healthy; little clothing is required; and though farinaceous food be rather high-priced, their country yields, at little expense, sugar, coffee, manioc, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, pine-apples, and other tropical produce. Slavery has still left them far in the rear of civilisation, and of a knowledge of true religion; and it will require many years of patient labour and care to spread the light of a better state of things amongst them. Numerous schools, under the superintendence of different missionary societies and of the government, are now established, and meet with encouragement. Mr Backhouse speaks well of these institutions, and regards them as amongst the most hopeful budgings of general improvement that he saw on the island. Besides schools, there are temperance societies, prayer meetings, chapels belonging to different sects, and other means of religious and intellectual instruction. Indeed the colony seems to be in a state of progress, though it is much retarded by the retention of old French law, and by the influence of some of the more wealthy planters in power, who are opposed to the education of the lower orders. Temperance does not seem to be one of their prominent virtues. 'The lower order of blacks in Port Louis is much debased by drinking at the authorised canteens. These are farmed from the government by a private individual; and though subjected to some good regulations, respecting being open to the street, and burning lights inside, so that every person in them may be distinctly seen, yet they afford facilities for obtaining strong drink, such as always increase its consumption among certain classes. There are also canteens in the military barracks, the profits of which are said to be devoted to the relief of soldiers' widows; and many such widows they make; for rarely a week elapses without some of the soldiery dying from *delirium tremens*, consequent upon drinking.' It is clear that this love of liquor among the lower orders, and especially among the recently emancipated negroes, can only be restrained by a higher state of education, which will enable them to comprehend the evils it gives rise to, and the comfort and happiness which an opposite course would procure. But while education and religion work their way, they ought to be aided by the positive co-operation of government, in lessening the facility of obtaining the means of indulgence. It is a blind and fatuous policy that, of expending a vast amount of money and care upon the correction of vice, and niggardly grudging the smallest allowance for its prevention. Thus, while

schools are left to the care of private individuals and the charity of missionary societies, prisons and hospitals are erected and maintained by government for the correction and cure of those led into vice and crime principally through ignorance and intemperance.

'The prison of the court of justice is under remarkably good management. The building is incommodious, scarcely admitting of classification; but a new one, intended to remedy its defects, containing eighty cells, is in progress of erection. The prisoners confined in it are debtors, persons committed for trial, and those under sentence. The last are employed in picking oakum, breaking stones, making baskets and nets, and in tailoring, shoemaking, &c.; and some are daily marched out to work at the citadel and roads. All prisoners of this class are required to work; and if they have not been accustomed to any regular occupation, they are requested to choose one, in order that they may not be ultimately turned out of prison without the means of earning a subsistence. The receipts for labour in 1836 only amounted to L.86, 7s. 9d.; but in 1837 they had increased to L.205, 1s. One half of the money is appropriated toward defraying the expenses of the prison, the other is divided among such prisoners, on being discharged, as shall have conducted themselves well.' Similar accounts are given of the Bague prison, in which slave apprentices guilty of 'marooning' (running away), and other misdemeanours, are confined; of the prison at Mahébourg; and of the military hospital, of which Mr Backhouse remarks that it is a pity so large and fine a building should be required chiefly for persons who have made themselves ill either by drinking or other moral delinquency. Crimes of a serious description are happily fewer than what might have been expected, considering the number and mixed nature of the Mauritian population. Murder and assassination are rare; robbery and theft are not unfrequent; marooning, intemperance, assault, licentiousness, and the like, forming the great bulk of the criminal calendar.

The manners and customs of the Mauritians afford little matter for remark. Those of the higher and middle classes are more French than English, though the religious observances, education, modes of living, &c. belonging to the mother country, are gradually prevailing, more particularly since the period of emancipation. Those of the lower orders are a curious mixture of Creole, Negro, Hindoo, Chinese, and English, which can only be successfully amalgamated into one by the endeavours of the British government, its teachers, and ministers of religion. In general, the inhabitants are frank and affable to each other; though slavery, as elsewhere, has stamped distinctions even among those now equal in rank, which it will require many years of freedom to efface. To be without shoes is the badge of bondage; and a negro, who will endure any amount of abuse you may choose to heap upon him, will skulk at the very mention of 'barefoot.' These distinctions of caste are kept up even in death; and the cemetery of Port Louis, one of the most picturesque that could be imagined, is divided into compartments for the rich, the poor, the negro, the Chinese, and Hindoo, as if the universal doom of 'earth to earth' should pay deference even to the rank of common inanimate elements. A population composed of so many different people must of course have many religious rites and observances; and thus it is that a vast amount of superstition and idolatry prevails even among those who, by the ceremony of baptism, are regarded as Christians. Several of these observances, as the Yamsay, kept eleven days once in eleven months by the Hindoos, is a curious intermixture of gaiety, frivolity, feasting, and religion. Music, processions, dancing, gay dresses, portable pagodas, banners, idols, and feasting, compose this ritual, which, though not partaken in, is, seemingly, witnessed and enjoyed by all classes in the island. These displays of heathenism are, however, passing away, and by and by will be held as mere holidays, just as the god-days of our Teutonic ancestors were observed in

Britain long after there was no religious idea attached to them, and when we were professedly a nation of Christians. The dresses of the lower orders are simple, and adapted to the climate; though in many cases it would be desirable that something more than a mere loin-cloth and turban were added to their wardrobes. The females generally go without caps, but many wear their hair tastefully done up in huge tortoise shell combs; and those of the elder women tie coloured handkerchiefs over their heads above their combs, or even wear veils thrown over the neck and shoulders.

Such is a brief glance at the Mauritius, its history, produce, commerce, scenery, and population, from which it may be seen that, small as it is, it forms one of the most valuable of our colonial dependencies, and worthy of all the attention that government can bestow, if not on account of its resources, at least for the importance of its position to our Eastern Commerce.

PERILS OF BUFFALO-HUNTING.

AMONG the numerous stories of the chase in India, America, and at home, with which we have amused our readers, the following is undoubtedly one of the most interesting. It is related by Mr Featherstonhaugh in his *Excursion through the Slave States*—a work noticed in No. 27 of our current series:—

"The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr Percival, who has followed the forest-chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side; but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon lay down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land; a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast seeing his enemy so near, wheeling completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

"In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and everything seemed to depend upon his reaching it, but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter; a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought

there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

"In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

"After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped ~~cautiously~~, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out; and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

"But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested a while, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree, he made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and insupportable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his high shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

"Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact, that when he joined his companions after a separation of forty days, they asked why he looked so pale and emaciated, and inquired 'if he had been down with the fever?' He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping up from the ground to defend himself: such was his state, that he who had been formerly proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension even when a covey of quails unexpectedly

flushed before him. Mr Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure before his sleep became tranquil, and that although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.*

AUTUMN.

[From 'Landscape Lyrics']

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

THE orchard's plover's store,
The apple-boughs o'erburdened with their load,
That passers-by may gather from the road,
Hang now the near walls o'er:

And filberts, bursting fair,
Seduce the loiterer to reach the hand,
And pluck the offered treasures of the land,
With wood-nuts that are there.

The still hill-sides are clad
With bloom; the distant moorland now is bright
With blossom and with beauty, the rich sight
The heart of man makes glad.

The hamlet is at peace;
And, in the ripened fields, the reapers ply
Their useful labour, while a golden sky
Smiles on the soil's increase.

To the romantic spring,
That gushes lone beneath the neighbouring hill,
The cottage maidens go their jays to fill,
While carols rude they sing.

Sweet is the cuckoo's song
In early spring, and musical and blessed
The nightingale—young Summer's lutenist—
Pours its gay notes along;

And in the thunder's roar,
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,
Sweet sings the missel thrush and the crash,
The bursting tempest o'er! *

As solitary tree,
That, pilgrim-like, seathless, amid the shock
Of rudest storms that burst the sterner rock,
Stands in its grandeur free.

But sweeter than them all,
And softer than the voice of love returned,
Are the untutored lays of lips sunburned
From village maids that fall!

To schoolboys' feelings dear
Is rich-toned autumn. Oh! with what a zest
They plunge in stream retired—despoil a nest—
Or ramble far and near.

How oft, when changeful Time
Has sprinkled o'er our locks its silver thread—
Remembrance brings to mind—and gladness sheds—
The pastimes of our prime!

The lowing of the kine,
In distant meadow-glades, comes on the ear,
With taste of nature fresh, like far-off cheer
Of rustics, as they join

The merry dance at eve;
Each rural sound has in it joy and health:
Man now should garner thought as well as wealth,
And gladly truth receive.

The calm and picturesque;
The foliaged cedar, and the wreathed beech,
More glowing thoughts and impulses can teach
Than Learning from his desk!

* The singing of the missel-thrush during a thunder-storm has always appeared to me a beautiful incident in nature. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. This interesting little bird is popularly known by the name of the storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing boldest immediately previous to a storm; but that he also sends forth his 'native wood-notes wild' during its continuance, is a fact which has been satisfactorily ascertained. Undimayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder-tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ARE there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

'He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used.'

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

'She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine.'

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

'He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt.'

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, 'You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.'

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigour. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St Petersburg?

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SCRUBS.

THERE is a set of persons who think to get the weather-gage of all mankind by cribbing off sixpences from tradesmen's bills, and never giving dinners. This, like all other delusions, holds a tyrannical sway over its victim, and seldom quits him till the breath is also about to depart. The unavoidable effect during life is to subject the unhappy man to an immense amount of odium, the pressure of which would in general be quite insupportable, were it not for the fallacy he lies under of supposing himself to be all the time one of the three or four wise people who redeem the human race from the charge of universal folly. Perhaps the world regards scrubs with a somewhat too fierce hatred. They are a fraternity only unfortunate in loving (themselves) not wisely, but too well. Instead of being detested and held in contempt, as they generally are, they might rather be regarded with pity, as so many wretched men labouring under a false theory, which they continually believe to be exalting them, when in reality it is only dragging them down. We ought to speak gently of scrubbism, as we do of any other form of insanity, and only be thankful that we are not scrubs ourselves.

To be quite serious—there is a certain medium between too great and too little liberality of general conduct, which cannot be transgressed far in either direction without injurious consequences. It is bad to be a spend-thrift; it is weak to be over-melting and bountiful. But so it is also bad to be unduly solicitous about little savings, or little advantages, or to be ungracefully parsimonious in proportion to one's circumstances. Such conduct does indeed often appear to be attended with the desired object of accumulation; but when thus successful in one way, it is sure to be injurious in another, in precluding all kindly sympathy from our fellow-creatures, and shutting up many other valuable sources of enjoyment in our own nature. In many cases, however, the apparent success is not justly due to scrubbism, but to qualities of a respectable kind which may have happened to be associated with it, and which would have told better without it. Such at least is the conclusion I am disposed to come to, when I consider how frequently I have seen extreme narrowness in money dealings, and sordidness in expenditure, attended by something like a failure in the great struggles of life. There is an English proverb, that a penny soul never came to twopence; and it is not difficult to see how this should be; for, first, such mean views are very apt to prevent a man from venturing upon perfectly safe enterprises, calculated to be beneficial to him; and, second, they tend to have the effect of disqualifying himself and all connected with him for meeting that public favour on which fortune very much depends. When we hear a man constantly talking with earnestness about paltry

profits, or find him unyielding in dealings about small sums, or endeavouring to 'shave' as much as possible off every article he sells and every payment he has to make, we are necessarily disgusted with him: we desire to avoid him in future, and avoided he accordingly is. Such a man only can be successful with a great and unnecessary difficulty, for all besides his own hard work, or some fortunate accident in his position, will be unfavourable.

This view is the more confirmed, when we look to the instances of successful men who have pursued the contrary policy. The late M. Lafitte of Paris rose from being a penniless clerk to be the first banker of his day, and one of the most eminent public characters of his country; although it was remarked of him, that the generosity of his nature made him the dupe of whoever chose to attempt imposing upon him. His case reminds us of what we can hardly regard as a fiction, the remark of Jenkinson in the Vicar of Wakefield as to simple kind-hearted neighbour Flamborough, whom he had contrived to cheat in one way or another once every year, 'and yet,' he said, 'Flamborough has been regularly growing in riches, while I have come to poverty and a jail.' Life abounds in cases of brilliant results to generous policy. I cannot refrain from mentioning a somewhat quaint one, which was mentioned to me in conversation some years ago. The late Mr Fowler, a brewer of beer at Prestonpans, in East Lothian, who died worth a very large sum, was believed to have been indebted for it all to a benevolent liberality of nature, which, taking a professional direction, induced him to make his liquor unusually good. He would go up to his vats, and, tasting the infusion, say, 'Still rather poor, my lads—give it another cast of the malt.' By persevering in this course, he obtained the highest character as a brewer, and in a few years had a large remunerative sale for his ale, not only in our own island, but in India and the colonies. I observe it stated in a contemporary publication, that, in the discussions of the directors of the Dover railway respecting fares and arrangements for the public convenience, Mr Baxendale, the chairman, remarked that a *hard bargain is ever a bad bargain for the apparent gainer*; a maxim equally just and well expressed. The work which quotes the remark adds, that its spirit has been impressed on the management of this railway—'the public, rich and poor,' being 'treated like a gentleman'—and the prophecy is further hazarded, that the highway between London and the rest of Europe will be amongst the most prosperous lines in consequence. Of this we can have little doubt. And it is ever so. Providing a good article or good accommodation to the public, at the cheapest rate which promises a fair profit, is in reality a kind of beneficence, compared with more exacting terms. There may be a trading object in the one case as well as in the other; but a trading

object may be pursued in the spirit of a kindly meaning liberality, instead of a grasping and extorting policy; and if so, it will deserve to succeed, and most probably will, where a different system fails.

The feelings of the scrub being entirely selfish, he will almost invariably be found entertaining mean views of mankind, describing them as ready on all occasions to be gulled—as heedless, heartless, thankless—these notions being in truth only a reflex from his own consciousness. This is one of the scrub's most fatal mistakes. Adjusting his conduct towards his fellow-creatures by such rules, he becomes an object of universal dislike, and his interests suffer accordingly. It is pleasant to turn from such views of man's moral nature, and of the best means of attaining prosperity, to those which have been entertained by high and generous minds. Pitt, who had as much occasion as any man could have to see his fellow-creatures in unfavourable lights, nevertheless declared it to be the result of his experience in the main, that mankind generally meant well, and that anything else was the exception, and not the rule. Hear also what the late amiable Dr Cheyne, the head of the medical profession in Dublin, states in his memoir of his own life. Speaking of the commencement of his career, 'I endeavoured,' he says, 'to become acquainted with the characters of those who moved in the highest rank of the profession, and to discover the causes of their success; and I ascertained that, although a man might acquire popularity by various means, he could not reckon upon preserving public favour, unless he possessed the respect of his own profession; that if he would effectually guard his own interests, he must in the first place attend to the interests of others; hence I was led carefully to study, and liberally to construe, that part of medical ethics which regulates the conduct of physicians towards each other.' Dr Cheyne seems to have strictly followed this rule in the course of that career which terminated so brilliantly; for, in an address presented to him by his brethren on his being forced by bad health to retire, the following passage occurs:—'Faithful alike to your patients and your colleagues, you became pre-eminent without exciting jealousy. Your extensive information and sound practical judgment, the candour and kindness which you have ever shown to your brethren, and the sterling integrity and dignified deportment which have always been conspicuous in your intercourse with every member of the profession, have so fully commanded our highest esteem and unlimited confidence, that we should hail with sincere pleasure your return to that important station amongst us which you have so long and so deservedly occupied.' And is it not reasonable, and only reasonable, to suppose that a man's worldly success is to be promoted by his having the good-will, instead of the ill-will, of his fellows? In the one case, it is himself and a thousand minor influences working to the end; in the other, it is himself working to it, but a thousand secret influences working against it. Considering the difficulties which they needlessly raise in their course, the successes of the selfish are far more wonderful than those of the generous. Where, with competent prudence and skill, there is a genuine natural suavity towards others, accompanied by a practical liberality according to the measure of the understood means, all works well; and ultimate triumph is certain. But the prosperity of the thorough scrub, attained amidst the contempt and detestation of the public, can never be anything but a kind of miracle when it occurs, and, far more probably, it is strained after in vain.

For these reasons, I regard the scrub as a person labouring under a natural misfortune, and who claims the pity of all who can be so magnanimous as to smile at his wretched maxims and the derision in which he affects to regard every generous principle. Let all,

however, who may feel tempted to adopt his policy, be impressed with a due horror for it, as that above all others worst calculated either to promote material interests, or to procure the mental amenity in which the happiness of life more truly consists.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

FROM Windermere we set out for Keswick, by way of Ambleside, from which it is distant sixteen miles. The first part of the road leads through the beautiful valley of the Rothay, and among the grounds and pleasant shades of Rydal Hall. At the distance of a mile and a half from Ambleside we reached the village of Rydal, situated in a narrow gorge at the lower extremity of Rydal Mere. In the immediate vicinity is Rydal Hall, the seat of the family of Le Fleming since the time of Henry VI., finely placed on an eminence somewhat withdrawn from the east end of the lake, in a close romantic nook among old woods that feather the fells which appear over their summits. The woods and grounds around this ancient mansion are laid out in keeping with the character of the surrounding scenery, and wherever

'Art appears, 'tis with unsanded feet.'

The taste by which a cascade in the pleasure-grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude rock amidst the green tint of woods, is shown through a darkened garden house, and therefore, with all the opposition which light and shade can give, is even not too artificial, so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be observed. 'Here,' says West, 'nature has performed everything in little which she usually executes on her larger scale, and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner: not a little fragment of a rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning; and the little central stream, dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description.' 'The sylvan, or rather the forest scenery of Rydal Park,' says Christopher North, 'was, in the memory of living men, magnificent; and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glow-worm among the last year's red beech-leaves. No very great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage.' A little above the hall, on a projection of the hill called Knab Scar, stands Rydal Mount—a lovely cottage-like building, as Mrs Hemans describes it, almost hidden by a profusion of roses, which we regard with deep interest—the dwelling of Wordsworth, the great philosophic poet of the age. From a grassy mound in front, 'commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence traceable in many of the poet's writings, you catch a gleam of Windermere over the grove-tops; close at hand are Rydal Hall and its ancient woods; right opposite, the Loughrigg Fells, ferny, rocky, and sylvan; and to the right, Rydal Mere, scarcely seen through embowering trees; while just below, the chapel lifts up its little tower.' In the immediate vicinity is a house called the Knab, to which our attention was directed as having been formerly occupied by the English Opium Eater, and at a later period by Mr Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of the famous S. T. Coleridge, and himself an author of no mean repute.

Leaving Rydal Lake, and passing between the towering heights of Knab Sear on the right, and Loughrigg Fells on the left, the road winds round a projecting rock, beyond which the lake of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view.* 'The bosom of the mountain,' says the poet Gray, 'spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging enclosures, corn fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountain sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no staring gentleman's house, breaks upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise; but all is peace—rusticity and happy poverty in its sweetest, most becoming attire.' Grasmere has also been sketched by Wordsworth in his 'Excursion,' and it is difficult to say whether the prose of the one poet or the poetry of the other does greatest justice to this lovely vale:—

'Upon a rising ground a gray church tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
And towards a crystal Mere that lay beyond,
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A copious stream, with boldly winding course
Here traceable—there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's banks, and every where, appeared
Fairy dwellings, single, or in social knots,
Some scattered over the level, others perched
On the hill-sides—a cheerful quiet scene.'

The view from the road near the head of the lake is extremely fine. The lake, shining like a burnished silver sea, and reflecting the precipitous mountains with every feature of every object on its tranquil banks,

'Lies like a sleeping child, too blest to wake.'

Its western boundary is formed by the rugged hills of Silver How and the lofty range of Fairfield, while behind the village Helm-crag rears its crest, 'a strange fantastic summit, round, yet jagged, and splintered like the wheel of a water-mill.' The strange broken outlines of the top of this mountain have given rise to numberless whimsical comparisons. Gray likens it to a gigantic building demolished, and the stones which composed it flung across each other in wild confusion; West to a mass of antediluvian remains; Otley says that, viewed from Dunmail Raise, a mortar elevated for throwing shells into the valley is no unapt comparison; and Wordsworth, in allusion to a local opinion, speaks of

'The ancient woman seated on Helm Crag.'

After leaving Grasmere, we met with nothing very interesting till we came to the celebrated pass of Dunmail Raise, a depression between two lofty mountains, Steel Fell and Seat Sandal, which rise with finely sweeping lines on each side, and shut up the vale. About the middle of the pass our attention was attracted by a huge cairn or

'pile of stones
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones—
He who once held supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour.'

According to tradition, this cairn was erected as a memorial of the victory obtained A. D. 945 by Edmund the Saxon king, over Dunmail, king of Cumberland. The

* We would recommend the visitor to follow the old road to Grasmere, which branches off at a place called White Moss Slate Quarry. It is shorter, and to be preferred by pedestrians, on account of the fine views it commands of Rydal and Grasmere lakes. It also leads past the 'Wishing Gate,' celebrated by Wordsworth in some beautiful verses.

conqueror, in conformity with the cruel usages of the age, put out the eyes of Dunmail's two sons, and gave his territory to Malcolm, king of Scotland. Dunmail Raise forms one of the grand passes from Westmoreland into Cumberladd, and Gilpin conjectures that the cairn was probably intended to mark the division between the kingdoms of England and Scotland in ancient times, when the Scottish border extended beyond its present bounds. The entrance into Cumberland presents us with a scene of remarkable grandeur and sublimity, composed of a vista of huge mountains, extending through an easy descent of six or seven miles, and terminated by Thirlmere, or Wyburn Water, a long but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls of rocky fells starting from its margin. The road, winding high over the skirts of 'the mighty Helvellyn,' soon brought us to this lake, to which the mountain forms a vast side-screen throughout its whole length. It is an object every way suited to the barrenness and desolation of the surrounding scenery: 'no tufted verdure graces its banks, nor hanging woods throw rich reflections on its surface, but every form which it suggests is savage and desolate.' Our attention was directed to a rock projecting into the lake, on its eastern side, which has acquired the appellation of 'Clarke's Leap,' from the circumstance of a person bearing this name having, in deference to the suggestion of his wife, precipitated himself into the Mere. Near the foot of Thirlmere, we pass on the extremity of the vale of St John, a narrow cultivated spot, lying in the bosom of tremendous rocks, which impend over it in masses of gray crag. Looking down through a vast rocky vista, the broad broken steeps of Saddleback, and the dark blue peaks of Skiddaw, are seen closing it to the north. 'On every side,' says Mrs Radcliffe, 'are images of desolation and stupendous greatness, closing upon a narrow line of pastoral richness, a picture of verdant beauty seen through a frame of rock-work.'

'Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dell lay smooth and still,
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.'—Scott.

In the middle of the vale stands the Castle Rock, a massive crag, which derives its name from its remarkable resemblance to a dilapidated and time-worn fortress. The lofty turrets and ragged battlements, the galleries, the bending arches, and the buttresses, may be distinctly traced. On a nearer approach, however, the illusion vanishes; according to local superstition, by virtue of the supernatural art of certain genii who govern the place. On a close inspection, we found, like other curious travellers, the venerable walls transformed into a mass of rugged rocks—

'And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore.'

Proceeding onward, the three grand rival mountains of Cumberland, Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn, were now seen together; and ascending the summit of Castle-rigg, where formerly stood an ancient castle, the residence of the Earls of Derwentwater, we obtained a most extensive view, comprising the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, the fertile vale through which the Derwent winds on its passage from the one lake to the other. Surrounding the whole, rises a vast circular chain of mountains; and towering over them all, on the eastern side of the isthmus, which joins the valley of Derwentwater with that of Bassenthwaite, stands the mountain of Skiddaw. Gray declares, that on leaving Keswick, when he turned round at this place to contemplate the scenery behind him, he was so charmed, 'that he had almost a mind to go back again.' At the foot of Castle-rigg stands the small market-town of Keswick, on the south bank of the Greta, little more than a mile from the foot of Skiddaw. Keswick contains two museums, which deserve a visit, as they include, in addition to many foreign curiosities, specimens illustrating the natural history and geology of the surrounding country.

Mr Flintoff's accurate model of the lake district, the labour of many years, is also well deserving of inspection. On a little eminence near the town, overhanging the river Greta, stands Greta Hall, for many years the residence of the late poet-laureate Southey. It is in all respects a very plain dwelling; but the grandeur of the prospect which it commands can scarcely fail in fascinating the gaze of the coldest and dullest of spectators. The lake of Derwentwater in one direction, with its lovely islands, the lake of Bassenthwaite in another, the mountains of Newlands, arranging themselves like pavilions, the gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge—all these objects lie in different angles to the front; whilst the sullen rear is closed for many a league by the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathara—mountains which are rather to be considered as frontier barriers, and chains of hilly ground cutting the county of Cumberland into great chambers and different climates, than as insulated eminences, so vast is the area which they occupy.

Half a mile from Keswick is the celebrated lake of Derwentwater. A scene of more romantic beauty than this lake affords can scarcely be imagined. It is about ten miles in circumference, and in shape is pretty much like a boy's kite, 'expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky, but not vast: broken into many fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks that rise immediately beyond, and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overshoot the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell with woody eminences, or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits; and a white cottage sometimes peeps from out their skirts, seated on the smooth knoll of a pasture projecting to the lake, and looks so exquisitely picturesque as to seem placed there purposely to adorn it. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture: and so evenly and brilliantly translucent is its surface, that it rather heightens than obscures the colouring.' Its bosom is spotted by several small islands, the largest of which are St Herbert's Isle, Lord's Island, and Vicar's Isle. At irregular intervals of a few years, the lake exhibits a singular phenomenon, in the rising of a floating island, varying in extent from an acre to a few perches, from the bottom to the surface of the water. It is composed of earthy matter, six feet in thickness, covered with vegetation, and is full of air-bubbles, which, it is supposed, by penetrating the whole mass, diminish its specific gravity, and are the cause of its buoyancy. St Herbert's Isle, which is placed nearly in the centre of the lake, derives its name from a holy hermit who lived in the seventh century, and had his cell on this island. The remains of the hermitage are still visible. The story of this saintly eremite, and the affection which he bore to St Cuthbert of Durham, is beautifully told by Bede. It states, that at the intreaty of Herbert, the holy bishop besought from heaven the favour that he should die at the same time with himself; which prayer was granted. Near the ruins of the hermitage stands a small cottage of unhewn stone, erected some years ago by Sir Wilfred Lawson, to whose representative the island at present belongs. Lord's Island has upon it the hardly perceptible remains of a pleasure-house, erected by one of the Derwentwater family with the stones of their deserted castle which stood on Castlerigg. Derwentwater gave the title of earl to the Ratcliffe family, in whose possession the lake and adjacent lands continued until the ruin of that noble house. That portion of them which lies in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater was recently purchased by Mr Marshall of Leeds, the eminent manufacturer.

The views both of lake and mountain scenery in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater are remarkably numerous and interesting, and few places will afford the admirer of nature more beautiful prospects of rock, wood,

and water. A very pleasant excursion may be made through the 'jaws of Borrowdale' to the secluded valley of Buttermere, twelve or fourteen miles from Keswick. Leaving Keswick by the Borrowdale road, we passed in succession Castle Head, Wallow Crag, and Falcon Crag; all of them excellent stations for obtaining the most picturesque views of the lake. Wallow Crag was a favourite resort of Southey, who has given a beautiful description of it in the first volume of his Colloquies on the Progress of Society. A hollow in the summit of the mountain has obtained the name of the Lady's Rake, from a tradition that a young lady of the Derwentwater family, in the time of some public disturbance, made her escape at this spot, by climbing an apparently inaccessible precipice. Winding under the woods of Borrowside, we reached the celebrated waterfall of Lowdore. The stream falls through a chasm between two towering perpendicular rocks. The intermediate part, broken into large fragments, forms the rough bed of the cascade. The grandeur of the rocks around the stream renders the scene at all times impressive; but the cascade is dependent in a great measure for its effect on the quantity of water. Here Borrowdale begins, its rocks spreading in a vast sweep round the head of the lake. 'The aspect of these rocks,' says Mrs Radcliffe, 'with the fragments that have rolled from their summits, and lie on each side of the road, prepared us for the scene of tremendous ruin we were approaching in the gorge or pass of Borrowdale, which opens from the centre of the amphitheatre that binds the head of Derwentwater. Dark rocks yawn at its entrance, and disclose a narrow pass running up between mountains of granite that are shook into almost every possible form of horror. All above resembles the accumulations of an earthquake, splintered, shivered, piled, amassed. Huge cliffs have rolled down into the glen below, where, however, is still a miniature of the sweetest pastoral beauty on the banks of the river Derwent.' Pursuing this wild pass for about a mile, we reached the gigantic Bowder-stone—

'Upon a semicircle of turf-clad ground,
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that most precipitous,
A stranded ship with keel upturned, that rests
Careless of winds and waves.'*

This immense block, which appears to have been detached from the heights above by lightning or some convulsion of nature, stands on a platform of ground a short distance to the left of the road. It measures about twenty yards in length and ten in height, and has been computed to weigh upwards of 1900 tons. The side towards the road projects about twelve feet over the base, and it is poised upon one of its angles with a trifling additional support towards one end. Its summit, which commands a fine view of the interior of Borrowdale, may be gained by means of a ladder which has been affixed to it for the use of strangers. Close to Bowder-stone, but on the opposite side of the river from the bank of which it suddenly rises, is an elevation richly clothed with wood, called Castle Crag, on the summit of which the traces of a Roman fortification may still be seen. At Castle Crag, the road and the bed of the river occupy the whole of the level portion of the valley; but at the small village of Rosthwaite, a mile beyond, it widens considerably, and presents a varied and pleasing landscape. A short way further on, in the neighbourhood of a place called Seatollar, we reached the celebrated mine of plumbago, or black-lead, as it is called, the only mine of the kind in England. It has been worked at intervals for upwards of two centuries; but being now less productive, the ore has been excavated for several years consecutively. We were informed that the best ore procured here sells at thirty shillings a-pound. Gilpin makes mention of a strange fraud perpetrated by the proprietor of a part of the mountain contiguous to the mine, for the purpose of obtaining a share of this valuable mineral. At the

* Wordsworth.

expense of great labour, he sunk a shaft, which he carried diagonally till he entered the mine, where he continued his depredations for some time undiscovered. At length his fraud was brought to light, and he was tried at Carlisle. The peculiarity of his case had no precedent. He saved his life; but a law was obtained by the proprietors of the mine to defend their property from such indirect attacks for the future.

Crossing Buttermere Haws, a steep and rough hill, commanding noble views of the receding valley of Borrowdale, and passing the almost perpendicular wall of Howister Crag, with its slate quarries, we reached the lake and hamlet of Buttermere, forming the very picture of seclusion. The margin of the lake, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild pastoral character, or almost savage. The waters of the lake are deep and sullen, and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook connecting it with the larger lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that in the richer tracts of the island they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. Additional interest has been given to this spot by the romantic and somewhat tragical story of Mary of Buttermere, the daughter of the 'statesman,' who, more perhaps for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, kept the rustic inn in this secluded hamlet. About the close of last century, an individual of somewhat showy exterior, with a handsome travelling equipage, took up his residence at Keswick, with the professed purpose of viewing at his leisure the beautiful scenery of the district. His real name was Hatfield; but he gave himself out for the Honourable Augustus Hope, brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. From Keswick, as his headquarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys, meeting everywhere with the respect and attention due to the brother of a nobleman. In an evil hour the heartless impostor visited the retired vale of Buttermere, and being struck with the personal attractions of the daughter of the innkeeper, then a beautiful young woman of eighteen, he paid his addresses to her, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining her hand in marriage. No long period elapsed, however, before he was apprehended and tried on a charge of forgery, and being found guilty, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. After his execution, Coleridge, who was at that time living in this district, saw and examined his very interesting papers. 'There,' says the English Opium Eater, 'were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way, and by the same impostures, as he had so recently practised in Cumberland; and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonising appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. Amongst the papers were two separate correspondences of some length, from two young women, apparently of superior condition in life (one the daughter of an English clergyman), whom this villain had deluded by marriage, and, after some cohabitation, abandoned—one of them with a family of young children. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of his villainy to whom they were addressed, though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps (the poor writer might think) on some lingering relic of affection for herself. The other set were even more distressing—they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions—alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast rising, and then yielding to their afflictive evidence—raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to show that

all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery, that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears from despairing women and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. After the death of this villain, Mary, under the name of the Beauty of Buttermere, became an object of interest to all England. Dramas and melodramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story, and for many a year afterwards, shoals of visitors crowded to the secluded lake and the little homely cabaret which had been the scene of her brief romance. She married for her second husband a respectable farmer, and died a few years ago.

A MEDICAL CALL.

A STORY.

SOME twenty years since, any one who passed through the town of B—, in the county of Tipperary, from seven till nine o'clock of a morning, would have been sure to see a crowd of persons collected at the door of a good-sized house on the right-hand side of the way as you enter the town. The crowd consisted of men, women, and children, all in their own way sufficiently vociferous—the men grumbling, the women scolding, and the children squalling; but no sooner did the good Dr St Leger appear at the door, than the discordant clamour subsided for a few moments into devout blessings. The calm, however, was of short duration: for his first inquiry was but the signal for a general onset: active scrambling and crushing commenced, and a grand display of broken heads, cuts, bruises, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. Each individual naturally thought their own pain or ache the most pressing: their various interruptions, and appeals to, and demands on the doctor, produced a curious effect, something like the cross-readings in a newspaper, as they ran thus:—'Look at this poor boy's foot, if you please, doctor!'—'My husband hasn't been able to stir this week with the pains of his head!'—'He has not been able to put it under him, or walk one step upon it these four days!'—'Doctor dear, the violence of my tooth will set me mad!'—'See this poor child's eye, doctor!'—'God bless you, pull it out!'—'The cratur can keep neither bit nor sup upon——'—'His back it's so bad!'—'Troth, I'm wasted away to——'—'A swellin' as big as your body, doctor!'—'Not a bit upon my bones——'—'But the sup of milk the mister gave me!'—'He's as wake as——'—'A good strong blister if you please——'—'He's for ever cravin' for a cordial; he thinks it would rise his heart if he had——'—'A dose of castor-oil, God bless you!'—'Since last Monday not a pataty has gone into——'—'The poor child's ears: she has had such a noise in them for the last week; for all the world, as she tells me, like——'—'The splittin' in my head!'—'No wonder for the poor babby to get a savare cowl, doctor; not a screed has he to cover him but——'—'That thick rash that's all over his body.' On thus they ran, and it was a difficult matter for Dr St Leger to enforce any kind of order, or to prevail on them to let him enter separately into each case, that he might prescribe. It required no slight share of patience and ingenuity to distinguish between the different applicants and their various ailments: his good temper was often put to trial by the way in which his directions were neglected. 'I wonder,' said he, to a woman who was descending on the sufferings of her

husband—'I wonder that the powder which I gave you for him did not relieve him.' 'Well, then, doctor, to tell God's truth, he didn't get it. Poll Murphy said it was too small to be of any manner of service; so, if you please, give me a bigger one.' 'Look at the size of my hand, doctor—it's worse and worse it has been gettin' ever since you seen it—swellin' up and inflamin'—the cut's as open as the day you gave me the plaster for it.' 'I don't see the plaster; when did you take it off? It does indeed look very badly.' 'I was just thinkin' to put it on, when Nance Ryan happened to call in, and she bid me stuff the cut well with cobwebs, so that it would hale in no time; but sorra bit better it is since I done it. Poll Murphy, who is a very knowledgeable woman, and understands all them herbs, says that chewed parsley's far beyant the cobwebs in regard of haling.* Sure, I have the plaster safe enough at home; but sure there can't be much good in it now, for the chulder has been playin' with it these four days—the craters!' This way of going on, it must be confessed, is rather provoking; but medical practitioners in the country parts of Ireland could all tell the same story. Dr St Leger's fame was spread far and near; and he was considered by the poor a lucky man, which was rated greatly above being a skilful or experienced physician. He was held in high estimation in the higher circles, where his admirable qualities and agreeable society were much valued. He had been married a few years, and enjoyed much domestic happiness with his wife and a promising young family. Indeed, it was a pleasure to see them together when the fatigues of the day were over: in the fine summer evenings they enjoyed pleasant walks in the sheltered green lanes, or sauntered about the meadows, inhaling the sweet perfume from the fresh mown grass, and admiring the groups of haymakers in the varied and picturesque attitudes of their rustic employment: the children sported before them, or played their merry gambols in the fresh hay. When the long evening-set in, they had their enjoyments within doors; and when the window-shutters were closed, the curtains drawn, and the cheerful hearth diffused its light and warmth around, the happy circle might be seen gathered round the tea-table, laughing and chatting, and the little things prattling away in the innocence of their merry young hearts. One day towards the end of October, Dr St Leger left home at about six o'clock to visit a convalescent patient who lived a very short way out of the town, promising to be back in about an hour to tea. Mrs St Leger had everything prepared at that time; the children listened anxiously for their papa's knock at the door; but eight o'clock came, and he did not appear. The clock struck nine, and the children's eyes gave unquestionable notice that their hour of rest was come; and very shortly after, Charles had actually fallen asleep under the table. Little Anne had turned her father's slippers, which she had been airing at the fire to have ready for him, at least one hundred times. Ten o'clock came. The children would all have wished to sit up till their father's return, but the power of sleep was too strong to be resisted; and, in spite of all their endeavours, their eyes could not be kept open, so they were sent to bed, to enjoy that sweet and refreshing sleep which almost always is found on the pillow of children, and which is so often vainly invoked by their elders.

Eleven o'clock passed, and Mrs St Leger did not feel surprised that her husband had not yet returned. Mr Groves might not have been so well as he had expected to find him; or he might have been pressed to spend the evening, and not known how to refuse; though she well knew that he would not willingly disappoint the

happy circle at home! At twelve o'clock she began to wonder that he was still absent; and between that hour and one, she had stirred the fire and snuffed the candles more frequently than she had ever done in twice the length of time before. She took up the book which she had been reading in the early part of the evening, but she turned over the pages unconscious of what they contained; her eyes had scanned the words, but her mind did not take in their meaning. She unclosed the window-shutters, and endeavoured to look out upon the night: it was, however, so dark, that she could distinguish nothing. She sent James, the servant, in haste to see what detained his master. She waited anxiously for his return; but was in a state of great uneasiness when she learned from him that Mr Groves's house had been shut up, and all the family gone to bed. One of the servants, however, spoke to him from the window, and told him that his master had not stayed there for more than half an hour. She knew that he had not intended, when he left home, to make any but the one call. Every moment her anxiety increased: every possible danger which he might have encountered passed rapidly through her mind. The country had been very much disturbed; there had been a few skirmishes between the peasantry and the police; several houses had been attacked and robbed of arms; some of the neighbouring gentry had received threatening letters, and were supposed to be in danger; but Dr St Leger was held in great regard by the people, to whom his medical services were extremely valuable. Then she feared he might have been taken ill; and then she thought again that this would have been surely made known to her. She knew he had to cross a bridge, but it was well secured by a parapet; still, he might have leant over, and lost his balance. Every step that passed along the pavement, every distant voice or cough, made her heart jump with eager expectation, and brought her to the hall door; but the one she so ardently longed for, and so impatiently watched for, came not. Every sound gradually died away, and all was still and silent: the dreary long night at length gave way to the first dawning of the morning, which found the poor lady almost distracted with terror. Inquiries were made in every direction; the river was dragged; but still there was no account of him. People were coming every moment to the house to inquire; and poor Mrs St Leger felt her heart die within her as knock after knock at the door made her fear that some messenger came with fatal news. The looks and words of those who approached seemed ominous of evil: it appeared to her that every one who spoke to her conjectured or knew more than they dared to say; and the very expression of kind wishes bore to her terrified fancy the dread import of some fatal knowledge. She rushed from the house in a state bordering upon distraction, and traversed the roads in breathless haste, thinking that no one else would be so likely to find him: then she would return with a vague hope that she would find him at home before her; but the icy chill of disappointment awaited her. Little Anne did all she could to comfort her miserable mother, saying that she was sure papa would be in soon, and hugging and kissing her, and begging of her not to cry. To the other children the servants spoke mysteriously of fairies and witches, giving broad hints that their papa might have been spirited away by the former, or transformed into a cat or a rat by the latter: this was poor comfort for the little creatures. Some female friends endeavoured to soothe and calm poor Mrs St Leger; but what can quiet the uneasiness of suspense—what can restrain the imagination from conjuring up a thousand disastrous visions under such circumstances? In prayer for patience, and trust in the Divine will, she found relief; but still her mind was sadly disturbed and agitated. She went about the house all day, wandering from room to room as if in search of something: her friend Miss Mitford would not leave her, and was of use at least in keeping the children quiet, and regulating household matters. She could not

* The common mode of treating cuts among the poor in Ireland.

prevail on her poor unhappy friend to taste a morsel of food, but she was parched with a burning thirst. Night came on, and, in compliance with earnest intreaties, she went to bed; but to sleep would have been impossible. Thoughts crowded upon thoughts rapidly and fearfully; and dreary and tedious as the day had been, it was nothing to the night. Darkness and stillness, that are so favourable to the repose of those at ease, are sure to increase the restlessness of the unhappy and the anxious. She rose frequently from her bed, and looked from her window out upon the cold silent street, and listened in the vain hope of hearing approaching footsteps; then she would lay herself down again, and endeavour to keep quiet, till the wind, blowing through the crevices of the doors or windows, would assume to her wearied ears the sound of voices, or the approach of some one to the house; again she would rise and look out upon as cheerless and hopeless a scene as she had looked on but a short time before. The next day came and went, and still she had no news of him. Various rumours were afloat in the town; some would have it that he must have incurred debts in former days, and having been proceeded against by his creditors, had escaped them by absconding. Some few ladies had settled it over their tea, that he had gone off for a frolic—that he might not be so discreet as he had been considered; but that, after a time, there could be no doubt he would return to his senses and to his wife. But in the opinion of most persons he had been robbed and murdered; for that neighbourhood had been for some time infested by a lawless gang, who had committed several foul outrages: the police were engaged in an active search, but were quite unsuccessful. Several days had passed, and Mrs St Leger was still in the same agony of suspense. The first inquiry the poor children made on waking of a morning, was, whether their papa had come home yet? One of the servant-maids rushed into her mistress one morning, pale and out of breath; 'Lord help us all,' said she: 'see what has been thrown into the area, ma'am.' It was a very large letter, directed to Mrs St Leger, and a sealed-up parcel was enclosed in it. The letter ran thus—'Madam, there's no use in your having the Peelers* securin' the country, and proclamations stuck up through the neighbourhood, the way you're goin' on; it's impossible for that gentleman ever to be found. They might be pokin' their noses about everywhere, but you may depend they never could get tidin's of him. So give over, madam. We don't want to trouble your peace of mind; but take heed what you're about, and take care of yourself; if you let us alone, we'll let you alone. We're the only persons now livin' that knows all that happened, and we'd sooner be flayed alive than let any Peeler get the wind of a word about it: no, not if you were to give us your lap laped up with gold. That you may know that we're in airmest in what we say, and are what we are, we send you the packet enclosed.'

SECRET SAM.'

The packet was opened, and Dr St Leger's handkerchief dyed in blood was found. No doubt remained of his terrible fate. Mrs St Leger fainted away; and it was not till Miss Mitford and the maid-servants had been chafing her temples, and using all the means usually resorted to in such cases, for a considerable time, that the sad consciousness of her desolation returned. The poor little children were all about her, sobbing their hearts out, and clasping her knees. Miss Mitford urged strongly, but tenderly, upon her consideration, that for their sakes she should exert herself, and desire to live. Her limbs seemed to have lost all power of supporting her, and she was laid gently in her bed. Miss Mitford sat beside her all day. Some of the children stayed round the bed, others climbed up close to her, and were kissing her pale cold cheeks and lips. After many hours of extreme anxiety to those about her, on her account, nature found vent, and a torrent of tears relieved her aching temples. She clasped the children alternately

in her arms, and prayed devoutly that for their sakes she might be enabled to bear her burden. In the meantime active measures were going on for obtaining some clue to the particulars of the dreadful event, which no one could any longer flatter themselves had not occurred. The whole neighbourhood mourned the loss of one of the kindest and most efficient members of their society, thus suddenly snatched from among them, too plainly, by an assassin's hand. Large meetings of the gentry and the magistrates of the district were held; immense rewards were offered for information, or any clue by which it could be obtained. Time moved heavily on with poor Mrs St Leger; and it was difficult at the end of a fortnight to think that but two weeks had gone since she had sustained her sad loss. Miss Mitford's kindness and attention were unremitting, and the poor children watched her looks, and used all their endearing little ways to comfort her. Charles had been a great favourite with his father, and the poor child could never relinquish the idea that he was coming home. He would stand for hours at the window, turning his head and straining his eyes first to one end of the street, then to the other. Every voice and step he heard without he thought were his; at every knock at the door, he would start up and say that he knew it was papa; that he knew his knock. At first, when she heard his exclamations, his poor mother's heart would palpitate violently with emotion; but now all hope had died away. Indeed, so totally unavailing had every search and inquiry been, that no other impression remained but that the unfortunate gentleman had been murdered, and the body concealed.

Mr Groves's gate-keeper had been examined several times, but he could tell nothing more than that he had opened the gate for him, and shut it after him, on the night when he had been last seen. He had looked after him, and saw that he turned towards the town. This was the latest account which could be had.

Not, however, to inflict a suspense on the reader similar to that suffered by Dr St Leger's family, we think it time to reveal what really became of him. The gate-keeper was quite correct in saying that Dr St Leger had gone on towards the town; but he had advanced but a few paces, when he was suddenly seized on by some person from behind, who held him in a tight and powerful grip. He heard a rush of several persons from behind the hedge, a handkerchief was thrown across his eyes, and tightly bandaged over them. He was so closely held, that his struggles were quite unavailing, and a hand was held over his mouth to prevent his calling out. The persons about him spoke in low whispers, so that he could not distinguish one word they said. In a few moments he heard the sound of wheels, and in a short time some vehicle drew up; he was lifted into it; and, as far as he could judge, it was some kind of cart, with a seat arranged fronting the horses, which set off at full speed as soon as the whip was cracked and an encouraging shout given by the driver. There was a person seated beside Dr St Leger, from whom, however, he was unable to procure a single answer to his oft-repeated question of—Where were they going?—what was intended towards him? In about an hour they were passing over a road so rugged, that every instant it seemed as if they would have been violently jerked out, or that some joint would have been dislocated: that the vehicle should have held together, was little short of a miracle. After several windings and turnings, they stopped; and for the first time he heard the sound of his companion's voice calling out to know if the horses were ready. Fresh horses were put to the cart, and they again set off at full speed, turning from one road to another. It seemed as if they had been driving on for much more than half the night, when the driver again gave the signal to the horses to stop. Several persons came to the side of the cart, and Dr St Leger was assisted to alight. The men were poking with sticks along the ground, and soon exclaimed, 'Here it is!' Three loud knocks were given,

* The police are so called by the peasantry in Ireland.

and the sound of huge bolts being drawn were soon heard; a trap-door was opened, and the doctor's feet were placed upon the steps of a ladder; he was assisted down; but it took some minutes to reach the ground. As soon as he had landed, the bandage was taken from his eyes; he found himself in a kind of long passage, so dimly lighted by a torch that he could distinguish no termination. As he proceeded, he saw other long passages branch off from it. Various figures which he saw appeared more like the shadowy forms of another planet than the substantial beings who inhabit this; they seemed to him to flit about and vanish into the walls in a most strange and unearthly manner. At length he saw an old witch-like creature, as it were, emerge from the wall at a considerable distance, and beckon him on with her bony finger. Although he had as little superstition in his composition as any one could have, he could not but feel some degree of awe as he obeyed the silent summons. As he advanced, he could distinguish, in the cold sepulchral light, pale and ghastly faces peering at him from behind the huge pillars, which they passed at intervals as they went along. At length they turned suddenly, from this death-like passage into a spacious apartment, brilliantly illuminated by blazing torches, which men in different directions held in their hands. A splendid pillar stood in the midst of this magnificent hall, which seemed studded with myriads of precious stones, which reflected back the light with the most effulgent lustre. Light and elegant arches were on every side, through which were vistas of interminable galleries, with their lofty columns sparkling as if they were spangled with the stars of heaven. Dr St Leger rubbed his eyes, and could scarcely believe himself awake, or that he was not under the spell of an enchanter. Struck with awe and reverence as he trod the aisles, he raised his hand involuntarily to uncover his head. The wonders of the stately halls through which they traversed now began gradually to disappear; still they passed a pillar here and there, and at length found themselves in a chamber of a very different appearance from any they had yet entered; it was, however, large and lofty. An immense fire blazed on the ground, and lit up the faces of some six or eight stalwart men, who were seated about it on rude benches, made comfortable with goat and sheep-skins, which were spread along them. Some articles of rough furniture were scattered through the room, and upon the walls hung fishing-tackle, bugle-horns, arms of all kinds, powder-horns, the antlers of deer, eagles' feathers, and the feathers of different kinds of game.

Immediately on the appearance of Dr St Leger, the men simultaneously rose from their seats—and, 'You're kindly welcome to these parts, doctor,' burst from every lip. They soon gathered round him, tendering their good offices with the most eager alacrity. One took his hat and hung it on a nail, another doffed his cloak, a third ran his hands over his shoulders and back to discover whether his garments had imbibed any damp; another heaped the fire, already bright and blazing, with dry turf, and drew one of the benches close to it; an old man advanced with a bottle and a glass—for no Father Mathew had as yet appeared on the stage—and urged the necessity of active measures, after the cowl drive, to keep the chill out of the heart. Each of the torch-bearers was then served with a glass of some cordial, so powerful, that they were obliged to pause, when they got half way, before they could gulp down the remainder. After the performance of this exploit, they retired. 'Indeed it's we that are glad to see you, doctor; and there are those that will be gladder,' said the old man. 'It will be the good job, sure enough, for you, doctor; but I'm afraid it will go hard with you to complete it. I hope you liked the curiosities of the place? If the earl, that's away on his travels, knew what he had on his property, he'd be the proudest man in all Ireland—ay, or in the three kingdoms; but it's more plain by far that he shouldn't have the laist notion at all at all of it. Sure we had the men waitin' with the

lights, that you might see it all. All, did I say? you haven't seen the half of it yet, no, nor anything like the half of it; there's no end to the astonishin' places. You might be wanderin' and wanderin' about till the last day of your life, and yet you'd leave many a grand place in it that you never set your eyes upon. The grandest room in the earl's castle wouldn't be looked at beside one of them rooms. Sure they're all sparkling alive with the grandest of jewels, as one may say; and though the curtains that fall so beautiful from the ceiling are as solid as the hard stone, sure they look as elegant, and as light, and as much festooned, as if they were made all of the finest of muslins; and you'd think you could look them through and through; and sure there isn't a jeweller in Lunnion town could make finer branches for holdin' the lights than them you seen to-night. If we liked it, we might live in them elegant rooms; but they're too grand for simple boys like us; so we put up with somethin' plainer; and we have the parts down here warm and comfortable enough; and the openin's above let in the day to us. We would be fairly all one, as the bats and owls, if we lived farther in—blind, as one may say, while the sun was shinin' bright in the skies. I'm thinkin', doctor, that you were tired of bein' blind yourself all that long jaunt; but you'll not be one bit the worse of it.' A thick woollen curtain at the far end of the room was now drawn aside, and a woman, the very one that had beckoned him on along the galleries, appeared; a flickering light was in one hand, with the other she motioned the doctor on, and said—'Now doctor if you please, come and see him; troth he's wake, and unasy enough; but you'd think his heart riz as soon as he heard you were in it; he has been quite unpatient in himself all the evenin' for you to come.' 'Who are you speaking of?' said Dr St Leger. 'I'm spakin' of the young man, to be sure, that you're come all the long ways from B—— to cure. Come in, if you please.' She led the way on to a bed where a young man lay, pale and exhausted; a faint smile lit his wan features as he saw Dr St Leger. 'I'm proud to see you, doctor; do you think you can cure me? is there any chance that I'll ever be able for the chase again? will the boys ever hear the sound of my bugle on the hills any more? I'm afraid not, doctor; for I believe I'm too far gone entirely; and what is that poor woman to do without me, for she has no one but myself, and I know well enough she'll fret the very life out of her if you don't cure me.' 'Tell me what's the matter,' said the doctor. 'I can do nothing for you till I know what ails you.' 'What ails him; is that it?' said the old woman. 'Well, then, that's what ails him,' continued she, putting aside the bed-clothes, and discovering two very bad-looking wounds in his side. 'I'm sure I wouldn't like to see my inimy's dog go through all that he has gone through. But one thing's for certain now—you must cure him; if you don't, you can never lave the caves again; but if you cure him, as soon as I see him able to put his feet under him, and to ate and drink, I'll let you go, and my blessin' will go with you; and they say there's luck in a widow's blessin'; and along with that same, you shan't go away empty-handed.' 'Let me see what can be done,' said Dr St Leger. 'The first thing must be, to free the wounds from all this blood.' Hot water was brought, and with his own soft handkerchief Dr St Leger washed away the blood; he then bandaged up the wounds, and the young man said he felt some relief. Still he was very ill, and his strength greatly exhausted. The doctor settled him in the bed, and watched by him till he saw him drop asleep. He went into the outer apartment, and said, 'I can come again in a few days to see the young man, but now I must return to Mrs St Leger, for she will be uneasy already at not seeing me.' 'Troth, thin, she'll not see you this night, nor any night till Terrence is cured, be it long or short.' 'But I must go, and go this minute,' said the doctor; 'I'll not have Mrs St Leger made uneasy for anything in the world. So, if I have no other way of going, I'll walk every step of the way.' 'Well now, doctor,' said the old man, 'that's

more aisyly said nor done. We'll all give you lave to go, if you must have your will, and be so headstrong; but what road do you mane to go, or which of them galleries or passages will you be after turnin' into? and whereabouts will you get out? and if you get out, where will you be? and which of the roads do you mane to take?'

Dr St Leger was in sad perplexity: he felt most uneasy about his wife, whose anxiety he knew would be great; but he was convinced that any attempt to make his way through the intricacies in which he was involved would be unavailing, and that he might perish far from all human aid. He stood irresolute and dejected, not knowing what to do of say. The old man again addressed him, and said, 'Well, I'll tell you what it is, we'll do all that's fair and aisy by you, and you needn't fret yourself at all at all. There's Secret Sam, that may be depind on for goin' all the world over; he shall go to B——, and let the mistress know that you are safe and sound, and with them that knows how to trate you well, and to send you home with your dues if you do the job we want; but, doctor, make your mind aisy, for out of this you can't stir till the captain's able to mind his business again.' All the men gathered round him, and were clamorous and determined, and vowed that he should not stir till 'the captain was well.' So he was obliged to satisfy himself as well as he could with the promise of Secret Sam's services, and he urged the necessity of as little delay as possible—intrusting him with a note which they allowed him to write to his wife to say that he was safe. The old woman threw herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, 'May the heavens bless you, and the holy angels and all the saints be with you. I know you'll cure him; you wont let him lave me—my elegant fine clever boy; the only one I have in the wide world; for his father's gone, and his brothers are gone, and he's the only one left me. Oh! doctor jewel, sure you'll cure him for me; you wont let him die; you wouldn't be so hard-hearted, for you have the very looks of a kind, tender gentleman, that wouldn't brake the heart of a poor dissolute cratur entirely. Oh! if you had seen Terrence before he met with this misfortune—the widow's curse on them that done it—he was as likely and as clever* a boy as ever my two eyes looked at: he's over six feet in his stockin' feet, and as straight as an arrow; and though his cheeks is burnt with the hate of the sun, they have an illigant blush in them for all; and his eyes are for all the world as sharp and as bright as any nagle's; and though he is so young (he wont be six-and-twenty till next Candlemas), he has the heart that nothin' can put down. So, sign on it, they made him captain over them all, and some of them ould enough to be his grandfather.' 'Not quite so ould as that, if you please,' interrupted the old man, evidently rather nettled—'not quite so ould as that, if you please.' 'Well, well, maybe not entirely out, but not far from it. Sure he's like any lion when he's at the head of his me; and though he's as bold as a lion to all the world beside, he was always the lamb to me. His father was proud of him, though he was not passin' twelve the night his father was waked—a sore night it was to me, for he was the lovin' and the tender husband. He was all through a respectable man—every one thought him that, and looked up to him. He followed the smugglin' trade; and what by his knowledge in it, and his industry, he was well to do; and so he retired here with his property, determined to give up the sayfarin' life; for he was a native of these parts, and didn't lave it to earn his bread till he was fourteen years of age. It was an uncle by the mother's side trained him up to the smugglin' business, and he used to repate that the boy was a credit to him and to them that rared him, and to his country itself. But he's gone, and I don't think he has left his likes behind—barrin' it's Terrence, who never was daunted at anything in the natural course of his life; and he has had as much to do in respect of guns, and pistols, and swords, and all them things, as if he had

been sarvin' in the reglar army. What with his own hard airnin's and his father's savin's, he might give up business if he chose; but he's too hot like for that; and he says, that as long as he has power to draw a trigger, he'll never flinch or give up. Troth, doctor, I wish you could hear him discourse; he can give you a raison for everything. I don't think there's a schoolmaster in all Ireland that could bate him at that.'

While all this was passing, two comely lassies were setting out a table, and as they drew it close to the fire, it had a most comfortable appearance. A snow-white cloth covered it, with wooden trenchers that were so clean, that they looked as if but just made; and horn-handled knives and forks, which well suited the table of those who followed the chase, were laid. Dr St Leger could not but remark that the spoons and salt-cellars were of silver. The fire was blazing merrily, and a fine haunch of venison and several dishes of game were smoking on the table. Two wooden bowls of considerable dimensions, filled with boiled potatoes, were in the centre. The doctor was pressed to advance, and, 'if it was plasin' to him, to take his supper alone.' He, however, insisted that the men should join him, declaring that he would be quite unequal to despatch such a repast without assistance. They seated themselves; and many 'a squire of high degree' might have taken a lesson from them in doing 'the honours of the table.' With admirable tact they tempered their manners with such a due proportion of respect and cordiality, that their free and confidential bearing never seemed to pass the bounds of propriety. If he was pressed somewhat urgently to his food, it was a fashion which had been set by gentlefolks not many years before. If he was ardently intreated to fill his glass again and again with the very potent punch which one of the girls had mixed with her own fair hand, surely some among them could well remember the time when, in the upper classes, it was a point of duty with those who acted the part of hosts, to see that their guests were so completely overcome by their hospitable offices, as to sink under the table. Whether it was from the fatigue of the long jaunt, the hot fire, or Nance's potent punch, or from the united effects of all, Dr St Leger had scarcely lain down on the comfortable bed of skins prepared for him near the fire, when he fell fast asleep. He did not waken for some hours. It was not till he had looked round for some minutes, that he could believe that he had not been dreaming. With the certainty of his present rather strange situation, his uneasiness about home returned. He knew well the alarm which his absence must have occasioned. All he could hope was, that Secret Sam was far on his way by that time, and that his communication would calm and satisfy Mrs St Leger.

We have seen how this worthy executed his commission. On his way he fell in with some boon companions, and loitered so, that a few days had passed before he got near the town of B——. When within a few miles of it, he heard of all that was passing there. The very active measures which were resorted to in hopes of discovering what had been the fate of Dr St Leger, made him fear that suspicion might light upon him, a stranger. The police were scouring the country in all directions. He became panic-struck, and determined by threats to frighten Mrs St Leger into giving up the pursuit. The few hurried lines from her husband, which he was to have had conveyed to the lady, he tore into atoms, and substituted that which he dropped into the area. The handkerchief, which was stained with the blood of the wounded man, he had inadvertently put into his pocket; and as he found it, he considered it a proof that Providence had provided him with means far more potent than words could have been, to intimidate, and to make her, who was urging on exertion, dread the possibility of incurring vengeance which could furnish such a token.

When Dr St Leger went to the bedside of the young man, he found that he was better, and in a calm sleep.

* The word clever is used by the Irish peasantry for tall.

'Wasn't it the lucky minute,' said his mother, 'that we thought of sending for you, doctor? See how he's sleepin', quite an aisy—like an infant for all the world—the way the cratur himself used to sleep upon my arm the whole night long, nestled up close to me; and such a babbly as he was, his little legs as firm as a rock, his cheeks like any rose, and his eyes always with a laugh in them; and so hearty and good-humoured, it would have done your heart good to have heard the way he'd crow whenever the father came near him; but when he began to be able to see into all that was goin' on, and to be strong and sensible in himself, the world wouldn't prevent him from handlin' them arms for ever; and then he'd stale after the men, and cry if he wasn't let go with them; and at last the father would let him go, and he came on by degrees to fire shots and the like of that. It was he that was cute when he knew the police was after any of the boys: he'd get up on the high hill, and he had a sharp eye, and he'd look as far as ever that sharp eye could reach, and he'd persave the laist glimmer of them far, far off; and you'd think he was fairly flyin' on the wind when he'd come to give the boys notice. Many of them, sure enough, would have been taken and tried for their lives, if it hadn't been for the wit of that good child; and he grew up, gettin' stouter and stouter, and had more sense in his little finger than the oldest man among them had in his whole body. And so the long and short of it is, they all agreed to put themselves under him; so they made him their captain; though he knew well enough that they'd never have done that same if he hadn't been worthy of it. He never got the laist proud in himself, but was as innocent and as humble as if he hadn't riz to be so high. It was I that was proud when I heard that he was to be head over them all; and when he'd bring in the deer, and the game, and other things too, I knew I had good reason to be proud. If his poor father could have seen it all, he'd have been a happy man. But what's the use of talkin'; for see what it has all come to at last—his poor flesh cut and slashed the way it is, and he, that nothin' could ever daunt, so down in himself, and as wake as an infant but rawly born. I'm a poor lone cratur, doctor, that has neither kith nor kin; nobody to love, or that has a care for me, but that one boy; if you don't cure him, you'll be the death of me; and I'm sure I wish you well.' The men had all gone out after supper, so the doctor was obliged to sit down alone to a breakfast that would have answered for a whole regiment, the profusion of fresh eggs, wheaten cakes, venison pasty, and goat's milk, was so great. When some days had passed, Dr St Leger found himself almost alone. Whatever might be the calling of the men with whom he was so unwillingly domesticated, it was evidently no idle one. They frequently did not return till far beyond midnight, and the profusion of venison and game with which the table was always supplied, made him conjecture that they frequently indulged in the chase and other field-sports.

One or two men generally came, in and out frequently during the day, and he could not but suspect that their duty was to watch him and prevent his escape. One of them asked him one morning if he would like to see their domain, and he led the way to an opening through which they scrambled. He found himself on the side of a high mountain covered with heath; as far as the eye could reach, no human habitation was to be seen, nor any marks of cultivation; nothing but high, wild mountains. Here and there a goat might be seen browsing amidst the rocks, or on the brink of some steep precipice. Sad and dreary desolation reigned around, and he sighed as he felt that he was a prisoner in such a melancholy region. However, in a few days he was able to claim his freedom; all danger was over, and Terrence was up and walking about; and ever and anon he would hover near the arms which hung upon the walls, and gaze on them with fond tenderness, or examine them to see that all was right. He took down the bugle, and blew a blast so

loud and strong, that it might indeed have made the welkin ring. The hour of parting came; the eyes of the young man filled, and tears streamed down the cheeks of his mother, as they expressed their grateful feelings. Terrence opened a little box containing several articles of jewellery, and intreated that the doctor would fit himself with a ring as a keepsake. Dr St Leger felt himself recoil from the offering; nor could all their intreaties induce him to accept any part of the forty golden guineas which the old woman had counted out for him, as she drew them from a large long stocking. 'I will take nothing,' said he, 'but some of these beautiful feathers, and this eagle's plume; I know the children will like greatly to see them.' 'Take them, take them; but why won't you take something else?' said the old woman; 'it breaks my heart that you're goin' without somethin' else, and you so worthy of it; but my blessin', the blessin' of a poor widow that you found almost childless, is with you, and may it bring you luck!' 'You have been a good friend to me, doctor,' said the young man, 'and I'd be very proud if you had something with you to remember a poor boy, that can never forget you at any rate. You lifted me out, as I may say, from the bed of death, and I'll never take the wild paths along the mountain's side, or cross the high hills—I'll never sound the bugle, without thinking that it was you who made me strong for it again. Doctor, you're goin' among the rich and the great—among those that have money, and lands, and power, and larnin': you'll often hear the likes of me run down, and many a hard word passed upon us; but don't give in to it, but just say within yourself, sure the air of heaven, where the birds are on the wing, is free to all who breathe it. The wild passes where the deer laves his track is more aisily followed by one like me, who can bound from crag to crag, nor to him who drives about in his costly coach. The world's wide enough for us all; and why mayn't the poor take, as well as the rich?' After a warm farewell, Dr St Leger had to submit to the bandage across his eyes, and he was led out and placed once more in the cart which had brought him to this strange abode; and after several hours' hard and rough driving, he was let out just at the exact spot where he had been seized on. How eagerly he sped on to reach that happy home that held so many dear objects of his affection! They were all together in the drawing-room—Mrs St Leger the picture of miserable sadness, scarcely able to raise her head or her languid eyes—the children all about her, looking melancholy and anxious. Charles suddenly exclaimed, 'There's papa, mamma; indeed, indeed that's his knock—oh, don't I know it?' and he would have rushed from her side to open the door; but she held his little hand, and her tears fell gently on it—'Stay with me, dear child; we must not expect dear, dear papa any more.' The knock was repeated—the door was opened—a step was on the stair—a hand was on the handle of the lock—and in one moment the husband and the father was in the midst of his family. Mrs St Leger uttered a cry, and fainted away; the children cried and laughed by turns. Oh! that was a happy evening. Dr St Leger sat by the cheerful fire; his wife was by his side, a child upon each knee, the rest of the happy group gathered round him: he told of his adventures, and described the wonders of the cave. Never was fairy tale listened to with such intense interest: the eyes of the children seemed to take in as much as their ears as they listened to the strange story. For many months, an evening scarcely ever passed without an intreaty to papa to tell about the beautiful caves, and all that happened to him; and often as they played and chatted together, the words spar, stalactites, and stalagmites, might be heard. It was some ten or twelve years after, that the magnificent caves on Lord Kingston's estate were opened. It was said and believed that the peasantry had known them long before; and that they are well acquainted with a vast extent far, very far, beyond those which are visited. Dr St Leger thought they might have been the scene of

his former adventure; and went there, expecting to recognise some of the apartments or galleries through which he had once passed; but he had no recollection of any of those he now explored.

SCHOOLS OF AGRICULTURE.

WE have always pleasure in noticing any extension of the means of conveying useful information; but it becomes particularly interesting in cases so important as that of the agriculture of this country, which, with very little assistance, provides food in bread, meat, and vegetables, for twenty-seven millions of people.

A school for agricultural chemistry has been for some time in existence in Scotland, we should think with the very best effects. In Ireland, too, and England, various practical schools in agriculture have been in progress for some time; also, we would hope, and cannot doubt, with very excellent effects. At the late show of cattle and agricultural implements at Glasgow, very gratifying proofs were exhibited of the progress of agricultural knowledge in various ways. But with nothing were we more pleased than with the information we there acquired of the progress of this species of knowledge in Ireland. The subject was brought under the notice of the friends of agriculture assembled at Glasgow, by Mr Skilling, under the Board of Commissioners of Irish Education, superintendent of their model farm at Glasnevin, near Dublin, and agricultural teacher in the normal school there.

Mr Skilling said that, shortly after the institution of the Board of Education in Ireland, they gave notice of their intention to establish a system of agricultural tuition, in connexion with literary education, in various schools under their charge. They proceeded in 1838 to rent a farm (of fifty-two acres) within two miles of Dublin, so as to enable the scholars, who were afterwards to become teachers, to reside at the farm, and at the same time pursue their literary education in the city; and under the Board, they will soon have about three thousand teachers in the various schools, and which will be planted in every district in the country.

Their method of tuition appears to be as follows:—After being engaged on the farm on the mornings of five days in the week, the students go into the town for literary education; but the whole of Saturday is devoted to examination. They have a garden, and in connexion with it a competent gardener, who lectures one half hour in the morning; and the teacher of agriculture also lectures upon agricultural subjects. At stated periods the teachers attend the farm, and witness every practical operation going on upon it. The students are taught every system of cropping, and get explanations upon every subject connected with their studies, including the principles of rotations in cropping, the cultivation of green crops, the feeding and soiling of cattle, and the profit and advantage of everything taught. The errors existing in the present modes of managing land are also pointed out; the loss caused by weeds, by bad fences, &c.; and, on the other hand, the advantage of draining and turning the land. They are also shown the effects of mixing the soil, and the modes of permanently improving it; and, along with the knowledge of agriculture generally, lessons are given in chemistry and geology. Spade-labour is encouraged, as the best adapted for minute husbandry, and as saving, to small farmers especially, the expense of keeping horses. They are also instructed in agricultural chemistry in particular, and the nature of soils and manures; the general course of farming throughout the year including the feeding and breeding of stock. The Board has already seven agricultural training establishments, but intend to have twenty-five, to all which model farms will be attached, where the future teachers will be trained for two years, themselves performing all the operations of the farms, and thus becoming practical as well as scientific men.

Not only have the teachers already carried away a

great deal of knowledge from these establishments, but the farms themselves have done much good in the districts in which they have been placed; for the farmers now see an improved system of cultivation, of which they had previously no conception, and fortunately they desire to imitate it.

In evidence of the improvement of the pupils, some of the students of the establishment at Larne (near Carrickfergus), an out-farm of the institution, were, on the suggestion of Professor Johnston, presented for examination. They were examined by Mr Gibson (the inspector of government schools) on grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and scarcely failed to answer a single question correctly. They were next examined by Professor Johnston (the Scottish professor of agricultural chemistry) on the scientific branches, and by Mr Finnie of Swanston (an eminent Mid-Lothian farmer), and Mr Alexander of Southbar (a proprietor of land), on the practical departments of agriculture, and their acquaintance with these was such as to surprise the audience. They detailed the chemical constitution of the soil and of manures, the effect of manures, the land best fitted for green crops, the different kinds of green crops, and the best system of rotation and of dairy management, in a way which evidently had not been expected, and which at the same time afforded the utmost satisfaction, as showing how much may be done by a proper system of training; for many of the answers of these young men required both the possession of much knowledge, and the exercise of much reflection. As to the advantage to farmers, Lord Clements reported that on his property, lying in the wildest parts of Connaught, so popular is the system of instruction, that men of twenty years of age come from a distance of many miles to attend the school. Many small farmers, who a few years ago could hardly keep one cow, are even already keeping three or four; and many who formerly could with difficulty pay their rents, have become comparatively independent.

Mr Blacker, manager for Lord Gosford, at Market-Hill, near Armagh, has some time back reported nearly similar results as having taken place under his management in that neighbourhood, where he also may be said to have opened a practical school among the tenants of his employer.

Mr Atlee, the teacher of an agricultural school at Ealing, in Middlesex, on the property of Lady Noel Byron, stated results as pleasing as to the school under his charge; and there can be no doubt that education of this description must be highly advantageous both to the individuals and the community. to the individuals, in making their services be eagerly sought after as managers for others, wherever they can be obtained, or in making them successful agriculturists on their own account; and to the public, from the effects of both.

Several Scottish gentlemen addressed the meeting, expressing the highest hopes from the evidences of improvement which they saw everywhere about them; and also their opinion that the rising generation in Scotland must be put under a similar course of training, or the *prestige* of the country will be lost. In this view, however, they do not consider that model farms will be necessary in Scotland, every farm there being nearly something of this description; but they recommended, that to every parish school a chemical and agricultural class shall be attached. This we conceive to be a scheme which it would cost the intelligent schoolmasters of our country little trouble to realise; and the present crisis, when application is making to the legislature for an increase of salary to these useful labourers, seems to afford an excellent opportunity for enforcing such an improvement in their curriculum.

Some of the Scottish schoolmasters have, indeed, already gallantly come forward to offer their services without regard to any prospect of fixed reward, and no doubt the system will soon be general, to the great advancement of one of the most healthful, useful, and essential of human pursuits. Nor is it at all too soon.

One of the gentlemen present at this meeting stated that an agricultural college is immediately to be founded in Gloucestershire, with a model farm of four hundred acres, where instruction will be given to the sons of the farmers and landed gentlemen of the district. He held in his hand the prospectus of another agricultural college to be founded in Kent. It is also one of the primary objects of the Irish agricultural societies to establish a college, and most probably active steps will be taken regarding it within the next six months. At Templemoil, near Derry, a practical school of agriculture on a large scale, instituted by private subscription, but now supporting itself, has been in active operation for some years. In France, Germany, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, and the United States of America, efforts are being made for the instruction of youth in agricultural science and practice. While we cannot but hail all this with the greatest satisfaction, we feel that efforts will be required in our own section of the British island to keep ourselves abreast with other countries. Doubtless Scotland will not wait to be goaded by emulation merely. Though it has quiet and unexpensive ways of proceeding, it still proceeds. It is long, for example, since it saw the propriety of attaching an agricultural class to its metropolitan university. It has not yet founded a class for agricultural chemistry, nor planned a college, nor even numerous schools, but it has instituted what may be termed 'an ambulatory college,' in sending forth an eminent professor to all the districts desiring his aid. To him 'old age and young' may be seen thronging wherever he has appointed to meet them. If the idea shall be followed out, of attaching initiatory schools in agriculture and other practical sciences to the existing parish schools, with an ambulatory inspector and superior teacher to visit them occasionally, Scotland will, at very little expense, be in the enjoyment of ample means for enabling her population to realise the blessings of Providence to an extent far beyond what has heretofore been known.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST AMONG THE ENGLISH POOR.

In a short account we gave of a fortnightly journal published in Paris, entitled *'La Revue des Deux Mondes,'** we took occasion to remark on the frequency with which it adverted to England and the English. Since the appearance of our notice—that is to say, from October 1843 till the present time—a series of articles resulting from a tour in Great Britain has appeared in that well-conducted journal written by one of its most distinguished contributors, M. Léon Faucher.

Every traveller has his predilections, and, in visiting a foreign country, naturally directs his attention to subjects which interest him most, and to objects with which he is best acquainted. The mission of the Duke D'Arlincourt, for instance, whose *'Three Kingdoms'* we noticed in a former number of our present series, was amongst the rich and aristocratic of our country. M. Léon Faucher, on the contrary, made it his business to investigate the condition of the lower orders. He seems to have passed the greater portion of his time while a visitor amongst us in the hovels of the poor and the haunts of the criminal. When in the metropolis, he directed his attention exclusively to those localities in which a greater amount of helpless misery and incorrigible crime are huddled together, than in any other place in the world; except, indeed, in some of the larger and more opulent Chinese cities; for it appears to be a law of social existence that great affluence and intense want should always be near neighbours. The

result of M. Faucher's wanderings in London is two articles, one on 'Whitechapel,' and another on 'St Giles's.' Of the former, he writes that it is a collection of 'narrow streets, crooked alleys, and dark courts, which comprehend about eight thousand houses; it is limited northward by Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, from which it is divided by Wentworth Street, and southward by the Tower of London, the river, and the docks. The Blackwall railway traverses its whole length. From the high arches on which the rails are placed, a view is obtained of the secrets of the misery peculiar to this neighbourhood.' It should be mentioned, that this railway was cut through one of the densest parts of the eastern district of London. Many streets are intersected, and some of the houses are so close upon the road, that it is quite possible to see into the first and second-storey rooms in passing. 'Females, wan and half-dressed, may be perceived at the windows, and pale children roll in the mire with pigs—always inseparable companions in Irish families. Rags are suspended to dry out of the windows upon long poles, as if to intercept light as well as heat from the streets. Here and there an open space is filled with heaps of old bricks and filth, while fetid puddles show the total absence of regulations for the draining off of unwholesome fluids. Such is the spectacle presented by the bird's-eye view of Whitechapel obtained from the elevated railway. What would be our sensations, could we by a fantasy, which in this instance would scarcely be magical, lift off the roofs of the houses, and count all the groans which ascend from the pitiable neighbourhood to Heaven? This is one of the districts which encloses the greatest number of paupers.* Lying just outside the city, it receives the crumbs which a vast and busy commerce lets fall: and as this quarter is situated on the Thames, numbers of hands find occupation amongst the shipping. By one of those contrasts to which the human fancy is prone, the streets of Whitechapel have received the most pleasing and poetical names. Consult the map of London, and you will find, in placing your finger on this spot, twenty examples of this—such as Rose, Flower, and Greenfield Streets, Fashion, Pearl, and Lamb Streets, Angel Alley, Shepherd Court. Similarly pleasing names have been nearly always given to the most wretched districts. In certain cases, even military heroes supply designations to these sinks of misery. Thus a cess-pool, which receives the offscourings of Bethnal Green, is called Wellington Pond.' We pass over M. Faucher's account of St Giles's, because it bears internal evidence that he either examined this hive of the poor and the wicked with less care than he devoted to his other researches, or that, not having taken accurate notes at the time of his visit, his memory while writing the article played him false. His statements regarding St Giles's abound with errors; a few of them, however, such as the most cautious foreigner is liable to fall into.

Besides personal observations, M. Faucher has collected a vast amount of statistical information concerning the places he visited. The sources which he consulted were of the best kind, such as parliamentary reports, the works of Messrs Chadwick, Macculloch, and Dr Smith. In arranging this information, and bringing it to bear upon the scenes he witnessed and the places he examined, he evinces great tact and acuteness. He finds that in 1842 the offences against the person in London amounted to 8339, whilst those against property reached 17,948. Opposite to this our author places the criminal statistics of Paris for 1841, by which we find that only 3449 offences were committed against the person, and 4076 against property; which shows, considering the population of London as double that of Paris, that, while the crimes against the person are about the same in both cities, those against

* Vol. xi. page 384, old series.

* In 1839, in Whitechapel, 5056 persons received parish relief in every 64,141 inhabitants.

property in London are double those in Paris. 'We perceive,' says M. Faucher, 'that in all its development, the criminality of London is of a character specially to be expected from a free and industrious people. It presents more than 16,000 cases of theft and swindling in this single town! 961 cases of false coinage! Thus we are shown that money is the god of this community.'

A succeeding notice relates to Liverpool, the worst quarters of which M. Faucher explored, along with Mr Whitty, the superintendent of police.

'We began by visiting the streets situated between Park Lane and Wapping, a district in the neighbourhood of the docks, and chiefly inhabited by Irish labourers. It was nine o'clock in the evening; children were playing on the pavements during the last rays of twilight; women stood before their doors breathing an atmosphere purer than that inside their confined habitations. We then traversed Crosbie Street, a place where fever rages during the whole year; and here appearances of the most revolting character presented themselves. The state of this thoroughfare attests, as in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green (London), the apathy of the municipal authorities. Filth of every kind remains during the whole week to poison the air; for the streets have no gutters—a defect of greater consequence in an English than in a French town, where conduits exist to allow water to run off. However, we did not observe, as in the worst parts of London, whole families abandoned to their fate, cooped up between the four walls of wretched apartments, their forms wasted and shrunk by a degree of misery which defies description. At Liverpool, poverty is not seen in its most severe or pinching aspect: the habitations of the labourers are more misalubrious than destitute. Their families chiefly live in cellars situated in closed courts and alleys—they appear to have more need of air than of bread. There have been counted in Liverpool seven thousand cellars inhabited by more than twenty thousand persons, and the gross population of these back-courts is between fifty and sixty thousand individuals. The cellars which are occupied by the weavers of Picardy and Flanders, are luxurious habitations compared with those inhabited by the Irish population in Liverpool. The latter are a species of holes not above ten or twelve square feet of surface, and many of them hardly six feet in height, so that a tall man cannot stand upright in them. These lurking places have no windows; light and air being only admitted by the door, the top of which is on a level with the street. The only means of descent is by a ladder nearly as perpendicular as the steps of a well. Water, dust, and dirt, accumulate at the bottom, and as the sun rarely penetrates into these unventilated holes, a dense humidity constantly exists in them. In some places the cellar is divided into two apartments; the inner one—used for sleeping—receiving light from the outer room. Each cellar is inhabited by from three to five persons, and is let for about two shillings per week. For the same money one equally commodious room might be had above ground if paid for weekly, or a small entire house at a yearly rent in the same proportion. I asked a man with a family why he preferred a subterranean abode to one above ground? His reply was, because "it was nearer the street for his children." Indeed, the children of these labourers pass the whole day, and often part of the night, in the streets; and without such habits of living out of doors, youth—already so pale and so ungainly at Liverpool—would become even more emaciated. But the sort of education picked up in the streets has its dangers. Existence in England being passed far more within doors—being less social—than that of any other nation, it follows that these young people find few associates in the streets but those who pass their lives in a continual struggle with the laws. Such outcasts, then, are the instructors of youth; whose school—or rather the field from which their experience is gained—is the docks, where they learn to become thieves, pillaging the merchandise left upon the quays. By a report of the

commissioners of police, there were in 1836 no fewer than six hundred thieves who made stealing from the docks their especial study and practice, and who employed as accomplices twelve hundred children! M. Faucher continued his Sunday-evening survey through 'Vauxhall,' Ray, and Highfield Streets. When he arrived in the latter street, he found 'the inhabitants had retired to their houses like good citizens. We could perceive no more than one house in which there was any appearance of light or life, and in it were a company of Irish assembled around the body of a child, and who, in their superstitious devotion, celebrated by the flame of several candles the half-pagan rites peculiar to their country. I felt diffident in intruding upon them, for I remembered that in England every man's house is his castle, where no one has a right to enter without the consent of the owner; but the police possess their privileges even in this land of liberty. All the doors at which Mr Whitty knocked were opened without delay, and each host or hostess took the utmost pains to show us the whole of their apartments down to the most minute details: whether in bed or half-dressed, man or woman, malefactor, vagrant, or mendicant, not one of the strange inhabitants of Highfield Street offered the smallest objection to our visit. I cannot describe the furniture of the temporary lodging-houses which we entered. The men, dressed in rags during the day, were provided, naturally enough, with rags to lie upon during the night. They all seemed reposing at their ease; but fifty persons were often collected in a space which contained scarcely sufficient air for the healthy respiration of eight or ten. A description of one of these underground lodging-houses applies to similar dens in London and Manchester. They consist usually of three apartments; a front cellar, which serves as a kitchen, an eating-room, and a sleeping chamber, and two back-rooms filled with beds. The chief room of the Liverpool lodging-cellar received light from the street, and had, besides this luxury, a certain superiority of furniture—there were curtains to the beds; the back apartments were half illuminated by a small vent hole, and the occupants lie on pallasses, which are supported on half-rotten bedsteads, their only covering being a thin coating of rags. In these holes—not one of which is more than eight feet square, or above seven feet high—eighteen, and often twenty persons sleep on six truckled beds. A night passed in the open air in the midst of the Pontine marshes would be preferable.'

We are quite aware that such details of misery and destitution are far from pleasant to peruse; but we translate them because they have their use. They bring those who have it in their power to relieve distress and to reform crime, acquainted with the condition in which the lower classes are to be found. As a reverse of these dark pictures, we feel pleasure in extracting an instance of what may be done for the working man when his condition is known and appreciated by masters. The Messrs Ashton of Manchester some years since took the direction of the domestic affairs of their operatives partly into their own hands, and built a number of houses at Hyde, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. 'The little town of Hyde,' says the French journalist, 'was, at the commencement of the present century, nothing more than a little village of 800 souls, situated on a clayey hill, the soil of which was barren. The brothers Ashton have peopled and enriched this desert. Ten thousand persons are at present domiciled around their five mills, to whom wages are paid to the amount of a thousand pounds a-day. The chief partner, Mr Thomas Ashton, has constructed a charming villa in the midst of trees and flowers. On the opposite side of the road are his two manufactories, situated between a stream which furnishes water, and two coal-mines which supply fuel to his steam-engines. Mr T. Ashton alone employs 1500 operatives of both sexes. One immense apartment, filled with weaving machines, contains 400 persons. The young women are well and decently dressed in a uniform working dress—a sort of apron, which descends

from the shoulders to the feet, protects (as at Belper and Turlton*) their ordinary clothing. The health of the men did not appear bad; but I did not notice any of the robust forms, nor fresh complexions, which Dr Ure appears to have remarked eight years previously. The houses inhabited by the workmen form long and broad streets. Mr Ashton built about 300 houses, which he lets at from three shillings to three and sixpence a-week. Each habitation contains, on the basement, a parlour, a kitchen, and a back-yard; and, on the first storey, two or three sleeping-rooms. For the above-named rent the proprietors provides water, and pays for repairs and taxes. A ton of coals, costing no more than eight or nine shillings,* continues M. Faucher, making, we apprehend, a slight slip in his logic, 'fuel is nearly gratuitous. At all hours of the day there are fire and hot water in every house. A propriety prevails over every arrangement, which shows the existence of order and plenty. The furniture, although very simple, attests a taste for comfort. In some of the houses there is a clock, in others a sofa, and in others even a pianoforte. Neither are books rare. Mr Ashton has found means to spread instruction amongst his workpeople. From a table communicated in 1833 to the commission of manufactures, it is to be gathered, that out of every 1175 operatives, 87 could neither read nor write, 512 could write only, and 576 could do both fluently. But at Hyde, the proportion of educated, or, more correctly, literated workpeople, is infinitely higher than that either in Manchester or Glasgow. Mr Ashton has built a large and handsome schoolhouse, which serves also from time to time as a chapel, and where 700 children assemble every Sunday. Moreover, evening classes are daily held for the more advanced, and each family is permitted to send their children to the school during the week for the small charge of twopence per week. Mr Ashton provides masters at his own expense. It appears, however, that the number of children who profit by this excellent arrangement is very small; the majority of parents preferring to let them amuse themselves in the streets. (On the other hand, music seems to have many charms for this population; for it spontaneously subscribed, for the erection of an organ, a sum amounting to £160.

'To console himself for the incomplete success of his benevolent efforts, Mr Ashton cast a glance at the past. "I have known the time," he told me, "when out of three hundred persons assembled in a tavern at Birmingham, only one was found able to read the newspaper to the rest." He believes also that morality has not made less progress than instruction; and that supposition must be permitted him, when we contemplate the results of the order which he has established. The population of Hyde shines honourably above that of other manufacturing towns. In this little town gin has not yet succeeded in raising one of its palaces, drunkenness is very seldom met with, and females of bad reputation are not allowed to live there. Illegitimate births are very few. By a rare exception to the general rule of manufacturing places, married women are generally occupied in their own private domestic concerns, or, when they work in the mill, employ a girl to take care of their children.'

Such is a picture of what even individuals may effect. Still, it is painful to reflect that even the exertions of private benevolence are, after all, but drops in the ocean of destitution and social discomfort which is spread over the basis of society; and to remove which effectually, benevolent exertions must be organised into a comprehensive and national system. Every one must rejoice in the fact, that the tendencies of the present time are making a decided and rapid progress towards raising the condition of the humbler orders in the scale of comfort and morality. We trust, therefore, that if, after a few years have passed over our heads, M. Faucher should again visit us, he will be able to give a

far more favourable account of the state of the poor, and of the exertions of the rich and powerful for their benefit, than he has been constrained to furnish in the papers before us.

THE ISLAND OF ICHABOE.

IN Nos. 9. and 24 of our present series, we gave some account of guano, detailing its history, the various localities from which it has been obtained, and its unrivalled value as a convenient and effective manure. We now glean from various sources, in particular from the notes of a sailing-master given in the *Manchester Guardian*, some further information respecting the guano island of Ichaboe and the adjacent coast of Africa.

The island of Ichaboe, which has caused so much commotion amongst shipowners and speculators, and which has given rise to the employment of many vessels from the principal ports both of England and Scotland in this new branch of trade, is situated in 26° 13' 34" south latitude, about twenty-two miles north of Angra Pequena—a well determined position, which vessels bound for Ichaboe generally try to make. The mainland, for several hundred miles on both sides of Angra Pequena, presents to the eye of the mariner a barren, inhospitable, and dangerous line of sea-coast, lying low, though backed with high-land in the interior. The strong glare arising from the arid sand and the density of the atmosphere, calls for the utmost vigilance and caution on the part of the master-mariner approaching it during the night; for, if he once gets deceived, and into the current which sets upon the shore, the destruction of his vessel is inevitable. Along this sea-board there is not the slightest symptom of vegetation; indeed it is much to be questioned whether vegetation would thrive, whatever might be the quality of the soil, as no rains fall in this region. True, there are heavy dews, occasionally falling both day and night; but the cold is so severe, for such a high latitude, during the fogs and the sun, when it does break forth, is so powerful and scorching, that in all probability between these alternating temperatures no vegetation could survive. The island itself is a barren, shelving rock, about a mile long from north to south, and half a mile across at its broadest part, namely, from its south-west to its north-east point. It is bounded all round by reefs, except on its eastern side, where there is anchorage in from five to six fathoms. A portion of the island is in the form of a flat shelf, about 1100 feet long and 500 feet broad in the widest part. Upon this shelf, and about six feet above high water, is accumulated that deposit of guano which gives so much celebrity to the island, and which varies in depth from 35 to 38 feet. Taking the average width of the deposit at 400 feet, and assuming the average depth to be 36 feet, the total quantity of guano will be about 158 millions of cubic feet. The climate of Ichaboe, notwithstanding the effluvia of the volatile ammoniacal gases emitted from the guano, is very healthy. As one proof of its salubrity, it is mentioned that at a period when thirty-five ships were lying off the island, their crews, comprising altogether not fewer than about seven hundred men, most of whom were enduring exceedingly laborious employment in that hot region, there were only five cases of sickness, and these complaints or affections of the lungs. As has been already remarked, there falls during the night a very heavy dew, attended with a piercing coldness of temperature; and even during the day, if the sun's rays be intercepted, a cold disagreeable sensation is immediately experienced. On the sun again breaking forth, its rays speedily scorch the lips, and indeed the whole face and hands, of every person of fair complexion; and the lips of very few escape this tormenting annoyance. The only relief the sufferer can find is by anointing the skin with hog's lard, in imitation of the custom of the inhabitants of the mainland, who profusely lubricate their persons with palm-oil.

With reference to the guano, the notes to which we refer express a decided opinion on the part of the writer, that the substance is not, as has been generally supposed, exclusively composed of the soil of marine birds, which he believes to form only a comparatively small portion of the mass. He supposes it chiefly to consist of the decomposed bodies of marine birds and animals, together with the eggs of the former, and the excrementitious matter of both. He personally superintended the working or excavating of a pit of guano 35 feet by 18 feet, and from all that came daily under his observation, he was inclined to

* These manufactories belong respectively to Messrs Strutt, iron-workers, and Messrs Ashworth, cotton-spinners.

the opinion that this barren rock had been a favourite place of resort for ages for penguins and other aquatic birds; that myriads of them had successively deposited their eggs there, and had subsequently died on the island; and that it had also been a favourite haunt of seals and other marine animals. In working the pit, the men occasionally came to a stratum of a light-brown colour, and of greater levity than the strata above and below it, and imbedded in this stratum they invariably found numerous skeletons of penguins, in the last stage of decomposition, and vast quantities of their eggs. Having worked through this, the men would probably come after a time to another stratum of a much darker brown, and much heavier description; and the substance composing the bulk of this stratum, when rubbed between the fingers, would dissolve like tallow, and exude much more oil or fat than the first. Throughout this dark-coloured stratum, the men occasionally found many bones and skeletons of seals nearly decomposed, and but very rarely any remains of penguins. The appearance of the stratum suggested to him the idea of a great number of seals having been washed on shore, or having lain down in this spot to die. He adds, that the strata were not by any means regular in their alternations; but, as a general rule, he did not find both the light and the dark-coloured strata in close succession. The pit here referred to was in the centre of the island.

When the guano is dug and bagged, it is taken to the beach, where stages are erected over the rocks to the boats, and by them taken to the ships. These stages are three hundred feet in length, and very expensive. They are formed by erecting shears, and connecting the shears with anchors and cable; a platform is formed by spars and planks, and upon this the men carry the guano on their backs when the weather will permit, which is about four days a week. Every full and change of the moon there is a heavy swell, or *rolling*, over the reefs, which puts a stop to all work, and occasionally does considerable damage to the shipping. On the 7th of May, the *Gaussen*, just about to sail with her cargo, was thrown on the reefs, and in a short time became a total wreck. The crew were saved, but it cost the lives of two brave fellows from the *Charles* of Liverpool, who, among others, had gone to their assistance. On that occasion fifteen of the eighteen stages then erected were swept away, besides a number of the loading boats.

With regard to the amount of guano existing on Ichaboe and the adjacent islands, another writer thus remarks:—'I have been at many islands on this coast, and also on the continent, in search of guano and gold dust, and have found both; but in such small quantities, and of such inferior qualities, that it has not been worth the trouble of shipping home. Here there is no rain, as at Angra Pequena, which makes the guano especially valuable. Many thousands of tons there have been taken in, and cast away when it was discovered the rains had caused fermentation, and destroyed the properties of the guano. It is clear, therefore, that it can only be obtained where no rain falls, and then it must be upon islands which the birds frequent, as they will not settle on any part of the continent in great numbers. My conclusion, after much search and thought, is, that there is very little guano in the world, and that if farmers should expect it, they will be deceived. The guano of Ichaboe has been worked since the beginning of 1844; up to the end of May, about one hundred cargoes had been shipped; and now fully one-third of the deposit is gone. I am fearful,' continues this writer, 'that a great sacrifice will be made in this place. Upwards of one thousand persons from England (living, for the time, without the law of God or their country) produce much anxiety; several rebellions have taken place; but the *Thunderbolt* steamer man-of-war was here last week (14th May), and restored order; but the very day she left, the men declared their reign of power to have commenced. We repressed them by prompt measures, and sent two of the ringleaders to St Helena.' He concludes by advising speculators to consider well how and when they embark in adventures respecting the rapidly-decreasing produce of Ichaboe and the surrounding islets.

DETRACTION.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.—*Johnson*.

A GIPSY STORY.

A lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, and who lived in the neighbourhood, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well-informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostanee bride; and one day, to the terror of her foster-mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known that there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a long, lean, brown, ugly gipsy, the chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life. The fellow whom she had chosen for her husband was said to be one of the wildest and ugliest of the whole tribe, and to treat his beautiful and delicate wife in the most barbarous manner. He was some time after condemned to be hanged for theft; but his wife, through the influence of her distinguished connexions, procured the commutation of his sentence to that of confinement in the hulks. During the time of his imprisonment, she visited him constantly, and contrived in many ways to improve his situation, without the savage manifesting in return the smallest gratitude. He accepted her marks of affection as a tribute due from a slave, and frequently even during her visits ill-treated her. She toiled incessantly, however, to obtain his liberation, supplicating both her foster-mother and her former lover to use all their efforts in his favour. At the very moment of his liberation, however, when Charlotte was hastening to meet him across the plank placed from the boat to the shore, the savage repulsed her so roughly, that she fell into the water. She was drawn out again, but could not be induced to leave him, and returned to her former wild way of life in the New Forest and the fairs of London. I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Preciosa, and might make an interesting romance. The Southampton committee, it is said, have not been more fortunate with the gipsies, whom at different times they have put out to service, than was the benefactress of Charlotte Stanley; for they all return, sooner or later, to their wild wandering life.—*Kohl's England*.

AMUSEMENTS.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are 'the wells of the desert'; the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes. They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and of imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence, or the baseness of sensual desire. Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect, perhaps, is upon the social character of man. Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society of our brethren; and whenever it is found, it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper; they forget the secret views and the

selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire.—*Atison.*

THE RIVER.

On thy margin let me lie,
As thou gently flowest by,
River, flowing ceaselessly!

Ceaseless, restless o'er thy bed,
From an unseen fountain fed,
By a power resistless led:

Now, as in a joy entrancing,
Laughing, lingering, dallying, dancing,
Clear as any diamond glancing;

Now, with dark and sluggish flow,
And a murmur plaintive, low,
Like an utterance of woe;

Now, thyself with fury lashing,
Reckless, desperate, forward dashing,
O'er all hindrance wildly crashing;

And now calm, as though at rest;
The quiet heavens within thy breast,
In their holiness imprest.

Dream of gladness, sorrow's sigh—
Passion's shrieking agony—
Struggle-born tranquillity!

Mingled moods, yet one great whole;
Ceaseless thus the waters roll,
Onward, onward to their goal!

Liverpool, August, 1844.

J. E. H.

TIME.

There are few words much oftener in our mouths than that short, but most important word, Time. In one sense, the thought of it seems to mingle itself with almost everything which we do. It is the long measure of our labour, expectation, and pain; it is the scanty measure of our rest and joy. Its shortness or its length is continually given as our reason for doing, or leaving undone, the various works which concern our station, our calling, our family, our souls. And yet, with all this frequent mention of it, there are perhaps few things about which men really think less; few things, I mean, upon which they have less real settled thought. The more we do think upon it, the deeper and the more difficult will be the subjects which will open before us; the richer, too, will they prove in matters for most profitable meditation.—*Archdeacon Wilberforce's Sermons.*

DIGESTION.

Chemical solutions, to be made perfect from solid materials in the proper time, require first the mechanical aid of crushing or pounding, that the greatest possible quantity of surface may be presented to the solvent power. If men would reason thus about the faculties of the stomach, the gastric juices would perhaps have a better chance of fair-play. Nature has provided us with teeth for the mechanical purpose, and if men will not assist her, they must pay the penalty, and continue to be taxed with dyspepsia, and the ghastly physiognomies that not only afflict themselves, but those innocent persons who are compelled to look upon their unearthly visages. The consequences of this pernicious habit of quick-feeding, which is so general in America, I never perceived more strikingly than among the Virginians.—*Featherstonhaugh's Slave States.*

MANNERS.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

NEW WORK OF WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Messrs CHAMBERS have long been sensible that, notwithstanding the efforts of the last fifteen years to make the people a READING PEOPLE, there yet remains a vast portion of them for whom the press exists nearly in vain. Cheap as literature has been made in some instances, it has not yet been sufficiently cheapened, or its forms have not been accommodated in all respects to the tastes and necessities of the masses. With a view to remedy the defect as far as possible, Messrs CHAMBERS have for some time had in preparation a series of small and cheap detached publications—such as, from their matter, may have a claim on the attention of the *very humblest and least instructed*, and, from their price and form, a chance of finding their way into the most remote and neglected nooks of the country. The Journal and other works of the editors will, they hope, continue to suit the wishes of the class to which they are mainly addressed—the intellectual aristocracy of the middle and working-classes: they now seek to give the benefits of the paper-making and printing machines, vitalised by moral aims, to the genuine *ROUPELACE* of the land.

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The first number will appear on SATURDAY the 2d of NOVEMBER, by which means the first volume will be ready for laying on the table on New-Year's-Day 1845.

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No. 42. NEW SERIES.

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PRICE 1½d.

'THE MOORS.'

(GROUSE-SHOOTING in the Scottish Highlands is an amusement exclusively for men of fortune, no others being able to bear its expense. For this reason, as well as from the narrow geographical limits in which the sport takes place, multitudes have only heard of it. They see notices in the newspapers of June and July, that Lord John has taken this moor, and Sir James that, and from time to time the same ever-vigilant intelligencers communicate such facts as that the birds have had a good breeding season, or the reverse. But for the great bulk of the British public, this same moor-shooting is as little a matter of personal knowledge or experience, as are the sports of the Indian jungle. I had eminently felt this to be my own case, having never had, in the whole course of my life, an opportunity of seeing a gun fired at wild birds, and I consequently felt as a pure Cockney on all subjects connected with the amusement. At length it has been my fortune to witness the enjoyments of a Highland moor, and that under circumstances which, for a humble member of the republic of letters, may be considered as unusually advantageous. The consequence is, that I propose, in all seriousness, to attempt making the British public acquainted with the external features of grouse-shooting.*

One of the beautiful days at the end of August—by which time a week of heavenly weather had rejoiced the hearts at once of the farmer and the sportsman—saw me carried on the top of the Highland mail past the Fair City of the Tay, past Dunkeld, and so on into the Highland district of Athole, which, however, I was only to penetrate a few miles. At the neat little inn of Logierait, peninsulated by the meeting water of the Tay and Tummel, a country gentleman—whom it is but the simplest truth to speak of as one of the most beloved of his county, at the same time that he is an unusually zealous lover of field-sports—had taken up his temporary abode, while recreating himself upon some eight thousand acres of the neighbouring moors, constituting what I found was called the Balnaguard Shooting. He had all the right which Major Galbraith and his friends assumed, to put up the peeled wand at the door, thereby indicating that the house was entirely engaged; for he had taken the whole of it for the time; and here my amiable host was attended by the ladies of his family, and such portions of his establishment as made

our residence in the house only perhaps too little of an adventure. Still it was the Highlands; still was most of the usual state of life cast aside. All was hilarity and glee, to which the singularly fine state of the atmosphere in no small degree contributed. I thought, as I looked over the smooth and pellucid waters of the Tay, at the corn-fields of the strath, and the heaths and woods of the hills, the whole canopied by a sky that seemed incapable of ever more suspending a wet cloud over poor mortals, that I had never seen a scene combining more of natural and acquired beauty.

Aprpos to the high spirits of the party, we had in the course of the evening a regale of that lively music for which Athole is celebrated. My host had engaged the attendance of a clever violinist, Charles Mackintosh of Inver, and of Peter Murray, a worthy old violoncellist from the same place, that reels and strathspeys might not be wanting to cheer himself and his people after the fatigues of the day. Favoured by these two performers, we had a rustic dance in the cool of the evening upon the raft-like boat moored at the neighbouring ferry across the Tay, where a party of villagers gladly exhibited their skill in that ultra-merry saltation peculiar to grave Scotland. Such electric movements of hob-nailed feet—such frantic gesticulations and intertwistings—such wildly joyous exclamations!—all looked on and heard with sympathising pleasure by our kind-hearted host and his sisters. Afterwards, in our parlour, we had the two musicians to give us a private concert, in which was comprehended not only a selection of the finest reels, but many also of the best slow airs of our country—as Miss Graham of Inchbrakie, Loch Erroch-side, and others of the best productions of Gow, father and son, Donald Dow, and Marshall. It was most interesting to enjoy these fine strains in the province which had given them birth; and what added not a little to the feeling of the hour, was the consideration that one of the players, our octogenarian base, had for upwards of twenty years been the professional associate and friend of Neil Gow, who was born and spent his whole life in the village where our musician still resides. Old Murray had played with Neil to the Duke of Athole and his friends sixty-two years ago. He was present on the night when Burns was entertained by his grace. Afterwards he performed in Nathaniel Gow's Edinburgh band, of which he is now the sole survivor. He told us some droll anecdotes of 'famous Neil,' whose wit was as remarkable as his faculty for music, and who seems to have been privileged to all forms of speech with his noble patron, though the one lived in a cottage, and the other in a palace. As a specimen of the familiarity—the duke was one day expressing an anxiety about receiving and paying some attentions to the officers of the 26th regiment, quartered in his neighbourhood, when Neil said, 'Whatfor would

* It may be asked, Are there not books, old and new, upon shooting in all its branches? There are; but, strange as it may appear, none of these describe the sport in question: they only give directions about measurements, dogs, &c. apparently presuming that the general features of a grouse-shooting excursion are universally known.

ye do that, man? Dinna ye mind it was them that burnt Dunkeld House? The Highlandman's memory referred to a transaction which took place just about a century before, amidst the tumults of the revolution—at which time the regiment was newly raised, and named the Cameronians, from the religious class who chiefly composed it. How amused would the officers have been at being thus held responsible for an act of persons so different from themselves, and so lost in the mists of antiquity! Our violoncellist also informed us that Neil had played at Dunkeld House to Prince Charles, whom he followed to Stirling; but, like Horace and many others of the tuneful tribe, he had no vocation to arms; so he quietly left the Highland army at that place, and returned to his native shades at Inver. Alas! poor Murray, a true 'last minstrel,' has fallen upon evil days in his old age, and, amidst changes of masters, and, what is perhaps more important, of factors, now pines in poverty on the estates of a family to whom he has fiddled for nearly two-thirds of a century. Surely, amidst the spendings of a great house, if attention could be attracted to the circumstance, something might be devoted to the comfort of such a venerable adherent.

I must leave this prattle, however, and overlook various other matters which were amusing and interesting to myself at the time, in order to attend to my main object. It was on Monday the 2d of September that I accompanied my host for the first time to his moor. Not a speck was on the sky, as, about ten o'clock, our party crossed the Tay on the way to the opposite hill. Let me here remark, that the cortège of a grouse-shooter who chooses to do things in style is rather imposing. Our sportsman was attended by his gamekeeper—a fine-looking young man of six feet—to manage the dogs; by his principal servant, to load his piece and carry a spare one; also by a pony bearing panniers, for the purpose of receiving the game. There was a country youth to guide and attend to the pony; another to lead the two or three pairs of dogs not on immediate duty; and, finally, a boy with a haversack to carry the dead game, as it accumulated, to the horse. Thus we were in all seven persons, besides a horse and seven or eight dogs. The dresses of master and men were alike plain, as becomes the roughness of the occupation; but the party acquired a certain romantic character from the accoutrements borne by several of them, amidst which were conspicuous two large silver-mounted and heraldically-sculptured horns, slung by belts, which, however, I found to be only devoted to carrying the liquor which is in requisition on all extraordinary occasions in the Highlands.

Our march was for four miles along the slope of a Highland mountain, where there was nothing to direct or aid the footing but a rude *peat-road*—that is, a way by which the people are accustomed to bring their fuel from the bogs on the high ground. Opposite to us lay the braes of Tullimet, celebrated by one of our fiddle tunes; and it was remarkable what an interest we were occasionally disposed to feel in contemplating these finely wooded slopes, and the neat mansion of Sir Robert Dick perched nearly at the top of them. As we ascended, we commanded wider and wider views of the great coniferous province of his grace of Athole—a range of mountainous country, covered, it is said, continuously for fifteen miles with pines and larches, mostly planted by the late duke. Ben-y-gloe gradually came into view behind us—a huge mountain near Blair, forming part of his grace's magnificent deer-forest. More to the west, we caught the huge head of Schiehallion, while in the opposite direction the hills above Dunkeld—Craigiebarns and Craigvinean—presented to notice their dark-feathered tops. Up, up still, along the hill-side; no matter though something falls like rain from your side-locks. Three miles walked, we reach a well-spring under a projecting rock, and there the horn is for the first time called into requisition. Another mile, and the upland moor is gained—a wide expanse of varied surface, surrounded by craggy peaks, and containing in

its lowest hollows two smooth-surfaced tarns, lone as that which the fisherman of Arabian fiction found where once had stood a populous city. It was now time to look about for game.

My friend therefore took his gun, and his gamekeeper sent forth two dogs in quest of birds. The mode of procedure seemed to be this. The party walks slowly along a place thought likely to contain birds—generally low places, where there are rills, for the birds can never be far from water; and, if possible, the progress is contrary to the direction of the wind, as thereby the scent comes to the dogs. The two animals range a little forward, passing from side to side across each other, and never more than about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of the party: if they chance to go beyond this range, the keeper recalls them by a wave of his arm or with his whistle. Lounging about in a seemingly careless fashion with their tongues lolling as usual from their mouths, it is curious to observe the sudden change of demeanour assumed by the animal when it scents game. It instantly stops, with its fore-foot perhaps suspended in the air and bent backwards; its mouth is shut, as if it feared to give an alarm by the sound of its respiration; and an air of concern and interest (I do not speak fancifully) overspreads its countenance. The sportsman then advances to the place, bearing his cocked piece ready to be presented, and generally the birds get up at his approach. If near enough, he fires, first the one barrel, then the other, always aiming at one bird of the covey only. There are great differences on different days, and at different periods of the season, in the vigilance and alacrity of the birds. On some days, particularly in the latter part of the brief month during which grouse-shooting lasts, they do not sit well—that is, do not wait till the sportsman is within shooting distance. It was now the latter part of the season; but, owing perhaps to the heat of the day, the birds sat well; consequently there was an opportunity for excellent sport. My friend commenced in earnest, and for a couple of hours was incessantly active in bringing down birds. He is, I believe, esteemed one of the three best shots in Perthshire, having practised the art since his earliest boyhood. During the three weeks already elapsed of the season, he had killed exactly 1020 animals of various kinds, chiefly grouse, upon his own moor. In the shooting, there is, I believe, no mystery beyond steadiness and correctness of aim; or, at best, there are a few small maxims to be observed, as, for example, to take the birds if possible when flying from you in a direct line; for when they are taken abreast—which is apt to be their position at the first rise—the shot most likely will be turned aside by the cuirass of soft feathers, and no effect will follow. The management of the dogs seemed to me the most delicate and interesting part of the whole business of the field. They must be so trained as not to run forward at the shot game, which is what they are inclined to do; for there may be birds still sitting, which, if not thus disturbed, would prove marks for the sportsman's second barrel. When, therefore, a dog rushes on after the shot, he is severely corrected by the whip of the keeper. When it is necessary, however, that the bird should be sought for, he is allowed and encouraged to go in search of it; that is to say, the special dog which first made the point. And occasionally, when only a wound has been inflicted, it is no easy matter to find the bird. During the course of this day my friend brought down three birds at one shot. Two were immediately got amongst the heather; but the third had scudded off to the distance of two hundred yards, and a quarter of an hour was spent in search of it. Sometimes the point of the dogs proves to be false, the scent having arisen from ground where birds had recently been, but where there are none now. For such disappointments there seems to be no remedy. For the other great disappointment, missing, there is always some consolation. Either the birds were too far off, and it was absurd to spend shot upon them;

or there can be no doubt that that jade of an old hen is touched. The disturbed covey generally flies to at least the distance of a quarter of a mile, and lights out of sight of the party; but it is the duty of the keeper to mark well whereabouts it lights, in order to attempt finding it again afterwards. One thing above all others seems to be vexing to a sportsman's bosom—the blithe *cock-cock* of the male bird as he flies off unhurt, whether at the head of his covey or alone. There is a defying insolence in the sound that would fire the blood of a Socrates, were such a person to take to the moors.

After shooting for about three hours, and bagging some dozen brace of grouse and one teal, it was declared to be time for lunch, and we accordingly had the pony brought up to a spring, round which the party arranged themselves, with little regard to ceremony. Bread and cheese and meat were produced from one of the panniers, and the horn was used liberally to qualify the water, and prevent its chilliness from having any injurious effects upon the system. On this practice, so common in the Highlands, I would be excused on the present occasion from making any remark. After resting a little, and when my friend had finished his cigar, we started again with fresh vigour, and entered once more into the sport. One of the first incidents was the killing of an Alpine hare, a kind of animal which abounds on the Perthshire hills. It is perfectly white in winter; but at the present season was of a gray colour, with a bluish tinge—hence its common name amongst sportsmen is a *blue hare*. It makes, I believe, as good soup as brown hares do, and its skin forms very pretty muffs for ladies. As we went on, one of our dogs, having made a point, was encouraged to move forward in the usual slow manner, when, in his progress, crossing a rill, he came upon, and *chopped*, that is, with one instantaneous bite despatched, a blue leveret. Here was a great fault, of which a regard to discipline made it necessary that due notice should be taken. The keeper inflicted a sharp flagellation, holding the dead hare towards him, and calling out 'ware hare!' The severity was the more distressing, as the dog was an uncommonly good one, and had been the chief minister of the sport of the day. I felt much for him, and half lamented the existence of an amusement which involved such pains to the most respectable of all the lower animals. I was informed, however, that means are now found for dispensing with much of the severity formerly used in training pointers. Dogs, as well as human beings, have been of late years educated more through the principle of kindness than that of terror. The advance of improved educational maxims in the school and the kennel has been simultaneous.

After accompanying my friend for another hour, I thought it best to reserve further strength, and make the best of my way home, leaving him to pursue his sport. I reached Logierait in time for a late dinner, and our sportsman came in about nightfall, with thirty brace of birds.

Two days after, the fine weather still continuing, it was resolved to devote a day chiefly to loch-fishing with the net, and on this occasion the ladies proposed to accompany us. About ten o'clock, then, we crossed the Tay fifteen strong, besides the pony and dogs, under one of the most ardent suns that ever shone upon Perthshire in September. The whole available force was engaged on this occasion; for it requires no small number of hands to pull the nets from a Highland loch. Amongst those who had not been with us on the former day, was Hamish Mackintosh, a powerful specimen of the Athole Highlander, whom my friend employs throughout the year as the watcher of his moor, and who is famed in the district for his superiority in all games requiring strength. Another new figure was honest Charles, with his fiddle, whose strains from time to time lent us fresh animation, as we paced along the rough slope. Pellucid sky and air, burning sun, clearly defined mountains all round, Logierait hamlet and kirk

reposing far below—such were the features of the scene as we advanced on our toilsome march; sensible of fatigue, yet full of life and glee, not excepting even the ladies. On, on we go, till at length human strength can do no more, and we are all forced into an admiration of Sir Robert Dick's house whether we will or no—Charley meanwhile regaling us with the very tune referring to the district we are regarding, the Braes of Tullimet. Again to breast the hill, and soon we come up alongside a drove of little Highland cattle on their way to the southern markets, followed by a suite of guides and dogs, and lending character to the scene. Soon, however, we leave these far below, and now a well occurs, and no one is inclined to let well alone, and the horn is produced, and partaken of by some. The pony, surmounted by the Herculean figure of Gil Jamieson, is at the same time seen toiling up another part of the hill at some distance. At length we reach the loch, bosomed high amidst the lonely rocky peaks, and smooth and clear as a mirror beneath the noonday sun.

This lake was a favourite resort for fishing with the late Duke of Athole, and its capabilities, as well as the proper modes of fishing it, are consequently as well known as is the proper mode of managing any farm upon his grace's estate.* Its name of Loch Skian—the lake of wings—bears reference to eight bays formed by it amongst the sinuosities of the ground, and the whole of which, it is said, can nowhere be seen at once. Each of these bays affords ground for a *shot* of the net, the bottom being there comparatively smooth, so that the tackle is in no danger of being destroyed. Having assembled at a point where a coble was moored, the net was brought forward and duly arranged. I found that it was about thirty yards long by four or five broad, the one side being provided with corks for floating, and the other with plummetts for the contrary purpose, while strong ropes extended from both ends. I am thus particular in description, because there must be many who, like myself up to that day, had no adequate idea of the form or arrangements of a fishing-net. The mode of proceeding was this. One end of the net being fixed within the coble, the body of it is piled up in folds at the stern, and then carried out by a rower into the lake. At a proper place, he hands the end of one of the ropes ashore to a party of four or five persons, who remain holding it till he has rowed across, dropping out the rope and net as he moves along, till he reaches another proper place upon the shore, and there hands the end of the other rope to another party of equal force. The two parties are now holding the net across a bay, and their further procedure is simply to sweep it along that bay till they bring it near the shore, thus drawing with them all the fish which might be within a certain distance of the surface. When near shore, the two parties shorten rope and come close together, so as to bag the net, which at length trails along the bottom, and allows no fish which may be in that part of the lake an opportunity of escape. At our first shots, we had only two or three pike enclosed, which made a poor exhibition at the landing of the net; but it was pleasant afterwards to see the net come tumbling in with a couple of dozen of fine large speckled trout. The process which I have described was repeated eight times, namely, at each of the bays in the lake, our party passing round at leisure to see the net make its successive landings. A more cheerful scene I had never seen, for all was life and joy amongst the attendants, and our ladies trod the dry heath with as blithesome steps as they would have trod a ball-room, while at every passage of the boat along the lake a young man, seated in it, enlivened the air, and soothed the water, with merry Highland tunes upon the bagpipe. Meanwhile, a boy was carefully stowing away lots of fish in the panniers borne by our friend the pony.

* Net-fishing is generally condemned by sportsmen; but in this district, for what reason I cannot tell, there seems to be no objection to it.

After the sixth shot, having arrived at a well of distinguished repute for cleanliness and coolness, and it being now between two and three o'clock, we addressed ourselves to the pleasant business of luncheon. With that good humour which such sports inspire, our ladies sat down upon the heath beside the spring, willing to be pleased with everything, and doubtless believing, with the duke—

—that life more sweet
Than that of painted ponies.

The attendants grouped themselves picturesquely among the neighbouring rocks, backed by the pony, which stood contemplatively at hand for the sake of the good things it bore. The materials of a light meal, with various beverages besitting various tastes, were then handed about, and we fell to with such appetite as only hill exercises can give. The laugh and joke passed across the fountain between master and retinue, and it did not appear from anything before me that such things as ranks or ceremonies existed among men—although, at the same time, there was no trace of a lack of mutual respect on either side. Such, I thought, is exactly the footing on which a gentleman of right feelings should wish to be with his dependents; and were there everywhere as much genuine unpretending kindness from one class towards another as I saw here, I cannot doubt that society would be a scene of greater enjoyment to all parties. Nor did even our gentle dames fail to lend their aid to the jocundity of the hour. At length, eating being done, we had recourse to our friend Charley for a song, and presently he filled the clear air with 'Come ye by Athole braes?' after which succeeded another equally appropriate, 'The Braes of Balquhider.' Charley, however, could not be expected to sing for ever, so a demand was made elsewhere, and most amusingly answered. An elderly, dark-complexioned, sharp-featured native, who had been brought to assist in the hauling of the net, was competent, it appeared, to favour the company with a smuggler's song, entitled the 'Battle of Corrymuckloch,' a ditty which never had been printed, no more than the whisky it referred to had ever paid duty, and which seemed to be everywhere understood as a piece of capital rustic raggery. With little hesitation, our songster began in a sharp emphatic voice to a Highland tune, the said Battle, &c.—which I found to be a description of a real event, a repulse which a gauger's party had experienced near Anulre about twenty years ago; the 'Falkirk,' it might be called, of the Smuggling Cause; the last gleam of triumph which the contraband trade had experienced ere it sunk into its present insignificance. The song was greatly enjoyed, and I give it here, if not to entertain others, at least to show how easily we, in such circumstances, were entertained. —

THE BATTLE OF CORRYMUCKLOCH.

December, on the twenty-first,
A party of the Scottish Greys
Came up our lofty mountains steep.
Some Highland whisky for to drink
With sword and pistol by their side,
They thought to make a bold attack,
And all they wanted was to seize
Poor Donald w' his smuggled drap.

CHORUS.

Drum dya a dow a dee,
Drum dya a dow a daddie,
Drum dya a dow a dee,
Poor Donald w' his smuggled drap.

The gauger he drew up his men,
And they poor Donald did surround,
He says, 'Your whisky I must seize,
By virtue of our British crown.'
'Tut, tut,' says Donald, 'not so fast,
The wee drap liquor's a' cut a'it;
We owe not for you nor your horse,
Nor yet your muckle-headed men.'

Then Donald he drew up his men,
And Donald he did give command,
And all the aye poor Donald had
Was a good oak stick in like hand.

The place where Donald's men drew up,
A good stane dyke* was at their back,
And when their stables to *pruthie* went,
W' stables they made a beautiful task.

Or ere the action it was o'er,
A horseman lay upon the plain,
Then Sandy he to Donald said,
'We have killed one o' the bandod men.'
But up he got and ran awa,
And straight to Anulre he flew,
And left the rest to do their best,
As they were left at Waterloo.

Then Donald and his lads struck fast
They made the bandies quit the field,
The gauger he was thimmed wad,
Before that he was forced to yield
'Ye filthy, ugly, gauger loon,
If'er ye come the gate again,
If'er you come this road again,
Ye'll ne'er see Anulre a' dux town.

And when the battle it was o'er,
And not a horse man to be seen,
Haye Donald to his men did say,
'Come sit ye down upon the green!
And now, my lads, ye just shall have
A drapple o' the thing we ha'e!
And troth,' quoth Donald, 'they did get
A filthy busy down the brae.'

Bravo, Donald! We soon after set again to the net-fishing, and completed the round of the loch at two more hauls. Meanwhile, my host bethought him it might be as well to take home a few grouse; so, setting off with his keeper and the dogs, he soon filled a bag, and then returned to us. The declining sun now gave the hint that it was time to be wending homeward; so, after a day of the greatest levity of heart I had known for a long time, amidst chat and merriment infinite, we began to descend the mountain. We reached Logierait about seven, not too weary or exhausted to take a hearty dinner, mainly composed of our lake spoils, or to enjoy a speat of Charley's fiddle tunes, which came in by way of dessert. And thus ended my experiences of the amusements of a shooting-station; for next day saw me on my way back to moiling hard-working Edinburgh, there to resume the usual monotony of existence and its usual cares.

Grouse-shooting in the Highlands has lately become a favourite recreation with English as well as Scottish gentlemen, and at present there is such a demand for ground on which to practise it, that something like a second rent is realised by the proprietors. Many thousands of pounds are thus annually brought into and spent in the land of the Gael. To give some idea of the shooting rent of property in that district, I may mention that my friend, with an associate, paid a few years ago £380 for thirty-eight thousand acres of moor near Dalnaspidal. In the present year, rents have risen beyond all precedent, and parties have in some instances paid £500 and even £800 for good moors. It has even become a kind of trade to take moors, and allow single sportsmen to shoot over them at several guineas a day, reserving the game killed, which the lessee of the ground sells to dealers in Edinburgh or London. Twenty years ago, shooting rent was scarcely known in Scotland; but now it is so well established, that fifteen years' purchase is allowed for it in the price of estates, and it enters into legal consideration in provisions for younger members of families. It may well be supposed that shooting is an expensive amusement. A sportsman, besides the rent for his moor, must pay an active man to watch it during the year. He must give gratuities to the shepherds to purchase their good will; for a shepherd can crush a brood of eggs with one fall of his foot, and also secretly live game, without the possibility of detection. Then he requires dogs, some of which will, individually, reach the value of twenty-five pounds—accoutrements of various kinds—a game-keeper to manage his sport—and a variety of other attendants, as already described. The license costing four pounds, becomes of course a mere bagatelle; com-

* Stone wall.

† This way.

pared with the other expenses. And all this outlay of money is for an amusement which rarely lasts above three weeks in the year. Nevertheless, it is scarcely surprising that grouse-shooting is so favourite a recreation; for it is obviously one full of delightful excitement, and even in the return which it gives to natural, simple, hardy life, there is a gratification which is only felt the more keenly, the more that ordinary life is artificial and refined.

CORNISH MINES AND MINERS.

THE county of Cornwall, which occupies the extreme south-western point of England, is richer than any other district of Great Britain in mineral treasures. Copper and tin are found in large quantities amidst granite and clay-slate or killas, in fissures or veins. Lead, silver, cobalt or antimony, are mostly found in clay-slate, but in limited quantities. The number of mines in Cornwall is one hundred and forty, in which about two millions and a half of capital is employed.*

The most important of the copper and tin mines lie about half way between the Bristol and British Channels, near the town of Redruth, in hills ranging from three to four hundred feet above the sea. The largest are the Consolidated, the United, the Poldice, and the Dalcouth mines. The surface of the ground under which these excavations are made, presents an aspect nowhere else to be seen. The country around Redruth consists chiefly of hills of clay-slate, and of fertile vales; the farmer dividing the land with the miner in irregular portions. The most lifeless barrenness and the brightest verdure lie side by side. The situation of a mine is marked by heaps of slaty poisonous rubbish thrown up in rugged heaps from the lower regions, extending sometimes to a mile long by half a mile broad. This refuse is called the 'deads' of the mine, and correctly indicates the direction of the workings below; for, as the miner is obliged to have a shaft sunk at every hundred yards to obtain air, these deads are voided through them; hence his underground progress may be as accurately traced by these heaps as that of the mole by the little hills it throws up. The scene is varied by tall chimneys; steam-engines being used for pumping water from the mines; also by large capstans or 'whims' turned by two or four horses, by means of which the produce of the mine is brought to the surface, or to 'grass,' as the workmen term it. But the strangest feature in the landscape is presented by the white-washed cottages of the miners, distributed over the district singly, or by twos and threes, with the utmost irregularity, and look as if they had been dropped about by accident. Besides these abodes, there are a number of sheds under which the ores are sorted and cleaned. During the day-time, the singularity of the scene is heightened by its perfect stillness; for all the activity is concentrated below the surface. Early in the morning, however, the scene becomes animated; men, women, and children, come out of the scattered abodes, and congregate like bees around the mouth of the mine. The females and children repair to the sheds to dress the ores; the men, having put on their 'underground clothes' made of flannel, descend the several shafts by means of ladders. The district is suddenly depopulated; for some hours not a human being is to be seen. Following the miner to his avocations, we shall be able to afford ourselves the mode in which a Cornish mine is worked.

Mines in Cornwall are generally undertaken by companies of adventurers, the shares being divided into 400, and sometimes 1000 parts. If the mine be upon a waste, it is the property of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall; whose agents the adventurers apply for a lease. If the mine be private property, the owners are of course applied to. It is usually let for twenty-one

years, or for such part of that time as the workings shall be proceeded in. The payment to the proprietor, or the lord of the manor, varies, according to circumstances, from one-eighth to one-thirtieth part of the ore raised. This preliminary having been settled, the mine is begun to be formed. Nature has distributed mineral wealth in cracks or fissures of rock called lodes, which in Cornwall take an easterly and westerly direction, and most capriciously even in them; for their thickness varies from that of a sheet of paper to thirty feet. No lode, again, is quite filled with ore, which is scattered in bunches called 'veins,' amidst quartz, mudstone, and the rubbish known as 'deads.' When it has been ascertained that metal exists, the first thing done is to sink a perpendicular shaft to the depth of about sixty feet or ten fathoms; then an excavation is made horizontally, to form 'levels' or galleries. To do this, the miners dig in the direction of the veins, one set working towards the east, and another towards the west, to form two galleries simultaneously in opposite directions. Having proceeded about a hundred yards, they would be unable to 'drive' the level further for want of air, had it not been previously arranged that two other sets of miners should have been at work, at the appointed distances on the surface, to sink two other shafts. By this means the gallery may be continued to any length, shafts being sunk at every hundred yards. While this 'level' is being made, a third set of miners are employed in the original, or, as it is termed, the 'engine shaft,' to sink it sixty feet deeper. Here a second level is formed exactly as the first one was, receiving air from the various perpendicular shafts which are successively sunk to meet it. Still the descent of the main or engine-shaft proceeds, and third and fourth galleries (so on to any depth) are excavated one below the other. In this way the engine-shaft of the Consolidated mine has been sunk to a depth of 265 fathoms. The space of a hundred yards between each shaft communicating with the surface is now divided by smaller perpendicular shafts, which only reach from gallery to gallery, and are called 'winzes.' The whole mine is by this time converted into square masses or lumps about thirty-three feet long and sixty feet high. These masses are called 'pitches.'

The mine is now completely formed, and ready for working. The men who have dug it have been paid so much per fathom for their labour, with a small per centage on the value of whatever ore they may have raised during the excavations. This is called 'tut' (task) work. But a less certain and more adventurous mode of payment, called 'tributing,' is adopted for the actual working of the mine. It is now open to the inspection of all the labouring miners in the country, and each 'pitch' or compartment is let by public competition to two or four workmen for two months. At the expiration of this term each pitch is again put up to auction. The reason for these short leases is, that all the workmen may have a fair chance of gain, and that the actual value of each compartment shall be obtained; for nothing is more precarious than mining. The lessees will frequently dig away for weeks, and find no metal; then suddenly light upon a rich vein. On the other hand, the lode will as suddenly get poor and profitless, having, as the miners call it, 'taken a heave,' by which they mean, that some convulsion of nature has separated the vein, and removed it sometimes two or three hundred feet further into the 'pitch,' or perhaps into a neighbouring one. Sometimes, again, when a lode is productive, it 'takes horse,' that is to say, is split into two by a wedge of 'deads,' thus costing double the quantity of labour to work than when the ore was found in solid masses. Mining, therefore, is quite a lottery, abounding in blanks and prizes to all parties concerned, from the proprietors of the mine (called in Cornwall 'the adventurers') down to the humblest workman. Should one of the latter hire a 'pitch' which, after a time, turns out to be a hopeless speculation, he can give it up by paying a fine of twenty shillings.

Having simply dug away the ore—or 'hure,' as a Cornishman pronounces it—the miner must next get it cleaned, and put into a state for the market. To do this he employs women, boys, and girls, generally members of his own family, who work in sheds at the mouths of the shafts. In order to prepare copper ores for market, the first process is of course to throw aside the deads or rubbish with which they are unavoidably mixed; and this operation is very cleverly performed by little girls of seven or eight years of age, who receive threepence or fourpence a-day. The largest fragments of ore are, then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces by women, and after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term 'maidens,' or girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores; that is, with a bucking iron or flat hammer they bruise them down to a size not exceeding the top of the finger. The 'hures' are then given to boys, who *jig* or shake them in a sieve under water, by which means the metalliferous lumps, being the heavier, keep at the bottom, while the spar or refuse is scraped from the top. The pieces which pass through the sieve are also stirred about in water; the lighter part is thrown from the surface, and the ores thus dressed being put into large heaps, are ready for the market. When sold, they are shipped for Wales (it being much cheaper to carry copper ores to the coals than the coals to the ores); and in Wales, after undergoing another trifling operation, they are ready to be smelted. The dressing of tin ores is a very different process, because they can only be smelted after having been reduced to the finest powder. Having been separated from the deads, they are thrown into a stamping mill of an ingenious construction. The ore is placed under a number of heavy piles of wood shod with iron, which are worked vertically, like a pavior's hammer, either by water or steam power. The bottom of the stamp for receiving the ore is surrounded by a fine sieve, through which water being made to flow constantly, the ore can only escape when pounded very fine. Even then the product is not pure, for in all tin ores copper and mundic (sulphuret of arsenic) are found. These have to be separated first by repeated washing, called 'buddling,' and afterwards by heat or 'roasting.' The metal, rendered nearly pure by these processes, requires but little fuel, and is smelted in Cornwall.

All the operations are superintended by overseers, called 'captains,' of which every large mine has three; two known as 'underground captains,' to see what goes on below, and one to superintend the work done above, hence called the 'grass captain.' Each of these has a fixed salary of about eighty or ninety pounds per annum.

When the copper ores are ready for sale, they are made up into heaps of about a hundred tons each, and sold in the following singular manner:—Samples in small bags are sent weekly to the agents of the different copper companies, who transfer them to assayers—a class of men who are, in Cornwall, perfectly ignorant of chemistry or metallurgy, but who, from sheer experience, are able to tell with accuracy the value of each sample. The agents then determine what sum they will offer per ton at the weekly sale, which for copper takes place every Thursday, tin being sold on Tuesdays. The buyers meet the mine agents, and they all assemble round a long table, at the head of which sits a president. Not a word is spoken. The copper agents write on a slip of paper what they are willing to give per ton for the several heaps, and hand the ticket to the chairman, who, when all the offers are collected, gets them printed in a tabular form. The highest offer secures the purchase, and a line is drawn under it in the printed table. This mode of disposing of the ores is called 'ticketing.' Out of the proceeds each miner gets his 'tribute,' which varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the richness of the ores he has dug up, or, as he prefers expressing it, 'brought to grass.' The quantity of pure metal extracted from the copper ores

of Cornwall amounts to from eleven to twelve thousand tons a-year, worth nearly one hundred pounds per ton. Of pure tin, not more than four thousand tons, worth from sixty to eighty pounds per ton, are produced.*

At the end of each day's labour the scene on the surface is cheerful, forming a strong contrast to the solitude it breaks. The miners issue from the various shafts in crowds, at first hot, wet, dirty, and tired; each with the remainder of a bunch of candles hanging at the bottom of his flannel garb. They all assemble around the engine, which, having no occasion for rest, is always at work pumping water out of the mine. The waste warm water is run off into a pool, in which the men wash themselves after leaving their underground clothes to dry, and substituting their 'every-day' dress. By this time the women, 'maidens,' and little boys have also made themselves clean at another pool, and the whole multitude (sixteen hundred persons are employed in the Consolidated mines) migrate across the fields in groups and in various directions to their respective homes. 'Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, however, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and the inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The younger men proceed talking and laughing, and where the grass is good, they will sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leap-frog—little urchins run on before to gain time to stand upon their heads—while the "maidens," sometimes pleased and sometimes offended with what happens, smile or scream as circumstances may require. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, their numbers of course diminish, and the individual who lives farthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself. On arriving at home, the first employment is to wheel a small cask in a light barrow for water; and as the cottages are built to follow the fortunes and progress of the mine, it often happens that the miner has three miles to go ere he can fill his cask. As soon as the young men have supped, they generally dress themselves in their holiday clothes, a suit better than the working-clothes in which they walk to the mines, but not so good as their Sunday clothes. In fact, the holiday clothes are the Sunday clothes of last year; and thus, including his underground flannels, every Cornish miner generally possesses four suits of clothes.† On a Sunday, the mining community presents a most respectable figure. The above account of their wardrobe shows them to be well dressed; and their natural aspect is good, being for the most part a handsome race; and working away from the influences of sun and wind, they never look weather-beaten. As they come from church or chapel (which they attend with regularity), there is no labouring class in England which appears to be in better circumstances. The number of persons employed in mining operations in Cornwall reaches, according to the last census, to nearly eighty thousand persons.

In a legal point of view, miners are an exception to all the rest of the queen's subjects. A code of laws, still in existence, was made in their especial behalf upwards of five centuries ago, and called the Stannary laws (from the Latin word *stannum*, tin). They are administered under the Duke of Cornwall, a title attached to that of Prince of Wales, the courts having been instituted by Edward the Black Prince. In failure of a Prince of Wales, the dukedom reverts to the crown. The lord and vice-wardens of the stannaries are at the head of the actual jurisdiction. This extends to all persons employed in the mines, and they can only

* Vide M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, article 'Cornwall,' and 'Statistics of the British Empire,' page 14.

† Quarterly Review, vol. 32.

be sued in their own courts respecting matters which do not affect life and limb. For legal purposes, the mining districts of Cornwall are divided into four stannary districts, in which courts—composed of a steward of the stannaries and a jury of miners—are held. The reason given for the origin of these laws was, that the men should not be taken from their work to attend civil courts at a distance.

PRIDE AND TEMPER.

CAROLINE and EDWARD SPENCER had been engaged in marriage to each other from childhood, and the period at which their friends had determined that their union should take place having arrived, they were united under many favourable auspices. They were equally accomplished, in comfortable circumstances, and possessed of a similarity of dispositions and tastes, which was particularly remarkable. They were, as it was observed, formed for each other. One single defect, however, on each side marred all, and rendered them supremely miserable.

The period generally known as the honeymoon had passed over without any occurrence approaching to a direct misunderstanding, and the young couple sat one evening in the enjoyment of the most pleasing reminiscences. 'Do you recollect,' said Caroline, 'the happy days we used to spend together sauntering on the banks of our beautiful river, and inhaling the fresh air which lightly rippled its surface?' 'I do, my dear,' replied her husband. 'And do you recollect when you said that if marriage were half as pleasant as that time, you would, when we were united, think yourself the happiest of mortals?' 'I do.' 'And do you remember the favourite songs we used to sing?' 'Yes.' 'And how jealous you would be whenever I spoke of that poor Morris?' 'No, I do not.' 'What! not recollect that?' 'Certainly not; I never was jealous in my life.' 'Well, but I am sure you were.' 'But I deny it, my dear.' 'Now, you know you were; come, confess it.' 'Do you wish me to confess that which I know was not so?' But let us quit the subject. Have you tried either of those airs I brought you yesterday?' 'Ah! you shan't escape me in that manner. I insist on it—you were horribly jealous of young Morris, and every one saw it.' 'I tell you once more, Mrs Spencer, I was not. Have you tried the airs?' 'Never mind the airs, my dear; I wish to convince you that you were jealous. Do you not recollect the evening when—' Edward rose from his chair. 'Madam,' he observed, 'if you insist on continuing a subject which, you perceive, is disagreeable to me, I must leave the room.' 'But why should it be disagreeable to you? Just say you were jealous, and I shall be satisfied.' He made no reply, but immediately left the room, when his young wife perceived that she had gone a little too far. 'He is so irritable,' she said; but instead of following her husband, to endeavour to soothe his irritation, she sat down to the piano to try the airs he had brought her. In the interim he had retired to the adjoining apartment, somewhat convinced himself that he had acted precipitately. However, he thought his wife would no doubt follow him, anxious to adjust the little difference. He therefore threw himself on a couch, expecting every moment to see her enter the apartment. What, then, was his surprise to hear the sound of music from the room he had left, and the voice of his wife accompanying, apparently in the most unconcerned manner, the instrument she was playing. Considering himself treated with indifference, if not contempt, he put on his hat, and walked out into the street in no very enviable humour. As his evil fortune would have it, he had not proceeded very far when he encountered the arch tempter himself, in the shape of a friend on his way to the club, of which both had been members, but from which Spencer, in the determination to lead a domesticated life, had withdrawn since his marriage. In his then state of mind, it required very little persuasion to go thither, and thither he went, remaining

until early the ensuing morning, when he returned home. His wife had retired to bed, and not willing to disturb her, he crept noiselessly in. His rage had evaporated; and had he found her awake, the difference between them might have been satisfactorily adjusted. She had, however, after crying bitterly at what had occurred, fallen asleep. Pride kept her the next morning from confessing that she had been at all annoyed or grieved at her husband's absence; and when he 'hoped that she had not been very unhappy,' she replied, 'not at all.' This at once put an end to any explanation; and in the evening he 'thought that as Mrs Spencer felt so happy in his absence, there could be no objection to his spending the evening once more from home.' The club was again resorted to, and being induced to engage in play, he rose a great loser. He returned home chafed and annoyed, and in no mood to make concessions of any description, far less to endure taunts in quiet. 'I hope you have enjoyed yourself at the club?' said his wife to him as he entered the room. 'Woman, leave me alone,' he replied angrily. 'You seem already to think marriage by no means as pleasant as courtship.' 'Leave me alone, I say, or I shall make you.' 'What! you will strike me too? Do so, and crown your amiable and considerate conduct.' The young man raised his hand as if to comply with the taunt, but suddenly checking himself, he again took his hat and rushed hastily from the house. He hurried on through the dark and nearly deserted streets without an object, and not knowing or thinking what he intended to do with himself. Suddenly he stopped before a large well-lit building; he surveyed it anxiously, and then seemed about to pass on; but, apparently drawn by an irresistible impulse, he at length went in. It was the club once more—the place which he had recently left under circumstances so unfortunate. He had still a few pounds in cash with him, and had determined to make one effort more to redeem previous losses. In the excited state of his mind, it is unnecessary to say that the effort was unsuccessful. He would have quitted at once, but friends were there to urge him on, and to advance him money on the security of his watch, notes of hand, &c. Maddened by repeated losses, he at length played deeply—recklessly. When he left the house for the second time that night, he was a beggared man!

And what was Caroline's impression of the whole matter? Up to the moment of her husband's quitting her for the third time, she regarded herself as a deeply injured woman. She had obstinately persisted in a course which was displeasing to her husband, but never thought for a moment that she had done anything to call forth his anger. She had been too proud to admit concern at the difference which had taken place between them, yet acquitted herself of any act which tended to prolong that difference. She had taunted, when she should have soothed him; and yet did not conceive that she had been in any shape instrumental in causing him to quit his home. In the morning, when he doggedly related what had occurred, 'It was,' she said, 'just what she had expected, and just what she deserved for marrying him.'

Here, then, was a most unpleasant state of affairs. There were two parties united together for life, who seemed destined to live at variance. There was to be contention, and yet very precarious support. The 'dinner of herbs' was probably to be there; but the 'love,' which alone could render it palatable, was to be absent. There was, however, no help for it, and howsoever disagreeable, it must be endured. They thought of separation, but soon abandoned the idea; for, although unhappy together, they had, strange to say, no earnest desire to part. At length, after many disappointments, employment was procured for Edward Spencer through the instrumentality of friends, and they entered upon a new life. Many privations they had to endure, and many struggles to undergo. The temper which could not brook contradiction, was now subjected to

restraint: and the pride that forbade the admission of error, or the acknowledgment of a pang, sank under the weight of comparison; poverty, and the consequent neglect of friends. The result was, Caroline and Edward Spencer were both humbled, and when their humility became an active quality—which it did so soon as the novelty of their situation wore off—they led a happier life. Industry and frugality at length crowned their efforts, and they were enabled once more to move in a respectable sphere of society. It was in the same room, and about the same spot, that some short time after this favourable reverse of their fortunes, they were again found indulging in reminiscences of the past. 'Does it not seem strange,' said Edward, 'that so trifling a circumstance as your supposing that I was once jealous of young Morris should have led to all our misfortunes?' 'No, my dear,' replied his wife, 'it was not that circumstance, but my foolishly insisting upon the matter after I saw that you were annoyed at it.' 'But then, how silly of me to be annoyed at such a trifle.' 'Oh, how I wept the first evening you quitted me!' 'And I to have supposed that you cared not whether I were offended or not.' 'The fact is, my dear,' said Caroline, 'I had then too much pride.' 'And I,' retorted Edward, giving her a kiss, 'too little temper.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WORKMEN'S SINGING CLASSES.

WITH great pleasure we direct attention to the numerous singing classes which have been recently established, in Cheshire and Lancashire, for the purpose of diffusing the recreative effects of music amongst the operatives of those districts. To expatiate on the benefits of such institutions, not only to the persons more immediately deriving instruction from them, but to society at large, would be useless. They are too obvious for explanation. Such means of spending a love for one of the most innocent, pleasing, and morally influential of the fine arts—coming, as it happily did, almost coincidentally with the temperance movement—has proved highly instrumental in bringing about the vast improvement in the manners of the humbler classes, by which the present century will be distinguished from preceding ones in the eyes of the future historian.

At present, the head-quarters of these musical societies is Manchester. The system followed is that of Wilhem, introduced into this country by Mr Hullah, and began in the manufacturing districts by the formation of small classes, by which its efficacy was fully tested. Its future success appeared to depend entirely upon some organisation which would unite the scattered forces of the detached classes; and this was effected in Manchester, where an 'upper school' was established, from which the minor societies, distributed over the manufacturing districts, derive assistance and advice. Arrangements are periodically made for all the pupils to congregate from each part of the country. At the first of these meetings, which took place in Manchester on the 1st of June last, fifteen hundred voices were collected, and in going through the various pieces they had practised, produced those sublime effects which numbers and careful execution only can accomplish. The fact of fifteen hundred *proficients* existing, speaks of perhaps treble that number, who, instead of spending their leisure less worthily or advantageously to themselves, employ it in learning to sing.

Besides engaging operatives to make a good and amusing use of their leisure, the promoters of the Lancashire and Cheshire singing societies aim at another object—that of effecting improvements in congregational singing. This part of the plan cannot be too widely promoted. Laying aside all considerations of a devotional character as regards the vocalist, it is obvious that it would be better if congregations could sing harmoniously than according to the present system. The most important good, however, which is likely to flow

from the cultivation of this branch of musical study is, that it will in all probability attract persons to places of worship who would not otherwise visit them. To enjoy the pleasure of joining in a psalm, they would at least be drawn within the sphere of religious instruction. We are led into these remarks in consequence of learning that the directors of the workmen's singing classes have not received that encouragement in improving the mere execution of congregational praise which their good intentions merit.

In point of expense, these classes come quite within the reach of the poorest operative. As we explained in a former number concerning food and lodging, by combination our manufacturing population can get everything cheaply; and to this rule instruction in music is no exception. A master can teach a hundred pupils with as little trouble as one. Hence by this sort of union the musical student is enabled to get his lessons for a penny or three-halfpence each; the extra half-penny going to the purchase of music, which has been published in a cheap form. One number of the part-music issued for the use of these classes is now on our table. In it are contained two pieces: 'Here in cool grove' by Lord Mornington, and Dr Cooke's 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,' the price of which is twopence. At the music-shops, for these pieces, with the mere addition of pianoforte accompaniments, two shillings each are charged. Books of rudiments are published at equally low rates.

Besides singing classes, the committee of the Central Institution has instituted lectures, musical soirées, choral meetings, and is forming an extensive musical library. Hitherto their well-directed efforts have been highly successful, and we sincerely trust that they will continue to prosper.

READING ALOUD.

Charles Kemble has been reading Shakspeare to London audiences, and it would be well if, from among the thousands who listened to him, a few could be induced to carry the practice into private life. We know of no accomplishment so valuable as that of reading with good emphasis and discretion, of catching the meaning and spirit of an author, and conveying them to others with a distinct and intelligible utterance; and yet, strange to say, there is no department of modern education so much neglected. Indeed, so general is this neglect, that scarcely one young lady or gentleman in a dozen who boast of having 'finished' their education, can, on being requested, read aloud to a private company with that ease and graceful modulation which is necessary to the perfect appreciation of the author. There is either a forced and unnatural mouthing, a hesitating and imperfect articulation, or a monotony of tone so thoroughly painful, that one listens with impatience, and is glad when some excuse presents itself for his absence. Whatever may be the imperfections of our school tuition, this defect is rather to be attributed to a want of taste, and consequent neglect of practice on the part of grown-up individuals, than to any defect in their elementary training. There may be a deficiency of good models; but the main evil arises from the unequal value which seems to be attached to good reading as compared with music, dancing, painting, and other fashionable acquirements. Why it should be so, we can discover no good cause, but, on the contrary, see many substantial reasons why reading aloud should be cultivated as one of the most useful and attractive of domestic accomplishments.

To young ladies, for example, the habit of reading aloud has much to recommend it. At mere school, it is highly beneficial on account of the strength and vigour which it confers on the chest and lungs; while the mental pleasure to be derived therefrom is one of the most delightful that can adorn the family circle. Gathered round the winter's fire, or evening lamp, what could be more cheerful for the aged and infirm, what more instructive to the younger branches, or

more exemplary to the careless, than the reading aloud of some entertaining author, and who could do this with greater grace or more impressive effect than a youthful female? It requires no great effort to attain this art, no neglect of music, painting, or other accomplishment; it is, in fact, more a practice than a study, and one which the interest excited by new books and periodicals would always prevent from becoming dull or tiresome. Were females of all ranks to adopt the practice more than they do at present, they would bind to their homes many who are otherwise disposed to go in search of unworthy enjoyments, and would add another chain of delightful associations wherewith to attach the young to the family hearth. Another advantage which it would confer on the fair readers themselves, would be the improved utterance and intonation which correct reading would produce, instead of that simpering and lisping which are so often to be met with even among females of the higher classes. Nor is it to women in their domestic capacity only that the practice of reading aloud would be attended with benefit. Many of the middle and lower classes are under the necessity of earning a livelihood by in-door employments, such as millinery, straw-plaiting, pattern-painting, and the like, and being in general occupied in one apartment of moderate size, the reading aloud of proper books would be to them not only a source of healthful recreation, but of amusement and instruction. In such establishments, reading by turns would present a beautiful picture, and however limited the amount of information disseminated, it would at all events be a thousand times preferable to that system of idle and worthless gossip which is said now to prevail.

To young men preparing for professional labours, the art of reading aloud is indispensable; and though not equally necessary for what are called business-men, still to such it is a becoming and valuable acquirement. Ask your son, who has lately gone to the counting-room, to read you the last debate in parliament, and ten to one he will rattle through it with a jumbling indistinctness of utterance, that you are glad when his hour calls him away, and leaves you to the quiet enjoyment of self-perusal. And why is this? Simply because the youth has never been taught to regard reading aloud in the light of a graceful accomplishment. At school he learned to know his words, and that was so far useful; but to read as a gentleman, in the spirit and meaning of the author, this is what he has yet to acquire by the imitation of good models and by frequent practice. That the art of reading aloud is at the low ebb we mention, any one can readily convince himself by requesting his friend to read for him the last speech of the British premier, or message of the American president. Twenty to one he will find his friend an apt enough scholar, but a careless and indifferent enunciator—one who has all along read for himself, and whose only object has been merely to acquire the meaning of the words he perused. At the period of the Reform Bill, when newspapers were read by the million, it was customary, in the workshops of tailors, flax-dressers, and others, for one to read aloud while the others were at work—those who could read fluently taking their turns of this duty, and those who could not, paying the others who did, according to the amount of time spent in the exercise. In some instances, indeed, a reader was paid by the workmen, it being his duty to read the public debates and leading articles at so much per hour. We have occasionally listened to such a reader (one of the workmen), and been astonished at the force and freedom of his utterance, and the manner in which he modulated his intonation, throwing himself exactly into the place of the speaker. Now, this was not the result of any superior tuition, but the effect of listening to the best public speakers, and of his daily exercise as reader to the establishment. Unfortunately the practice in which we refer died with the excitement of the period; but we see no cause why the attention which was then given to public affairs might not be profitably

directed to entertaining and instructive authors. It is true that the inquiring and studious workman will cultivate his own mind at home; but all workmen are not inquiring and studious, and the introduction of reading aloud to each other in turn would be productive of incalculable benefit.

Singing for the million is cried up on all hands—why not reading aloud? What Mainzer has accomplished for the one art, might be effected by Charles Kemble for the other. We have in almost every family and workshop evidence of what practice in concert has done for vocal music—why not the same for reading aloud? The one art is chiefly valued as an amusement and refining accomplishment—the other is equally entertaining, quite as necessary for the adornment of public or private life, and certainly more directly productive of utility and knowledge.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Three years ago we took occasion to notice the extreme dirtiness of the streets of London, and, laying all considerations of mere convenience or taste out of the question, the danger to public health from the accumulating refuse of so large a city. Our views on this point unfortunately offended a local feeling, which we could not have expected to find in so large a city. That we had not overstated the case, however, was evident from remarks of a similar character with our own which afterwards appeared in the Times and Morning Herald newspapers, both of which spoke of the streets of London as in a state thoroughly disgraceful to all concerned.

The metropolitan press has occasionally returned to the subject, but nothing has been done in the way of improvement. London is as dirty as ever—less foul, certainly, than Paris or the older parts of Edinburgh; because in all domestic arrangements the English far transcend the French, Scotch, and all other nations; but still, as respects its thoroughfares, so generally unclean, so unscrapped and unswept, that its condition is the surprise of every stranger. The answer usually made by an inhabitant of the metropolis to any observation on this delicate subject is, 'That the immense traffic in the streets precludes the tidiness which might be desirable—that London is wonderfully clean, all things considered.' In reply to such answers, we can only state the following undeniable facts. Streets in which there is most traffic are occasionally the cleanest. Lanes and streets enjoying comparatively little traffic are in many instances the most uncleanly. But in point of fact there seems to be no regular principle either as to cleanliness or dirtiness. In a walk of three or four miles in a tolerably straightforward direction, you will pass through a dozen degrees of impurity. One stretch of street will be clean, the next lying one or two inches deep in mud, the next clean, the next dirty, and so on. Regent Street, Oxford Street, St Giles, and Holborn, offer a fair specimen of these varieties. While remarking that Regent Street and some parts of Oxford Street are invariably clean, we have observed that some parts of the St Giles and Holborn continuation of the latter street have lain unswept for weeks.

In dry weather, the unswept streets would soon become impassable from dust, were they not, in such seasons, daily deluged with water. The consequence of this practice is, that the thoroughfares of London are never free from wet impurities, and the exhalations arising from them. The watering is performed on a scale of universal liberality: streets that are paved with wood, and would, if swept, throw up no dust at all, are as profusely irrigated as if they were macadamised roads. A natural result is, that these wooden pavements, swimming in wet and dirt, present no sufficient hold for the horses' feet, and are complained of for their extreme slipperiness, while the real defect is in the want of a uniform and comprehensive system of sweeping. When the causes of this defect are inquired into, they are found in the number of jurisdictions into

which London is broken up (about eighty, it is said), as far as cleaning and paving are concerned. Each petty parochial management contracts with persons to remove impurities from the streets, and the contractors feel themselves under no obligation to act from any consideration save their own convenience. 'Remonstrances have been made by public bodies as to this antiquated and imperfect system of cleansing, but hitherto without avail. Though petty, the jurisdictions are, politically speaking, powerful; and we know of no means of quelling them but a legislative measure in the hands of an energetic government. It is notorious that, unless government had stepped in to reform the metropolitan police, and take it in some measure under its own management, it never would have been reformed. A similar movement is now required with regard to the scavenging of London—the parishes will not, and the people can not move. Every abuse will continue, unless, in carrying out the sanitary improvement of towns, the government vigorously interfere to remove this great and inveterate nuisance.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.



FIRST ARTICLE—CHINESE WRITING.

THE curious complexity of characters presented to the European eye by such specimens of Chinese writing or printing as have reached this country, has had the effect of deterring many persons from its study. But, like most other difficulties, this, though formidable at first sight, is found easy to conquer on closer examination—when the rudiments of the Chinese written language, and the principles on which those rudiments are founded, are explained. 'The rumoured difficulties attendant on the acquisition of Chinese, from the great number and variety of the characters, are the mere exaggerations of ignorance, and so far mischievous, as they are calculated to deter many from the pursuit whose business takes them to the country, and would no doubt be greatly promoted by some practical acquaintance with its language.* That the more general study of it would be very beneficial in a commercial point of view, there can be no question. Higher considerations, however, exist, to incite the inquiring student. Chinese is the language of nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the globe.† As a means, therefore, of holding free communication with so large a proportion of our fellow-creatures, it ought to be assiduously cultivated. Moreover, it has been acknowledged by competent philologists to be the most perfect system of scriptural language ever yet invented; one, too, in which more books have been written than in any language of Europe—the Chinese being, as we explained in a former article, the most literary nation upon earth. These are startling facts, not sufficiently known in this country.

One great advantage is presented to the learner at the outset. Chinese is perfectly independent of all other lingual studies, and the most uneducated person may set to work and commence its acquirement with very nearly the same chance of success as the most educated. He who desires an acquaintance with many of the continental languages, will find a previous knowledge of Latin of great service, from the number of words woven by the Romans into the dialects of Europe during their conquests. Whoever, again, is anxious to learn to write short-hand (to which Chinese characters bear a distant analogy), should be already a good penman and gram-

marian; but it is not so with the study of this singular language. Scholastic learning aids but little in its acquirement; inasmuch that if we were asked what would be the easiest kind of writing to teach a person who did not know his alphabet? we should answer, 'the Chinese language.' This arises from the fact that the system differs from all others in existence—it has no alphabet. Those, therefore, who have studied alphabetic languages, find their previous knowledge useless, and they, as well as the most unlettered, must begin at the very beginning.

A language without an alphabet may strike some of our readers as something extremely imperfect, and a little incongruous; but if they will only follow us in the forthcoming explanation, they will see how exceedingly well literature can get on without an alphabet. This explanation, to be intelligible, must commence at the root and origin of all systems of record; for it happens that the Chinese plan is founded on the very first expedient adopted by mankind to communicate their ideas to each other otherwise than by speech, but that expedient brought to a high state of perfection.

The origin of all writing is drawing; for the primitive plan of communicating facts through the medium of the eye, instead of through that of the ear, was by drawing or graphically copying the action or thing concerning which the communication was to be made. A person wishing to send to a friend at a distance a message communicating the fact of a man having slain a lion, drew, or caused to be drawn, the likeness of a human being killing a wild animal. When the ancient Egyptians desired posterity to know the history of their dead, they buried them in chambers, on the walls of which were painted the various employments and achievements of the deceased during his lifetime. Such representations being extremely troublesome and difficult to figure, were gradually abandoned for more simple and concise forms, which, though having but a faint resemblance to the objects concerning which the record was to be made, were arbitrarily understood to possess definite meanings. Thus, it was settled by the ancient Chinese that the character, , should mean 'mouth'; and is still retained, but in a form more convenient for being written. In the hieroglyphics of Egypt,  stood for a bow; and the same sort of sign figured upright was used by the ancient Chinese to denote the same thing, and is still retained with very little alteration. The ancient Chinese characters are to be met with in old Chinese works, just as we find the books of the early typographers printed in German text. They are called *Kou-wen*; and a collection of them may be seen in the Jesuit Amiot's Letters from Peking, and in the second volume of Klaproth's Memoirs relative to Asia.

This pictorial system would have answered very well, if we needed to communicate nothing more than what relates to substantive objects, which could be seen and copied; but it required a further advance in the art of writing for man to record or communicate that which is abstract or non-material. No mere graphic figure could, for example, picture what we mean by 'pride,' or 'iniquity,' or 'goodness.' Now, here is the point from which the Chinese system of inscribed language diverges from all the others. The originators of the alphabetic plan seeing, perhaps, the hopelessness of conveying abstract ideas by the phainetic or hieroglyphic system, adopted a new principle for the improvement of writing; they took the sounds which men utter to express abstractions by means of speech, and reducing them to a system of representation by inscription, invented an alphabetic or phonetic plan of writing.‡ Through this track the system we follow was handed down to us. The Chinese, however—true to the conservative prin-

* The Chinese, by John Francis Davis, Esq. chap. xvi. We cannot resist the opportunity which this quotation gives us, of informing our readers that Mr Davis's work—the most authentic, entertaining, and candid account of the Chinese which has yet been furnished to the English public—has been lately published in Knight's series of weekly volumes. Consequently it is to be obtained for three shillings. The price of the first edition was, we believe, a guinea.

† Klaproth *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Asie*, vol. III. page 109.

* Numerous copies of these paintings are to be found in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's 'Topography of Thebes,' and 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

‡ The word *Phainetic* is derived from the Greek word *Phaino*, I make appear, and applies to the system solely derived from the picturing of objects. *Phonetic* is derived from *Phonoe*, I sound.

ciples which have distinguished them from the beginning of history—adhered to the old plan, but improved it by attributing analogous qualities to substantive things. Thus they express the abstract idea 'splendour' by a junction of the two characters by which they represent the most brilliant of natural objects—namely, the sun and the moon. 'Comfort' is composed of the two signs which, when separate, mean respectively 'rice' and 'mouth'; for one of the greatest blessings a Chinaman can conceive, is having plenty of rice to eat.

The Chinese written language, then, consists of representations of natural objects, so combined by analogous reasoning and allusion, as to form a perfect *ideographic* system of caligraphy. Not having been derived from the ever-varying intonations of the human voice, it is so perfectly independent of all dialects, that whilst the inhabitants of various parts of China-*Proper*, of Cochinchina, of Japan, Loo-Choo, and Corea, are unintelligible to each other in speech, yet they can effectually communicate their ideas in writing. The best practical illustration of a written character, common to several nations who cannot understand each other's speech, are the Arabic numerals common to all Europe. An Englishman, who could not understand what an Italian meant if he said *venti-due*, would comprehend him immediately if he wrote down 22. This advantage, which belongs to our numerals only, pertains to the whole language of the Chinese, and those other nations who use the same characters, without affixing to them the same pronunciation.* In like manner, music can be performed by musicians of any European nation. A Jesuit missionary happily characterised the Chinese language, when he said it was well adapted 'to paint words, and to speak to the eyes.' This renders Chinese perfectly well adapted for a universal medium of communication between all nations. Such was, indeed, a proposition methodised by Bishop Wilkins in an elaborate 'Essay towards a Real Character, and a Philosophical Language,' which he presented to the Royal Society.

Having learnt the principles on which Chinese writing was originally constructed, the reader is prepared to go into such details as will enable him to unravel the mass of curious strokes, curves, crosses, and contortions, which Chinese writing presents to his eye. The whole of the characters are made up of six elementary strokes: the combination of which (varying of course in print and different handwritings) completes the whole system. The student's first lesson, therefore, will be easy enough. Let him get the proper Chinese materials, which consist of fine paper, a camel-hair brush, and a thick dilution of Indian or Chinese ink, and learn to make neatly and readily the following marks — 一 丨 丿 乙 ㇚ †. These

marks may be so varied in composition as to admit of being employed in many different ways, which are chiefly divided by the Chinese into—1st, The *Chuen-shoo*, or ancient characters; 2d, *Le-shoo*, or style-proper for officials; 3d, *Keae-shoo*, or pattern style—a bold legible character, answering to our round text; 4th, *Hing-shoo*, running-hand, in which the strokes are blended and contracted according to established rules; 5th, *Tsao-tze*, a sort of short-hand, in which the characters are so much abbreviated, that much practice is necessary to decipher it, and is chiefly used for epistolary writing; 6th, *Sung-te*, or printing character.

Regarding the next lesson, the scholar learns the astonishing and encouraging fact, that when he has mastered it, he will have obtained an insight into the whole of the language! There are two hundred and fourteen primitive characters, which are formed by the combination of the above six marks. The meaning of a greater portion of these (for some are unnecessary) he will have to learn. They are very properly called 'keys,'

or, by the natives, *Tse-poo*, 'directing characters.' To facilitate their acquirement, the Chinese have divided them into seventeen classes, according to the number of strokes employed to form them. The first class having only one stroke, includes, therefore, no more than the above primitive characters; the second class consists of those keys which are made by any two of them; the third, such as contain three strokes; and so on up to the seventeenth class, which contains the like number of marks, some of the primitive ones being often repeated in different positions. Now, the reason why a knowledge of these keys makes so great a stride in the study of the language is, that one of them is to be found in each of the thirty thousand characters in general use.* When once acquainted with them, the student is in a condition to translate Chinese by the aid of a dictionary; of which we now proceed to show how he may avail himself, that being also the best method of giving the general reader a notion of the construction of the Chinese system of writing.

The two hundred and fourteen roots singly express the principal objects or ideas that mankind have occasion to communicate to one another: such as man, horse, dog, metal. When you see the signs representing either of these things combined with others, you know at once the *subject* to which the whole character refers. Every symbol which has reference, for instance, to man, has the key 人, *yin*, in it. Suppose the sign 𠤎 is met with. A little practice will show which part of it is the key; in this instance *yin*. You see at once that, because *yin* has two strokes, it belongs to the second class. Turning to the dictionary, you refer to that part of it which contains the second class characters, and having found the mark for *yin*, proceed to the subdivision in which that key is combined with signs of the fifth class, because the character to which it is joined has five strokes; and looking down the columns of signs thus compounded of the second and fifth classes, you soon discover the one you want made up of 人, *yin* or man, and 田, *tien*, a cultivated field, and that the meaning you are in search of is *farmer*.

Should, again, 𠤎 occur, we perceive the key to be the first sign. Seeking it amongst the classes with three strokes, we are told it means a mouth, and it is at once known that the above symbol relates to something in which that organ is concerned. Pursuing research to the subdivision in which *koo* or mouth is accompanied by characters with seven marks, the identical sign we have just figured will be seen with the definition 'compliment,' otherwise 𠤎, *koo*, 'mouth,' and 𠤎, *yen*, 'a word'—a very characteristic etymology—Chinese compliments being notoriously seldom more than mere lip service. To denote plurality, the same sign is repeated once or twice; thus the first primitive sign 一 means one, or unity, but 二 is two, or duality. The symbol for tree twice written means a thicket, but thrice repeated denotes a forest. Two *yin*, or men, together stand for a multitude.

These examples may serve to give a general idea of the principles upon which Chinese writing may be deciphered, and the ease with which it can, with a little attention, be done. Nor will the study be found so dry as may at first sight be supposed; for some of the etymologies (especially those of abstract nouns or qualities) are not only amusing, but instructive of the notions and manners of the people. The word to govern is composed of 'bamboo' and 'slap,' than which nothing could better express the leading principle of the Chinese government. The two signs which express *kheu*, proud, are 'high' and 'horse.' The symbol for

* Davis.

† We place these marks side by side, for the convenience of our own pages. But the Chinese write invariably in columns, and read each page from top to bottom, and from right to left.

* The Chinese reckon eighty thousand characters in all; but most of these are either obsolete, or discarded from general use. The works of Confucius contain no more than 2000 characters.

chee, shame, when separated, would be 'the ear,' and 'to stop.' *Chet*, a prisoner, is formed by *yii*, a man, placed within *yu*, an enclosure. The low estimation of the female sex, which forms an unchangeable trait in Chinese national character, peeps out in many expressions very uncomplimentary to the ladies. 'A girl' and 'thought,' when placed together, mean 'fickleness': the symbol for 'woman' thrice repeated denotes 'mischievousness' or 'treachery.' *Death* is made up of 'sickness' and 'woman,' from a tradition that a certain emperor, having been given over by his physicians, was left in the hands of women; when he died 'as a matter of course.' 'Broken reed,' from which we and the Latins took the idea, is with the Chinese also expressive of *misfortune*. The signs for 'fine' and 'words,' when joined, mean *deceit*. A *bargain* is represented by 'a word' and 'a nail.' In short, there is scarcely a Chinese symbol but presents combinations equally curious and characteristic: some of them, however, are quite inexplicable, from the traditions or facts which gave rise to them having been lost or forgotten.

But something more than the amusing practice of ascertaining the signification of Chinese symbols is required before the pupil will be able to translate with facility: he must learn upon what principle the signs follow each other, or, as we should say, how the words are put together, so as to make up a complete idea or a complete statement. Here, again, we find the unsophisticated state of the language a great assistance to the learner. The language, not admitting of inflection, has *no grammar*. Although works on philology and etymology abound, no Chinese book treating of the construction or the grammar (properly so called) of the language has been discovered. This is not difficult to explain. The whole of the written language consisting of signs originally copied from visible objects, it follows that the only part of speech it is possible for it to have is, strictly speaking, the substantive. 'A language all substantives?' exclaims the pupil; 'this rather puzzles than enlightens me!' The puzzle is soon solved. The English grammarian knows that our own language consists, in reality, of no more than two elements, namely, of nouns and particles. To get a complete notion, therefore, of a language all nouns, it is only necessary to refer to a short-hand writer, who discards particles; for, in following a speaker, he only puts down the more important words; consequently, his notes consist of nothing but a language of nouns; yet he can read them as fluently as you can good Roman print. But the Chinese do not go so far as the stenographer: they do make use of characters equivalent to our prepositions, conjunctions, &c. though each of those signs is, in fact, a substantive; because although the radical meaning of each Chinese character never changes, whatever be its position in a sentence, and although it is always a substantive, yet that substantive may be employed adverbially, adjectively, as a preposition, conjunction, &c.; in other words, according to its position in the sentence, it is made to perform the office of those parts of speech, without changing either its form or original signification. This will be better understood by a reference to our own language, in which the same thing frequently occurs. Take the word *present* as an example: in the sentence 'he made him a present,' it is a noun-substantive; in 'they present him with an annual sum,' it becomes, by a change of accent, a noun-active, or verb; in 'the present season,' it is an adjective; in 'at present, I am unable,' it changes to an adverb. Multitudes of words also occur which are used both as substantives and verbs without the least change of accent; such as *love*, *fear*, and *hope*. 'These show,' says Dr. Marshman, 'the possibility of using a word in various grammatical senses, without the least change in the word itself, while the accompanying characters define with certainty the sense in which it is used.' As an example of how the Chinese sometimes make their sub-

stantives active, so as to cause them to serve as verbs, we instance the following:—*Koo*, a mouth, and *yih*, an arrow, when placed together, communicates the idea of an arrow darting into a mouth, and makes *ko* *chen*, to know, because 'knowledge,' says the Chinese lexicographer, 'in its motion, resembles the swiftness of an arrow.' It is easy to see how this principle, more extensively applied, may form other of the more important parts of speech.

But we have yet to account for the possibility of turning nouns into particles, and of this our own tongue also supplies numerous examples. One will suffice: the conjunction 'if' is nothing more than an abbreviation of the verb 'give,' and is used in exactly the same signification as of old; namely, in a subjunctive or conditional sense.* We now proceed to afford some examples of the principle by which Chinese particles originate out of substantives. A perpendicular line drawn *through* *koo*, the mouth, *口* means 'through,'

in the midst, or within. The preposition 'above' is formed by the primitive horizontal stroke, meaning one, and the often-mentioned key, *yin* or *man*, thus,

上; while, to express 'below,' the man is placed underneath, thus, 下. Admitting that *yih* (the horizontal stroke—literally 'one') denotes the level or medium: by placing *yin* above it, the idea is suggested of something above or superior, whilst the reverse is indicated when the sign for man is written underneath. Now, these characters, besides being particles, are also nouns abstract in themselves, meaning, besides, 'a superior' and 'an inferior,' and how they should be applied, is fully indicated by the context; for it must be observed, although the power of the words change, the idea is precisely the same. Wherever those characters appear, you may be perfectly certain that they apply to something (*what* the context will supply) which you are to suppose is above or below. Such a meaning, and no other, is instantly communicated by the sight of those arbitrary symbols; and to comprehend the idea they convey, no mental analysis is necessary, as in alphabetic and syllabic languages. Analysis being unnecessary, so of course is grammar, and this is very probably the reason why no European linguist has been able to discover a Chinese grammar on that subject.

The only approach to grammar which the Chinese have made, is the division of the whole of their words according to their origin and components. This classification has six branches. 1st, *Seang-hing*, 'imitative symbols,' comprehending the six hundred and eight characters which bear a resemblance to the objects they express, such as the sign for *koo*, the mouth. 2d, *Che-tze*, 'indicative symbols,' which express attributes and relative circumstances, like the signs for 'above,' 'below,' &c. This class comprises one hundred and seven characters. 3d, *Huny-e*, or 'symbols combining ideas,' such as making 'splendour' from the signs for sun and moon, or causing two *yin*, or men, to stand for a multitude. There are seven hundred and forty of these symbols. 'It is, in this,' remarks Gutzlaff, 'that the framers of the characters have shown their greatest ingenuity. Much sound sense and original thought are discovered in these symbols.' 4th, *Chuen-chou*, or 'inverted symbols,' a puzzling class, numbering three hundred and seventy-two, in which the form of the characters has been inverted from the idea it arose from, thus, the sign for right is on the left side of *koo*, a mouth, and the sign for left is on the right side of the same symbol. 5th, *Chien*, or

* Thus, Ben Jonson in the 'Sad Shepherd' (Act 1, Scene 1) says: 'My large pipe is full of breath, but I cannot get to be your brother's mistress; for I have given it to my pipe, and it is now a pipe's mistress.' This is a very good example of the principle of the Chinese, who often use a word in a way which is not its original meaning, but which is suggested by the context.

sheng, or 'symbols expressive of sounds,' and is the nearest approach to the phonetic or syllabic systems of writing in the language. These signs represent such sounds as are supposed to resemble the noises made by the things they represent. Upon this principle our own word 'whiz' was formed, from the supposed resemblance of the sound made by an arrow or bullet while cleaving the air; 'buzz,' too, is very like the noise made by a bee. In this way the Chinese character representing water is pronounced 'shway,' which bears no very distant resemblance to the splashing of water. The sixth class, or *hea-tsay*, comprises about 598 different characters, and are figurative, like the word 'govern,' from slap and bamboo, the signs for 'pride,' 'comfort,' &c. before explained.

The next difficulty—one common indeed to the rudiments of all foreign languages—is that presented by the different consecutive order in which words are placed to express the same fact or idea. Thus, to say 'I saw him in the city,' a Frenchman would alter that arrangement of the words thus—'I him saw in the city' (*Je lui voyais dans la cité*); while to render the sentence into good Latin, it would stand, 'I him in the city I saw' (*Illum in urbe vidi*). Fortunately, the difficulty thus created is not greater in Chinese than in any of the above instances. The words in the sentence, 'Only three vessels of war are arrived, fall, in Chinese, in this order, 'Military vessel three only come are.' This phrase put into Latin, does not in the least differ from the Chinese version, standing *Militares naves tres singula advecte sunt*. When a Chinaman wishes to write 'This is better than that,' he would use signs which, when literally translated, would read, 'This, compared with that, is the more good,' of which no one would hesitate to conjecture the true signification; for though the words do not occur in the same consecutive order as in English, yet in most instances the sense is so directly and plainly expressed, that it can seldom be mistaken, even by the novice.

In drawing this very faint outline of the origin, construction, and nature of the Chinese language, we have had no other design than to direct general attention to its study. With such inadequate means of development as lie within the limits of an article in a popular journal, it would be impossible to communicate any well-grounded elementary knowledge. We regret that no treatise on the rudiments of the Chinese language has yet been published in such a form as to come within the reach of general readers. Those, however, in whom we may have awakened a desire to acquire a knowledge of this most ancient and philosophical system of symbols, we beg to refer to the *Clavis Sinica* of Dr Marshman, the *Chinese Grammar and Dictionary* of Dr Morrison, and the published Lectures of Professor Kidd—provided they are able to obtain access to those expensive works.

It is necessary to describe, in conclusion, the implements used by the Chinese for writing; upon a uniform and elegant execution of which they lay great stress as a point of education. The apparatus consists, first, of a cake of what is largely imported into this country under the name of Indian ink; and although, from the perfect impalpability of the compound, and the exquisite jet of the black, various elaborate receipts have been conjectured for its manufacture, it is composed of nothing but lamp-black and gluten, with a little musk to give it an agreeable odour. The sticks or cakes are ornamented, in gold and various colours—generally, as our readers may have seen, with the figure of a dragon, having on its back an octangular tablet. The Chinese words usually stamped above are *Long ma fou*, that is to say 'The horse-dragon carrying on his back the tablet.' This refers to a tradition which gave rise to the figure of a dragon being always expressive of royalty; and when the tablet or seal is added to this sign, it means (or should mean) that the article was made by the emperor's manufacturer, who resides at Koon-ge, near Nankin, where the best ink is made. The mark is, however, simulated so

extensively, by less celebrated makers, that nine cakes of ink out of ten are adorned with it.—The second article for the writing-table is a smooth slab of slate or schistus, with a depression at each end to hold water. Upon this slab the ink is rubbed precisely as water-colour artists prepare their colours for use.—The third implement is a pencil made of rabbits' hair, inserted into a reed handle, and used exactly in the same manner as we use camel-hair brushes. This accounts for the shapes of the lines engraved above, which result from the use of the small brush instead of a pen, and vary of course, as all handwriting does, with the skill and fancy of the writer. The main outline and direction of the characters are, however, all traceable to the six elementary strokes.—The fourth article is, of course, paper. This is nearly transparent, being much thinner and more porous than that which we use; and, as it is made of the delicate inner bark of the bamboo, is not white, but of a straw-coloured tint. Some idea of the fineness of this paper may be formed by comparison with that which is used by printers for their 'India proofs,' which is the common paper manufactured by the Chinese for wrapping up parcels, and makes its way into this country around packages of silk.

These implements are called 'the four precious elements'; and it is a part of the education of a young Chinese to keep them in neat and efficient order.

RUSH-BEARING.

Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us—Herald, north.

ONE of the old country festivals still surviving in some retired nooks and corners of our island is the rush-bearing, a ceremony interesting enough as a mere spectacle of gay dresses and happy faces, but still more as the vestige of a rite, the origin of which is scarcely perceptible in the remoteness of antiquity. As we have seen it celebrated in the north of England, it is simply this:—The young maidens of the village, on the eve of some particular Sunday in the height of summer, fall into procession, and walk to church, each carrying a wreath of flowers, with a few rushes here and there interspersed. The garlands are distributed over the interior of the building, and permitted to remain until the afternoon of the succeeding day, when each girl resumes the 'virgin crants' she had previously borne. Many conjectures have been formed as to the institution of this observance. The opinion most generally entertained is, that it sprung out of the recommendation of Pope Gregory IV. to the early priesthood, that on the anniversary of the foundation of their churches, they should construct huts of green branches near the sacred edifices, and solemnise the day with sober festivity. Anciently, the rushes were taken in greater quantity, and spread over the floor, where they remained until the progress of decay rendered a fresh supply necessary. Not only was this done at the annual rush-bearing, but also throughout the year, by way of protection against the humidity of the ground. It is easy to cite instances of this comfortable proceeding. In the churchwarden's accounts for the parish of St Margaret, Westminster, for 1544, there is the following item:—'Paid for rushes against the dedication-day, which is always the first Sunday in October, 1s. 5d.'; and in a similar set of accounts for the church of St Mary at Hill, London, for 1504, there is this entry:—'Paid for two burden rysshes for the strewing the new pewes, 3d.' If the ceremony of rush-bearing was originally established as a religious rite, that purpose seems in process of time to have become entirely changed, and scenes of rustic merriment attendant upon a village wake took the place of solemn observances. Rush-bearing was then classed with morris-dances, revels, and the like. A passage in a satirical work of the seventeenth century proves this statement. The

writer, speaking of a country braggadocio, says, 'His sovereignty is showne highest at May-games, wakes, summerings, and *rush-bearings*; where it is twentie to one but hee becomes beneficiall to the lord of the manour by meanes of a bloody nose or a broken-pate.' That is, the lord's coffers would be swelled by the fines inflicted upon him for his ruffianly behaviour.

In a manuscript preserved in the Harleian Collection, British Museum, there is an account of a *rush-bearing* at Bunbury, in Cheshire, which we transfer to our pages. 'Being at my worthy friend's, the worthy Mr Allen's house, at Torporley, in Cheshire, and hearing that there was a famous *rush-bearing*, as the Cheshire people call it, on account of the hanging up a new chandelier of brass in their church, which cost the parish about L.30, we took a ride there in the evening to see the ceremony. This parish is a very large one, and has about a dozen townships depending on it, which all sent at different times garlands and large kind of fans, adorned with gilt paper cut with various figures, and mixed with flowers: these were borne by separate persons, each having one in his hand, and coming in procession from their different townships at intervals; and many of the neighbouring villages also sending them garlands, all which were set up in different parts of the church, made it look very ornamental, and gave the whole village an air of gaiety and cheerfulness not usual in the more southern parts of the kingdom. On the dedication-day of their churches in the north, it is usual for them to strew them with rushes, and other ways adorn them; but it had not been practised at Bunbury within the memory of man: but having now roofed their church about two years before, and very handsomely ceiled it, and buying the aforesaid brass branch, they were desirous of solemnising the memory of it; and the day following was to be ushered in with the ringing of bells, and two sermons, and great psalm-singing, and other festivities. St Boniface is the patron saint of the church, on which day their wake is held.'

The ancient practice of strewing the floors of private dwellings, as well as of churches, with rushes and other herbs, is well known. Sir Thomas Newton, in his 'Herball to the Bible,' printed in 1587, says, 'Sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in the sommer time to strew their parlors and churches, as well for cooleness as for pleasant smell.' In Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, another illustration of the custom occurs. 'Where's the cook?' cries the impatient Grumio; 'is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, and everything in order?'

MY FIRST WORK.

SOME years since, having long been accustomed to put my thoughts upon paper, and my manuscript having increased to a goodly quantity, I determined to form out of it a little volume, and publish it. I was not totally unaware of the hazard of such an undertaking, especially by one whose name was strange to the public; but the many instances I had known of vapid trash having reached several editions, emboldened me to hope that my little book might pay its expenses, and beyond this I had no expectation. I determined, however, to act cautiously, and endeavour to obtain, if possible, a publisher who would take upon himself the entire responsibility of its publication, and give me some trifling remuneration for the manuscript.

The reception met with from the various publishers on whom I waited was characteristic, and not a little amusing. One glanced at the manuscript, and, observing its subject, shrugged up his shoulders, returning it with the cheering remark, that books of such a character were certain failures. A second twirled the manuscript in his thumb and finger, as though calculating how many pages it would make in print. A third was much

pleased with it, and protested it ought to be published, but declined bringing it out on his own responsibility, as he had already lost not a trifle in works of that description. Another bade me leave it for perusal, and unceremoniously directed me to write on the wrapper the sum I expected for it. Another, with a laudable and perhaps rare conscientiousness, hoped I would excuse the remark, but some of my opinions were so opposed to his own as to their theology, that he must decline publishing it, though he fully agreed with the sentiments in general, and admired the tendency of the book. Some declared they would readily have published it, but they had already other books of the same description in which they were interested, and with whose sale it would interfere. Different, however, as my reception was from the various publishers, yet all agreed in this, that they could not purchase the manuscript, and that, if published at all, it must be at my own risk.

Having calculated the cost, I at length placed the manuscript in the hands of a respectable publisher, employing a friend of my own to print it. The publisher suggested that the manuscript should be increased, in order that the book might be of a more respectable size; and as my time was much engaged in an absorbing occupation, it was not a little harassing to be compelled to tax my wearied powers so severely; and in which I was the more hurried, as it was desirable that the book should be published on a certain early day. Every day, from the first waking moment to the last, I was forced to bend my thoughts to this one object; and in the crowded street, surrounded by the bustle of business, and amidst a thousand distractions, to spur my jaded mind to undue effort, in order finally to prepare the work for the press. Added to this, I was annoyed by the usual vexatious delays, and not a little harassed by the petty details (too well known to authors) of size, paper, type, price, &c. At length, having run the gauntlet of printer, engraver, and bookbinder, and steered my book safely through their hands, I had the satisfaction of seeing it in the publisher's window a few days after the one appointed.

Instead, however, of my trouble and anxiety being now concluded, I found they were only beginning. I had now to send copies to the principal periodicals for review, to write notes in all directions to my friends and acquaintance soliciting their patronage, and to advertise in every widely-circulating vehicle of information, in order that the public might be apprised of the important fact that my little book was published. Anxiously did I await the critiques of the reviewers, and manfully did I nerve myself to brave all the contemptuous or bitter things which carping critics might pen concerning my literary first-born. Not a little pride and pleasure, however, did I feel when, though the approbation of some was very qualified, more than one respectable publication lauded it in the highest terms, and pronounced it fully equal to the works of the very best writers in its line. Month after month I had the satisfaction of seeing quotations from its pages in magazines and reviews of standing and celebrity; again and again I was told how acceptable and esteemed was my little book wherever it had been introduced; and even royalty itself condescended to honour me with its patronage. Thus encouraged, I determined to advertise liberally; five-pound notes were changed and spent in the easiest, if not the pleasantest manner; and my hopes were sanguine that the harvest would at least repay the expense of the seed.

The result of my appeal to my own private friends and acquaintance was on the whole favourable. Many patronised my book to the full extent of their ability, and some, from whom I least expected it, were the most

prompt to encourage and recommend. Some returned no answer; some expressed a desire to read it, and requested to *borrow* it; some volunteered to dispose of some copies, from whom I never obtained either books or money. Some, on being told the price, wished to know if I could not take less; and others, who evinced no intention of patronising the book I had already written, pronounced it very excellent, and thoughtlessly inquired when I intended to publish another. Some seemed to expect that they should be presented with a copy in virtue of relationship or friendship, and appeared quite incapable of understanding the expense and hazard of publishing, as though the cost were nothing, and the profit certain. Though I sold, therefore, in my own little circle full as many copies as I had expected, yet the units subtracted but very slowly from the aggregate printed, and the shillings I received went but a little way towards liquidating the heavy expenses I had incurred.

On calling at my publisher's, I found that he was highly pleased with the appearance and contents of the book, and that he had sent it round the trade, according to custom; but that, with the exception of one bookseller (to whom some friends had recommended my volume), not one copy had been subscribed for. This was indeed a discouraging beginning; but the publisher assured me that he had no fear that the work would eventually sell, though from its nature it would probably make its way but slowly at the outset; and he strenuously advised me, as the opinions of the press had been so favourable, to advertise liberally. Again, therefore, I had to change my bank-notes; my sovereigns were rapidly transmuted into a pocketful of worthless receipts, though very slowly did the copies disappear from the publisher's shop.

In reply to my inquiries subsequently at the publisher's, I was invariably exhorted to advertise, and told that I was not doing so sufficiently. I had already, however, expended far more than the sale of the whole impression could produce, and I felt it prudent to pause; for although a work can scarcely be expected to sell if not advertised, yet undoubtedly there is a limit beyond which it would be rashness to advance. I was sowing sovereigns to reap shillings; and however advantageous it might be to the publisher to advertise unsparingly, I found that the advertisements affected the sale so feebly, that to me it would be ruinous to persevere. The sale, too, after a time, gradually decreased; attractive novelties were every month appearing; and at length, after three years of anxiety, the sale having almost entirely ceased, I was compelled to close accounts with the publisher, and sell off at any price the remaining copies. The publisher, after deducting his per centage, handed me a few pounds, and the remainder of the copies fetched a price which barely paid for the binding. On balancing my profit and loss, I found that, besides my literary labour, and the worry and inconvenience of publication, I was minus about thirty pounds. Thus ended the history of my first work, and, if my present resolution fail not, my last one.

[The above recital we believe to be a faithful picture, not of one, but of many cases. In the ordinary world, when a novice produces a few poems or prose essays of apparent merit, nothing seems more proper than that they should be published, the merit being expected to secure that attention which will make the publication a profitable one. Those who reason in this manner, never take into account the vast competition there is at all times for the ear and eye of the public, rendering it quite possible for very considerable merit to be entirely overlooked. They never dream that even to give a new book a chance of gaining attention, large sums must be spent in advertising, so that it may be something like an impossibility to publish a small book, however decided its merit, lucratively. All these things are known to the booksellers, most of whom have experienced losses by very promising ventures, and it is not therefore surprising that this class of men appear to ardent-minded

young poets as the enemies rather than the friends of aspiring genius. But the booksellers are in the right, if their trade is to be conducted on ordinary principles, and the only error is in literary aspirants not calculating costs before they rush into print.—*Ed.*]

THE PROOF-HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM.

All muskets manufactured at Birmingham must be submitted to a test imposed by government, which takes place in what is called the 'proof-house.' Muskets that have stood this test are stamped. I went to see this interesting 'proof-house.' I was told that every musket was there filled with a charge five times as powerful as that which it was expected to carry when in ordinary use. There are rooms in which the proofing cartridges are prepared, others in which the muskets are loaded, and a place called 'the bank,' where they are discharged. This is managed in the following manner, the loaded muskets, 100 or 120 at a time, are placed side by side upon a low scaffolding, upon which it is possible to fasten them completely. Their mouths are turned towards the inner wall of the room, where the bullets fly into a heap of sand. The walls of the room are of great strength and thickness, and the doors and windows are strongly barricaded with iron. A train of powder is then laid, running over the touch-hole of each piece to a small opening, where it is fired. On the occasion of my visit, 120 muskets, intended for the navy, were tried. These are of larger calibre than those in use in the army. After the discharge had taken place, a little time was allowed for the smoke to clear away before we entered the proof-room, where we found that seven barrels had burst, but that 113 had stood the test. The superintendent of the establishment told me that sometimes as many as twenty out of a hundred would burst, but very often also fewer than seven. If we take five or six per cent. as the average, it gives us a high idea of the excellent workmanship of English gun-makers. We were told that, not long ago, a workman, who had been detected in some little peculation, found means to secrete himself in the proof-room, where he placed his body immediately in front of the battery. He was found quite dead, and pierced by six bullets.—*Kohl's England.*

CURE OF IDIOTS BY INTELLECTUAL MEANS.

In reference to an article on the improved method resorted to in France for the amelioration and cure of idiocy, which appeared in our last volume (page 338), we are happy to observe that the system there described has been quite successful in Prussia. It will be remembered that we specially referred to Dr Voisin, chief physician to the Bicêtre hospital near Paris, who has long been successfully employed in improving the intellectual powers of idiots, by bringing into exercise those faculties which appear to be in the most healthy condition. For total idiots, of course nothing can be done; but their proportion to partial idiots is very small; and of the latter, while most of the faculties are deficient, there are generally others that do not fall much, if at all, short of the common condition. To such faculties this treatment is pointedly directed, and the result is, that all the others become gradually improved. The system has been adopted at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, situated No. 83 Lines Street, Berlin, into which insane patients are admitted. 'The instruction of idiots by intellectual means,' says the German newspaper from which we derive our information, 'has succeeded. The problem, theoretically and practically, has been solved by the director, M. Saegert, in conjunction with M. Sachs, first teacher of the establishment; and this solution has been scientifically proved and acknowledged by our eminent physicians Dr Bary and Dr Joseph Müller. So fully assured is the Prussian government of the complete efficacy of the system, that a portion of the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution is to be permanently set aside as an hospital for idiots, in which to test more fully the efficacy of the educative mode of treating them. It would give us great pleasure could we announce that the plan, so ably advocated by Dr Voisin, and so effectually carried out by him at the Bicêtre in Paris, and by the teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Berlin, had found its way into Great Britain. But we have not heard of any attempt to form an hospital for idiots, although no such institution exists here at present.'

DR ARNOTT'S FOUR NECESSARIES FOR HEALTH.

DR NEIL ARNOTT, author of the *Elements of Physics*, and inventor of the Water Bed and Stove which pass by his name, has prepared a table exhibiting the four necessities for sustaining health, and the effects of their deficiency and excess; as also the noxious influences to which we are subject. This table is here subjoined. We would suggest that young persons in schools and private dwellings should be set to copy it on a large sheet, and that these copies should be hung up in all places where they are likely to be read by a considerable number of persons:—

THE FOUR NECESSARIES.

In Fit Kind and Degree.	In Deficiency, or of Unfit Kind.	In Excess.
1. Air,	Suffocation, Unchanged air.	Excess of oxygen.
2. Temperature,	Cold (intense),	Heat (intense).
3. Aliment:— Food, Drink,	Hunger or bad food, Thirst,	Gluttony or surfeit. Swilling water.
4. Exercise:— Of the body, Of the mind, Of the mixed social aptitudes,	Inaction, or Ennui. Certain depressing passions—as fear, sorrow, &c. Solitude,	Fatigue or exhaustion. Want of sleep. Certain exciting passions—as anger, jealousy, &c. Certain kinds of debauchery.

THE TWO KINDS OF NOXIOUS AGENTS.

1. Violence:—
Wounds—Fractures—Dislocations—Burns—Ligaturing, &c.
2. Poisons:—
Animal, Mineral, Vegetable.

Certain of these, such as alcohol in its various forms, opium, tobacco, &c. which in large quantities kill instantly, when they are taken in very moderate quantity can be borne with apparent impunity, and are sometimes classed as articles of sustenance, or they may be medicinal; but, if taken beyond such moderation, they become, to the majority of men, destructive slow poisons.

Contagious—as of plague, small pox, and measles.
Malaria of marshes, thickets, and filth.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

Though natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house. Even those who have been brought to credit the fact of the ticking being made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of death; for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying, and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead. Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former; but as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state that the insect in question is *not* a spider, but 'the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of *vermes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnean system.' It is very diminutive. There are two kinds of death-watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time: the latter will beat some hours together more deliberately, and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having anything to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove. It is to be regretted that science, to which we owe so many blessings—so much of health, both bodily and mental—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature *mortisago*—that is, the 'death-presager.'—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

OTHER MEN'S ACTIONS.

There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall*.

NOTES.

The note on the wines of Palestine in No. 34, has, we find, given rise to some remarks in the publications of the professors of Total Abstinence. We have been induced in consequence to review the subject, and the following is the sum of what occurs to us with reference to it:—Professor Hitchcock appears to have somewhat overstated the opinions of the author of *Anti-Bacchus*, in representing him as endeavouring to establish that the wines alluded to in Scripture were not alcoholic. *Anti-Bacchus* endeavours, it is true to take away as much as possible from the grounds for supposing that the scriptural wines were alcoholic, and in some passages he makes such large demands to this effect, that a cursory reader might suppose him denying altogether that these wines contained any alcohol. In other passages, however, the alcohol of some of the wines of Scripture is explicitly allowed, and this we find to be a general admission amongst the professors of abstinence. Of course, as far as we have been misled by the professor's paper to overstate the conclusions of *Anti-Bacchus*, we feel regret, and now offer our best apologies. We must at the same time remark, that what we have latterly read in that work and others with regard to the distinction of the character of ancient wines, appears to us overstrained and unsatisfactory, more particularly when we find that the present wines of Palestine are all of them largely alcoholic. We therefore mainly hold to our former position, that the advantages of abstinence from intoxicating drinks ought to be argued for on other grounds.

With reference to a paper on *Savings-banks* in No. 37, it may be proper, for preventing misconception, to state that the idea of the Guarantee Society, which substitutes the insurance principle for private security, originated in 1830 with a gentleman belonging to the Bank of England, although first explained to the public in the manner stated by us.

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THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'SEE what beautiful flowers Mrs Woodley has given us!' exclaimed, almost at the same moment, Augusta and Caroline Shelton, as they entered their mother's drawing-room after a morning's walk; 'but we wish to give them to you, mamma, if you will accept them,' continued the children in set phrase, and with an air of affectation, that would have been anything but pleasing to a more discreet mother.

'My darlings,' replied Mrs Shelton, rising languidly from the sofa, and drawing the children towards her; 'my sweet girls never forget dear mamma, do they? And what did Mrs Woodley say to you, my dears?'

'She did not say much,' returned Augusta, a prim womanly Miss of fourteen years old, and the eldest of the family; 'but she told us to gather some flowers if we liked, and asked us to have a ride on the pony; but of course we did not mount, because we thought it might crease these clean frocks, and that would have displeased you. Margaret, however, rode him round and round the paddock.'

'Of course; she has no thought.'

'But Margaret had not a clean frock on, mamma,' said Caroline, who was a degree more child-like than the other, and sometimes, though not often, put in a kind word for her neglected sister.

'Never mind, my love; you and Augusta shall go out with me this afternoon; that will be much better than pony-riding.'

At this moment a loud sobbing was heard at the door, and the next instant Margaret Shelton, the youngest daughter, entered the room, accompanied by her constant companion, Rover, a large spaniel, whose collar was now ornamented with fresh flowers, very similar to those the favoured children had just presented to their mother. Margaret was about eleven years old; and though her complexion was less delicate, and her features less regular, than those of her sisters, intelligence beamed brightly and surely from her dark eyes; and feeling, sentiment, and suffering had already imprinted their characters on her countenance.

'What is the matter now—crying again?' said Mrs Shelton in no very gentle tone.

'Morris, Nurse Morris is so very ill,' sobbed the poor child.

'And will your crying make her better?'

'Oh, mamma, do send for a doctor,' said Margaret, endeavouring to stifle her tears; for she felt instinctively that a storm was gathering, and that she should be reproached as the cause of innumerable calamities, if her grief disturbed the delicate 'nerves,' or rather temper, of her capricious parent.

'Mr Simmonds is too busy to come before to-morrow;

and why cannot you call people by their names, instead of using that vulgar phrase, "send for a doctor." But I suppose they are Morris's own words; you pick up everything from the servants.'

The rebuked child stooped down to fondle the dog, and hide the tears which she had failed to drive back, while her sisters exchanged glances that seemed to say, 'She does not bring mamma a nosegay.'

Mrs Shelton read the glance, and had before observed the flowers, which, loosely twined round the dog's collar, were now dropping about the floor.

'Come, clear away this litter,' she exclaimed, addressing Margaret; 'you and Rover and Morris are only fit company for each other I think. Your sisters, indeed, thought of their mother first, and preferred bringing her their flowers to dressing up a dog with them.'

Another rush of tears from poor Margaret was the rejoinder, as she sobbed out—'Last—last—time—mamma—you would not have my flow—flowers.'

'I cannot bear this noise; go away,' said Mrs Shelton, with a wave of her hand; and Margaret, picking up the flowers which she ventured to leave on the table, hastened to obey. The dog followed her, and in a few minutes the 'neglected child' was sitting upon the old nurse's bed, where Rover had mounted also, as if for the purpose of licking the hand of his weeping mistress, and offering her his mute consolations.

Mrs Shelton was considered in society 'fascinating,' and a 'beauty;' but, in truth, she was vain, selfish, and capricious. Her husband was a shrewd worldly-minded man, with a much smaller proportion of the ballast of principle than needs belong even to such a character. A pair of this kind were not likely to regulate their household very admirably; and the advent of poor little Margaret had been most unpropitious. In the first place, a boy had been ardently desired, for whom doubtless had been reserved a share of that sort of affection which capricious people can only bestow, and which had been lavished already in due proportion on the elder girls. But this formed no inheritance for the unwelcome little girl, on whom fell the additional calamity of receiving a baptismal name displeasing to the ears of an influential elder of the family, who, with a consistency, it would seem, inherent in the race, took a dislike to the poor infant forthwith, and was heard to declare that no one of that name (he had been jilted by a Margaret in his youth) should ever touch a farthing of his money. Brothers, however, in due time appeared, and they finally jostled poor Margaret from any slight hold she might have had on the parental tenderness. From babyhood she had been as it were a shuttlecock in the house, tossed to and fro by every gale of temper; blamed, scolded, punished often; but caressed and petted seldom or never, except by her constant friend Nurse Morris, to whose affec-

tion, ill-directed though it might sometimes be, she was indebted for almost every word or act of kindness she could remember.

The illness of old Nurse Morris became more and more alarming; and when the busy Mr Simmonds found time to pay her a visit, he looked grave, and ordered those prompt remedies which startle even the thoughtless and indifferent into the consciousness that death must be hovering near. Margaret was sitting on the stairs watching Mr Simmonds's departure on the occasion of his second or third visit to poor Morris.

'Sir—Mr Simmonds,' she exclaimed, as she crept after him into the hall, resolutely checking her tears, because she had been so often told not to cry when she was speaking to any one—'do tell me, sir, if nurse is going to die.'

'Little girls should not ask such questions,' replied the doctor, scarcely looking at the child, and, since she had so effectually concealed her feelings, not at all aware of the anguish of her young heart.

The language of contempt was nothing new to her, and yet a flash of something like anger and scorn might have been detected from those dark eyes, had there been any one near to read such a sign, as she turned away once more to plant herself beside the old servant's bed. In a few minutes, however, she was summoned to 'lessons,' which, to the astonishment of the governess, were so accurately prepared, that she made some remarks on the subject.

'You told me,' replied the child, trembling with fear, lest she should be deprived of the promised reward, 'that if there were no mistake, I might stay all day with Morris.' What a pity, that when Margaret Shelton was called idle, obstinate, and self-willed, her parents—and, copying them, her teachers—never thought of the sweet and stately plan of ruling her through her affections!

'I know I shall not live many days,' said the old nurse, when it happened that she was alone with Margaret; 'and there is much, my poor pet, that I want to say to you. Now, don't cry, but listen,' she continued. 'I made my will long ago, and I have left you near upon five hundred pounds that is in the bank, part of it prize-money my poor old husband got in the war-time, and partly my own savings. Now, remember it is to be yours either when you are of age, or when you marry, whichever happens first; and though you are young, to talk of such things, remember old nurse's words; get a good husband as soon as you can, for it's my belief you'll never have a bit of peace or comfort at home.'

'Oh, nurse, nurse!' interrupted the poor girl, 'if you die, what will become of me? Nobody loves me but you—nobody ever did love me but you.' And she threw her arms wildly round the old woman's neck.

'I know that,' returned Morris, who, though an affectionate creature, it will be perceived had little or no governing principle. 'I know that, and I have only stayed in the house all these years for your sake. They don't love you, and that's the fact; but never mind; don't you care about them. I think you're just as pretty as your petted sisters, and I daresay some day some one else will think so too. And now you must remember they cannot keep the money away from you; and you're to have my gold watch; here it is—you know it—it goes capitally, though it is large and old-fashioned, and not like such as ladies wear; but you will keep it for old nurse's sake; won't you?'

'That I will,' sobbed Margaret, 'and never part with it.'

'And here,' continued Morris, drawing an old pocket from under her pillow, 'is a matter of twenty pounds in notes, gold, and silver; they may bury me,' she whispered as in a sort of parenthesis, 'out of the wages that are due; so take it now, and hide it; you'll find a use for money at odd times, I warrant.' A violent fit of coughing put a stop to the sick woman's words, and perhaps prevented more counsel, which, however well-intentioned, had so much that was pernicious in it. Alas! why had Mr and Mrs Shelton, by their harshness

and apathy, thrown their warm-hearted child entirely upon this one affection?

The old servant's prediction was verified. She did not live many days, and her will was found to be exactly as she had declared, with, however, the specification, that the interest of the 'near upon' five hundred pounds was to accumulate until one of the events to which she had alluded—namely, Margaret's marriage, or coming of age—should take place. Meanwhile, the sorrow-stricken child, unpractised in deception, and no willing pupil in the art, even though instructed in it by the dying lips of her beloved nurse, felt oppressed by the weight of her secret—the hoard contained in the old pocket. She might have concealed it easily, but her nature was too ingenuous long to do so.

It was well known that Nurse Morris was worth money, and it is very likely that rumour had exaggerated the amount. It is likely, too, that Mr and Mrs Shelton were not blind to the probability of her leaving her savings among the children she had helped to rear; for she had often declared that she had not a relation in the world. But they were quite startled to find their least-loved Margaret the old servant's sole heiress. Alas! the fact was treated as a new offence, and a new phase of suffering was shown to her; for certainly she never before could have been an object of envy to her elder sisters. I believe, however, that the present possession of the large old-fashioned gold watch was, and not unaturally, a something more coveted than Margaret's future expectations. Certainly a watch is the gift most longed for both by boy and girl, even though a timepiece may mark the hours in every chamber of their dwelling; and often is it the last possession that poverty wrings from man or woman. Margaret, thus endowed, took a sort of childish precedence over the spoiled and selfish pair, which they could ill endure, while on her part she was so unused to have any advantage over them, that she was quite unconscious of the feelings her legacy had engendered; besides, her poor little heart as yet was wrung with grief for the loss of her much-loved nurse.

It was the day after the old servant's funeral when Margaret crept softly into the drawing-room. 'Mamma, may I come in?' she asked as she entered.

'Yes, if you will be as quiet as your sisters are.'

This was not very warm encouragement; but, accustomed as the poor child was to rebuke, it was anything but a repulse.

'Mamma, I have a secret to tell you,' she continued, her voice trembling from many causes; 'will you take care of some money for me—some money poor Morris gave me just before she died, though she told me to keep it for myself? But it would be wrong not to tell you I know.'

'Give it me this instant!' replied Mrs Shelton, her ire rapidly kindling; 'why, you naughty girl, you deceitful little creature, what do you think you deserve for all this slyness? Good gracious me! nineteen pounds odd shillings: you wicked little creature, to hide all this money for a week!' And by the time her harangue had proceeded thus far, the lady's passion had so risen, that she seized poor Margaret by the shoulder, shook her for a minute, and as her combativeness reached its climax, gave her a box on the ear which almost threw her down.

'It was wrong, mamma,' sobbed the poor child; 'but oh, pray do forgive me! It was nurse—' But here she checked her words; for she felt it would be easier to bear reproaches directed against herself than reproof of the dead. It was too late, however; for Mrs Shelton, quick at surmises, had already divined the truth.

'An old good-for-nothing creature,' exclaimed Mrs Shelton: 'it was she, I suppose, who told you to hide the money, and taught you all sorts of deceit. You are much too young to have any money at all; I shall not give you a farthing of it. And to punish you for such naughtiness, I shall take away the watch till you know how to behave yourself.'

Margaret's anguish would have melted any softer heart than that of a silly ill-tempered woman; for silliness, for want of the power of thought and sympathy, is usually unfeeling. But the sort of anguish that proceeds from the blight of a young nature, from the misapprehension of its motives, and the utter want of all appreciation of its best emotions, is very apt to harden the character. Grief has a maturing hand; the mind is instructed through the feelings much more than we commonly acknowledge; and when, after a week of silent suffering, the cherished watch was restored to Margaret Shelton—because, as she very well knew, the possession of it no longer rendered her an object of envy to her more favoured sisters, since they had been presented with small fashionable watches, purchased with the hoard of which she had been deprived—she was no longer the child whose heart was all tendrils, and whose character was as wax to mould.

It was some little time after this, that, in examining an old note-case, part of the contents of the pocket which she had been permitted to keep, more carefully than she had done before, she discovered a sovereign between its folds. No doubt it had been part of the hoard which had slipped accidentally into its hiding-place; but this accession of wealth was a serious trouble to poor Margaret. To keep it, or to take it to her mother, she was equally afraid; and to spend it, she dared not, since she, who had never any money of her own, could not make purchases without exciting suspicion. From the harshness and misapprehension which had driven the neglected child to turn her thoughts inwardly, and seek counsel only of herself, she had at least acquired the power of deciding quickly; and the resolution she came to was, that she would take an opportunity, when walking out, to hang back from her companions, and give the sovereign to a certain poor woman, a crossing-sweeper, whom they often encountered. She would thus, she argued, have the satisfaction of feeling that it would do some good, while she should escape all risk of that blame which would have fallen on her almost equally, had she spent, acknowledged—for her ignorance of its possession would not have been believed—or been found out in hoarding the piece of gold. It was a child-like plan; for a more experienced person might have foreseen that some eloquent demonstration of gratitude from the poor sweeper, or other circumstance, would probably betray the munificence of her gift. And so it fell out; for the poor woman, who was an honest creature, knew the family by sight; and believing the sovereign must have been given her by mistake, and yet, as it was wrapped in paper, not having discovered its value in time to run after the child, for she was lame, she prudently and properly brought it to the house; and asking to see Mrs Shelton, the whole affair came to light.

The scene which followed was beyond description. The old crossing-sweeper was rewarded for her honesty with a few shillings, and dismissed; but though, of course, she knew little of the circumstances which had led to Margaret's gift, she saw and heard enough to make an indelible impression on her mind, and one which, as we shall find in the sequel, led to important results.

'Mamma, mamma, I should have given it you,' repeated the child over and over again; 'but I was afraid you would have thought I had kept it on purpose, and would have scolded and punished me. Indeed, indeed, I am speaking truth.'

But Margaret was not believed. Nay, she was suspected of having further hoards. Every likely place was searched; and many an opprobrious epithet was hurled on the head of the defenceless child by the irritated temper of a weak woman. This was a second era in the life of Margaret Shelton, another ordeal through which she passed, and by which her character was moulded and hardened. And if I have dwelt perhaps too long on these childish incidents, it is because I have a firm belief that the virtue, happiness, and moral ad-

vancement of the next generation depend so wonderfully on the training of the present children, that no child is too young, or in position too obscure, to exercise in the future an influence for good or evil, according to the impressions which are made on its malleable nature. To treat a child with caprice, to rob it of its own self-respect by doubting its word (unless under rare circumstances), to deny it that sympathy for which it silently asks, are those evil deeds of the unthinking which bring about as grave and disastrous results as any mistakes of active politicians.

From the time of her nurse's death, and its immediate consequences, any observing person would have marked a decided change in Margaret Shelton. She was no longer a tearful child, apparently yearning for affection, and thus meeting with constant rebuffs; nay, she seldom demonstrated regard for anything except the dog Rover, which was now growing old, and did not live above a year or two. She acquired her allotted lessons with that calm indifference which gave no encouragement to teachers to take much trouble with her, especially as they found a quicker reward for their labour in adding to the showy accomplishments of the elder sisters—a mode of proceeding which drew down money and praise. And thus time passed on; the best part of Margaret's education consisting in the desultory sort of reading in which she contrived to indulge; and the age of sixteen found her grown, by slow degrees, into something much more like the waiting-maid of her elder sisters than their companion. That she did not visit with them, was said to be on account of her youth; and the same reason was offered for her simpler and less expensive dress. But two, three years rolled away. She became much older than they were when first ushered into society, yet no change was there in her destiny. Meanwhile the weak, unjust, and silly mother found no improvement in her own temper, proved from disappointment; for she had educated her daughters solely with the view of their 'getting well married,' and astonishment and vexation at the continuance of their single blessedness made no little commotion in her mind. Neither were the dispositions of the two young ladies themselves greatly improved by finding themselves less idolised than they had been foolishly led to expect. And, as if a crowning calamity were needed, Mr Shelton had losses in business, and the family were obliged to retrench! Poor Margaret! she was the ready conductor to carry off the storms of temper which arose from every quarter of the domestic horizon; nor must the selfishness and indifference of her sisters be thought more unnatural than her parents' neglect; in fact, they had come to consider her as in quite a different position from their own.

It was the autumn of the year; and though, in consideration of his reduced finances, Mr Shelton declined taking a house at Brighton, where for many seasons his wife had insisted on spending a portion of the year, he agreed to a less expensive sojourn at one of the French seaports. Accordingly, early one morning the family embarked. The weather was wet, and the whole party had risen at an hour which they called 'the middle of the night,' neither circumstance being one likely to render pleasant very uncertain tempers. Poor Margaret! she was in the way when not wanted, and absent when called for; in short, she seemed to have done a hundred things she should not have done; and, thus blamed and scolded, no wonder she felt glad, when at ten or eleven o'clock the skies cleared and a brilliant sun shone forth—by which time the steamer was well out at sea—to find a quiet corner on the deck, far away from the family.

She sat apparently musing, absorbed in the contemplation of sea and sky; yet it is very likely that she might have been observed by many of the passengers, although she scarcely noticed them; for though plainly, almost childishly dressed for her age, there was a natural grace in her figure, and though not strictly handsome, she had a sweet and gentle expression of countenance,

which often pleased more than beauty. Presently one of her young brothers came hurriedly towards her—'Oh, here you are!' he exclaimed; 'Mamma says she hopes the box that holds Augusta and Caroline's new bonnets has not got wet, and she says you had better look after it for you know where the luggage was put;' and having already struck up an intimate acquaintance with the man at the helm, to whom he was extremely anxious to return, the boy ran off without waiting for an answer.

Margaret was accustomed to obedience, and she instantly rose to make the required investigation; indeed her seat had been very near the pile of luggage, and she thought she could already discover from beneath the tarpauling a corner of the important box safe and dry. She was mistaken, however, though she knew it must be near that spot, and fancied that if she could push on one side, even to the distance of a few inches, a heavy package which impeded her view, she should ascertain the fact. At the instant of her attempting this, a young man, whom she remembered had sat near her for some time, stepped forward to assist her; but, alas! though she quickly discovered her sisters' bonnet-box was safe, a heavy chest, disturbed by the movement, fell upon her foot, bruising it very severely, and causing her the most exquisite pain.

A fine and sentimental young lady would certainly have fainted, or shrieked, or in some other approved manner have rendered herself conspicuous on becoming the object of such a catastrophe. Margaret, however, was too well accustomed to self-reliance and to endurance—had been so little in the habit of receiving sympathy—that though the pain was excessive, she endured it with the virtue of a martyr. The young stranger near her, who soon gave his name as Arthur Williams, was struck with the remarkable degree of self-control which she evinced, and earnestly offering his aid, the first link of a chain of sympathy was established, which influenced the future life of both.

Arthur Williams was but three-and-twenty, yet he looked nearer thirty; and no physiognomist would have hesitated to declare that he had thought and suffered deeply. And yet there was a strange contradiction in the expression of his handsome countenance, and a faint shade of irresolution about the mouth, which was the index to the fault of his life—a war of firmness to withstand temptation; so that too often he had known the right, yet done the wrong. Brought up by a weak and foolish mother, who had instilled neither religion nor morals as principles in his mind, Arthur Williams became his own master at sixteen. A small fortune, to which her death entitled him, was forestalled by his youthful extravagances before it came legally to hand; and—to reverse the old-fashioned story-tellers' plan, of shrouding every personage in a robe of mystery until the grand denouement acts as a harlequin's wand to show each in his proper colours—I will frankly own, that when he encountered Margaret Shelton, he was flying to the continent with an equally guilty companion, to evade the consequences of embezzling the money of their employers. He had assumed a name, and by that only need he be known in this narrative. He called his associate—who was more hardened in guilt than Williams, coarser minded, and every way his inferior—Jackson.

'Why,' exclaimed this companion about an hour after Margaret's accident, 'if it were a time for such fancies, I should really think you had taken a downright liking to that girl—what people call falling in love. Now, it strikes me it might turn out a good spec; they seem dashing folks, though this pretty little youngest is a dowdy. I have a great mind to pump the servants, and find out if there is any money. Why, you know, a few hundreds would put all to rights; they wouldn't prosecute if we could refund; they'd know better than that.'

'Ay,' replied Williams, 'and life in the New World afterwards with such a companion.'

'Well, try it,' returned the other; 'you know I have got a wife already; and, besides, I am no gentleman—she wouldn't have me.'

Jackson, by feigning himself to be Arthur Williams' servant, did find out a great deal concerning the Sheltons—the truth, and something more than the truth, about them. For the domestics, as is not unusual, had no very clear sense of truth, and chose to increase their own importance by adding to the worldly fortunes of the family, and in particular giving an original version to the story of Morris's legacy, which was multiplied by four at least.

Arthur Williams was not a thorough villain. His was a character even more painful to contemplate. His associate, Jackson, could not comprehend that, in seeking Margaret Shelton, he had any thought but that of obtaining her property; but it was not so; for before many weeks had elapsed, he loved her with the ardour and sincerity of deep affection. Then indeed was it that the agony of remorse for his past misdeeds and blighted character tortured him almost to madness.

But I must return for a moment to that eventful day on the steamboat. The lameness consequent on Margaret's accident proved a ready excuse for a thousand attentions during the remainder of the voyage, while the accident itself was the medium of a self-introduction on Arthur Williams's part to her family. As the hours passed on, and the voyagers became more and more weary, Margaret was more completely neglected by her mother and sisters, more entirely thrown on the stranger's care. And there was something so strange in hearing any one speak kindly to her, or of being the object of solicitude, that she perceived not the gulf over which she was impending.

The acquaintance thus commenced, Arthur Williams took care to improve; and few circumstances offer more facilities for this sort of chance intimacy than the idle lounging of a watering-place. Yet the Sheltons, who had a great deal of purse-pride, and a sort of vanity rather than any higher feeling, which disinclined them from associating with those of doubtful reputation, were by no means satisfied with all they saw of young Williams. But it was too late. Margaret having been left uninstructed in the necessity for exercising caution in giving encouragement to a stranger of whom little or nothing was known—ignorant of the calamities which so frequently ensue from misplaced confidence—perhaps flattered, and at least pleased, with the attentions bestowed upon her, had already yielded up her affections. Not to delay the history of this sad affair—in two months from her meeting with Arthur Williams, Margaret Shelton left her home for ever, taking with her only the clothes she wore, and the ponderous watch, which was still fondly cherished.

Before the marriage, Arthur Williams was aware of the real amount of the old nurse's legacy; but as I have already said, though stained by crime, he had still enough of humanity left to love her truly and devotedly. Had she been penniless, he would have been unselfish enough to refrain from asking her to share his wretched fortunes; but he now looked forward to her few hundreds releasing him from the fate which hung like a drawn sword over his head; while he hopefully and resolutely looked forward to supporting her humbly, but by honest industry, for the future. Alas! what has power to dim the future like the ever-rising mists of past errors!

Arthur's associate had deceived him in the amount of their mutual liabilities, and seizing on the first sums he could touch, the hardened villain made off with it, and left Williams unable to refund the remainder. Now the truth must have been revealed to Margaret, though of how she bore the shock there is no chronicle. It is only known that she clung to her husband through all trials, and that she humbled herself to apply to her offended family for assistance—an application which met only a stern and brief refusal.

What a year of agony that must have been which followed the ill-omened marriage!—in wretched poverty, and hiding from the officers of justice. Yet amid all this misery a child was born—the sole heir of

its unhappy parents' love; for affection still reigned in their hearts; and these young creatures, whatever their separate errors had been, were still true to each other. The latter part of that year they were hidden in London; for Williams had been induced to return to England by the sanguine representations of the greater villain Jackson.

Margaret's infant was about two months old when the threatened blow fell; when her husband's hiding-place was discovered, and he was dragged from the humble home, which yet by constant industry he had, under his assumed name, contrived to provide, to answer the charges of fraud and embezzlement which were brought against him. Proofs were abundant; there was no chance of escape—no mitigating circumstance that might tend to lighten his punishment—and a few weeks saw poor Margaret the wife of a convicted felon—her husband under sentence of transportation for life! Bitterly, bitterly did she pay for the one act of disobedience—the wretched marriage—the more wretched, because she truly loved and was beloved. But oh, how much more dark the fault of those whose cold neglect and cruel caprice had turned back on her own heart the fountains of natural affection, which, when they found a channel, flowed with irresistible force!

Used as such persons are to heart-rending scenes, the officers about the prison were touched at the deep misery of Arthur Williams and his wife; and it was after the last permitted interview—the fearful parting—that Margaret encountered an old woman, who addressed her with some words of sympathy, and made herself known as that some time crossing-sweeper to whom the unhappy child had given the sovereign she dared not keep. In rags and poverty she still was, and in deeper misery too; for though passing honest herself, a wretched ignorant child, now grown to manhood, had failed to withstand the temptations of want, and lay in a neighbouring cell to that of Arthur Williams, convicted of some petty theft.

Associated as she had been with guilt, yet Margaret shuddered anew amid her anguish; it seemed as if another nerve were laid open to torture, to feel a new humiliation. Yet the woman meant neither presumption nor rudeness; she had a grateful recollection of Margaret's childish gift. Unregarded herself, she had watched her for years. She knew her in a moment, and had contrived in some tell-tale manner, before addressing her, to learn the cause of her great and absorbing grief.

'Oh, ma'am,' whispered the woman, 'if you have money enough to follow the ship a little while, I do believe they would take you on board. I did hear of a wife that so softened the captain's heart, that he took her on board; and though I've heard tell that she never saw her husband till they arrived in foreign parts, she had the comfort of knowing she was near him. And when they did land, oh, they met then; and when by good behaviour he had won some favour, they lived comfortably enough, as I have heard tell.'

It was a wild tale, with probably but a slight foundation of truth. Yet no wonder that the idea came like a ray of hope and light to the despairing wife.

One more application to her family was made for a trifling sum of money; but the disgrace she had heaped upon them was the reproach which alone she received for answer. In truth, it did seem that, on the public exposure consequent on Arthur Williams's trial, two worldly suitors of her worldly sisters had each cleverly contrived to evade his engagement, or rather the fulfilment of something that was implied as one, if not positively so, rather than make such a 'disgraceful connexion.' Darkly and strangely, in blighting the prospects of their best-loved children, worked the instrument which their own faults had prepared where-with to scourge them.

It was a dull and chill December day when a certain convict-ship, freighted with guilt and misery, weighed

anchor. The wind was fair, the sails were spread, and rapidly did it lessen to a speck on the horizon. Yet for many a weary hour a small boat followed in its track. It contained only two rowers, with a young woman and her infant. It was Margaret and her child, the sale of the long-preserved watch having afforded her the means of casting all her earthly future on the hazard of one chance.

But the day was waning, and the rough-mannered yet kind-hearted rowers exchanged significant glances. They felt the chase was hopeless, but they knew the motive of the pursuit, and were willing to strain every nerve to reach the vessel. Yet the thing was impossible, and gradually the dreadful truth dawned on the mind of the desolate being before them. Never have those weather-beaten sailors forgotten her countenance. She seemed stunned with despair; they say, that twice or thrice a single tear rolled down her cheek, falling upon her poor sickly baby's face; but there was no violent demonstration of her grief. They remembered, too, that for a long time she looked fixedly at the infant, while it, unconscious creature, faintly smiled, playing with a hand of its young mother's gray hair which had escaped from its confinement. How the ocean had been linked with her latter destiny! The meeting with him who had ruled it; the dream of passing over its friendly bosom to a friendly land which they had both so often cherished; and now, the horror of reality, the blank of despair! Did she think of all these things? None can tell. But Margaret's nature was a fond and affectionate one. By affection in childhood, she might have been governed; by misplaced affection in after-years, her fate was sealed. Let charity believe that reason sank beneath the stroke of anguish 'more great than she could bear!'

Suddenly, too suddenly for prevention on the part of her companions, poor Margaret, clasping still her infant firmly in her arms, leaped from the boat, and in life was seen no more. A large steamer, freighted with many a joyous heart, at the moment was near; and although this multiplied the attempts at a rescue, the swell of the water caused by the paddles rendered it more difficult. The bodies were not found for hours. Besides the depositions of the two rowers, many from the deck of that stately vessel witnessed the suicide: there could be no misinterpretation of the fact. It was another brief chronicle, a deep tragedy, added to the many which crowd our newspapers, and of which the happy and prosperous too rarely investigate the causes.

NOTES ON THINGS IN IRELAND.

As every circumstance connected with Ireland excites peculiar interest at present, and as I have now resided in it for several years, and have had the opportunity of mixing freely with all creeds and classes, I have thought that I might be able to throw together some remarks and anecdotes, illustrating the very peculiar state of society and feeling existing in that country. I do not pretend to be more capable of observing than many others, but I have had more opportunities for observation.

The town in which I principally resided was a seaport, with a very considerable import and export trade. The exports were almost entirely provisions—grain, bacon, live cattle, &c.—the imports, manufactured goods from England, timber from Canada, and two or three vessels in the year with sugars from the West Indies; the teas, sugars, and tobaccos, were got almost entirely from England. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town the rent of land varied from L.3 to L.8 per acre, and L.10, L.12, and in some instances at the rate of L.15, was given for the con acre, as it was called. The meaning of the con acre is this: a farmer or a gentleman manures the land (sometimes only partly manures it), and then lets it as potato-ground for a year. From time to time dreadful cases of hardship arise from this system, for the tenant is bound for this enormous rent whether

the crop fail or not, and murder not unfrequently ensues. Some time since a gentleman—a magistrate—let a con acre to a poor man for L.10, who paid one fourth of the money, L.2, 10s., before entering on possession. The potato crop failed, the landlord seized the crop, which brought only L.5, and then proceeded at law against the tenant for the remaining L.2, 10s. Now, this might be all fair enough if the two parties were on equal terms at first; but they are not; for the peasant must frequently take the con acre ground on any terms, or starve; he has but a choice of the two evils; and cases of hardship similar to what I have mentioned are very frequent. The usual rate of wages is 8d. or 10d. a-day for farm-labourers, without food, or fourpence or sixpence a-day if fed by the farmer; their food, in this case, is almost invariably dry potatoes; at least I have been in some hundred farm-houses, and have seen the farm-servants at their meals, and I cannot remember that I ever saw them have meat, milk, or butter, except on Sundays, or at harvest time, when they fare somewhat better; though, I believe, a pig's head is the only meat they ever get even then. The farmer's family live somewhat better, have milk and butter, but scarcely ever meat; a piece of bacon hanging up in a farmer's kitchen is scarcely ever to be seen. Goldsmith tells us of—

'Some Irish houses, where things are so so.
A gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But as to think of eating the thing they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.'

Now, even for a show, the gammon of bacon is not to be seen. An exception to all this, however, occurs on grand occasions, such as a station or a wedding. A station is where the parish priest appoints some farmer's house (generally a very 'comfortable' one) for the purpose of hearing the confessions of the people, the different farmers on these occasions vie with each other in their entertainments. This custom is now very generally given up, but at weddings they still put forth all their strength. I was at the wedding of a 'comfortable' farmer's daughter a short time since. I went with a party of six or eight from town. The country guests could not have been fewer than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and there was 'ead mille fitha'—Anglice, a hundred thousand welcomes, and abundance for all. We did not dine till six o'clock, but this was not from fashion, but the parties were within the prohibited degrees of kindred, and there had been some delay about getting leave from the bishop to have them married. The dinner was served up in the barn; the head table was the breadth of the room, and from it ran two long tables. On the table at the top we had a large piece of roast beef, roast mutton, boiled leg of mutton, boiled ham, &c. and the other tables seemed equally well supplied. The parish priest presided at the head, and one of his curates, or coadjutors, as they are called in Ireland, at each of the other tables; and assuredly they had no sincere posts. Fancy, my good reader, two hundred of the most hungry people you ever saw. I was ashamed of myself, or rather would have been, but that I was kept in such capital countenance by all the people around me. I only hope their reverences had dined before they came there. I really forgot to think about them at the time. Yet with all there was no confusion, no unseemly haste, positively no vulgarity, in the right sense of the word; all were polite and attentive to their neighbours; no scrambling for the viands, no eating them up before half the guests had arrived, as in certain splendid banquets we have heard of in other places; nor do the priests lose in the slightest degree the respect of their flocks from the intimacy with which they mix with them on these and similar occasions. On the contrary, they appear to gain even in respect; I need not say how much in love; while the slight degree of restraint which they cause is evidently useful. There were a great many very pretty girls, very nicely dressed, and looking and acting like young ladies, though every one of them was in the habit of constantly working in the open air, ay, and working hard too, coarse and unseemly work; and I must con-

fess, when I saw some of them a few days afterwards, I did find it rather hard to recognise my fair friends of the former evening.

Though wine and spirits were on the tables, the almost universal drink was lemonade. Thanks to Father Mathew. This recalls to my mind that, just at the time when the temperance movement first began to spread in Ireland, there appeared in the Dublin University Magazine a very clever pleasant paper ridiculing the idea of a temperance song being ever sung and applauded in Ireland; and yet, in a month after, nothing was to be heard from one end of the country to the other but songs in praise of Father Mathew and cold water; hot coffee and unbroken heads quite superseding the 'Cruiskeen Lawn's' and 'Jugs of Punch' which for so many ages had charmed our bibulous and excitable friends across the Channel. Clever men do prove false prophets sometimes. Sir H. Davy denied that a house could be lit with gas; and, when a house was, that a street could. Now half the world or so is lit with it. Dr Lardner's paper, to prove steaming across the Atlantic impossible, appeared in the Edinburgh Review much about the time the Great Western appeared off New York. And of course many similar cases might be cited.

An unpleasantness occurred after dinner which showed very strongly the feeling with which their priests are regarded by the people, and the manner in which they at all times maintain it. One of our party from town was a young officer, and at dinner he sat next a girl of uncommonly good personal appearance. After the conclusion of our meal he attempted to give her a salute. The lady rose up, and in doing so, stumbled, on which the priest, a fine tall handsome man, immediately stood up, and said, 'I am astonished you allow any man to insult one of your sisters. How dare you, sir, forget yourself?' The officer immediately apologised; said he had not meant any insult; on which the priest made some remarks to the effect that no fancied difference of rank should make a man for a moment fancy that he might take a liberty; that the feeling of propriety in the people he saw around him was as delicate as it could be in any rank or circle; that if he chose to mix in their society, he should consider himself for the time, at least, as their equal. 'And in my presence,' he said, 'no man shall presume on his position.' A low murmur of applause ran round the tables, and the eyes of the party glauced as they looked up at the priest; but they remained perfectly quiet, and in no way interfered.

Among the warmest admirers of the priest was evidently the hedge-schoolmaster. A very curious class are those hedge-schoolmasters, or philomaths, as they are pleased to term themselves. Friends of learning they certainly may be, but if so, friends on very slight acquaintance indeed; and assuredly learning is no friend to them, except that she appears to supply them with an unlimited quantity of strong waters. This race will shortly be extinct. National schools, and other valuable institutions, will be spread over the land, and philomaths will be no more.

There was one thing in Ireland I never could be taught to like. I mean an Irish jig. I often tried to introduce country dances among the country people, but in vain; they invariably preferred their native jig, which is danced in this wise: A gentleman goes up to a lady, and bobs his head; this is sufficient challenge; and they stand opposite each other, and commence dancing. After a time, the gentleman retires, and the lady curtsies to her favoured swain, but generally finds the use of her tongue too; and thus they continue to tire each other down. Now, I do contend for it, that whoever introduces the gay bustling English country dance into Ireland will be a national benefactor.

Marriages are often made up among the country people after a very curious fashion. The Rev. Mr Hickey of Ross, a Protestant clergyman, well known in Ireland as Martin Doyle, the name under which he writes agricultural tracts, which have been of great use,

tells in one of them a story of a young Wexford farmer, who married the ugly girl with two cows instead of the pretty girl with one, wisely holding that there was not a cow difference between any two lasses. Very hard bargains are certainly not unfrequently made by the old people, in which the young are allowed very little voice. The landlords, also, in some cases exercise a control over such matters. A landlord or agent will likewise occasionally help to make up a match merely as a mutual friend. I knew of one of this kind. About two years since, a friend of mine, who was agent over a large property, thought he should do a very good deed in getting a husband for one of the pretty daughters of a respectable widow, who was a tenant on the property; and the only person he could think of who would be a good match was a rich old bachelor of some fifty, or rather perhaps threescore, who held a capital farm, well stocked. 'John Power,' said my friend, 'you must get married.' 'Oh, sir,' said John, scratching his head, 'I couldn't.' 'You must, John; you must.' 'Oh, your honour,' said John, 'I never thought of the likes.' 'No matter; you must, man; you must.' 'Oh, your honour, what 'ud the sisters say?' Now, John had two maiden sisters, and the sweetest wine will get sour after a certain period. 'John, you must marry Alice Walsh.' 'Ah, your honour,' said John, beginning to forget the sisters, 'she's a very purty girl anyhow.' And John was perfectly right; she really was. John became 'quite convenient.' Mrs Walsh was delighted when she heard of it. The lady thought the intended bridegroom rather old; but then he was very rich. She relented, and soon became Mrs Power. I have no doubt but that all things have gone on very happily.

The question is frequently asked—Will temperance continue to prevail in Ireland?—and many persons remark, that already there are numerous instances of the pledge being broken. It is not to be expected that the temperance feeling will continue as warm as it now is; and even now it has cooled down considerably from its first fervour. Yet the good which has been effected by Father Mathew will probably never be done away. The great evil in Ireland was not so much that the people drank, as that they gloried in drunkenness. When the Rev. George Carr, who established the first temperance society in Europe at Ross, in the county of Wexford, endeavoured to introduce them generally into Ireland, his temperance converts were almost invariably shamed out of the pledge, laughed at and ridiculed, till they gave it up. I have seen an unfortunate fellow walk down a street, and all the people laughing at him, merely because he had joined the temperance society. Now, thanks to Father Mathew, all that has passed away for ever.

The prevalence of drunkenness in Ireland was really, in the good old times, something quite awful; and General Mathews's praise of potheen, which he delivered amidst universal applause in his place in the Irish House of Commons, was probably not at all exaggerated—'The chancellor on the woolsack drinks it, the judge on the bench drinks it, the peer in his robes drinks it, the beggar with his wallet drinks it, I drink it, every man drinks it.' More odd and witty things have probably been said by Irishmen in favour of drinking, than by any people in the world. Who does not know Sheridan's remark—'When a good thought is slow of coming, a glass of wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of wine rewards it.' And when his son, Tom Sheridan, was told that brandy would destroy the coats of his stomach, 'Then,' said he, 'it must attack the waistcoats.' 'Is it possible,' said a friend, who came in and found Sir Hercules Langrishe alone, and three empty claret bottles beside him—'is it possible, Langrishe, you have finished all that claret unassisted?' 'Oh no,' said Sir Hercules, 'I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.' It is of this witty baronet the anecdote is told—liding in the Phoenix Park with some lord-lieutenant who had just come over, I now forget which, his

lordship expressed surprise that some land which they were passing had not been drained by any former government. 'Oh, my lord,' said Sir Hercules, 'government was always too busy draining the rest of the country.' Lord Cloncurry lately declared at a temperance meeting in Dublin, that in his younger days a gentleman scarcely ever went to the drawing-room after dinner sober. Now, of course, it would be almost impossible that one should enter it intoxicated; and among merchants and professional men in Ireland, I am satisfied there is much less wine now drunk than in England, and spirits are very seldom introduced.

THE HEALTH OF TOWNS COMMISSION.

For some time a commission, composed of noblemen and gentlemen appointed by the crown, has been engaged in a most extensive series of investigations affecting the sanitary condition of large towns, and its first report has now been laid before the public. Consisting of two well-filled octavo volumes, much of the matter may be said to be deprived of novelty from the publication of certain sanitary reports a year or two ago; with the drawback of a little repetition, however, the present volumes embrace statements of incalculable value, and we should hope will speedily lead to what the public are now prepared to expect—a comprehensive legislative measure enforcing the proper ventilation, sewerage, and drainage of large towns—the opening up of confined alleys—the supplying of water to the poor—and all other arrangements which medical officers may suggest.

The mass of evidence on these various topics in the report of the health of towns commission before us, renders it impossible to present anything like an analysis of its contents, and all we can do is to glean from its pages a few striking passages likely to be perused with interest by our readers. The first party examined was Dr Southwood Smith, physician to the London Fever Hospital, whose statement is so complete in itself as regards the mortality—the private misery, and public loss—caused by want of ventilation and cleanliness, that we gladly leave it for publication in its entire form.* We pass on, therefore, to the second person under examination, Mr N. B. Ward, surgeon, a gentleman favourably known as the originator of a plan for growing plants in glass-cases. In the pursuit of this object, Mr Ward had occasion to direct his attention to the influence of light and air, freed from deleterious particles. His answer on these points is interesting and instructive:—

'During a practice of thirty years in a densely-populated neighbourhood, my attention has been repeatedly drawn to the influence of light, not only as a most efficient means of preventing disease, but likewise as tending materially to render disease milder when it occurs, and more amenable to medical and other treatment. Dupuytren (I think) relates the case of a lady whose maladies had baffled the skill of several eminent practitioners. This lady resided in a dark room (into which the sun never shone) in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination, Dupuytren was led to refer her complaints to the absence of light, and recommended her removal to a more cheerful situation. This change was followed by the most beneficial results; all her complaints vanished. Sir James Wylie has given a remarkable instance of the influence of light. He states that the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St Petersburg have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of three to one to those on the side exposed to strong light. The experiments of Dr Edwards are conclusive. He has shown that if tadpoles are nourished with proper food, and exposed to the constantly-renewed contact of water (so that their beneficial respiration may be maintained), but are entirely deprived of light, their growth continues,

* We propose issuing the evidence of Dr Southwood Smith as a distinct publication in the work entitled 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.'

but their metamorphosis into the condition of air-breathing animals is arrested, and they remain in the form of large tadpoles. Dr Edwards also observes, that persons who live in caves and cellars, or in very dark and narrow streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and that men who work in mines are liable to disease and deformity beyond what the simple closeness of the air would be likely to produce.' He adds, 'in reply to other questions, that he would recommend the opening up of alleys and courts, so as to admit an abundance of light as well as air into the dwellings of the poor, and that the advantages to the general health would be remarkable. He likewise suggests that the salubrity would be improved by the introduction of plants in cases into dwellings. The plants, he says, would absorb to a certain extent the breathed carbon; but their cultivation would be not less useful in promoting a love of nature. 'And what would be the expense of one of the cases?' is asked. 'The expense would be trifling; glazed and puttied frames can be obtained at a shilling the square foot, which might be put in their windows and little yards, and they would repay the expense of the case within a twelvemonth by the growth of salad or flowers.'

The next individual under examination was Dr Neil Arnott, distinguished alike for his philanthropy and scientific acquirements. The want of a knowledge that pure air is essential for the support of life, was perhaps never more strikingly manifested than in what the doctor describes as having happened not long since in London. 'A year or two ago, a new house was built to receive the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and no expense was spared which, in the opinion of those entrusted with the management, could insure to these natives of a warmer climate all attainable comfort and safety. Unhappily, however, it was believed that the objects would be best secured by making the new room nearly what an English gentleman's drawing-room is. For warming it, two ordinary drawing-room grates were put in, as close to the floor as possible, and with low chimney openings, that the heated air in the room should not escape by the chimneys; while the windows and other openings in the walls above were made as close as possible. Some additional warm air was admitted through openings in the floor, from around hot-water pipes placed beneath it. For ventilation in cold weather, openings were made in the skirting of the room, close to the floor, with the erroneous idea that the carbonic acid [foul air], produced in the respiration of the animals, because heavier than the other air in the room, would separate from this, and escape below. When all this was done, about sixty healthy monkeys, many of which had already borne several winters in England, were put into this room. A month afterwards, more than fifty of these were dead, and the few remaining ones dying. This room, open only below, was as truly an extinguisher to the living monkeys as an inverted coffee-cup, held over and around the flame of a candle, is an extinguisher to the candle. Not only the warmth from the fires, and the warm air that was allowed to enter by the openings in the floor, but the hot breath, and all the impure exhalations from the bodies of the monkeys, ascended, first to the upper part of the room, to be completely incorporated with the atmosphere there, and by no possibility could escape, except as a part of that impure atmosphere gradually passing away by the chimneys and the openings in the skirting. Therefore, from the time the monkeys went into the room until they died, they could not have had a single breath of fresh air. It was necessary only to open, in the winter, part of the ventilating apertures near the ceiling, which had been prepared for the summer, and the room became at once salubrious.' In a subsequent part of his evidence, Dr Arnott alludes to one of his latest inventions in the cause of humanity—a bellows for propelling fresh air into houses or ships, and which, from having seen in London, we can recommend as one of the most simple and cheaply-wrought plans of ventilation which has fallen under our notice.

The science of statistics was perhaps never brought to bear on a more curious subject than that of disease arising from the number of persons who sleep in one apartment or in one bed. In this department of inquiry we have first the evidence of Mr Toynbee, one of the surgeons of the St George's and the St James's Dispensary. Referring to a house-to-house visitation of Mr Weld in the parish of St George's, Hanover Square, he mentions that there were in the parish 1465 families of the labouring classes, who had for their residence only 2175 rooms and 2510 beds. It appeared that 929 families had only a single room, and 408 two rooms. With respect to beds, 623 families had only 1 bed per family, 638 had 2 beds, 154 had 3 beds, 21 had 4 beds, 5 had 5 beds, 6 had 6 beds, 7 had 1 bed, 7 dwellings had no bed, and 10 were not ascertained. Where this state of things exists, it is customary to let half, or a quarter of a room to a family; each has its corner. 'In the course of the first months that I was attached to the dispensary,' says Mr Toynbee, 'an aged Irish woman applied to me with a broken rib; she declined going into an hospital; the dispensary therefore supplied her with a flannel roller, and I promised to visit her and apply it. On reaching her home, I found that it consisted of one corner of a room on the first floor of a house in Peter Street. The landlady of this room, who herself occupied the central part, near the fireplace, had tenants in the other three corners, in one of which was a widow with three or four children. I applied the bandage to my patient, who went on, to use her own words, *very comfortably* for four or five days, at the end of which time I found her in considerable pain from the following cause. Not being able to go out as usual with her basket to sell fruit and vegetables, she could not pay her daily rent, and therefore, on the suggestion of the landlady, consented to underlet half of her bed; but it happened, unfortunately, that the new tenant, being bulky in person, occupied more than her fair proportion of the joint tenancy, so as to press against the broken rib of my poor invalid, and displace it, thus producing a recurrence of the pain and suffering from which she had but just been freed.' He adds, that the noxious air breathed in these overcrowded rooms is a 'principal cause of the scrofulous affections which abound to an enormous extent among the patients'; scrofula, from a similar want of ventilation, is also, he says, a prevailing cause of mortality among the animals in the Zoological Gardens. How strange does it seem, that the directors of these interesting repositories should be equally ignorant of the principles of ventilation with the meanest denizen of St Giles or Whitechapel.

The Rev. J. Clay of Preston, in Lancashire, presents some statistics respecting house and bed accommodation fully more distressing than those of Mr Toynbee. He speaks of a section of streets, courts, and yards in Preston, which contains 422 dwellings, inhabited by 2400 persons, sleeping in 852 beds—that is, an average of 5 and a fractional part for each bed. The specification is as follows:—in 84 cases 4 persons slept in the same bed, in 28 cases 5 in a bed, in 13 cases 6 in a bed, in 3 cases 7 in a bed, in 1 case 8 in a bed; and, in addition, a family of 8 on bed frames covered with a little straw. The deterioration, or, more correctly speaking, ruin of morals, arising from this overcrowding, does not require to be insisted on.

It would naturally be supposed that the horrors we speak of, arise, as a matter of course, from poverty—that no one would voluntarily live in a manner so little removed above that of the lower animals. It appears, however, that, irrespective of means, choice governs this mode of existence. A mill-watchman having met with a serious accident, was visited by the surgeon at his dwelling, when it appeared that he had only a very small room with one bed, in which he lay by turns with a paralytic old man—the watchman all day, and the old man all night; yet 'the watchman was a single man, sober, and orderly in his conduct, and receiving regular wages of 18s. per week—a sum which would

have enabled him to procure good lodgings and every attendant comfort.' Take another case: 'A shoemaker who, with his wife, could earn 25s. weekly, keeps a pig under the room in which he, his wife, and three children live. A sow belonging to a friend, having brought forth a more numerous litter than she could support, the shoemaker fitted up, for the reception of the two supernumerary pigs, a corner of his living room, in which they were found by the agent of the Charitable Society.'

Of the manner in which wages are spent by certain classes of operatives in manufacturing towns, we obtain the following information from the evidence of Mr Coulthart of Ashton-under-Lyne. In that busy and populous town, where the factories are fully employed, the cotton operatives receive a weekly sum of £5.77.5, or, reckoning fifty weeks to the year, they receive the annual amount of £288,750, which is irrespective of wages paid to tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, masons, joiners, and all other handicraftsmen and day-labourers. With the assistance of a committee of intelligent cotton operatives, Mr Coulthart drew up a table showing the manner in which the £288,750 were disposed of. There were spent, as we see from this table, on food, £185,720; clothing, £26,410; fuel, £9,350; house-rent, £33,870; sundries, £8,180; education, £2,220; ale and spirits, £14,430; medicine and medical advice, £6,160; and deposited in savings-bank, £2,410. Out of the enormous sum of £288,750, only £2,410 saved, and £14,430 spent on intoxicating liquor! We give much credit to the Ashton operatives for the honesty of the confession; and believe it differs little in character from what could be made by every great body of factory operatives in the United Kingdom.

THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

THERE is something peculiarly cheerful and pleasing in the aspect of the suburbs of a great city. Here monotonous streets of houses have not utterly annihilated the ever-refreshing grass and shadowy trees, nor do solitary fields and woods seem to mourn the absence of man and his dwellings. The quietness of the country is animated by some of the more agreeable and exciting features of city life, and the distracting noise of the mighty Babylon is moderated by a due admixture of rural serenity. Equally removed from noise and loneliness, the man-made city and the God-made country are here united, and nature and art blend pleasingly together. Here we are neither jostled by the crowd, nor in danger of losing our way for want of a guide. Here there are no attenuated monstrosities half-a-dozen storeys high, looking as though they were panting and pining for more space, nor any lonely dwellings vainly staring out upon the solitude around for a neighbour. Here are no pestilent gasometers, nor belching tall chimneys, pouring forth their abominations night and day—nor, on the other hand, any reeking dunghills and stagnant pools to taint the breeze and offend the olfactories of the passer-by. Such are some of the advantages of the suburbs of great cities generally; advantages, indeed, which combine those of both city and country, without the peculiar inconveniences of either.

If such remarks are in anyway appropriate to the suburbs of great cities generally, much more are they to those of London. There is an appearance of plenty and comfort about the suburbs of 'the great metropolis' which is quite cheering to contemplate. It is true there is somewhat of pride and pretension in the appearance of not a few of the 'cottages' and 'villas,' which may well provoke a smile. The 'prospect houses,' hemmed in on all sides by taller neighbours—the 'woodbine cottages,' with their bare walls, savour of the ludicrous; and the Swiss and Elizabethanist snuggeries, with their ambitious porticos and minikin stables, are amusing specimens of the tendency of even bricks and stones to ape the manners of their superiors. Yet, cynical and sour-hearted must he be who should condemn too se-

verely their harmless pomposity, and refuse to rejoice at the comfort and abundance everywhere so apparent.

Unlike their crowded brethren of the city, the houses in the suburbs are for the most part isolated, or at least possess each a small garden. Their occupants are principally superior clerks, heads of firms, or gentlemen who are compelled to visit the city daily, and who reside in the suburbs both on account of its cheapness to themselves, and its pleasantness and healthfulness for their families. Here is the 'habitat' of the professional man, and here also that of the snug annuitant, the expectation of his poor relations, whose chief occupation consists in making his biennial pilgrimage to the city to receive his dividend at the bank. The houses have a remarkably clean and neat appearance; the blinds are of unsullied whiteness; and the stones and steps leading up to the doors so perfectly unsoiled, that one could scarcely imagine a dirty foot having ever trodden there. It is, however, rarely dirty in the suburbs, at least where the streets are completed, as the roads are generally kept in excellent condition, and the traffic is so small, that the rain speedily soaks into the ground, or runs off the stones before it has time to form that nuisance of the city—mud. Flowers abound, not only in the trim flower-beds, but also in reddened flower-pots at the windows, though some, as more genteel, prefer to place them on a stand inside the window.

Scarcely is breakfast concluded, when the punctual city omnibus, grinding along the newly-graveled road, draws up to the well-known house. The servant-maid appears at the door in a twinkling, and unlocking the gate (vigorously fastened to keep out beggars and nomadic vendors of small wares), is quickly followed by her master, with brushed hat and brilliant boots, his Mackintosh or greatcoat prudently thrown over his arm, and a little flower tastefully adjusted in the button-hole of his coat. The conductor, touching his hat, assists his accustomed fare, who smilingly exchanges a 'good morning' with his well-known fellow-passengers, and waves his hand to his youngest child, held up at the window to see papa depart.

The various cries soon begin to echo through the quiet road. The mop-seller, the knife-grinder, the dogs'-meat vender, and their brother tradesmen, busily commence their vocations, and 'hearthstone,' 'old clo,' 'mops,' 'brooms,' and numberless other cries, rapidly succeed each other, in every imaginable pitch of voice from alto to bass. The stalwart Bavarian girl, in the garden before some promising window, sings her well-known air, beseeching the inmates to 'buy a broom.' The Italian boy perseveringly grinds his lively melodies, to the delight of the dancing young ones at the window; and his light-hearted brother, with his tray of images on his head, offers them for sale with an air of honesty and good temper that deserves a customer. Prosperity to his humble trade! There are the embodiments of innocence, wisdom, beauty, and chivalry in his little collection; and he must be a misanthrope indeed who can look with indifference either upon him or his snowy wares. The flower-seller, too, with his fragrant and blushing specimens, is on the alert to find customers, in which he fortunately experiences little difficulty, as our suburban friends are wisely fond of these fairy children of the earth, and grudge not a trifle to secure a favourite flower or a fine-grown plant. The ruddy butcher boy, with his clean blue sleeves, and his tray on his shoulder, wends his way to the accustomed house with the bespoken joint. The pale befouled baker trundles his barrow of bread before him, lingering to exchange jokes with the not-unwilling servant-girls; and the cheesemonger's lad, with fringed apron, and his basket on his arm, goes his usual round for orders. The old jobbing gardener is intent upon trimming the shrubs and mowing the tiny grass-plot into the desired primness; but exercises a prudent tardiness, lest he should have finished his task before another job presents itself. The ill-paid teacher, with her portfolio of music under her

arm, is hurrying along to give her morning lesson; and the drawing-master, with brushed and well-worn suit of black, is on his road to his pupils. The lumbering water-cart jolts along the dusty road, but invidiously marking the non-payers, by leaving them to the pleasures of unmitigated dust, and thus writing, as it were, on the very road before their doors their parsimony or their obstinacy. The servant-maid takes the children an airing, but her attention is not, however, so entirely absorbed by them as to render her unobservant of the smiling shopmen with whom she is in the habit of gossiping; while her fellow-servant is despatched to the circulating library to exchange the well-thumbed three-volume novel, with the special injunction from her romantic young mistress to inquire whether they have 'anything new.' Thus passes the morning.

The sun is declining westward, and the appearance of the baker with his tray of savoury pies intimates that the important hour of dinner is at hand. The omnibus returns from the city, and, punctual to his accustomed time, papa steps out of the vehicle, big with city news, and the all-important topics of the Gazette and the Exchange, while his rosy children and his lady-like spouse, happily ignorant on such matters, greet his arrival at the threshold. Papa, declaring he is very fatigued, exchanges his tight boots for a pair of slippers, and substitutes a comfortable wrapper for his dress-coat. The grave ceremonies of the table shortly commence, relieved by the narration—on one side, of meeting accidentally some old acquaintance in the city, or the arrangements for the forthcoming dinner 'of the company' at 'the hall'; and, on the other side, with an account of the behaviour of the little ones, their quaint questions, so indicative of their precocity; or some harmless bit of scandal circulating among the neighbours.

The sun has set, the misty shadow of evening gather fast, and the nimble lamplighter, with his ladder on his shoulder, posts about to light the widely-dispersed lamps. The crimson curtains are drawn, and the cheerful glare of the comfortable fire-light flashes against the walls of the well-furnished room. Anon the tea-urn and the candles are introduced, and the refreshing steamy beverage hisses in the cups; while papa, who has previously made the daily tour of his *Pleasure Garden*, and examined into the wellbeing of his floral favourites with parental care, proclaims the pleasing tidings that there is another bud appearing on the rose-bush, and that he has actually counted eleven pears on the pear-tree. Wo to the profane hand which should dare to molest them; ill speed the wind which should rudely scatter their unripened glories on the ground. No, those pears are no common sort, and papa would nearly as soon that one of his children should be snatched from the door, as one of those eleven pears pilfered from the tree. At the same time a packet of seeds is produced from the favourite shop in the city; and their merits having been dilated on, and mamma and the young ones puzzled at the pronunciation of the hard name written on the label, are safely deposited among papa's horticultural stores for use at a fitting opportunity.

Tea ended, papa amuses himself with a volume, or the last number of his favourite periodical, or listens to the prattle of his chubby little boy, as, seated on his knee, he stammeringly tells him, with sparkling eye and child-like enthusiasm, what he saw in his morning walk with Mary, or how terrible an accident happened to his little cart. Mamma takes her seat at papa's side, with her work-box before her, busily occupied with her 'wool-work,' or sometimes sits down to the pianoforte and thunders away at some well-known overture, or warbles a sentimental melody from 'that dear Moore.' She does not fail to remark, however, if any stranger be present, that she has quite forgotten her music since she has been married, and that her many stern household duties leave her no time to practise. The eldest little girl, too, must play over her lesson, to show papa how rapidly she is improving, during which mamma looks at him significantly, as though to assure him she

will yet be a player. The little favourite is applauded for her industry, and liberal promises are made of treats and presents if she will attend to her studies.

It is nine o'clock. The younger members of the family are gone to bed; the road is quiet; scarcely a human being is to be seen abroad, except a solitary maid-servant, with the key in her hand, just popped out to procure some little forgotten necessary. The pot-boy takes round the supper-beer to his customers, giving notice of his approach by his well-known cry of 'beer,' with his lantern fixed at the end of his tray, throwing its strong light across the dark road. Supper is soon concluded; papa with a yawn throws down his book and looks at his watch; and after observing upon the lateness of the hour, and giving some horticultural directions as to the morrow, the whole household are quickly asleep, and not an echo awakens the silence of the road except that of the safety-assuring tread of the heavy-booted policeman.

THE BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

ANTIQUARIAN societies have long existed in every country pretending to any advancement in taste, one of their objects being to collect and preserve ancient historical or curious relics in museums. Such a mode of assembling coins, ancient armour, manuscripts, and other small objects, answers every desired end; but there are others which, from their size, it would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to deposit in such collections: we allude to sepulchral monuments, old castles, abbeys, churches, encampments, and other equally interesting relics of past times, which are likely to lapse into a state of utter decay and neglect. The preservation of such objects is worthy of a nation's care, for they are among the most valuable records of our social and political history. Till the present time, however, all such monuments of antiquity have been left to the charge of their proprietors, and been neglected or preserved according as private, and often unimstructed, feeling dictated. We are glad to know that this evil is likely to be remedied. Among the various movements now agitating society, there is one for preserving and examining the class of antiquities to which we refer. An archaeological association has lately been formed in London, with a view to promoting intercourse among the antiquaries and artists of Great Britain, and to investigate, preserve, and illustrate national monuments of every character—architectural, numismatic, or documentary. Hitherto, the society has flourished with hopeful success. A monthly journal, published under its superintendence, and filled with matter deeply interesting to the antiquary, has already attained a very respectable circulation. A part of the plan of the association consists in forming meetings on the most interesting scenes of British history, and investigating on the spot such remains as may exist in them. The first of these excursions took place at Canterbury between the 9th and 14th of last September, when a large party of gentlemen were in attendance, some of them accompanied by the ladies of their families.

At an early stage of proceedings, there was a discussion respecting certain Roman antiquities on the south coast of Britain, in which the dean of Hereford took a part. Subsequently, an especial excursion was made to Richborough, or, as it was called by the Romans, *Rutupia*. This old Roman port was situated at the bottom of the bay, which extends on the one side by Sandwich to Deal, on the other by the Reculvers and Ramsgate to the North Foreland. Nothing but the walls remain at present; but they are remarkable for their strength and thickness, and enclose a raised platform, which extends 150 yards in one direction, and 158 in the other, with the exception of the side which fronts the sea (and from which the ruins are now separated by a large extent of alluvial deposit), where the terrace has given way, leaving no trace of the wall, and exposing the soil, which contains quantities of human bones, and shells of oysters, which

were apparently a favourite food of the Romans. Rhutupia was not only a favourite residence of the Romans, and the dwelling-houses appear to have extended far and wide around the castle, but was also much frequented by Britons, and subsequently by Saxons. It was there that the Prefect Clemens Maximus was slain by the Briton, Theodosius, whom Ausonius calls the Rhutupian robber. Hither Vortigern awaited the arrival of his allies, the Saxons, Hengist and Horsa; and Ethelbert made it also the chief seat of his government: hence the country around is often called Rhutupia's land. On this subject a paper was communicated by Miss Halsted, who considered the harbour of the Romans to be generally that sheltered estuary which still extends between the county of Kent and the Isle of Thanet; and that it was protected at one entrance by the castle of Richborough, and at the other by that of Regulbium (Reculver), together styled Rhutupia. This author also called attention to the interesting fact of the antiquity of the chapel of our Lady of Reculver, ordained for the sepulture of such persons as perished by storm or other casualties, as testified by commission preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, and bearing date 8th May 1485, the time of Richard III.

Close by Canterbury, the association also visited the little church of St Martins, now in progress of restoration, and supposed by Bede to be an ecclesiastical edifice of the time of the Roman Christians; a deduction which met with corroboration from a number of unique coins, which were exhibited to the association as coming from the same locality, and which, Mr R. Smith remarked, attested that there must have been a church there as early as the period when Christianity was first introduced into this country. In this church is also preserved an ancient baptismal font, with a sort of ornamental interlacings in low relief, in which tradition says King Ethelbert was baptised. In addition to these papers and questions of such great local interest, there were also read other communications relating to the Romans, among which was one by Professor Buckland on a Roman town, fortifications, temple, and cemetery, discovered by Mr Medhurst at Jordan hill, in the parish of Preston, Dorsetshire; another by Mr Puttock on the Roman roads in Kent, more especially in reference to the indications of that valuable Roman Itinerary called that of Antoninus, ascribed in the manuscripts to four different Caesars: a third was by Mr Saull, on the Roman encampments near Dunstable, the Purtoirva of the above-mentioned Itinerary; and a fourth, by Mr Artis, was on certain Roman remains from Wansford in Northamptonshire. Mr Repton also communicated a mixed paper on Roman and Saxon columns; and a variety and number of relics of Roman art were laid before the association at its different sittings.

The chief thing accomplished by the association in *Saxon antiquities*, was the opening of so-called *barrows*, or graves with mounds above them, on the Barham and Breach Downs, which constitute portions of the great north downs of Kent. These operations were, however, preceded by the distribution of a printed account, by Mr Wright—one of the most active members of the association—of barrows which had been previously opened in the same locality; and also by a paper on barrows generally, communicated by the Rev. B. Deane. In this communication the author distinguished the cromlech from the barrow, as being the tomb of the rich man, the other that of the poor. It would, however, have perhaps been more accurate to have said, of the great or distinguished man, the king, the patriarch, or the hero; for there appears to be no doubt that many of the affluent among the Saxons were buried under mounds, as it is well known many of the greatest men among the ancients were under tumuli of earth and stones. 'Kit's cotty house,' a remarkable cromlech near Maidstone, and where Mr Wright has been lately carrying on curious excavations, was also distinguished as a sepulchral monument; and Sir William Betham took the opportunity of asserting the sepulchral cha-

racter of the round towers of Ireland, as attested by the discovery of a skeleton in that of Ardmore, and in which conclusion he was supported by Mr Crofton Croker, the learned Irish antiquary. The Saxon barrows were opened at the suggestion of Lord Albert Conyngham, who presided over the association at this its first meeting. The situation on which the first batch were placed was picturesque; between two or three cottages on the one side, and a windmill on the other, and overlooking the wooded and fertile vale of the *Bourne*—the old English name for a rivulet—the burn of the Scots. In the first grave opened, remains (very fragmentary) were found of a woman and her child; they had not been parted in death; and with them were found the relics of necklaces, of variously coloured beads, which the Saxons were apparently in a similar manner as is done in the present day by many semi-civilised nations, as well as, when fashion dictates, the most refined civilisation. A ring and several other Saxon ornaments of no great value were also found in the same grave. The third barrow opened was distinguished from the others by the lower portion of the skeleton being displayed, by excavation, in nearly complete preservation. This fragment of humanity appeared to excite much interest among many present. The fourth opened was the tomb of a peasant warrior. His sturdy skull remained nearly entire; and by his side was the head of a spear, and a small portion of the boss of a shield, of the usual Saxon form. In the seventh, a knife, four and a half inches long, and at first supposed to have been a dagger, was found by the side of the skeleton of a female. Numerous other fragmentary relics were found; all, however, attesting, with the superficiality of the grave, that this had been the burial-place of some poor Saxon villagers who had settled themselves in these fertile and productive districts.

After refreshment at Bourne, the hospitable mansion of Lord A. Conyngham, situated a few miles nearer Canterbury, on the same rivulet, the members of the association repaired to Breach Down, constituting a portion of the grounds attached to the house itself; and barrows of greater importance had, as in the other case, been previously excavated to within a few inches of the mortuary deposit, but which in this case lay at a depth of upwards of six feet in the chalk. Human bones were obtained from two of the graves thus opened; and patience was further rewarded by obtaining from one of them a Saxon urn of beautiful form, and with the usual zig-zag ornament, as also a small vessel of green glass. On the contents of the urn being afterwards explored, it was found to contain the clasp of a purse, which had apparently contained no coins; whence some of the antiquaries present, notwithstanding the depths of the graves, and the care that had been taken in the entombment of the dead, were inclined to consider that they were the remains of poor Saxons—not, it will be thought, a perfectly satisfactory conclusion.

A lively discussion arose upon various points of interest connected with these barrows at the subsequent meeting of the association; but we shall only notice the most striking. The teeth, with the enamel often still in good condition, had the tip of the crown worn down in a manner which indicated a diet mainly of peas and beans, upon which, as several present remarked, it was attested by existing records the soldiery were also commonly fed, even down to a late period. A second fact was the absence of hair, which led Dr Pettigrew to advance an opinion that the Saxons had been shaved like the easterners; but notwithstanding the proved occasional long endurance of hair, it is well known that, in opening quite recent mortuary deposits, such is generally found wanting; and the improbability of the deduction thus made was pointed out by one of the aldermen of the city.

A still more curious subject of investigation presented itself in the bones of rats and mice, that are found in these Saxon graves. In the printed account of Mr Wright, previously noticed, mention

is made of there having been found, in graves adjacent to these, the skulls and bones of mice, with remains of seed, &c. as if hoarded up. In an account of discoveries recently made in barrows opened in the vicinity of Bakewell, Derbyshire, and communicated by Mr T. Bateman, the remarkable feature was noticed of the discovery of rats' bones a foot deep, which precluded the assumption that they had found their way into the barrow, and was evidence that they had been buried there. The bones thus found, according to Sir W. Betham, are those of the rat commonly called the Hanoverian, and attest to its long dwelling in these islands. In the barrows now opened, bones of mice were also found; and in the barrows of Barham Downs, there were found in one several land-snails of the genus *helix*; and in those of Breach Downs, two live earth-worms, which, according to Professor Buckland, had gone there in search of moisture during the summer heats. It may be remarked, in connexion with Saxon relics, that Sir W. Betham took two different occasions to insist upon the so-called *kelts*—Saxon, hatchets of stone—being adzes, or carpenter's tools, from the circumstance of one having been found which had been used as such; but which, it will be seen at once, is not a satisfactory conclusion that all were so used.

In the next in succession, the subject of *Norman antiquities*, the attention of the association was particularly called to the line of Norman forts, which extend from Dover, by Canterbury and Rochester, to London. Of all these, that of Canterbury is the least perfect. That of Dover was minutely described by the Rev. C. Hartshorne, who considered it as one of the most perfect types of a Norman castle in existence.

The cathedral of Canterbury, though an edifice belonging to various ages, was considered along with the Norman section of antiquities. Semicircular arches, it is well known, were adopted by both our Saxon and Norman ancestors; hence the term *Romanesque* has been used to express such style as coming from the Romans, and avoiding the difficulty which often presents itself of determining what is Saxon and what Norman. In reference to the cathedral, an interesting communication was read by Professor Willis, being a translation of the account given by the monk Gervase of that portion of the choir, and of other parts of the building, which were erected after the fire of 1173, and which belong to the late Norman epoch. This account had been verified by the professor's examinations on the spot. The cathedral, however, presents much that is more modern—the eastern transept, Trinity chapel, Becket's crown, &c. which are early English; the western transept, the chapel of St Michael, and the screen, which belong to the decorated or florid Gothic; the nave, central tower, called Bell Harry steeple, which belong to the perpendicular style; and Christchurch gate, which is Tudor. Mr Godwin, who has for some time past turned his attention to the masonic signs which exist on the hewn stones in old edifices, exhibited copies of a variety which he had discovered in various cathedrals both in this country and on the continent, and which he had now also met with on Canterbury cathedral. The subject is one of considerable interest in connexion with the origin of free-masonry; and similar marks are met with on the edifices of antiquity in the East, in still greater numbers, and with still greater peculiarities.

Barfreston church, a little architectural gem of the middle ages, was made the object of an especial excursion. The published drawings of this beautiful little edifice do not give a complete notion of the neatness and fitness of all its details, and the consequent harmony and perfection which pervades the whole. From a legend which is sculptured in a number of compartments over the main entrance, it appears, like Roslyn chapel, and the chapel of St Hubert in the Ardennes, to have owed its origin to a hunting adventure, and which is narrated in these sculptures with much oddity and burlesqueness.

Among the various papers which were read, and which bore reference to *The middle ages*, we shall briefly notice, from their prominent interest, two on paintings on walls (it was not determined whether in distemper or frescos), by Dr Spry and by Mr Woolaston, the one in Denham church, the other at East Wickham. The latter communication excited much interest, as it was intimated that the religious scriptures of the incumbent were about to cause its immediate destruction. The association, as in duty bound, took immediate steps to prevent this act of barbarism.

In an interesting paper, read by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne on embroidery for ecclesiastical purposes of the reign of Edward III., the author took occasion to direct the particular attention of the ladies present to this beautiful kind of needlework, and to express a hope that he might see our ladies once again employed in this interesting labour, instead of the unartistic repetitions they so often make with the coarse kind of German wools.

Papers of local interest were also read; first, by Mr Wright, being extracts taken from the old archives of Canterbury; and, secondly, by Mr Halliwell, on the ancient and more curious manuscripts in the library of Canterbury cathedral. Other curious communications, which need not be particularised, followed; one being from Mr T. J. Pettigrew, upon the discovery of a bilingual inscription by Sir J. Wilkinson, by which hopes are entertained that the Persepolitan or arrow-headed characters can be compared with Egyptian hieroglyphs, and a key to their deciphering be ultimately discovered. This gentleman concluded the meeting of the association by unrolling, or rather cutting up (for the bandages were too much impregnated with bitumen to allow of their being unrolled), a mummy from Thebes, and which turned out to be that of a gentleman, for his profession was not indicated by the hieroglyphics found on his person. His time of living was calculated to have been about 2300 years ago—that is to say, not of the most remote antiquity of mummies. It was decidedly found in this case that the brain had been removed through an opening made into the cerebriform plates of the ethmoidal bone, and the cavity of the skull had been injected with bitumen. The face had been gilt.

Thus terminated the first meeting of the British Archaeological Association. As a means of intercommunication, and an association for the preservation of monuments, its institution is invaluable. We leave it for the present, with ardent hopes for its welfare and success.

THE BABYLONIAN PRINCESS.

A short time ago, when spending an evening with some kind friends in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a lady who inspired the whole party with some degree of interest. She was a foreigner, and her conversation was in French, though she spoke also a little English. Before being introduced to her, we were informed that she was by birth and education a Babylonian princess, belonging, however, to a race of Asiatic Christians. We were briefly informed that she had undergone many misfortunes, but was not without a hope of seeing brighter days in her own country. On inquiring still more minutely something of her history from herself, we learned that she had recently given to the world a memoir of her life and adventures; and having possessed ourselves of the work, we now beg to offer a sketch of the not uninteresting narrative, trusting that the notice, short as it is, will draw attention to the original.*

Maria Thérèse Asmar was born at Nineveh, whither her parents had fled to escape a plague raging in Bagdad, in 1804. Her family were Chaldean Christians.

* *Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess*; written by herself, and translated into English. In two volumes. Colburn: 1844.

in communion with the Catholic church, her uncle being Basilius Asmar, archbishop of Diarbekir. Her father, the Emir (or Prince) Abdallah Asmar, possessed great wealth, of which, however, he was frequently despoiled by Mohammedan rulers, on account of the zeal with which he and his family professed the Christian faith. The heroine of these memoirs appears to have been peculiarly enthusiastic in the cause of Christianity, having benevolently attempted to establish schools for the education of her countrywomen both at Alkoush (where the prophet Nahum was buried) and at Bagdad. While residing at Mosul, she became acquainted with the sister of the pasha, and visited her at his palace. Her sex and intimacy allowed her to range over that mysterious apartment in a Turkish nobleman's establishment, the harem, which she describes; being the only person, except Lady Stuart Wortley, who has been able to furnish English readers with a correct account of an eastern harem. The following will therefore be read with interest:—

‘We proceeded first to visit the bedrooms, which were very numerous. They were covered, for the most part, with magnificent carpets. The beds, the manufacture of Bagdad, were made of the branches of the palm-tree, and were so light, that the whole frame might, without difficulty, be lifted with one hand. On the bed of the pasha's chief wife were five mattresses, each covered with silk of a different colour from the others, filled with the feathers of the peacock. After seeing a number of sleeping-rooms fitted up in this manner, which could not have been fewer than thirty, we ascended to the terrace on the roof, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the whole town and its environs, mingled here and there with the mouldering ruins of the once mighty city of Nivech. While I was gazing upon them, how forcibly did the words of the prophet present themselves to my mind—“And as for Nivech, her waters are like a great pool; but the men flee away.” * * Thy shepherds have slumbered, O king of Assyria; thy princes shall be buried; thy people are hid in the mountains, and there is none to gather them together.” On the roof were erected three tents, made of a bluish-green oil-cloth. Protected by these, we enjoyed the magnificent prospect before us unmolested by the rays of the sun. After remaining here for a short time, we descended into the garden, which covered an immense space of ground, not less, I should say, than three quarters of a square mile, intersected on every side with rivulets of water of not more than a foot in width, embanked with marble, and fringed with a profusion of flowers of every description, which filled the surrounding air with fragrance; the predominating odour proceeding from the beds of roses, which flourished in most lavish abundance.

‘After spending an hour in this enchanting place, the princess conducted me to a saloon opening upon the garden, where I was introduced to the wives of her brother, the pasha, in number twenty-five. In addition to Georgians and Circassians, there were some from Kurdistan. One of them, with whom I conversed, was a beautiful Georgian, with large black eyes, shaded by eyelashes long, dark, and drooping like a cedar branch, and not more than eighteen years old. She told me she was born of Christian parents, and that at the age of twelve she had been carried off to Constantinople, where she had been compelled, on pain of death, to abjure her faith and embrace that of Islam. She had a brother, a Mameluke, in the service of the pasha, who had also been forced to abjure the faith of his fathers. I asked her if she was happy in her present condition? She replied, that, far from rejoicing at her lot, she never ceased to bewail her hard fate, and to mourn the loss of parents and kindred. Our colloquy was here cut short by the entrance of the pasha himself. All instantly rose to salute him. He was a man apparently about forty years of age, and of lofty and commanding stature: his eyes were large, dark, and brilliant; his beard, which was black and copious, descended to his girdle, where

his “hanjar,” or dagger, hung, its handle rough, and sparkling with jewels. His dress was sumptuous, and befitting his rank, and his courteous manner inspired confidence and respect.

‘The princess presented me to him as the relative of his “kerkhea,” or lieutenant, which was the fact; whereupon he received me with distinguished politeness, and made many inquiries respecting my family and kindred, particularly after my father, who was at that time at Bassorah, on his way to Bagdad. Our conversation had lasted a quarter of an hour, when the mollah, from the minaret, began to call all true believers to the “salat al zohor,” or mid-day prayer; whereupon the pasha immediately took his leave, for the purpose of repairing to the adjoining mosque, leaving his “harem” to say their prayers in the saloon.

‘Forthwith the ladies gave themselves up to their devotions; first going upon their knees, and then prostrating themselves on the ground, and kissing it, crying aloud, “There is no God but Allah; there is no God but the God of heaven, and Mahomet is his prophet; there is no hope, no refuge, save in the most high and mighty God.” During all this time they had before them what they called a relique of the great prophet himself, which was no less than a fragment of the very “sherwals,” or trousers, said to have graced the limbs of Mahomet's sister, enveloped in paper, and encased in a rich gold cover, inlaid with diamonds. This precious relique they repeatedly kissed, and placed on their heads during their prayers.

‘These pious observances lasted about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which period I remained seated on the “diwan,” regarding the extraordinary scene with unmingled curiosity. As soon as it was over, a slave entered and announced dinner. The invitation was promptly attended to, and we all proceeded to the dining-room, which, on account of the great heat of the weather (it being then the month of June), was one of the apartments opening, the whole width of one of its sides, into the court.

Soon after this visit, the princess, in travelling from Tekel to Mosul with her mother and brother, was attacked by the predatory Kurds, and obliged—after escaping death herself—to carry for a long distance her wounded brother.

For some years subsequently the Asmar family lived in peace at Mosul; but at length new religious persecutions began, and the princess's father died. She then determined to make a pilgrimage to Palestine: for which purpose she joined a monster caravan, consisting of about 5000 individuals, with the necessary number of camels and horses. In forty days she reached Damascus in safety; but having met with an accident, she was prevented from rejoining the caravan. Another opportunity, however, presented itself on her recovery, and she arrived in Jerusalem just before the Holy Week of 1826. Like other pilgrims, she visited the Holy Sepulchre, of which so many legends have been fabricated. Viewing the spot with devotional enthusiasm, she was overcome with the intensity of her feelings. ‘It is impossible (she says) to enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre without being impressed with a feeling of awe and veneration, the sombre light reigning in the interior being strongly calculated to dispose the mind to reflection on the awful events which happened on the different spots now enclosed within its walls. The first object which presents itself on entering the church is the stone where our Saviour was anointed with myrrh and aloes. It is covered with a marble slab, having a knob at each of the four corners, to protect it from the chisels of indiscreet pilgrims, and surmounted by an iron railing. Eight lamps of large size are kept constantly burning above it. It is nearly eight feet long, and almost two wide. This stone is used in common by all nations, Catholics, United and Schismatic Greeks, United and Schismatic Armenians, Nestorians, Kopts, and all, in their turns, perfume it every day with much pomp and ceremony.

At the distance of thirty paces from the anointing stone, under the centre of the great dome, which was formerly sustained by sixteen marble columns, now replaced by stone supporters of a square form, and receiving light from the top, is the Golgotha, the tomb of our blessed Saviour, a small cell hewn out of the solid rock; which is in possession of the Latins. The entrance, which faces the east, is four feet high, and two and a quarter wide, which makes it necessary to stoop on entering. The tomb is nearly square, being six feet long, and five feet eleven inches wide, and upwards of eight feet in height. In excavating the tomb, a slab has been left about two feet six inches high, six feet long, and nearly three feet wide, on which was laid the body of our Lord, the head towards the west, and the feet towards the east, as though indicating the ruin which was afterwards to fall on the early habitations of man, and that the Almighty was about to desert for ever his once favoured people.

Forty-four lamps are kept constantly burning in the Holy Sepulchre; in the roof of which three apertures have been made, to allow the smoke to escape. The tomb is enclosed in a small chapel, surmounted by a dome, the walls of which are of beautiful marble of dazzling whiteness, and a smooth-faced red stone, and are ornamented by pilasters and other architectural decorations. Before entering the sepulchre, as it were in the anti-chapel, is seen a stone about a foot and a half square, marking the spot on which the stone which closed the mouth of the sepulchre was rolled by the angel. It was from this stone that the angel addressed the Marys.

We then ascended a narrow staircase, which led us to the summit of Mount Calvary, upon which our Saviour suffered. All the superincumbent earth having been removed, the chapel which encloses this sacred spot is built upon the naked rock. It is divided into two parts by an arcade running east and west; and its inner walls are lined with marble. The northern division, which belongs to the Latins, encloses that part of Mount Calvary where our Lord was bound on the cross. The pavement here is a mosaic, principally composed of red marble, as if to mark the sacrilegious deed perpetrated on this spot, where our Saviour shed his blood to save all mankind from ever tasting death.

In the southern division is shown a hole about eighteen inches deep, in which the fatal tree was planted on which Christ was crucified. On each side of this were fixed the crosses of the two thieves, that of the good thief being on the right of our Lord; that is, towards the north; for our Saviour's face was turned towards the west, his back being towards Jerusalem; and that of the bad thief to the left, or south. Upwards of thirty lamps are constantly kept burning on the north side of the arcade, which divides the summit of Calvary, and fifty on the southern division. Near this is shown the rent which was made in the rock when our Saviour yielded up the ghost.

While in Palestine, the Princess Asmar obtained the friendship of the Amira, or wife of the Emir Beschir, ruler of Lebanon, to whom she was appointed woman of honour. In this employment she seems to have spent about five years in great happiness. During that period the following story, highly illustrative of eastern manners, came to her ears:—"There lived at Acre a Christian merchant, whose son also dwelt with him in the same house, which was built in a low situation close by the sea, and the lower apartments of which were in consequence exceedingly damp, although all above were airy and healthy enough. The father abode on the upper storey, and the son lived in the rooms below. The son being on the point of marriage, requested of his father, as a great favour, that he would consent to change apartments with him for fifteen or sixteen days, that he might show his bride becoming honour. To this the father willingly consented, and forthwith made room for the wedded couple. Sixteen days passed away, and yet the son showed no disposition to restore the old man

his rooms. At length his health began to suffer from the change, and he remonstrated with his son on his want of good faith, who assured him that his wife entertained so great a repugnance to descend, that he had been hitherto unsuccessful in his attempts to prevail upon her, and requested yet fifteen days' grace, in which time he undertook to overcome her scruples. The father again yielded, and although his health grew worse from day to day, he patiently waited till the period agreed upon had expired, when he again renewed his demand to be reinstated in his own apartments: whereupon the son, with the utmost effrontery, told him that he had no intention whatever of changing his quarters, and warned the old man not to pester him with his solicitations, upon which the father left him, absorbed in grief. Djeczar (the pasha), who always knew everything that was going on in the city, either by his own personal knowledge (for, like the caliphs of old, he was fond of wandering about in disguise in search of adventures), or by information derived from some of his emissaries, who were ever on the alert to pick up intelligence, on learning these circumstances, sent guards to bring the young man before him: and when they had brought him, and he stood trembling beneath the stern and relentless gaze of the pasha, who sat on his divan, surrounded by his officers and executioners, any one of whom would have been ready at a word to strike his head from his body with his drawn scimitar, Djeczar addressed him in a voice which, for its terror, perhaps never had an equal, being more like the roaring of a lion or a bull than a human sound. "Thundering out his name, he asked him of what religion he was? The young man, struck dumb with terror, was unable to utter a word. At length he faltered out in timid accents that he was of the Christian communion, thinking all the while that they would be the last words he should ever utter.

"You say you are a Christian," said the pasha; "let me see you, then, make the sign by which the Christians are known." Whereupon the young man crossed himself. "But let me hear distinctly the words which accompany that sign," shouted out Djeczar, putting his hand on his dagger.

"Bismil ab w' leben w' Ironkhal addus"—(In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost)—cried the young man, half dead with affright, repeating the sign of the cross, in which, as all are aware, the finger points first to the head, then to the heart, and then to the two shoulders.

"It seems, then," said the pasha, "that your religion teaches you that the father should be above, and the son beneath. Hence, thou accused imp of injustice, and let me hear that thou hast conformed to the rules of thy faith, if thou wishest to keep thy head on thy shoulders." It will readily be believed that the father was not long in obtaining his just rights.

The princess, inspired with an intense wish to visit the capital of the Catholic world, left the palace of the Emir Beschir, and sailed for Italy. She arrived in Rome in 1832, where she had the misfortune to be robbed of a considerable amount of valuable property. Shortly afterwards, the war which began with the sieges of Acre and Beyroot deprived her of the assistance of her friends, the Emir of Lebanon and his wife; while a merchant in Beyroot, in whose hands a large portion of her property was lodged, failed in consequence of the war. She was by these misfortunes reduced from affluence to poverty, and in this condition was induced to travel to Paris, where she endeavoured to earn a subsistence by teaching her native language. The straits to which she was sometimes reduced, may be inferred from the following touching anecdote:—

"I had hired a very humble apartment in an establishment belonging to a noble lady, whose fortune had been acquired in the East. Through a succession of misfortunes, I had lost all I possessed. I was, indeed, reduced to the bitterest penury; my only means of subsistence being derived from a pupil, to whom I had been recommended by the late lamented and truly kind-

hearted Duke of Orleans, whose untimely fate has robbed many an unfortunate of his only true friend, to whom I was in the habit of giving two lessons a-week in Arabic, and for which he paid me at the rate of three francs a lesson. For some time I had been endeavouring to procure a subsistence by this means; for I could teach several Oriental languages; but this was my only pupil. Small, however, as this pittance was, I determined to make an endeavour to live upon it, rather than submit to the humiliation of seeking assistance at the hands of my acquaintances. As my means narrowed, I gradually lessened my allowance of food, until, at length, it was so reduced in quantity as to be scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. For months I had allowed myself only one meal a-day. It consisted of a little semolina boiled in water, by the aid of a spirit-lamp (for I had no means of purchasing fuel), and a small portion of bread. My case now became desperate; for I had a sum equal to twenty shillings a-month to pay for my lodging, and my income did not exceed five shillings a-week, the fee of two lessons, which I gave every Tuesday and Friday. Thus week after week passed over my head. Every day the cold hand of poverty tightened his grasp. The fountains of my blood were almost frozen to ice; I was as a shadow. My voice had nearly forsaken me; I was with difficulty able to walk.

One day—never shall I forget it! it was one of those upon which I was in the habit of going to my pupil, who lived in a fashionable part of the town—I had eaten nothing for thirty hours; for I had nothing remaining wherewith to purchase a morsel of bread. I waited with all the impatience of pinching hunger for the hour at which my pupil was in the habit of taking his lesson. It was in the depth of as bitter a winter as ever visited that city. The snow was lying thick upon the ground, and the river was frozen hard, on the day when, scarcely able to crawl, I set out in the full confidence of receiving the price of my labour, with which I purposed to buy food to save myself from starvation. At length I arrived at the residence of my pupil. But what were my sensations on being told by him that he had accepted an invitation to a ball, and consequently could not take a lesson that evening. He made a thousand apologies for the trouble he had given me, and was, I have no doubt, sincere in his protestations. But what frightful words were these to one whose life hung upon the miserable pittance which she expected to receive. My heart sank within me. His voice sounded like my death-knell. I know not what I said; but I left him, and again found myself treading the deep snow, while every blast seemed to freeze my blood and to chill my very bones.

The Princess Asmar, however, afterwards obtained several additional pupils; and through the late lamented Duke of Orleans she got introductions to the English ambassador, and to M. Guizot, by whose advice she visited England, 'where, from its boundless possessions in the East, he seemed to anticipate a larger field for the exertion of my humble efforts in teaching my native language.' The Earl of Munster, founder of the Oriental Translation Fund, kindly befriended her. It is not a little singular, and is truly melancholy, that each of the lady's patrons met with an untimely end. The Earl of Munster suddenly left the world in March 1841, and the Duke of Orleans was thrown out of his carriage and killed on the 14th of July 1842. The Princess Asmar has resided in London since the latter year, but she says, 'My expectations of deriving an income by teaching my native language, and translating Oriental works and manuscripts, have by no means been realised. It might possibly have been otherwise, had it pleased Providence to spare the kind-hearted noblemen who took so warm an interest in my welfare. I have, moreover, suffered sadly in health since my stay in England, where my formidable enemy, the "tic douloureux," has renewed his attacks with redoubled vigour, occasionally visiting me with

paroxysms so violent, as well nigh to deprive me of reason.'

We take leave of this interesting personage with the hope with which she concludes her narrative—that better days are in store for her; and it will afford us very great pleasure if our notice of her adventures and misfortunes should help on that desirable end.

MEMORABILIA OF THE TEETH.

In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had a tooth of solid gold growing in the place of a cheek tooth it had recently cast. Hortius, professor of medicine in the university of Helmstadt, was so convinced of the story being true, that he wrote a history of this tooth of gold, affirming that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by Heaven to that child to console the poor Christians under the oppression of the Turks. In the same year that Professor Hortius published his history of the golden tooth, Rullandus wrote an other history of it. Two years afterwards the learned Ingosternus wrote a very elaborate and scientific reply, in opposition to the notions of Rullandus. Then another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said on the golden tooth, and appended in a peculiar doctrine concerning it. Lastly, a goldsmith claimed the wonderful and precious tooth, and discovered that it was an imposture; the natural tooth having been very dexterously covered with a piece of gold leaf.

The ancient Welsh took particular care of their teeth, keeping them perfectly white by frequently rubbing them with a stick of green hazel and a woollen cloth. To prevent their premature decay, they invariably abstained from every kind of hot food. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, one Matthew Flint, a dentist, received from Richard III. a grant of sixpence per day, on condition of his drawing the teeth of the poor of London without charge to them.

In reference to a popular notion that sugar injures the teeth, Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his work on *The British Colonies*, vol. ii., says, 'Let those who believe this unfounded assertion visit the sugar plantations, and look at the negroes and their children, whose teeth are daily employed in the mastication of sugar, and they will be convinced of the absurdity of the statement.' It may be added, that Dr. Willis having imputed this correlative quality to sugar, Dr. Slare disproved the notion, by relating, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 337, that his grandfather had all his lifetime been in the habit of eating at his breakfast a great quantity of sugar spread upon his bread and butter, and that he used also to put sugar into his ale and beer, and even into the sauce he ate with his meat. When eighty years of age, he had all his teeth strong and firm, able to crush the hardest crust, and free from all pain or soreness in his gums. In his eighty-second year one of his teeth dropped out, and soon after he lost another, which was one of the front teeth—in fact, all his teeth dropped out in the course of two or three years; but what is most remarkable, they were replaced by the growth of a perfectly new set. His hair was at that time of a very white colour, but it now became much darker. He enjoyed good health and strength, and died in the ninety-ninth year of his age.

One of the commonest tooth-powders of the present day consists of pulverised orris root, burnt burshorn, charcoal, Armenian bole, and dragon's blood; the orris root being used merely to give it a pleasant flavour, and to conceal any disagreeable effluvia emitted from the mouth. But the finest of all dentifrices is the plain camphorated tooth-powder; for while the camphor does no injury to the teeth, it instantly destroys those minute creatures which produce the tartar and green incrustation on the enamel. To promote a general cleanliness of the teeth, the fact cannot be too often repeated, that a microscopic observer, M. Mandl, has discovered that not only the foul mucous covering of the tongue, but the tartar of the teeth, consists of the dead remains of millions of infusorial animalcula. Leuwenhœk discovered long ago that the mucous secretion of the human mouth abounded in living specimens of these minute beings; but it remained for M. Mandl to make known that the tartar of the teeth consists of their dead bodies compactly united together in one mass by chemical decomposition. When a portion of this tartar of the teeth is softened in clear water, and placed under a powerful

microscope, it is found to consist of their delicate skeletons. M. Mandl, who is unable to account for their origin in the mouth, says they are most observable in those persons who live on spare diet, and he recommends, as the quickest mode of destroying them, the application of a tooth-brush dipped in brandy or in any other ardent spirit.

Europeans pride themselves on teeth of pearly whiteness; but many Asiatic nations take pains to impart a black colour to their teeth. The Chinese, in order to blacken their teeth, chew the fruit of the *areca*, commonly called the betel-nut, from its being generally rolled up in the leaves of the piper-betel. The Tonquinese and Siamese practise the same custom, which renders their teeth as black as ebony. It is not until they are twelve or fourteen years of age that they undergo this staining process, which is performed both on boys and girls, and occupies three or four days, during which time they take only liquid nourishment, for fear of being poisoned by the pigment if they swallowed food masticated with their newly-dyed teeth. All persons, high and low, rich and poor, submit to this dyeing operation, alleging that they should think it a disgrace to grow up to manhood or womanhood with teeth as white as those of dogs and elephants. From time immemorial the Indians have highly esteemed the charcoal of the areca-nut as a preservative of the teeth. Dr Lind, an eminent physician, formerly of Bengal, relates that by its means he preserved all his teeth perfectly sound to the age of eighty; and several persons, long resident in the East Indies, assert that they also found it to be a great preservative of the teeth, and a certain preventive of the toothache. Professor Hertz, a celebrated Prussian dentist, says that those who use the areca-nut tooth-powder will never require the assistance of himself or any of his fraternity.

Dentists are in the habit of inserting ligatures of gold, platinum, or silk, between teeth which cross or press upon each other, to make them grow equal and regular; but M. Delabarre uses for this purpose Indian-rubber, which, swelling with the heat of the mouth, is better adapted for pressing upon the teeth, and causing them to assume a uniform and straight position.

THE LINE WE HAVE CHOSEN.

Were the computation made, we would find that nine-tenths of our 'successful men' were those who, without any extraordinary share of genius, had risen to their present eminence by diligence and perseverance in the line they had chosen. Nor can it well be otherwise: the knowledge of any business is not born with us; it requires much time and attention to master its details, and even then there is so much elbowing and jostling to get forward in the race of life, that it requires almost the whole of our mental and bodily energies to keep us abreast with the multitude of competitors who have started in the same direction. If we begin to dissipate our energies on a variety of objects, we are just in fact stepping aside from the race-course to take on additional weight, and ten to one we get distanced for our ambitious folly. Much less can a man hope to succeed, if, after toiling for twenty or thirty years in one course, he shall suddenly stop short, and recommence the struggle in a different direction. It is true that we have instances of men at a late period of their lives engaging in new pursuits, and rising to remarkable eminence; but in most of such cases the change has been caused by the impulsive force of extraordinary genius—genius, indeed, which had formerly been misdirected, and which is not the lot of one man in a thousand to possess. Let his wishes be what they may, it is not in the power of every organ-player to become a Herschel, or of every barber to become an Arkwright. If such examples, as has been prettily said, are 'lights for hope,' they are also beacons for caution, and the great mass of society had better still receive them under the latter interpretation. Opportunities may no doubt occur where an over-timorous caution in the matter of professional change may prevent success; but such 'opportunities' form exceptions to the general rule, and as mankind are not in general guided by exceptions, it must be wisdom to adhere to the rule.

QUARRELS.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow.—*Sordak.*

F A R E W E L L.

[The following piece appeared originally in an Ayr newspaper. It is the composition of a young woman, named Parker, of Irish birth, who lives in that town, in humble but respectable circumstances. Miss Parker has lately attracted considerable local attention on account of her poetical productions, of which the present is a fair specimen. It refers to a real event, the disappointment of a young woman who went to Australia to be married to a youth to whom she had been engaged, but who, on her arriving there, neglected her, in consequence of which she was obliged to return home.]

Yes, our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart;
For too plainly I discover
All is perfidy in thee;
Every dream of joy is over,
But my heart, my heart is free.

Proudly is love's cincture broken,
Which encircled it too long;
Not for 'sightful language spoken—
But the deep, deep sense of wrong.
In my bosom's fond romancing,
How I formed thee bright and pure,
Each fond vow my love enhancing—
Breathed, alas! but to allure.

Love, when cold neglect assails it—
When 'tis too severely tried,
Struggles long; but what avails it,
It must yield at length to pride
Ah! how each contending passion
In my tortured bosom strove;
Grief, and pride, and adoration—
For 'twas deeper still than love.

All was agony and madness
In my breast and in my brow—
Then a calm and sullen sadness
Gave a darker tinge to pain.
Now this heart, once thine, thine only,
Nerves itself with pride and scorn;
Though forsaken, sad, and lonely,
It thy turdy vows can spurn.

For the storms of grief are over,
And a death-like stillness reigns:
Yes, mistaken, heartless lover,
Love no longer now remains.
Love thee now! my soul would scorn it—
Bend to woo thy faithless smile—
Now accept thy heart! I'd spurn it,
Though my own should burst the while.

For our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart.

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LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

LONDON TO THE LIMAGNE.

FRANCE again! Yes, I had still some things to see in it, still some interesting scenes to visit—scenes remarkable either for their physical features, or their historical associations, or for both. I wanted to see Auvergne—to see its rich green plains, to loiter on its mountain-tops, to have a word to say of its people—the wreck of that intrepid nation, who showed a bolder front to Cæsar than any other of the Celtic races. Perhaps, also, I was influenced by the consideration, that Auvergne is out of the usual track of English idlers. Not that it is unknown to our summer tourists; but they are travellers of a peculiar stamp—men who walk on foot, hammer in pocket, and who would rather dine under the canopy of a rock than in the salons of Tortoni, of the Trois Frères Provençaux, or any other scene of Parisian splendour.

Mohammedans perform a duty in toiling their way to Mecca, Hindoos are known to creep thousands of miles to the Ganges—geologists visit Auvergne. Auvergne may be called the Mecca of students of nature, and the Puy de Dome their altar. I will go to the Puy de Dome next time I visit France, said I; and in the summer of the present year, 1844, I was fortunately able to perform my promise. I did not go like a geologist—solitary, with a hammer and haversack—for I do not pretend to be a geologist, but only a humble admirer of the great truths respecting our planet which the science of geology discloses. I went as a loiterer, to see what curious things could be seen; and on this, as on a previous continental excursion, was accompanied by two persons very dear to me—a wife and sister.

Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris—that was our route. It was my first visit to Folkestone, a strangely crooked, up and down, collection of houses, situated in a nook of the bold, white, cliff-shores of the Channel, and which, thanks to railway communication, is beginning to spirit up wonderfully as a port, so as almost to threaten Dover and its hotels with destruction. Railways are clearly going to turn the world topsy-turvy, and the first of their clever feats will be the revolutionising of inns—substituting large houses, in which accommodation will be given on a wholesale and cheap principle, for the expensive resorts of past times. There is a capital hotel of this new order at Folkestone—a vast concern, elegant, yet moderate in charge, and which seems a happy union of the foreign with the English system of things. From this rising port steamboats now run daily across to Boulogne, in ready communication with the Parisian diligences; and in one of these craft we left the shores of old England, and were speedily, though not very pleasantly, borne to the opposite coast. Boulogne I had seen frequently before, and cared nothing

about; yet it is worthy of notice, that the town is improving under the influence of English custom—in fact, is becoming an English watering-place. The English, however, find a few odd arrangements, which, with their unaccommodating straightforwardness, they cannot well see the meaning of. Does any lover of the sea, or any family to whom sea-air is prescribed, wish to take a little sail in a boat? the permission of the Chef de Douanne must first be asked and obtained—because, who knows but they are going to smuggle. Is it necessary to have a pailful of salt-water to bathe a weakly infant? the permission of this great man is also indispensable—in plain terms, you must have a custom-house order to be allowed to take a bowl of water from the ocean. Wherefore such absurdity? Is not the ocean big enough for everybody? A steam-engine, let alone a wash-hand basin, could not drain it. Simple man! The arrangement affects the welfare of a kingdom: you may be going to make salt from the water, and so defraud the revenue! John Bull always returns from the continent a wiser man.

We arrived in Paris towards the end of June, in time to make a few visits to the Exposition of National Industry in the Champs Elysées, of which a sketch has already made its appearance in these pages, and therefore pass we on southwards by railway to Orleans, whence we are once more conducted down the Loire to Blois in one of the queer little steamers which I formerly described—a composition of wood patched with tin, and which I fancy they dare not wash for fear of rubbing it in pieces. Blois and its environs need no second description. The only novelty which we saw on this occasion was the communal or town library. Most of the capitals of departments in France possess public libraries, supported by local taxes, and encouraged with presents of books from government. Of course they are open to every one who likes to visit them for the purpose of study without hindrance or payment. This one at Blois is in a great measure composed of the libraries swept from the adjacent monasteries at the Revolution, and is rich in curious antique books written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated. Some we saw were as old as five to six hundred years, and had been used as works of devotion by royal and pious personages. A magnificent modern work was shown to us, now publishing at the expense of the government, and purporting to be illustrations of art in the middle ages. Issued in livraisons, copies are presented to various public libraries throughout the country, where they remain for the improvement of students in the fine arts. The work is produced from a large printing establishment in Paris, supported out of the national resources, for executing, among other things, books which could not be undertaken without a prospect of loss by private enterprise.

Blois is somewhat off the route southwards, and we could leave it only by means of a hired caleche, for which—to give the reader a notion of French travelling expenses—I paid the small sum of 74 francs (L.3, 1s. 8d.) to carry us a distance of about fifty-six English miles. Bourges was our destination, and it was not reached till the afternoon of the second day. At Vierzon, a small town on the banks of the Cher, where we stopped for the night, the country altered in character from extensive alluvial plains to undulating hill and dale, and here commenced on the road-sides those long continuous lines of walnut-trees which extend in various directions through the centre of France. Orchards also became numerous; and occasionally we had glimpses of uplands warmly clothed in vegetation, and dotted with villages. Whatever may be said of the intelligence of the people in this part of France, no one will deny that they are paterius of industry. Not an idle man, woman, or child—or, I may add, cow—is to be anywhere seen. The men and women were busily engaged in rural labour, while the girls, in tending a few sheep, employ themselves in knitting or spinning with the distaff. Yet, although the people work hard, and are to all appearance their own masters, they do not seem to be in the enjoyment of many worldly comforts. They were universally bare-legged, and wore wooden shoes, while their cottages appeared to contain little furniture. The beasts of draught we met were principally cows and asses, the former yoked in pairs by the horns, and forming a dismal picture of poverty and oppression.

Bourges, one of the most ancient towns in France, has nothing of interest to detain the stranger except an old cathedral, locally celebrated for its painted glass windows; which, however, did not strike us as worth more than a transient notice. We were therefore glad to quit the place on the day after our arrival, and proceeded to Moulins, a distance of sixty miles, which a diligence with five horses spiritedly conquered in nine hours. Approaching Moulins, we find ourselves entering the fine flat vale of the Allier, rich in tall trees and the most luxuriant vegetation. Artificial grasses likewise make their appearance in the fields; and although it is only the 8th of July, bands of reapers are already busy cutting down the grain.

Moulins has a vastly superior appearance to Bourges. The streets are generally open, and pretty well paved; there are several spacious airing-grounds, adorned with trees, both within the town and in the environs; and the houses of the opulent classes are numerous and elegant. The Allier, which forms one of the principal tributaries of the Loire, is here crossed by a long stone bridge; but though broad, it is a shallow stream, full of sand-banks, and of little value in inland navigation.

It was our object to push on from this very agreeable town to Clermont, or, more correctly, Clermont-Ferrand, but from this we were persuaded by the numerous inquiries if we were going to Vichy. The walls were plastered with affiches about Vichy. Diligences would take you and bring you back from Vichy in a day for a mere trifle. Men in blouses waylaid you at corners of streets, asking if you wanted conveyances to Vichy. Vichy, Vichy—the very atmosphere was full of Vichy. One cannot stand up against these pervading influences, and it is always best to give in at once with a good grace. I know nothing of Vichy, said I, but let us go and see what sort of a place it is; we shall not be at any rate much out of our way. So the second morning after our arrival in Moulins found us in the coupé of a little diligence, which in eight hours, at the rate of about three miles each, over a hilly tract of country, safely delivered us at this place of general request—the most fashionable watering-place in France.

Situated in a plain on the right bank of the Allier, Vichy was fifty years ago a poor old town resorted to by a few invalids for the sake of its mineral waters. In the present day, the two or three original streets have shrunk almost out of existence, and there has sprung up a new town—a miniature sketch of the finer parts of

Paris—hotels, boarding-houses, shops, salons de lecture, cafés, a bath-house, and Champs Elysées. Such modern improvements, with the pretty surrounding scenery, the shelter of well-wooded hills, and the real or imaginary quality of the springs, have conspired to render Vichy an attraction during the season from all parts of France. At the centre of the open space near which the chief hotels are situated, stands the *Batiment Thermal*, or bath-house, covering the spot through which the principal springs force their way to the surface. This building, occupying, as I should suppose, a quarter of an acre of ground, is a handsome stone structure, with a portico or gallery at each end, and a promenade through the centre, whence are the entrances to the suites of baths along the sides. In the storey above is a splendid ball-room, card and billiard-rooms, open every evening to subscribers. The grand-resort of the valetudinarian residents is the gallery along the north end of the building, where the waters are dispensed all day long by women appointed for the purpose. As at the German watering-places, no pumps are employed. The water comes gushing up in volumes to the surface, and with such force, as would pretty nearly drive a nail. Well up in this manner into circular basins of stone, the fluid from each spring is ladled out in tumblers to the miscellaneous crowd of drinkers, without charge. All may drink copiously and daily, and nothing beyond a trifle at the end of the season is expected to be imparted to the diligent and ever obliging Gaiety. The springs here, and in other parts of the town, differ a little from each other both with respect to heat and chemical properties. All are thermal, varying from 86 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit, or that very agreeable range of temperature usually employed for artificial hot-baths. Carbonate of soda is the chief ingredient in their composition, along with such a proportion of carbonic acid gas as gives a lively effervescence to the water, and renders the swallowing of some half-dozen tumblers in a morning a less difficult feat than could at first be imagined. Each of the springs has its particular worshippers; but the Grande-Grille—so called from being surrounded with an iron rail—situated in the northern gallery of the *Batiment*, is the general favourite. The feeling on the palate from this famed liquid, is that of a glass of warm soda-water. Here and elsewhere the water seems pure and colourless; but when suffered to stand, it yields a yellowish calcareous deposit. Impalpable as are the various materials contained in the waters, it is ascertained that the springs throw up not less than 80,000 pounds' weight of solid substances daily, and are believed to have done so, with little variation, since the invasion of Gaul by the Romans, and probably for thousands of years before that event. Their degree of temperature has been less regular. The waters were warmer in past times, and the heat is said to be gradually, though very slowly, decreasing. Finally, as is reasonably conjectured, they will cool down to the ordinary temperature of water, and probably cease to maintain the same mineral character. The heat which warms them—the subsiding remains of volcanic action—will, it is supposed, ultimately expire; yet at so distant a day, that the hotel-keepers of Vichy, who are the parties chiefly concerned in seeing the springs keep merrily in action, may, I believe, remain at ease on the subject.

For my own part, I am inclined to think that the fresh air, abundant out-door exercise, and relief from common cares, form the chief magic of a visit to Vichy, as to most other watering-places. Up in the morning by five or six o'clock, professedly to drink the waters, troops of Parisians may be seen strolling in the beautiful walk-adjacent to the *Batiment Thermal*. Four or five hours of this sort of exercise send them to breakfast in their respective boarding-houses, which breakfast—*le grand déjeuner*—is, in point of fact, an early dinner. In two hours or so after this repast, those who are recommended to bathe adjourn to the everlasting *Batiment*, and those who do not care for bathing disperse themselves over

the Champs Elysées, the highways and byways, and the country for miles around. At this stage of daily routine, voitures rise prodigiously in their fare, and the long line of asses *à louer* one by one disappear. Gentlemen, in caps and beards of a foot long, ladies, and children, trot off the field, and the town is left in genteel silence till dinner proper, which is theoretically promised at five o'clock; but as no single movement in France is exact to the hour, it is half-past before seats are taken at that magnificent array, the table d'hôte. The evening is sacred to cigar-smoking, the café, *le bal*, and conversation *en famille*, all who lodge in a house being free of the saloon or drawing-room. At eleven o'clock or thereabouts the fatigues and indulgences of the day begin to operate visibly on the eyelids, and before midnight, every one has betaken himself to repose.

It is not probable that many of the idlers who kill time in this pleasant manner at Vichy, spend a thought on the geological character of the country around, or are aware that the town, with its Champs Elysées, its café, and its saloon, occupies the bed of a lake once as large as some of the sheets of water in North America. Thousands of years have doubtless elapsed since the sun was reflected from the tranquil surface of this magnificent mirror, yet the tokens of the existence of such a lake lie scattered over plain and upland, and attract the curiosity of the traveller as he journeys forward into Auvergne. The caverns of Vichy, indeed, form part of that extensive, though not altogether level, plain, which has been designated the Limagne—a term which seems to have the same root as Lerna, the name applied to the lake near Geneva. While Lake Lerna, an expansion of the Lhone, has not been able to empty itself, in consequence of the hard nature of its western boundary, the lake once covering the Limagne has in the course of ages sunk and washed away its lower confines, and now all is gone. Where there was once a long and deep sheet of water, there are now beautiful valleys and plains, through which winds the comparatively small river Allier and its tributaries.

Although rich and fertile in the neighbourhood of Vichy, we do not prize the beauty and extent of the Limagne till we cross some rounded hills on the road southwards to Clermont. On attaining the brow of the last of these green and woody hills, we have the Limagne spread out before us in all the glory of summer. The garden of France is at our feet. The morning on which we reached this interesting spot was one of the most brilliant of the season, and our eye had an opportunity of taking in the whole plain—rich in orchards, vineyards, bright green fields, and yellow crops of grain—as far as its mountain boundary, formed by the range of Puy, or volcanic peaks, which it was our object to visit. A white cloud alone rested on the top of the central peak, the Puy de Dome, marking its super height and grandeur. The scene was grateful even to the senses of our voiturier, although he must have seen it hundreds of times before. 'Le Puy de Dome! le Puy de Dome! la voilà!' he exclaimed, pointing with his whip in the direction of the great mountain; 'il a monté son chapeau!' and down ran our vehicle with redoubled speed into the plain before us.

While the carriage may be supposed to be rolling on its way to Clermont, between long rows of walnut-trees, a glance may be taken at what is supposed to have been the former condition of this beautiful valley. The idea that the Limagne once contained a lake, is one of the results of modern geology. The soil of the country is alluvium, mixed with stones of volcanic origin washed from heights, and resting on limestone strata. In some places are seen masses of granite and other primitive rocks; also basaltic heights covering the calcareous substratum. Limestone, of a kind which the included organic remains show to have been deposited from fresh water, is so abundant throughout the district, that no one can doubt that the country is nothing more than the bottom of an exhausted lake.

From being a sheet of water, however, to being dry land, there were various stages, as is evidenced by the organic remains in the calcareous strata. An examination of these with the microscope affords a striking notion of the changes which have taken place from active to inert matter. Several beds or strata of limestone are found to consist of the remains of shell-fish—a species of mollusca shaped like small tubes. 'If, then,' observes the ingenious Serape, in his *Geology of Central France*—'if, then, we consider that repeated strata, averaging five or six feet in thickness, and almost entirely consisting of these tubes, appear once to have extended over the whole plain of the Limagne, occupying a surface of many hundred square miles, we shall arrive at an imperfect idea of the countless myriads of minute beings belonging to a single species of mollusca, which have lived and died in turn within the bosom of this extensive lake!' The investigations which have disclosed these phenomena, have likewise made known that the fresh-water deposits of the Limagne contain the fossil remains of gigantic animals now extinct, of palms and other plants, with leaves of vast size, and of insects suitable to a climate now unknown in France—the whole indisputably proving that this part of the world, not to speak of any other, has in the lapse of time undergone mighty revolutions and changes; that its present features are but the wreck of a pre-existing and entirely different state of things.

THE VILLAGE HEROINE.

A TALE.

'So old Giles Gibbons is dying, I hear,' exclaimed the Widow Benson, addressing her son, who had just entered the cottage, and sunk wearied with the fatigues of the day upon the settle which stood beside the fire.

'Dying?' repeated the young man, starting and looking at his mother with an expression which seemed to beseech her to unsay her words.

'Yes, dying,' she rejoined. 'And is it so very surprising that an old man who has been bedridden these five years *should* die at last?' she querulously asked.

'No, mother, there is nothing surprising,' the youth returned; 'but I am much grieved to hear it.'

'And I don't know why you should be *grieved*,' she further remarked, whilst a bitter smile sat upon her thin lips. 'The old are better in their graves, out of the way of the young.'

'Mother, it is unkind of you to talk thus,' interposed the youth, whilst his cheek grew flushed; 'you know there *are* sons and daughters whose highest happiness is to promote the comfort of their aged parents.'

'Well, well, Ralph, I did not mean to accuse you of wishing me out of the way,' she returned in a softened tone; 'but I don't think there will be any to lament poor Giles Gibbons.'

'Don't say so, mother,' cried Ralph; 'I am sure there is one who will deeply lament him.'

'You can't mean his daughter Jessy?' observed the widow. 'She will be released from a task which few young women like; and I don't doubt she will think it a happy release.'

'You do Jessy injustice, mother,' pleaded the youth; 'her task of nursing her poor old father for so many years has been cheerfully performed, and, I am sure, to lose him will be the greatest trouble she could endure.'

'You seem to be in her confidence?' said the widow, who, we may remark, did not readily agree with any other person's opinions. To the unjustifiable taunt her son calmly replied by saying that he only echoed the opinions of every one who knew Jessy Gibbons; and so the conversation dropped.

Widow Benson was entirely dependent for her support on her youngest son—the others having consulted their own fancy in leaving the maternal roof. Ralph, however, neither felt nor complained of the burden which had fallen to his lot, and rather rejoiced that he had the power of supporting his remaining parent. To an equally generous mind this self-sacrifice would have awakened emotions of gratitude, and desires to promote the happiness of so dutiful a son; but such was not Mrs Benson's. She, on the contrary, looked with a jealous eye upon any young woman who, she thought, might stand in the way of her interest. She had once extorted a promise from her son not to marry, unless he had the certainty of a home for her beneath his roof; but not contented with this, she had determined, if possible, to prevent his marrying at all; hence her snappishness on an allusion to the daughter and sole attendant of old Giles Gibbons.

The young husbandman was correct in his surmises respecting the position of that beloved one, whose sad duties he would willingly have shared, and whose griefs he would have felt it happiness to lighten and console; but she was wholly unconscious of the tender interest she had awakened, and believed that her father's expiring breath would leave her unloved in a world which, without the charm which affection bestows, would be to her as a barren wilderness. The morning's dawn found Jessy Gibbons an orphan—an orphan in the most complete sense of the word; for though there were few who did not deeply sympathise in her now friendless condition, yet she could not but experience the loss of one in whom the love of years has been concentrated.

The obstinate and selfish prejudices of Mrs Benson became now more than ever a source of unhappiness to Ralph, who longed at this juncture to offer his home, as well as his heart, to the desolate girl. He loved her dearer now she was in affliction; but his weekly earnings were not sufficient to warrant his taking such a step, knowing, as he did, that his mother would not be willing to forego any comfort she had hitherto enjoyed, that she might promote their welfare.

A residence under the lonely roof of her late father was now felt by Jessy to be impossible. There was sorrow in the thought of breaking up and leaving a household in which she had been reared; but duty was paramount to sentiment. It was necessary she should quit the spot to seek a means of subsistence. Naturally of a strong mind, her plans were matured without the aid of neighbours; and one fine morning beheld her departing from the village, on her way to a distant town, there to learn an art on which she might rear a structure of personal independence. To her surprise, while leaving the grave of her father, to which she had paid a parting visit, she found that she was followed by Ralph Benson. Jessy Gibbons had hitherto never thought of Ralph with any warmer sentiment than that which the other young men of the village awakened; but now, when she beheld his expressive countenance, beaming as it was with affection, solicitude, and sympathy, she could not but understand the motive which had induced him to shun a public farewell, and thus follow her steps in secret. She experienced nothing of the exaltation of the coquette in this discovery, but it cannot be denied that the lonely heart of the orphan felt a glow of pleasure in the idea of being thus fondly beloved. She had before respected the character of the young man, and now there was a rush of remembrances which tended to increase that sentiment, and to give it a softer aspect. Ralph was not slow in observing that the orphan maiden did not look on him with displeasure, and he now ventured to reach her side. What were the mutual confessions that ensued, may be so readily conjectured, that it is needless to describe them minutely. We may only mention that, as the stage drove up which was to convey Jessy to her destination, she placed in the hand of her lover one of the flowers which she had gathered from her father's grave, and the action, simple as it was, conveyed to him a sweet and soothing sentiment, upon

which he might dwell with hope till they should again meet. It seemed to say that the affection that had been buried in that grave might yet live, and be transferred to him.

Jessy commenced her new undertaking with additional pleasure, from the fact of feeling herself beloved. A sense of loneliness had made the prospect cheerless; but the assurance of the deep interest she had awakened in one warm heart, created a future of hope she had before never felt. Esteem and gratitude were easily softened into affection; and with woman, it is not necessary that the object of her regard should be near, nor even that she should hold communion with him; her fond recollections and warm imagination will suffice to keep alive the flame which has once been kindled in her breast.

We will pass over the two years which Jessy studiously devoted to the acquirement of her business; for she was not the less solicitous to make herself mistress of it because she had the prospect of a home. The limited means of her betrothed husband was of itself a sufficient inducement for her to desire assisting him as far as lay in her power; but the knowledge that his mother would be dependent upon him, increased her anxiety to do so. Her generous nature acquiesced with cheerfulness in the anticipation of the sacrifices which it would be necessary to make in order to afford the widow those comforts which age more especially requires; nay, she loved Ralph dearer for the solicitude he ever expressed for the welfare of his parent, though he failed not to make her acquainted with the promise he had given never to marry until he could feel a certainty of still affording her a home beneath his roof. Happily for the orphan girl, she was wholly unconscious of the adverse interests of her future mother-in-law; and in her day-dreams of future happiness as the wife of the young husbandman, she formed many little plans for her comfort, and in imagination transferred to her the love which her warm heart had entertained for her own departed parents. Little did she deem how great was the difficulty her betrothed found in gaining his mother's consent to the union, and that, had he not pleaded more urgently than he had ever done on any other subject, she would have remained inexorable. Ralph certainly had reason and even prudence on his side, when he declared that he saw no just grounds for postponing his marriage, since Jessy was now fully competent to undertake the important office of village *modiste*, and her industry, taste, and perseverance could not, he thought, fail of meeting with success. But Mrs Benson was unwilling to admit the validity of his arguments. Independent of the selfish fears she entertained lest the union should war against her interest, she felt some reluctance in yielding up the position of mistress, which she had for so many years enjoyed; and her judgment was too much warped by prejudice, for her to perceive how unlikely it was that one so gentle, and who had from her earliest youth been accustomed to the exercise of forbearance, should assume an unwarrantable authority, or even be desirous of disputing those points where justice might be on her side.

Jessy did all that daughter could do to smooth the asperities of her mother-in-law's disposition; and, of course, was unsuccessful. Yet, notwithstanding the tyranny to which she was exposed, the young wife never repined; no word of complaint ever fell from her lips; nor would she suffer her husband to know how much she underwent, lest it should mar his peace. It is impossible to conceive—if we have never witnessed it or felt it—how much unhappiness the ill-temper of one individual can inflict on the family with whom he or she is unfortunately connected. As there is no person so unimportant as to be incapable of conferring pleasure, so in proportion is the baneful influence; and thus the domestic harmony of many a little circle is changed to discord, and the most disastrous events not unfrequently ensue. The meekness of the gentle young wife in the present instance, however, preserved the quietude of her home.

Had she retaliated, that home would have been to Ralph deprived of half its attractions, and thus her forbearance obtained a reward (the approval of her own conscience alone excepted) the most complete she could enjoy. Independent of the trials of patience Jessy suffered from the widow's querulous disposition, the first twelve months of her married life passed prosperously and happily. She found ample and profitable employment for all the leisure she could spare from the fulfilment of her domestic duties in the pursuits of her business. Indeed so highly were her abilities esteemed, that every damsel in the village was desirous of having her Sunday and holiday gown made by her fairy fingers; no one else, they thought, could fit the shape so exactly, or arrange the trimmings so tastefully, as she did; and even the squire's lady occasionally sent for her to assist her maid when she had dresses to alter; but at the expiration of that period, a trial awaited her which could neither be foreseen nor averted.

Whilst engaged one morning in his usual farming occupations, Ralph met with an accident by the falling of a heavy piece of wood upon his right arm. He thought it trifling at first, and endeavoured to pursue his employment; but the pain and swelling greatly increasing, he was obliged to desist, and return home. His wife's careful nursing, and his mother's experience in the treatment of wounds and bruises, he thought would soon effect a cure; but he found it to be otherwise. The limb was injured so seriously, that medical assistance was necessary. The sincerity and depth of Jessy's affection was now put to the test. His helpless condition required her constant attention, his pain her soothing tenderness, and his spirits her unostentatious but animating piety. Ralph was a well-principled and amiable young man, but he possessed little strength of mind. Accustomed from his infancy to enjoy a robust constitution and vigorous health, he had never thought that sickness and debility might be his lot, and when it came, he sunk into a state of depression from which it was difficult to arouse him. Happily for the young couple, they had made a reserve, in their season of prosperity, for what they termed 'a rainy day,' and a small sum had been providently saved from the sale of her father's effects. Jessy, however, resolved at once to rely on no such small resources. Her corporeal and mental powers were called into full exercise; and she became the sole stay of her stricken husband and his aged mother. With her accustomed peevishness, Mrs Benson saw no virtue in her daughter-in-law's conduct; she was herself continually bemoaning the evil which had befallen her son, and she thought it a proof of want of feeling that Jessy could be cheerful and gay. She could not understand the motives which actuated that noble-minded girl, and she continually put false constructions on her actions, from the fact of her own selfish nature not being able to comprehend generosity in its self-denying character.

But the skill of the surgeon, and the tenderness and care of the young wife, failed in restoring the use of poor Ralph's injured limb; and after some weeks had elapsed, it was suggested by one of his neighbours that it would be well to obtain the advice of some of the faculty in London, where it could be had gratuitously by becoming an inmate of one of the hospitals. His mother was vehement in her opposition to this plan. She could not bear, she said, that her darling son should be taken a hundred miles away, and left to the care of strangers, perhaps to die of neglect; but Jessy saw the matter in a different light. She felt confident, that under his present treatment, her husband would never regain the use of his limb; indeed the surgeon had talked of amputation as the only means of saving his life, and she had heard that the skill of the first of the profession could be obtained for the poor through the medium of those excellent institutions. Ralph's first idea was, that he must go alone; but Jessy had determined otherwise. She saw the difficulty which would follow giving up her business for a season, especially as it was now their only

means of support; but she saw also that the beneficial results which were anticipated from the visit, were likely to be rendered ineffectual by his solitary situation. Could she procure a little lodging near to him, and obtain some employment, she felt assured that the chances of his recovery were greater; for she dreaded the probable result of his being wholly deprived of her society and attentions. This plan she thought also would silence her mother-in-law's objections; but on this point she was mistaken. Mrs Benson declared that she would not be left behind alone. She was too weak, she said, to wait upon herself, and by what means was she to be supported? It was in vain that Jessy assured her that she would share with her her earnings, and represented that it was not likely that the neighbours, with whom she had lived for so many years, would suffer her to want either assistance or provision. She was obstinate in her determination to go with them, if, she said, they were mad enough to go at all.

There was a fresh trial for poor Jessy; but she saw no other alternative than to submit; and since submit she must, she resolved to do it graciously. The expense of the journey for three persons would take the principal part of her little store; but this portion of her trouble was removed by the benevolence of the squire, who had always shown a willingness to assist any member of Giles Gibbons's family. He kindly offered his travelling carriage to conduct them, observing, that it would not only spare them the expense, but be a more easy mode of conveyance for the invalid. Jessy's gratitude was unbounded at this unlooked-for kindness, and her heart beat with indescribable emotions as she contemplated this assistance, as a proof that Heaven favoured her project by facilitating her means of undertaking it.

The cottage was left under the care of a neighbour, and taking as little luggage as possible, the trio set out on their journey. As they travelled by easy stages, on account of the motion increasing the pain in Ralph's arm, they were three days in accomplishing it; and far from envious was his or his wife's situation in having their mother for a companion: she could see no pleasing prospect to divert, no mercies to call forth her thankfulness; and she did little else but complain the whole of the way. Jessy, on the contrary, felt so animated by the anticipated result of the visit, that she had no room for the admission of aught save gratitude and hope.

The squire had provided Ralph with a ticket of admission to an hospital of which he was one of the directors, and thither they immediately drove. Jessy's first care was to see her husband comfortably settled in his new abode. This done, she took leave of him, it must be confessed not without a pang, and then sought a home for herself and her mother-in-law. She felt timid and solitary when she found herself alone in London's crowded streets; but she at length succeeded in procuring a small ready furnished apartment near to the hospital, to which she immediately conducted the old woman.

'A miserable home this,' the widow muttered, after she had with some difficulty mounted two flights of dark and steep stairs.

'The entrance is unpleasant, but the room is neat and cleanly, dear mother,' Jessy soothingly observed; 'and I trust,' she added, 'that we shall not require to occupy it for a very long period.' But Mrs Benson could see nothing to admire, and nothing to hope. She persisted that Jessy had brought both herself and son to die in a strange place, removed from all their friends, and no arguments on the part of the young wife could quiet her.

Our heroine's next duty was an endeavour to find some employment which would serve to support them till Ralph became convalescent; but here her little knowledge of the state of trade in London had induced her to form a wrong estimate of the difficulties she had to contend with. She imagined that she had only to persevere in her applications to the houses of business where female labour was required, and that success must at length crown her efforts; but she was mistaken

and disappointed; and she then discovered that hundreds of her sex were placed in the same pitiable situation, and many of them in consequence wanting the common necessities of life. Jessy's mind was not, however, of a character to sink under discouragements. She had the satisfaction of finding, on her visits to the hospital, which were as frequent as the rules allowed, that her beloved husband was improving under the care and skill he enjoyed. It is true her money was almost expended, and want seemed ready to startle her by his wan aspect; but her fortitude and humble trust in the protection of an all-wise and all-gracious Providence forsook her not.

The change from a healthful and airy situation to a confined chamber in the most densely-populated part of the metropolis, greatly affected the health of the widow. Jessy was less a sufferer from it, because she was less at home, but she began to entertain serious apprehensions lest her mother-in-law's death should be the result; and knowing how dear she was to her son, notwithstanding her faults, the wife was obliged to speak with great caution to him when she gave her report concerning his mother's situation. The failure of Jessy's plans with respect to procuring employment in the manner she had expected, induced her to request her landlord's permission to put a bill in her front window intimating that needle-work was performed by a person residing in the house; and the request was most opportunely made, for the woman informed her that she had that morning been asked if she knew of any person who would assist in making up mourning for a lady in whose family a death had just taken place. The offer was an inviting one to poor Jessy, who had exchanged her last piece of silver coin; but she felt it necessary to consult with her mother-in-law ere she accepted of it, as it would constrain her to leave home for the whole of the day. Mrs Benson was at first angry at what she called her daughter's wish to neglect her; but when her selfishness led her to contemplate the benefit which she should share, she ungraciously consented. Jessy immediately proceeded (agreeably to the direction given her) to the residence of Mrs Grover, who gladly engaged her services for the ensuing week, and who, moreover, upon hearing her simple story, volunteered to recommend her to the ladies of her acquaintance. The mild eyes of the young sempstress overflowed with tears of gratitude at this assurance; she was too little versed in the ways of the world to know that ladies with really kind intentions are apt, for the want of a little thought, to promise, under the excitement of instinctive charity and sympathy, a great deal more than they are either able, or, in some instances, willing afterwards to perform. Be this as it may, Jessy, by the expedition and neatness with which she executed her task, gave entire satisfaction to her employer. A source of uneasiness, however, occurred on the third day. It was the time appointed by the rules of the institution for visitors to be admitted to the hospital, and she had never yet failed in availing herself of the opportunity to see her husband. She could have borne the privation with fortitude, had she been able to make him acquainted with her engagements elsewhere, but she could find no one who could undertake the mission; and kindly as were the feelings of her present employer towards her, she yet saw that she was too much interested in having the mourning finished, to consent to any delay. Whilst she was sitting musing upon the disappointment and anxiety her beloved Ralph would feel at not seeing her form enter the ward at the usual hour, Mrs Grover, who, meanwhile, had been planning the arrangement of the crape ornaments from a magazine of fashions which lay open before her, was summoned from the room by the footman's announcing that Dr A—— had arrived.

'Dr A——,' Jessy repeated, raising her eyes suddenly from her work.

'Do you know that gentleman?' inquired her companion in some surprise.

Jessy blushed. 'Not personally, ma'am,' she returned; 'but I have heard my husband speak of a Dr A—— who has showed him particular attention and kindness.'

'He is one of the physicians in attendance on the hospital, and is well known for his benevolence,' Mrs Grover observed, as she moved towards the door.

'Oh! madam,' exclaimed the young sempstress, gazing after her with a look of great earnestness—'oh! madam, do you think I might be so bold as to ask to see him?'

'Do you wish to inquire concerning the state of your husband's health?' the lady demanded.

'No, ma'am,' she hesitatingly replied; 'I am not in doubt on that matter. I am thankful to hear he is in a likely way to recover the entire use of his limb; but—but—'

'But what?' Mrs Grover inquired.

'I am too intrusive in asking such a thing perhaps,' cried Jessy; 'but I thought if Dr A—— would kindly let my poor husband know that I am working for you, ma'am, and that that is the reason he does not see me to-day, it would dispel his fears, and make me very happy.'

'I will make the request for you,' Mrs Grover replied with an approving smile, 'and I don't doubt it will be granted.'

The lady had not been long absent from the room, when the footman re-appeared with the request that Jessy would wait on Dr A—— in the drawing-room. She arose with a palpitating heart, and could scarcely summon courage to raise her eyes as she entered the apartment, lest the favour she had asked should have been deemed a liberty; but the kind voice of the physician reassured her. 'So, you are the wife of Ralph Benson, young woman?' he said as she advanced. Jessy curtsied an assent. 'And you are concerned lest your husband should be made unhappy by your absence?' he further interrogated.

'Not by my absence, sir,' was Jessy's reply, 'but by the cause being unknown to him.'

'Well, my good young woman, you may rest satisfied on that head,' he kindly rejoined; 'I shall visit the hospital to-day, and will make a point of seeing him to-day, is there any other way in which I can serve you?'

Jessy hesitated a moment. 'Oh, sir, you are very kind,' she energetically exclaimed; 'and if it were not too much to ask, I would wish you to visit my husband's mother, who is seriously ill at our little lodging.'

'Give me your address, and I will call upon her to-morrow,' he returned.

Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the now happy young wife—gratitude too powerful for expression. She named the number and the street in which she lived; nor did she forget to caution the kind physician not to speak of his mother's illness to Ralph. Again she curtsied, and retreated, but not till the benevolent disciple of Esculapius had forced into her hand a small donation, which, in her present circumstances, was to her a little fortune.

Dr A—— was not a man to promise much, but he was a man to act, and to gain his confidence and esteem was of no small value. He visited the elder Mrs Benson on the morrow, and recommended an immediate change to a more airy and healthy situation as the only means of restoring the aged invalid. The widow was touched with the cheerful assent Jessy immediately gave to this proposal; she was aware it must be a sacrifice to her feelings to remove her to a greater distance from her husband; she knew also it would add to her toil by lengthening her walk; and her conscience told her that she deserved not such a return from the young creature, whose affliction she had made no effort to gain, and whom she had even treated with unkindness.

The change was made as soon as Jessy's engagement with Mrs Grover would permit, and they now occupied a large airy chamber, open to the fields. 'I trust you will revive here, dear mother,' was the daughter's ex-

clamation a few days after their arrival, as she arranged the pillow of an easy-chair she had hired expressly for the invalid. 'Under good Dr A——'s care, both you and Ralph will soon be well,' she continued, 'and we shall return to our home so very happy!' Mrs Benson's heart responded that she at least deserved to be so; but her pride would not at present let her acknowledge that Jessy had done quite right.

'Oh, what a blissful sight it will be to see dear Ralph using his arm again!' the young wife pursued, whilst her countenance was irradiated with delight at the bare idea.

'Nay, it depends upon the manner in which he uses it,' interposed the old woman, whilst a smile of pleasantry foreign to her usual habits lit up her features; 'suppose he exercise it in making you feel its power?'

'I would cheerfully submit even to that,' Jessy laughingly rejoined; 'anything that would prove that his strength was restored.'

'It shall work for thee, my own Jessy, and I shall never think it can do enough to repay all thy kindness,' exclaimed a well-known voice, and Ralph was the next moment in the presence of his mother and his wife. The former uttered a cry of surprise, and the latter sunk into his extended arms. The young man being pronounced sufficiently convalescent, had procured his dismissal unknown to his family; and not being aware of the severe illness of his mother (though he had been informed of their removal), he had come with the intention of giving them a joyful surprise. His heart beat quick with pleasure when he heard the kindly tones with which Mrs Benson addressed her daughter; it was a happy omen, she thought, and it made the bliss of his return more complete.

The pale aspect of his mother, however, excited his alarm; but Jessy assured him that her health was already improving, and she doubted not but a week or two at most in their present abode would restore her so far as to enable her to undertake the journey home. Their kind friend the squire had, she said, through the medium of her sister, offered the use of the travelling-carriage once more. 'And oh how happy home will be after this long absence!' she energetically added.

'Surely I shall value the use of my limbs more than ever I did before,' exclaimed Ralph.

'I shall value *you* more than ever, after having so nearly lost you,' responded Jessy, whilst she struggled between smiles and tears.

'And I hope I shall value you both more than I have hitherto done,' cried the widow, now completely softened and humbled at the contemplation of the selfish part she had taken, and she opened her arms to fold her children together in her embrace as she spoke.

And need we say how delightful was such a confession to our long-enduring heroine. Her meekness and forbearance had accomplished the desired object. She had won the love of one who had hitherto been dear to her for her husband's sake, but whom her warm heart desired to encircle with its affections for her own. The griefs of her past life were forgotten—that happy moment repaid them all.

Many were the joyful greetings and congratulations which accompanied the return of the Bensons to their native village, and Ralph recommenced his employment with feelings of gratitude which made his labour sweet. Jessy, too, thought that the sun shone brighter, that the birds sang sweeter, and that everything looked more beautiful, than they had done before; and thus it ever is, when the storms of affliction are past, and the sweet calm of happiness follows. The widow lived to see herself surrounded by a numerous train of grandchildren; but she was an altered woman. Hitherto, her life had been a source of disquiet to those around her, but now (although long-indulged habits could not be entirely eradicated) a new principle having been implanted—a principle of love and peace—its salutary effects were seen in her words and actions, and she became a blessing where she had before been a bane.

Happy would it be for society were hers an insulated case, and happy would it be if forbearance were exercised when families are thus tried, since experience, with few exceptions, proves the truth of the proverb of the wise man of old, that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

FRACTURED BONES.

THERE are few accidents more frequent, or more distressing in their results, than those arising from fractured bones, and none in which the attempts at relief afforded by bystanders are fraught with greater danger to the patient. When a person is seen to fall prostrate, the first impulse of the crowd is to raise him up, without stopping to inquire the nature or extent of the accident, and totally overlooking the fact, that the recumbent position is the one chosen by nature as that best adapted for the sick, the weary, and the infirm—as the only position in which they can enjoy perfect rest, without the exercise of any muscular effort. In the case of fracture of any part of the lower extremity, moving the patient from the horizontal position is productive of great mischief, and a knowledge of this simple fact would, in a majority of cases, avert the necessity of the surgeon's knife, or the patient from permanent lameness and much subsequent torture.

The writer's attention was first particularly drawn to this subject by an accident that occurred some years ago to himself. His horse fell with him, and as it happened in a principal London thoroughfare, a crowd immediately gathered round, and the first cry was, 'Lift the gentleman up.' Happily for him, his presence of mind had not deserted him, and he enjoined them to desist, as, being a medical man, he best knew how to proceed. In a few moments he discovered that his leg was broken, and then the consequences of being 'lifted up' occurred to him in all their horror. A shutter having been procured, he directed it to be laid down at his side, and moving very cautiously, so as not to disturb the limb, soon contrived to edge himself upon it; it was then raised by four of the bystanders, and in this manner he was carried to his residence.

A few moments' consideration will convince us of the impropriety of raising the body from the ground. It may readily be conceived that, by preserving the horizontal position, if the limb be straight, encased as it is by its various muscles and integuments, the broken bone will remain in its natural situation; but that, by raising the body (and consequently the leg), we make a lever of the upper half of the bone, the broken point of which becomes the fulcrum, and turns at right angles with the lower half, which, having lost its continuity of support, is disposed to preserve its original posture; and that by this, although the skin may not in every case be actually torn, still there must be an approximation towards it, and that the surrounding parts must be more or less lacerated. Should the skin be torn, the simple fracture, in the language of surgery, becomes a compound one, the inconvenience to the patient more severe, and the chances of recovery considerably lessened.

The possible mischief, and consequent danger, does not rest here. One of the arteries of the limb may be wounded by a point of the fractured bone, and then the danger is much increased. The arteries gradually increase in size from the foot upwards, and above the knee unite into one trunk or main artery, any laceration of which is productive of the worst consequences. Even in the foot they are large enough, if the bleeding be permitted to continue, to produce fatal results, although in that case time enough is generally obtained to arrest the hemorrhage. But should the thigh be fractured, and the femoral, or main artery, of the limb be wounded, the flow of blood is so great, that if not immediately stopped, the patient's life may be lost in three minutes.

The femoral artery takes the course of, and runs

parallel to, the thigh bone; and when that is broken, it will readily be seen how likely it is to be pierced by a spicula of bone, or one of its broken points; and this indeed frequently happens.

It now remains for us to consider what we are called upon to do in accidents of this nature. In the first place, do not attempt to alter the position from that in which the patient falls; that is, supposing the limb be not bent. Administer a glass of wine, or spirit and water, obtained from the nearest good Samaritan (and one will easily be found); next, should the accident occur in a crowded thoroughfare, let a ring be formed, to prevent the sufferer from being pressed upon or run over. In a few moments, if his senses have been spared, he will be able to say where he is hurt, by gently moving his limbs. A shutter should now be obtained; and if he possesses sufficient nerve, it will be best, as in the writer's case, for him gradually to edge himself upon it, as he will best know what degree of motion he can bear without pain. If he is unable to do this, one of the bystanders must proceed to assist him, by supporting the injured limb.

It is necessary to observe great caution in doing this. Suppose, for instance, the limb be raised by lifting the foot, if we refer to the observations already made, we shall perceive the same consequences will occur as if the person were raised from the ground. It is therefore necessary to remember, from the first moment of the accident to the last before the cure, that in raising a broken limb, care must be taken to use both hands, the one placed below, and the other above the point of fracture, as if the limb were in two separate pieces, and but slightly held together.

It may happen that the patient is insensible, and the seat of injury not obvious. He may be suffering from compression of the brain, or concussion, or fracture of the skull or spine, or may have sustained some internal and severe injury. In such cases the worst consequences are always to be apprehended, and the sufferer must be treated with the utmost tenderness. If the power of swallowing remain (which may be known by pouring a little water into the mouth), a little wine, or spirit and water, may invariably be given, and this is all that is necessary: great mischief often arises from doing too much. Let the patient be placed upon a litter, and carried home, or to the nearest hospital, with great care and tenderness.

To return to the case of fractured leg. Before placing the patient in bed, be careful that everything is well prepared for his reception, as he will have to remain there at least one month without moving the broken limb. It is of great importance to have the bed so hard and smooth, as to receive no impression from the weight of the body. A small French bedstead, wide enough for one person only, will be found most convenient, a lath bottom being indispensable: if this cannot be had, an ironing-board must be placed on the sacking, and on this a horse-hair mattress, covered by a blanket, over which nail down the sheet tightly on both sides.

In removing the patient from the shutter, place it on a line, and level with the bed, and let him shift himself upon it, as we have before described. Before this removal, splints had better be applied to the limb, as it can then be supported with less pain to the fractured parts.

Fractures of the arm and forearm are in general more easily cured than those of the lower extremity, although the future freedom of the forearm depends in a great measure on the tact and talent of the surgeon. They, of course, do not involve the necessity of maintaining the recumbent position; and all that is necessary previous to professional attendance is, the placing the arm in a sling or half handkerchief, which should extend from the elbow to the wrist.

Setting a broken limb means nothing more than placing the fractured ends of the bone opposite each other, and retaining them there by the application of splints made of wood or mill-board. Much misapprehension pre-

vails on this point; it is generally considered as a formidable operation, requiring to be performed as soon after the accident as possible. When the fracture happens to be a compound one, with one end of the bone perhaps protruding through the skin, it is then desirable to reduce it as soon as possible, but otherwise, it may be postponed until the bed is fully prepared for the patient's future requirements.

In closing this paper, the writer cannot help advert- ing to two points of great importance in the treatment of fractures, although in doing so he is aware he is trespassing beyond the limits he has prescribed for himself; they are, on the impropriety of blood-letting, and the use of cold applications, during any period of the subsequent treatment. Bleeding by some is had recourse to to prevent inflammation; this it will not do: and the proof is, that uniformly, the more delicate the subject, the greater is the degree of susceptibility to its attacks. But in fractures, we have really no inflammation to dread, nor blood to spare, for nature will require more than her usual supply to repair the injury sustained, and, if needlessly subtracted, the period of cure will be proportionably prolonged.

With respect to cold applications, we do not always sufficiently discriminate the nature of the complaint for which they are used. For pain arising from inflammatory action, cold is an excellent application; but for pain arising from contusion of parts, warm fomentations are by far the most soothing and efficient. It is a trite observation, that old fractures are as sensitive to atmospheric changes as the barometer. Where warmth alone has been used, the writer has never known this to occur.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.

SECOND ARTICLE.—BOOKS.

HAVING given some idea of the manner in which the Chinese record their ideas in writing, we will now describe the means by which those ideas are disseminated in print: first detailing the mechanical processes by which books are, if we may so speak, manufactured; and, secondly, affording some information respecting their contents.

Printing—instead of originating in some such fortunate accident as historians and collectors of traditions are so fond of tracing nearly every invention to—was, as Dugald Stewart has explained, more probably the result of those general causes on which the progress of society seems to depend. However the art may have originated, one thing is certain, that it was employed by the Chinese as early as the tenth century, or five centuries before its general adoption in Europe. Chinese printing, as then practised, was exactly the same as it is at present. Those who have read the 'Facts about the Chinese,' previously detailed, are aware that this singularly vain people consider themselves perfect in nearly everything—in printing among the rest; and therefore deem improvement impossible. Hence, nothing can be more primitive and simple than the means they adopt; nothing, moreover, can be more effectual—except presses and moveable types, which the Chinese know little about.

The Chinese literary man sends his 'copy'—not, as we do, immediately to the printer—but to a transcriber. This is a person skilled in what we should call penmanship, who copies the manuscript in the bold, legible characters of the *Sung-te* hand,* which, from skill and practice, he is enabled to render as uniform in appearance as Roman print. The copy is made on single leaves—two pages on each leaf, with a division or white column in the middle. The writing is inscribed, not in horizontal lines, as with us, but in perpendicular columns, arranged so as to be read from right to left. Having made his copy, the transcriber passes it to

* See first article on this subject, at page 251 of No. 42.

another person; who first prepares a piece of pear-tree wood, above an inch thick, and with a surface corresponding to the size of the copyist's leaves. This face having been planed beautifully smooth, is washed over with thin rice-water, and, while wet, the leaf is laid on the wood with the writing downwards. The paper being as transparent as our silver-paper, the transcriber's ink shows through, exhibiting the writing backwards, just as it is to be carved on the block. When the solution is dry, the manuscript leaf has stuck firmly to the block, and the carver sets to work, cutting away the interstices between the black marks with sharp instruments, so as to cause the characters to stand up in relief. In short, he is a professor of wood-engraving, only he engraves writing instead of pictures. Of course for every leaf (or two pages) a separate block is required; and could we enumerate the works of all the Chinese authors who have published since the tenth century, we should find that the accumulated and still increasing number of these stereotype printing-blocks is prodigious. Although printing from blocks is the general mode, yet moveable types were known to the Chinese as early as the eleventh century. For a time, single characters made of clay, and baked hard, were used; but soon abandoned for the neater mode now universally practised—except for *The Imperial Calendar*, published once a quarter, and the *Pekin Gazette*, issued daily, which are printed from moveable types made of a plastic gum. This is, however, immeasurably inferior to the block-printing.

The blocks having been engraved, they are passed to the printer, properly so called. His part of the business is performed with uncommon ease and despatch, considering the simple means at his command. He has no press or machinery of any kind. Beside him is a quantity of Indian ink, thickly ground up; in his right hand are two brushes, of the ordinary size of such as are used by house-painters, one being stuck on at each end of a single handle. With that below the hand he inks the surface of the block. A sheet of the very thin paper in general use is then placed upon it, the hand turned up, and the other brush—a dry one—having been passed with a light pressure over the paper, the impression is taken. The operation is performed with such celerity, that an expert printer can take off from two to three thousand impressions in a day. The sheets being extremely thin and porous, require no wetting; and after time has been allowed for the ink to set upon them, they are ready for the folder and stitcher.

Printing on both sides being of course impracticable, from the lightness of the paper, the folder turns each leaf back to back (for which the white column before-mentioned serves as a gauge), pasting together the blank or unprinted side of each leaf; hence the printed sides have exactly the same appearance as the pages of a European book.

The stitcher now takes a certain number of these pages and sews them with silk thread into a cover of smooth drab-coloured paper. About ten of the little volumes go to a work of ordinary size, and the order in which they run is numbered on the outer edges of the leaves. Thus a book is never bound in China, but the bookbinder's occupation is represented by the makers of book-cases, or boxes, into which a complete work is neatly packed. Some of these cases are splendidly covered with satin or silk, embroidered with gold, exhibiting the name of the book in legible characters. The selling of books is considered one of the most honourable of trades; and there is no town in the empire in which a bookseller does not reside.

Despite the despotic character of the government, the press—if we may call it so—is quite free and unshackled by a censorship: no license is required, no restrictions are imposed; but the *Leu-lee* (civil code) declares that 'whoever is guilty of editing wicked and corrupt books, with the view of misleading the people, and whoever attempts to excite sedition by letters or handbills, shall suffer death by being be-

headed.' Every writer and printer, therefore, issues his works subject to this very terrible responsibility. Nor is this law a dead letter: the emperor Kien-lung (1736–1795), a great patron of letters, caused three unfortunate authors to be put to death in three consecutive years, for publishing books which, read with European eyes and ideas, seemed hardly worthy of notice. This fear, and the supposed infallibility of the ancient sages, causes each new work on the more important subjects of literature to be totally devoid of originality: even fancy and imagination are cramped, and seldom take high flights. Original authors are few everywhere, but in China they are especially scarce.

The grand collections of history, philosophy, and other standard national works, comprehensively known as the 'sacred classics,' are printed by royal authority at the imperial printing-press at Peking, under the superintendence of the fountain of all Chinese learning, the *Han-lin college*. They are distributed to the viceroys of provinces, presidents of departments, and petty magistrates, to be deposited in public libraries, one of which forms part of each town-hall, or magistrate's official residence, and to it every man in the empire has the right of free access. For this reason, such books are seldom found in private collections. The other departments of Chinese literature include every possible variety; and thousands of works are daily issued in Peking, and other great cities, consisting of novels, romances, with moral, amusing, and comic tales; precepts from the ancient sages, and exhortations from living sovereigns; plays; songs, fables, and every description of poetry; jest-books and lampoons; cookery books, and collections of recipes for curing disorders; predictions of the weather and fortune-telling books; manuals of devotion and of religious rites; books of etiquette; together with almanacs and quantities of other ephemera it would be impossible to enumerate. The more bulky and expensive works on philology, history, and jurisprudence, not printed by the government, are published by subscription in the way we have previously mentioned.

To give some idea of the gigantic scale upon which literary works are sometimes undertaken and carried out in China, we may mention that the Imperial Encyclopedia in general use, in 450 volumes, is a mere abridgment of a work, the original of which comprises no fewer than 6000 volumes. It is in every respect like the European works of a similar class, being a repertory of Chinese knowledge in a lexicographical form. The history of the country, from the earliest period to the accession of the present or Mongol dynasty to the throne, fills 300 volumes; *Sing-poo*, a biographical work, occupies 120 volumes; the *Leu-lee*, or civil code, may be appropriately called the statutes at large, for they extend to 261 volumes. There is a single collection of plays which numbers 200 volumes. The emperor, Kien-lung, caused a reprint to be made of all the standard works throughout China: in five years as many as 168,000 volumes were completed, and it was expected that the whole would extend to 600,000 volumes.* The *Shoo-king*, in other words, 'The Book,' is regarded by the Chinese as we look upon the Scriptures. It is the work of Confucius (whom they call Kung-foo-tze), and combining a collection of historical aphorisms with a species of chronology, is the text-book not only for moral conduct, but historical facts.

From the axioms contained in the works of their sages, Chinese Poetry took its rise, as we learn from the character that expresses it, which means 'words of the temple.' Rhymatic sentences are delivered and commented on by the literati in the temples. Rhyme is an easy matter; for so similar are the sounds of hosts of words having a dissimilar meaning, that Gutzlaff says he could write a perfectly intelligible treatise in the Chinese language, yet every character, when

* The reader must, however, remember that a Chinese volume is seldom thicker than two of the monthly parts of this Journal would be if stitched together.

read, would be represented to an English ear by the sound 'E.' On prosody so much stress is laid, that modern versifiers often aim more at the smoothness of their numbers than at sense or point. The ancient poets are considered the best; the following was written three thousand years ago:—

'The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.
The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred cars the triumph swell.
Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath taken his nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride;
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast !'

Of modern descriptive poetry, nothing is better calculated to interest English readers than a poem written by an intelligent Chinese, who, in 1813, accompanied an English gentleman to this country as his instructor. It is headed 'London, in ten stanzas.' In this confined space the author chiefly noticed those objects which excited his attention, by their contrast with those of his native land. After stating that—

'A far in the ocean, towards the extremity of the north-west,
There is a nation or country called England,'

he sings concerning the city itself—

'The towering edifices rise story above story,
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions;
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;
And streams from the river enucleate through the walls;
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices.
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings.
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene.
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.
The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level.
Each being crossed by others at intervals;
On either side perambulate men and females,
In the centre career along the carriages and horses;
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
During mid-winter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway.
Lamps are displayed at night along the street-sides,
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky.'

He observes, that 'the houses are so lofty that you may pluck the stars from them; that, on four sacred days in the month, people put on their best clothes, and go to the temple; that the virtuous read their sacred book, which they call *Pe-lee to Kot* (pray to God), that the appearance of the country is beautiful, and the hills rising one above another delightful to behold; that little girls have rosy cheeks and fair complexions; that men and women marry from mutual choice, and love and respect each other; and that there are no second wives; that the grass is cut, and dried, to feed cattle in winter when there is frost and snow; that men and women ramble into the fields to gather flowers; that poor women at the wheat-harvest gather the grain which is left, and sing as they go home.*

Satires are constantly aimed against general manners, and lampoons against private individuals and officials. As a specimen of the former, we may cite some lines on a dissipated Chinese fop, which occur in a novel called 'Dreams of the Red Chamber':—

'His outward form by nature's bounty drest,
Foul weeds usurped the wilderness his breast;
And bred in tumult, ignorant of rule,
He hated letters, an accomplished fool!
In act depraved, contaminate in mind,
Strange, had he feared the censures of mankind!
Titles and wealth to him no joys impart,
By poverty pinched, he sank beneath the smart;
In uselessness, the first beneath the sky,
And curet, in sinning with supremacy!
Missions of pride and luxury lend an ear,
And shun his follies, if his fate ye fear !'

The English reader may suppose that these powerful lines have been polished and adapted to his taste by the

* The above is part of a literal prose-translation, supplied by Mr Davis to the second volume of the Royal Asiatic Society's Transactions.

translator. But that gentleman assures us the 'version is lineatim, and almost verbatim, and pretends to no thing more than a very close adherence to the original.*

The Chinese have almost universally a taste for verses; boys who have just learned to read are taught to compose them. Pedantic schoolmasters adorn their walls with their own productions, and paste them up at their door-posts. Cups and saucers, pans and screens, are ornamented with couplets. Even the kitchens and fireplaces are adorned with verses, chiefly on cookery.

We must defer our account of the dramatic and fictitious literature of the Chinese for a third article.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Two parliamentary papers, supplementary to the census, have just been published, giving a view of the occupations of the people of our island. Though not free of a few blemishes on minor points, they seem trustworthy in essentials, and the results are of an interesting nature. The following table presents the employments of 7,846,569 persons engaged in active life, or living independently, leaving 10,997,865 to be understood as women and children having no recognised occupations:—

	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
Employments.	2,619,263	473,381	17,359	3,110,376
Commerce, trade, and manufactures.	1,251,449	220,337	8493	1,490,278
Agriculture, including farmers and graziers, and gardeners, nurserymen, and florists.	673,922	81,573	3873	761,868
Other labourers, miners, quarrymen, porters, messengers, &c.	95,165	24,336	2279	121,821
Navy, merchant-service, and coast-guard.	36,763	1631	840	39,234
Army, half-pay, and East India Company's service.	53,041	9703	494	63,184
Professions, clerical, legal, and medical.	123,878	18,069	839	142,836
Educated persons in other pursuits.	14,086	277	14	16,979
Government civil service.	22,125	3065	15	25,205
Parochial and law-officers, police, &c.	999,043	136,630	7333	1,163,233
Domestic servants.	445,973	38,291	7126	511,419
Returned as independent.	176,206	21,600	1173	199,009
Alms-people, pensioners, paupers, lunatics, and prisoners.	63,919	1,731,402	7,120	1,802,441
Ditto absent.	—	—	—	97
Residue of population.	—	—	—	10,997,865
Afloat.	—	—	—	1467
Total of population, including army and navy afloat and absent.	1,802,441	2,223,402	14,490	4,040,333

The most striking fact evidenced by this table, is the disproportionate of the agricultural class to those devoted to

active pursuits not agricultural, the former being less than a half of the latter. It also appears that this disproportion is undergoing a constant and rapid increase, for the proportions which the agricultural, the commercial, and the miscellaneous class bore to each other were, in

	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811,	35	44	21
1821,	33	46	21
1831,	26	42	30

while they were respectively, in

1841,	22	46	32
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there being only this source of doubt about the last table, that, in the three first instances, families, and in the last, individuals, were enumerated. It seems, however, beyond a doubt, that the absolute numbers of the agricultural population remain nearly stationary, so that if this branch of our national industry is, as it appears, not falling off, but, on the contrary, increasing, we must presume that fewer men are now required to perform the same amount of work as formerly, which, considering the improvement of husbandry, is not unlikely. The increase of the population between 1831 and 1841 must therefore have been entirely absorbed by the other branches of industry. The total male population of Great Britain, twenty years of age and upwards, was, in 1831, 3,199,934; and in 1841, 3,329,663; showing an increase, in ten years, of about 639,000 adult males. Hardly one of these additional men has been able to find employment in agriculture. The agricultural occupiers and labourers were, in 1831, 380,750, and in 1841, only 961,585. Allowing here for a correction pointed out by the enumerators, it still appears that, at the end of the decennial period, there was either no increase, or a very small one, in the number of adult males employed in agriculture. The case of those employed in commerce, trade, and manufactures, is very different. In 1831, they were 1,276,263, and in 1841 they amounted to 1,532,041; showing that those branches of industry had found employment for more than 400,000 additional persons of the last decade mentioned.

Another remarkable result of the inquiry is, that England and Scotland are nearly upon a par in respect of the proportions of occupations. At the Union in 1707, the latter country had no commerce or manufactures worthy of the name, and to obtain a share of these, was one main reason for its submitting to the loss of its independence. The purchase has been worthy of the sacrifice, for now the commercial and manufacturing population of Scotland bears out the same proportion to the agricultural as that of England, showing the vast progress which our people have made in industry and wealth in the course of little more than a century. What makes this still more clear is, that Scotland possesses within 0.60 per cent. of the proportionate number of persons of independent means which England does. It is nothing to the purpose that England has more paupers by 0.23 per cent.; for Scotland, as is now becoming notorious, only escapes the infamy of a numerous pauper population by denying regulated subsistence to the destitute.

The following are the centesimal proportions of the people in the various classes of occupations in England and Scotland:—

	England per cent.	Scotland per cent.
Agricultural occupations,	7.40	8.16
Trade, manufactures, &c.	29.56	30.16
Independent,	2.81	2.21
Alms-people,	0.90	0.67
Others, not described,	0.32	0.26
Residue, women and children,	58.91	56.24
	100.00	100.00

The returns give what has probably never been given before—an accurate statement of the number of persons employed in various branches of manufacture. Those employed in the cotton manufacture are classed thus:—

Males, 20 years and upwards,	138,112
Ditto under 20,	59,171
Females, 20 years and upwards,	104,470
Ditto under 20,	75,909
Total,	377,662

* Here and elsewhere, we borrow passages from the newspapers.

We extract also the total number engaged in each of the following manufactures:—

Hose,	50,955
Lace,	35,347
Wool and worsted,	167,296
Silk,	63,773
Flax and linen,	85,213

The total number of persons engaged in the manufacture of textile fabrics in Great Britain is stated to be 800,246.

Of those employed in mines, there are, in

Coal mines,	118,233
Copper ditto,	15,107
Lead ditto,	11,119
Iron ditto,	10,919
Tin ditto,	6,101

The total of persons employed in mines is 193,325.

Of persons employed in the manufacture and working of metals, there are, besides the miners, in

Iron,	29,497
Copper,	2,126
Lead,	1,263
Tin,	1,320

There are employed in

Pottery and glass,	32,238
Gloves,	9,225
Engines and machines,	10,550

In considering the number of persons supported by any particular manufacture, it is to be remembered that the numbers given are of actual workers, and not of those who, as wives, children, &c. are supported by the labour of others. The total number of persons whose occupations were ascertained in Great Britain was 7,846,569, leaving 10,997,365 as the 'residue' of the population, which must be taken to consist of persons dependent on the former. Therefore, to the number given under each employment, we must add another number bearing to it the proportion of about eleven to eight, in order to ascertain the entire number of individuals whom that branch of industry supports.

It is worthy of remark, that, from other reports, the proportion of those workers who are of tender age is decreasing, and the total number of children now engaged in the above occupations is only 31,566, under one twenty-fourth of the whole workers.

The largest number returned under any one occupation is of domestic servants, being 1,165,233, of whom 908,325 are females; and the commissioners justly consider it a matter of congratulation that so large a number of females should be comprehended in a class in which habits of steady industry, of economy, and of attention to the maintenance of a good character, are so necessary as that of domestic servants.

It appears that in Great Britain, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, 22,203 persons slept in barns, tents, pits, and in the open air; 5016 persons were travelling. The average number of inhabitants to 100 statute acres for England and Wales is 43; for Middlesex and Westmoreland, which are the counties of the highest and lowest averages, the numbers are 873 and 11 respectively. The average annual number of marriages for England and Wales to every 10,000 inhabitants is 76. In Middlesex, which is the most marrying county, it is 93; in Cumberland, which is least so, it is 57. The average of births to every 10,000 for England and Wales is 319; of deaths, 221; of inhabited houses, 1850. It may be worth noticing, that it is in the maritime counties we find the least comparative mortality.

Few persons are aware of the influence of immigration on the increase of the population of England and Wales. The fact is, the actual is to the natural increase per cent. as 14 to 9 nearly in the 10 years 1831-1841, the difference being ascribable to immigration principally, as it seems.

In Cumberland, in 1841, for every 10,000 inhabitants, there were 356 persons born in Scotland, and 274 born in Ireland. In Lancashire, there were 130 Scotch, and 635 Irish, for the same number of inhabitants—that is to say, one-thirteenth part of the actual population of Lancashire is made up of Irish and Scotch, and nearly one-sixteenth of that of Cumberland. Many other counties exhibit large proportions of immigrants from the sister kingdoms, though none so large as these. No county is free from a considerable proportion: Suffolk and Norfolk, which have fewest, show 33 for every 10,000 inhabitants. Throughout

England and Wales, the average is 248 for every 10,000, or 31 for every 1250—that is, something more than one-fortieth part of the whole population is composed of strangers. In fact, there seems good ground for thinking that the amount of this immigration into England considerably exceeds the amount of emigration from England to the colonies. Let it be understood we do not condemn this immigration; the empire is free to all; every man is entitled to seek the means of honest subsistence where it best may be found. For our own part, we are always glad to see respectable English and Irish in Scotland, and would expect the same courtesy extended to our countrymen in whatever part of the United Kingdom they may find it advantageous to settle.

Of one hundred marriages, about eight take place with both parties under age. Middlesex, Surrey, and Devonshire, are the most prudent counties in this respect; and generally, it is remarkable that the agricultural counties furnish the greatest proportion of early marriages. The number of persons signing the marriage register by marks is considered by the commissioners as a fair criterion of the state of education; if so, Middlesex, Surrey, and Westmoreland, are the best educated counties. Westmoreland is considerably the most favourable to infant life of any county in England. Next stands Hampshire, Dorset, Devonshire, and Cornwall; the least favourable is the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Clergymen (it is understood only of the Church of England) are returned for England at 13,574; commercial clerks (one of the largest descriptions) for Great Britain, 56,330; chiropodists, 53; dressmakers and milliners, 106,301, of whom 22,174 are females, and 127 males, respectively under 20 years of age; East India Company's service, 591; farmers and graziers, 300,123; government civil service, 16,750; agricultural labourers, 1,127,108, of whom 11,295 are females under 20; army, 33,057, of whom 976 are soldiers under 20. There are only seven persons returning themselves as oculists in all Great Britain. The physicians amount to 1176; printers, 18,313, of whom 183 are females; surgeons, apothecaries, and medical students together, 18,658; so that the whole body of the medical profession in Great Britain, including students, comprises only 20,134 persons. The teachers of music and singing are 3,287, being more than double the number of all the other teachers enumerated put together.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ADMIRAL THE EARL ST VINCENT.

THE name of John Jervis, Earl St Vincent, will always be one of the most revered amongst British naval heroes. He was the parent of that school of discipline which banished from the service the coarse manners and loose morals that formerly prevailed—not overdrawn pictures of which are to be found in Smollett's *Roderick Random*. Under his guidance, and by his example, the most distinguished officers of his time were promoted; among whom were Collingwood, Saumarez, and Troubridge. He was, moreover, says Dr Parr, 'the master and instructor of Nelson, whom he formed and made a greater man than himself, and then did not envy him.' This is corroborated by Nelson himself; who, in one of his letters to the Earl St Vincent, when on the Mediterranean station, wrote thus:—'We look up to you, as we have always found you, as to our father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame.'

The early history of Lord St Vincent cannot be more graphically narrated than in his own words. One day, very late in life, he dictated the following autobiography to Captain Brenton, his friend and companion:—'I was born at Meaford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th January 1734, old style. My father was counsellor and solicitor to the admiralty, and auditor of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age I was sent to a grammar-school at Burton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a very capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by the master

to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time, I frankly own to you that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve years I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favourite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have now forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. "Oh, don't be a lawyer, Master Jackey," said the old man; "all lawyers are rogues!"

About this time Strachan (father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan) came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of a sea life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board of a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the northern circuit. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on the impropriety of my conduct, and assured me that Mr Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor. The next day my mother spoke to me on the subject; and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity; and, in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the governor of Greenwich Hospital. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did; that she thought the sea a very honourable and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in some ship of war. Shortly afterwards, Lady A. Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the Gloucester, as commander-in-chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarterdeck, to which the commodore readily consented; and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life.

'My equipment was rather what would now be called grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to; it reached down to my heels, and was fully large in the sleeves. I had a dirk and a gold-laced hat; and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington. Here I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honourable profession. She then gave Mr Parker a note to Commodore Townshend, desiring that we should call on him early the next morning. This we did; and, after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in his nightcap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me how soon I would be ready to join my ship? I replied, "Directly." "Then you may go to-morrow morning," said he; "and I will give you a letter to the

first lieutenant." "This was in the year 1748. As soon as the ship was ready for sea, we proceeded to Jamaica; and, as I was always fond of an active life, I volunteered to go into small vessels, and saw a good deal of what was going on."

The venerable and affluent peer then related the following honourable trait of his early struggles against poverty:—"My father had a very large family, with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honour, I took up my bill; and from that time to this [and he said this with great energy] I have taken care to keep within my means."*

For six years did young Jervis submit to every species of pinching privation; which, however, did not prevent him from assiduously cultivating his naval studies to make himself eligible for a lieutenant's commission. This he received in the early part of January 1755, and was appointed to the line-of-battle-ship *Prince*, commanded by Captain Saunders, who saw in the lieutenant qualities which induced him to forward the young officer's views by every means in his power. By 1759 he became an admiral, and when intrusted with the naval command of the expedition against Canada (then in possession of the French), he appointed Jervis his first lieutenant. General Wolfe, commander-in-chief of the military forces, sailed in the *Prince*. He happened to have been a schoolfellow of Jervis, and during the voyage they became fast friends. When arrived before Quebec, and on the eve of the siege, the following affecting incident took place:—"On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend Jervis; at which, saying he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Wolfe unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to Commander Jervis, intreating that, if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther."

Before the year 1769, Jervis had attained the rank of captain, and was appointed to the *Alarm* frigate destined for the Mediterranean. At that time African slaves were bought, sold, and made use of in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, just as they are at this present time in the southernmost of the United States. While the *Alarm* was cruising off Genoa, there having been occasion to send a boat to the shore, two slaves jumped into it, and enfolded themselves in the British flag, shouted, "We are free!" A Genoese officer hearing this, caused them to be dragged from their place of refuge; one of the slaves carrying away with him a piece of the flag which had been torn off in the struggle. "This being reported to Captain Jervis, he at once decided it was an insult to the British flag; and "accordingly," he says, "I demanded of both the Doge and Senate that both the slaves should be brought on board the *Alarm*, with the part of the torn colour which the slave carried off with him, the officer of the guard punished, and an apology

made on the quarterdeck of the *Alarm*, under the king's colours, for the outrage offered to the British nation;" and he carried every point of his demand." Not long after this incident, the *Alarm* was wrecked off Marseilles, but the crew was saved, and the ship, by extraordinary exertions, repaired so as to be again sea-worthy.

The *Alarm* having been paid off, Jervis took a holiday, and made a tour of the chief naval arsenals of Europe. He first visited those of France, and then proceeded to St Petersburg and the Baltic. On his return to England, he was appointed to the *Foudroyant*, considered the finest two-decked ship in the British navy; and after having served in her as part of the Channel fleet, he was sent to sea in 1782 with twelve sail of the line under Admiral Barrington. During this expedition he took a French ship, the *Pégase*, after a short fight, in which he did not lose a single man. But this achievement was thrown into the shade by his kind and benevolent conduct to his prisoners. The captain of the vanquished vessel was the Chevalier Cillart, whom Jervis treated as a friend and a guest, giving positive orders that every article of furniture, clothing, books, and papers, belonging to the captain and his officers, should be carefully removed from the *Pégase* to the *Foudroyant* for their use.

When the news of this capture reached England, Lord Keppel inquired of George III. what reward Jervis should have for his gallant exploit, and his majesty promptly replied, "Let him be made a Knight Commander of the Bath." In the same year the *Foudroyant* joined Lord Howe's fleet for the relief of Gibraltar, which had been besieged by the Spaniards for nearly two years. This object having been accomplished, Jervis (now Sir John) returned to England with his ship, which was paid off. He now commenced a new career. His services not being required afloat, Sir John Jervis undertook the duties of a legislator, having been returned at the general election of 1784 as member for the port of Yarmouth. He remained on shore during eight years, and in 1787 was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

A misunderstanding having taken place between this country and Spain in 1790, a fleet was sent out to Nootka Sound, and Jervis commanded one division of it. The quarrel was, however, arranged, and warfare avoided. On the return of the fleet into port, Admiral Jervis performed an act of justice and benevolence which was the more praiseworthy, being of rare occurrence in those days. Each flag officer was allowed to select one midshipman for promotion. In Jervis's ship—the *Prince*—there were the sons of some of the most influential aristocracy in the country, for many of whom overpowering interest was made with him. Among these aspirants, however, was the son of an old, poor, and deserving lieutenant, who had no interest or influence, and when the day of nomination came, every one was surprised to find that upon him Sir John's unsolicited choice had fallen. In answer to the youth's overflowings of gratitude and astonishment at his good fortune, Sir John said—"Sir, I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man in no great affluence. A steady perseverance in that conduct which has now caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in your profession; for I trust that other officers of my rank will observe the maxim that I do—to prefer the son of a brother officer, when deserving, before any other."

In 1793, Jervis was intrusted with the command of the naval portion of the expedition against the French West India islands, which was undertaken in conjunction with an army commanded by Sir Charles Grey. To this expedition we owe our possession at the present time of the most fertile islands in the western world. While on this service, the admiral furnished a striking instance of the courteous and considerate manner in which he could rebuke negligence or want of discipline, without adopting the harsh and imperious tone

* The Life and Correspondence, &c. of John, Earl of St Vincent. By Edward Pelham Brenton, captain, R.N.

† Memoirs of Admiral the Right Honourable the Earl St Vincent. By Jedediah S. Tucker.

which was then far too usual amongst officers high in command. Commodore Thomson, a good seaman, but noted for being slovenly and careless about his dress, was one day espied by Jervis in a boat clad in a purser's duck frock and a common straw hat. As the commodore neared the stern of the flag ship, the admiral called out (pretending to mistake him for a common sailor), 'In the barge there! Go and assist in towing that transport!' A commodore is only second in rank to a rear-admiral, and this was a duty usually performed by the commonest seamen. But Commodore Thomson received the gentle rebuke as his chief intended it. Standing up in the boat, and taking off his hat, he answered the hail in proper style—'Ay, ay, sir!' and actually proceeded to execute the order.

On his return from the West Indies, Sir John Jervis was not allowed to remain long on shore. At the close of 1795 he had the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and fought the celebrated battle off Cape St Vincent. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to him, together with a pension of £3000 per annum. He was also created Earl St Vincent. At this time a mutiny broke out in the fleet, which was quelled mainly by the firmness and promptitude of the earl. After remaining for some time in the Mediterranean, he was obliged to return home on account of ill health; but he had not been long at Bath, when symptoms of another mutiny showed itself in the fleet cruising in the British Channel, and the government pressed him to go to sea, though in a state of health by no means calculated for active service. One morning when the doctor paid his customary visit, his lordship said, 'Baird, I am going afloat.' 'Surely, my lord, you are not—' 'Stop, Baird,' his lordship replied. 'I anticipate all you are going to say; but the king and the government require it, and the discipline of the British navy demands it. It is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or ashore: the die is cast.' He hoisted his flag in the 'Ville de Paris,' and forthwith entered on command of the Channel fleet, in which his promptitude and discipline proved of great value to the service. His remarkable benevolence is manifested in a circumstance which occurred at this period. 'One day, the ship's company were ordered to bathe. On returning to their duty, Lord St Vincent observed a favourite seaman in tears, surrounded by a group of his comrades. He called his secretary, and said—"There's my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go, see what's the matter." It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on, and had forgotten that all he possessed in the world consisted of bank-notes in one of the pockets. The water reduced them to a useless pulp. The admiral went into his cabin, but presently returned, and ordered all hands to be turned up. Odell was summoned, and the admiral, assuming one of his angry looks, thus addressed him: "Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears! What have you to say?" The poor fellow, overpowered by his distress, could only plead "that he had lost all he had in the world, that he had been many years saving it, and that he could not help crying a little." The admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said—"The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears." Then softening down his tones, he proceeded—"Roger Odell, you are one of the best men in the ship; in my life I never saw a man behave better in battle than you, in the Victory, did in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your commander-in-chief will never pass over merit whosoever he may find it, there is your money, sir (giving him £70); but no more tears, mind; no more tears." The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hand, astonished and confused, but becoming sensible of the reality, said in a hurried manner, "Thank ye, my lord, thank ye!" and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears of gratitude.'

The royal Naval Asylum for the orphan children of

seamen owed its early success to Lord St Vincent's tact and generosity. Having learned that an establishment for the succour of orphan children of seamen at Paddington was languishing for lack of funds, he gathered a large sum in its aid, by voluntary subscription among the captains of his fleet, putting down his own name for a thousand pounds. This fortunate acquisition of funds carried the institution over its difficulties, and having afterwards attracted the attention and support of government, it became what it now is, the Naval Asylum.

In 1805, Earl St Vincent was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and signalled himself by correcting certain glaring abuses which had crept into the dock-yards. His administration of the naval affairs of the country ended with a change of ministry in 1806, and the veteran admiral again went afloat to command the Channel fleet. This was the last service he performed afloat, having finally struck his flag on the death of Mr Fox in 1807. When the king heard of his retirement, he sent for him, and a characteristic colloquy took place, of which we give an abstract:—"Well, Lord St Vincent," his majesty began, "you have now quitted active service, as you say, for ever; tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?" "Very much worse, please your majesty," answered Lord St Vincent. "How so, how so?" asked the king quickly. "Sir," replied Lord St Vincent, "I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present, the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious his services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on." And after a time the veteran added, "Sir, I hope your majesty will pardon me for saying I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land." The king, amused for a minute or two, and then said—"I think you are right, Lord St Vincent—quite right." Lord St Vincent now retired into private life, bearing with him, as Sheridan happily said, 'a triple laurel—over the enemy, the mutineer, and the corrupt.' The state of his health did not allow him to reside long at his house in London, and his small retreat of Rochetts, therefore, became his principal abode; but he occasionally came up to attend the House of Lords, and sometimes spoke on naval subjects. Latterly, however, his infirmities prevented him from attending his parliamentary duties. In March 1823, Lord St Vincent's robust frame was approaching its last functions; old age (he was ninety), debility, and convulsive fits of coughing, had all but worn it out. Yet on the 13th of that month, while the hand of death was upon him, he was still alive to the great passing events of the day; and about eight in the evening, after lying in silent exhaustion for two hours, he departed without a sigh or a groan, in the presence of his affectionate friends, Sir George Grey, Dr Baird, and his faithful old secretary. It is stated he did not die wealthy. He was succeeded in the peerage by his nephew, Mr Edward Jervis Ricketts, inheriting the viscounty only. His remains were interred at Stone, in Staffordshire, quite privately, as his will directed. A public monument is erected to his memory in St Paul's cathedral.

Lord St Vincent was married, 1783, to Martha, daughter of Lord Chief Baron Parker, after a courtship of thirty years. He became a widower in 1816, his wife dying at the age of eighty-one. They left no children.

The lives of naval and military heroes generally present us with scenes of bloodshed, from which the well-regulated and benevolent mind turns with sorrow. War, the greatest of all drawbacks to general civilisation, has an especial tendency to brutalise the minds of those actively engaged in it, unless that tendency be checked by the restrictions of discipline and the influence of

example. Both these meliorations Lord St Vincent introduced into the British naval service. When he rose to power, he took care, while enforcing a wholesome discipline, to use every effort to improve the manners and feelings of those under him, and was unquestionably the father of the 'new school,' which, while it is distinguished for the superior scientific attainments of British naval officers, also presents a marked improvement in their manners and morals.

SMALL COUNTRY PAPERS.

Our occasional suggestions for establishing small and cheap periodical papers in country towns, have, we are glad to say, not been lost sight of. There are now many towns of from two thousand to three thousand inhabitants, in England as well as in Scotland, where such papers have been started, to the advantage alike of the publishers and the public. A few have also been begun in Ireland. When a town, with its neighbourhood, cannot support a weekly newspaper, it can very easily maintain a monthly sheet, occupied partly with advertisements, and partly with miscellaneous literary matter, including a notice of agricultural experiments and movements. The law prevents political intelligence from being given except upon stamped sheets; but we do not consider this restriction a disadvantage. The world has much to learn and be amused with, independently of what is called news.

Small monthly prints (mostly sold for a penny) being thus established, and in the course of making their way in the country, we are anxious that their publishers should sustain them on a respectable footing. In the first place, they ought to be well printed, and be on good paper. It is necessary to offer this hint, for some are not by any means elegant typographical productions. Their printers should exclude all kinds of engravings in connexion with advertisements, nor should any clumsy or coarse-faced letters be introduced. In these respects, as well as in quality of matter, we observe that the papers printed in the small Scotch towns generally excel those produced in England. There is likewise a remarkable distinction between the advertisements in the papers of the two countries. The English monthly sheets abound in quack medicine announcements—whole pages filled with advertisements, or, more correctly speaking, with lying puffs respecting pills, elixirs, and powders, garnished with pictorial embellishments of old men ill with gout, skeletons and coffins, and other equally offensive devices. We have not seen any such advertisements or engravings in the small Scottish papers, in which the announcements chiefly concern the ordinary kinds of goods, the letting of farms, opening of schools, running of coaches, and life-insurance.

The mode of conducting these papers, whether English or Scotch, seems to differ materially. Some appear to have no regular editor, but are composed of scraps gathered together with little taste or skill; others are evidently under proper editorial supervision; trash is excluded; and the original articles are tasteful, varied, and useful. We have latterly seen none which pleases us so much as a paper published by James Lothian, in Alloa, a town in Clackmannanshire, on the north bank of the Forth. This paper, under the title of the 'Alloa Monthly Advertiser,' resembles in shape and quantity of typography a sheet of our Journal previous to its late change of size. While its two outer pages are occupied with advertisements of a respectable kind, the remaining six are filled with literary articles of which no metropolitan print might be ashamed. By way of stimulating this order of productions, we beg to notice the contents of the number for October now before us.

The first article presents a cheering view of the present popular movements for improving the condition of the humbler classes. These are the *Bath* movement, the *Musical* movement, and the *Educational* movement. As to the movement for baths:—'The importance of cleanliness, and especially cleanliness of person, is much

under-estimated. We have to inform few of our readers of the great amount of matter that must continually make its escape through the skin, in order to the enjoyment of good health. If the escape of this matter be obstructed, from want of cleanliness or any other cause, diminished or indifferent health *must follow*. How apparent, then, the value of a clean skin! Is it not one of the many things that are "too true," that from one end of the year to the other a great portion of the community are accustomed only to "wash their face," as the phrase goes?—the hands, however, being of necessity included in the performance of that ceremony. Many do not even that; while it must be admitted there are others who, in order to despatch a cold, or, in rarer cases, from a sense of duty, now and then perform the extraordinary ceremony of "bathing the feet!" We rejoice in such a beneficial movement as that in favour of baths for the working-classes. It gives evidence of the existence of self-respect amongst the working-class originators of them; and it is cheering to notice that this feeling is becoming daily more generally diffused. Let a man cease to respect himself, and he at once makes a retrograde movement. But let a becoming self-respect be maintained, and he will be apt to embrace every opportunity of improving his condition, physically, morally, and intellectually.'

'Another pleasing and delightful movement now in progress, is that in favour of the cultivation of music. The taste for this science is everywhere diffusing itself amongst all ranks of the people, and is a most cheering indication of the dawn of better days. A musically-inclined people can scarcely be other than a virtuous people; and if the national cultivation of music exercises a salutary influence over the national character, it follows that its influence over the individual is no less certain or beneficial. Confident we are, that could the mass of our population be brought under the power of music—could they be induced to cultivate it in their pastimes, and thereby to supersede, by means of it, many of those enjoyments which neither elevate the soul, enlighten the intellect, nor invigorate the body, society would assume, and that ere long, a much more harmonious and delightful aspect than hitherto it has worn. The musical movement in this quarter is cause for deep gratulation.'

Next, as to the educational movement:—'No long as we have an uneducated people, crime must prevail, and seeing that it is one of the chief ends of government to suppress crime, that government cannot be held guiltless which refuses to furnish the means wherewith to educate the people. * * All admit the lamentably uneducated state of the people, but all are at variance as to the process by which they are to be enlightened. Years may elapse before any definite course is resolved upon; and, after all, working-men will find that, so far as they are concerned, *self-culture* must be their resource. They must educate themselves; and a man bent on acquiring knowledge may overcome many obstacles incidental to his condition, and ultimately eclipse others in intelligence who have had superior advantages, but fewer powers of application. Working-men ought to bear in mind, that though their condition in life is by no means what it ought to be, they have, nevertheless, the means in their own power of improving it. Judicious legislation may do much for them, but they may do more for themselves; and those who look listlessly on in expectation of government working wonders on their condition, are just the individuals whom the efforts of no government will be able to awaken from the state of moral and mental torpidity into which they have sunk. Remembering that they have been called to the discharge of higher duties than to "work, work, work," they ought by every legitimate means in their power to improve their moral and intellectual condition.'

The second article in this interesting miscellany is a 'Chapter for the Ladies,' in which is pointed out the beneficial influence of well-educated women in society. The following is not a bad hint:—'Why should our

approach to a lady be the signal for trifling and frivolity? When will the civilities of social life become, through her influence, something beside an exchange of heartless forms, or of self-seeking attentions? Precisely so soon and so fast as woman shall determine to reject the empty adulation of the vain, to be commended only for what deserves praise, and to be entirely sincere and Christian in the social interview no less than by her own fireside. Until this take place, society in fashionable circles will be like "the brilliant assemblies of Paris, a collection of young men who have nothing to do, and young women who have nothing to say." In every domestic relation, the influence of woman is of transcendental concern. Let her measure the responsibilities that attach to her position. A faithful daughter, a kind sister, a disinterested inmate, no less than the parent, must habitually realise the conviction that around that little spot, her home, she is distilling, and must distil, either dews that fertilise the spirit, or night-damps that destroy whatever they may touch.

After this follows an article on Natural History, which is succeeded by accounts of the meetings of horticultural societies &c. queries for solution, notices of books, extracts, and poetical trifles—not trifles, however, to their writers. We close our notice of this promising provincial print, by copying one of those village productions, entitled 'Definition of a Long Visit':—

'To define a long visit, is something like saying
What persons time creeps, trots, or gallops among:
On those it depends, who the visit are paying,
Whether *long* shall be *short*, whether *short* shall be *long*.
If prejudiced pride, or formality prosing,
If smooth-tongued hypocrisy, vain affectation,
Curiosity pert, or stupidity dozing,
Should stay but a *day*, 'tis a long *visitation*.
If ignorance rude, or if slander's sharp voice,
If a poppinjay-coxcomb should pester your ear,
Or if clamorous revelry stun you with noise,
Each *minute's* a *day*, and each *day* is a *year*.
But if worth unaffected, if friendship sincere,
If talents exalted, and wisdom refined,
If candour, good sense, and good nature appear,
Enlarge it, enlightening, enchanting the mind,
How swift flies the time, and how short is their stay!—
Each *day's* but a *minute*, each *year* but a *day*.'

REPRODUCTION OF SILK.

French papers state that Professor Debenne has discovered a method of transforming silk rags into a glutinous paste, which can be drawn out into threads, and then woven into articles equally strong and beautiful, as if formed of the original cocoon silk. In the same way that caoutchouc is drawn out into filaments, and woven into a durable material, so are these remnants of silk reduced to what is no more than its primitive state—namely, a glutinous paste, by means of a dissolvent, and, like fused glass, re-acquires, on coming into the air, all its original strength and tenacity. Having found the best dissolvent of the caoutchouc (the distillation of this elastic resin), Professor Debenne was not deceived when he thought that he could also distil silk, which he found to be the true medium for its dissolution. The crude silk, and that which is not dyed, was easily managed. The inventor at present has found no difficulty but with the dyed portions of silk, and more especially the black ones; but he hopes, by continuing his close attention to the subject, to overcome this difficulty. This is certainly a very startling discovery, and one of whose value it is, in its present state, impossible to form any estimate. Every one knows the important uses to which linen, cotton, and even woollen rags are applied; but hitherto, worn-out silk has been of no value whatever. If, however, it is possible to dissolve them into a glutinous paste analogous to, or the same with, that which exists within the silk-worm (and which is derived from the caoutchouc which exists in the mulberry leaves) before it spins its cocoon, then there will be little difficulty of drawing it out into filaments for the use of the weaver.

ANTI-BOWING SOCIETY.

The practice of bowing has arrived at an inconvenient degree of frequency on the continent. In Germany, a man is bound to pay this mark of so-called politeness to every

one with whom he has the smallest acquaintance. A person, therefore, who moves much in what is called 'society,' cannot take the shortest walk in a public street or promenade, without having to go through a rather elaborate evolution some half-dozen times: he has at first to slacken his pace; when beside the person he meets, to place his hand to his hat, and *after* passing him, either to lift it from his head, or, if to a lady, to take it fairly off and put it on again. This has at length been found extremely inconvenient and fatiguing, and a society has recently been established at Berlin to abolish the practice, by each member entering into an agreement never to follow it. The French newspaper from which we copy the information recommends the formation of a similar association in Paris; and not without reason, for the French outdo even the Germans in the assiduity with which they practise bowing. They not only observe it amongst friends and slight acquaintances, but often towards perfect strangers. When you enter and leave a café, you are expected to bow: you cannot go into the humblest shop without bowing at least twice to the *femme* or *filie de boutique*: if you meet a stranger on the stairs, in a passage, or inside a public vehicle, you must bow. In country places, you are bound to bow to every individual you meet, because they either bow or curtsy to you. The French editor, in recommending the abatement of this custom, commences his strictures on it on æsthetic grounds. It is, he argues, a tasteless and unbecoming evolution. 'Can,' he asks, 'there be anything more ungraceful than the movement of the arm when it is raised above the nose to touch that hideous black head-dress of beaver or of silk with which European man surmounts his visage? Can there be anything more stupid than the comical movement which he afterwards executes, hat in hand, under the plea of politeness, and which gives to the most comely figure the air of a puppet suddenly distorted by the pulling of a thread or the pressure of a spring? From considerations of art and taste, the projected reform is therefore evidently necessary. It is equally desirable in a sanitary point of view. In so often exposing your head to the elements, it may happen that a current of air or a torrent of rain may inflict a severe catarrh. Lastly, on the score of domestic economy, such frequent bowing ought to be abolished; a hat a month is almost necessary to keep up a respectable appearance, for the rim is so soon worn by the constant action to which it is subjected by the incessant succession of bows which it assists in perpetrating.' Such are the facetious arguments put forth by our French contemporary to stimulate the formation of a society similar to that established at Berlin. On this side the Channel no such efforts need be made. The national reserve for which we are celebrated is a bar to any more frequent bowing than is absolutely necessary to keep up that degree of sociality which outward forms contribute to preserve.

SONNET.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

THERE is a spirit in this world of ours,
Albeit unobserved by vulgar eye,
Of gentlest grace and queenly majesty.
The poet is her lover; in her bowers
He still for aye would spend the happy hours:
With her he drinks the cloudless morning sky,
Marks in the storm heaven's dazzling arrows fly,
And evening build l' the west her golden towers.
With her, his ever young and beautiful guide,
He scans the earth, the ocean, and the air;
Explores the haunts where peace and joy abide,
And worships grace and beauty everywhere.
In her dear bosom he his heart doth hide,
Nor chance nor change shall that pure love impair.

NOTE.

The answer to the Enigma in No. 38 is—**NOTHING.**

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RELATIONSHIP.

It is a poetical idea of old standing, that there is something in blood-relationship which is quite irrepressible, and never fails to make itself known through the thickest disguises. Thus, a child lost in infancy, coming into the presence of its parents at a future period, is supposed always to excite in their bosoms such feelings as are sure, sooner or later, to lead to a recognition. There is more of sentimental beauty than of truth in the notion, and we have, in reality, no well authenticated case of children being affiliated in this manner, unless where there was a likeness, or some other circumstance, to give rise to a suspicion. The fact is, that parents and children, brothers and sisters, who have never seen each other, may be brought together, and continue to meet for years, and never dream of the relationship which exists between them. They are to each other merely human beings, members of the great democracy, bearing no natural ensigns of any kind to awaken those yearnings of which poetical writers speak. It will, indeed, sometimes happen that a trace of family resemblance awakens a supposition of the relationship, and that this occasionally leads to a clearing up of the case; but of mysterious recognitions, through the force of some unseen principle, such as is usually called the voice of nature, there is assuredly no satisfactory evidence.

There is likewise a prevalent belief that relations, fully cognisant of each other, are endowed by nature with a mysterious mutual affection which nothing can ever altogether extinguish. Thus a parent expects to be necessarily, or by the mere force of nature, beloved by his children, however he may treat them. Thus brothers and sisters, uncles and nephews, aunts and nieces, all expect to find themselves held reciprocally in great regard, simply because of those relations; although it may be that they have never before been in each other's company, or had any other opportunity of forming the slightest attachment. This belief is not so entirely unfounded as the preceding. Nature has given to the mother an instinctive love of her offspring, though this appears in very different degrees in different individuals, and only has force during the tender age of the children. There is also a certain feeling entertained at all periods of life amongst blood-relations, a certain interest in each other, independent of habits of intimacy, being apparently a modification of the *amour propre*, as if we held these persons as somehow part of ourselves. But beyond these feelings, which may be admitted to be implanted by nature in our mental constitution, there is certainly nothing in consanguinity calculated to produce attachment. There, as in other relations of life, friendship depends simply upon those conditions which are usually productive of it—as old association, congeni-

ality of dispositions, community of likings and dislikes, and the interchange of civilities and benefits.

I do not think it necessary to attempt to support this proposition by many arguments; for it seems to me that a little reflection will show to all rational persons that no other conclusion can be come to. The opposite notion seems to be merely one of the dreams of early mankind, which have been handed down from one generation to another, escaping challenge purely from their reaching us at a time of life when all that is offered to the mind is accepted. And I would say that this is peculiarly one of those nurse-implemented notions which are of all others the most apt to take deep root in our minds, and afterwards to defy the efforts of reason to supplant them. Perhaps it would be found in nine out of ten of all the best intellects of the country, that they believe, without inquiry, or any just foundation for their belief, that there is a kind of witchcraft in blood-relationship, making mutual love of parent and child, of brother and brother, independent of all worldly conditions. The idea has in it some poetical beauty and interest; but it is nevertheless a great error, and, like all errors, liable to produce evil.

It seems to me that a large part of the occasional unhappiness attending relationship may be traced to this cause. Relations depend upon the efficacy of the supposed instinct for procuring and retaining mutual affection, and, secure in this reliance, see no occasion to cultivate friendship or attachment by the ordinary and only legitimate methods. Often parents will treat their children with coldness or even harshness, conceiving that nevertheless the children will or ought to regard them with reverence and affection. Brothers and sisters, in like manner, trusting to an abstraction which has no existence but in the mind, often act with levity or unkindness towards each other, expecting nevertheless that the offended individual will overlook it by virtue of the instinctive regard arising from relationship. And generally, it may be observed that a reliance upon this supposed instinct induces, in domestic circles, a much less careful conduct amongst the various members, with regard to each other's feelings and interests, than is to be seen amongst associates who are not akin. The parent thinks he may indulge safely in a little tyranny over his little ones—'are they not my children, and should they not therefore love me?' He may be unreasonable as much as he chooses with one who *ought to be ever attached*; he may insult and mortify the most sensitive of natures, and yet expect to see the wounded being crouch, spaniel-like, at his feet, the more loving that he has been aggrieved; he may show a general conduct in life which no one can respect; yet he will expect that his children are to be unaffected in the attachment by all such circumstances. Or, at the best, the parent may take no pains to cul-

affections of the children. Fulfilling only the most obvious duties, he may never address his young ones with a kindly word or caress, but always act towards them with the appearance, if not the reality, of indifference. And yet this man will expect to be as much beloved by his offspring through the whole extent of their joint lives, as if he had been continually pouring benedictions and acts of kindness upon them. Here is surely an error of great magnitude, which it is most desirable to see corrected. There are, too, fathers, and even mothers, who, though fond of their children, and sufficiently anxious to advance their happiness, have, from awkwardness or some other habits of the mind, no power of showing their feelings. Perhaps they, on the contrary, take refuge from the difficulty they are under, in a hard external manner, bearing an appearance of indifference, if not of unkindness. Here, likewise, the full stream of affection is expected to flow from the children: but can it do so? Can the children of such parents love them as much as if they had been in the habit, from the dawn of intelligence, of experiencing every mark of parental affection? It is evidently impossible. I have heard of a mother of excellent general character who had always borne to her numerous children an appearance of comparative coldness. She confessed to them on her death-bed, to their great surprise, that in reality she had always felt in the warmest manner towards them all, but was utterly incapable of expressing her real sentiments. This was surely most unfortunate; for it cannot be doubted that the children of this mother would have displayed a much warmer degree of regard towards her through life, if they had not been all along under an impression that she was indifferent to them. How much, then, of possible happiness was forfeited in this family in consequence of a *bad manner*, probably induced at first by a false notion regarding the natural affections.

It is strange that, while meliorations are sought in all departments of social polity, no one ever thinks of the tremendous oppressions and grievances which prevail in domestic circles. The mercilessness of the most barbarous ages flourishes to this day in many a household bearing every external mark of propriety. Persons of all imaginable respectability in their ordinary conduct, take leave to act with Draconic tyranny and cruelty towards the helpless beings committed by nature to their charge, and whose very inability to resist or escape ought to be a strong pleading in their behalf. To every caprice that the human mind is capable of, to every possible peculiarity of heartlessness, jealousy, malignity, children are exposed at the hands of their parents, and yet no one can presume to interfere. A parent can take leave to visit a child with every kind of persecution in word and act, and yet the sufferer has not even the poor consolation of public sympathy if he attempts to reclaim against the injury. And all this is mainly on account of a notion, that there is a mystic tie between parent and child, which at once renders their relation independent of all the ordinary principles of human nature, and raises it above the scope of all human law. When we consult nature herself, we hear nothing of such a tie. Ask any child who is well-treated by its parents why it loves them, and invariably you have for answer, 'because they are kind to me,' or something to the same effect. And when investigation is made into the feelings of an ill-used child towards its parents, the result as invariably is, that these are found to be objects of dread and dislike in consequence of their conduct.

What I wish to impress, in fine, by this paper, is, that the affections of relatives towards each other are simply governed, like the affections of persons not akin, by the *merits* in which they treat each other. Here you no more from thorns, than in any other department

The practice of bow relations. To attain, therefore, degree of frequency on fictions of children, or of brothers is bound to pay this necessary to have always appeared

before them in a kindly and beneficent character, and to have always spoken and acted with a deference to their feelings. Not that there may not be much good-humoured latitude of discourse amongst the members of a family; but certainly all hard and biting speeches should be as carefully avoided here as in miscellaneous society. Let these conditions be observed, and amity and mutual helpfulness, love and peace, will undoubtedly be realised; but let an opposite course be followed, and the results will as unquestionably be opposite. The parent will be unhonoured by his children, and he will deserve to be so. And brothers and sisters, who might have promoted each other's happiness to an almost indefinite extent, will find themselves a source of continual mutual heart-burning and vexation.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.

THIRD ARTICLE—THE DRAMA AND FICTION.

THE Chinese are excessively fond of theatrical representation, consequently the drama is one of the most extensively-supplied departments of their literature. Their mode of performing plays accords with that of the British stage when in its infancy. There are no scenes; but the dresses of the best companies are splendid, and costly in the extreme. The women's parts, moreover, are performed by young men and boys. Their theatres are seldom stationary; and the actors wander from town to town, where they exhibit their performances for hire. On festivals, the government contributes to their reward, as our own corporations did to that of English strolling companies in the olden time; but the usual plan is, for the inhabitants of the town they may visit to subscribe a purse and engage them. A temporary theatre is erected, and the whole neighbourhood liberally allowed to attend. When the actors have concluded their performances, they move off to another quarter, and the same thing is repeated. It is customary to employ actors at private entertainments, which are never considered complete without a theatrical exhibition. Upon such occasions a list of plays is handed to the most distinguished guest, who selects whichever most accords with his fancy. The principal mans and all large private establishments have a room expressly for this purpose.

Not only witnessing, but reading plays, would appear to be a favourite pastime of the Chinese, if we may judge from the vast number of such productions already extant, and constantly added to. They do not divide these productions into tragedies and comedies; but an equally broad distinction exists, their plays being of two kinds: historical dramas, which, like those of the Greeks, represent the actions of some ancient hero; and domestic dramas, taken from ordinary and familiar life. They have no divisions into acts and scenes. The dialogue is in ordinary prose, but interspersed with snatches of song or vaudevilles, which the principal performer chants forth in unison with music. The name of the tune is inserted at the head of each passage which is to be sung, exactly as it is in the lighter pieces of the French school. Of 'The Sorrows of Han,' one of their best historical plays, Mr Davis remarks, in the preface to his translation, that it is in 'remarkable accordance with our own canons of criticism. The unity of action is complete, and the unities of time and place much less violated than they frequently are on the English stage. The grandeur and gravity of the subject, the rank and dignity of the personages, the tragical catastrophe, and the strict award of poetical justice, might satisfy the most rigid admirer of Grecian rules; and, the translator might have added, every admirer also of the stock repertory of English tragedy; for in this Chinese play there is, in common with ninety-nine pathetic dramas out of a hundred, a hero-lover, an injured heroine, a rival, and a villain; but the working out of the plot, exhibiting as it does some curious points of Chinese manners, imparts the charm of novelty to the European

reader. A short account of, and a few quotations from, 'The Sorrows of Han' (*Han Keong Tsew*), will afford a favourable notion of the Chinese drama. It is one of the classics, being selected from 'The Hundred Plays of Yuen.'

The Emperor Yuenta, of the Han dynasty, was one of the many Chinese monarchs who preferred luxury and courtly pleasures to war; and at the beginning of the play, he declares that his peaceful propensities have been much indulged, for

'Long have the frontiers been bound in tranquillity by the ties of mutual oaths,
And our pillow has been undisturbed by grief or anxiety.'

The fact is, a truce has just been concluded with the restless Tartars on the Mongol frontier. In this agreeable state of things he commissions his favourite minister, Maou-yen-show, to seek throughout his realm for all the most beautiful of womankind between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and to send him portraits of each, that from them he may select a princess. The minister—who is the villain of the play—starts on his mission, which he makes extremely profitable to himself, by taking bribes from the parents of several girls, to wink at a little flattery in the likenesses. At length he meets with a maiden whose beauty requires no flattery from the painter's art. In a soliloquy, the wicked mandarin thus describes her attractions and his own base designs.—'The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow! She was perfectly beautiful, and doubtless unparalleled in the whole empire. But unfortunately her father is a cultivator of land, not possessed of much wealth.' When I insisted on a hundred ounces of gold, to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty, and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. (*Consulters awhile.*) But no! I have a better plan. (*He knits his brows, and matures his scheme.**) I will disfigure her portrait in such manner that, when it reaches the emperor, it shall secure her being doomed to neglected seclusion.' In this object he succeeds; the girl is ordered to repair to the palace, in spite of her supposed ugliness, and once within its walls, she could never, by the law of the country, return home. In this imprisonment she afterwards appears with a lute, and 'sorrowing in the stillness of midnight: let me,' she continues, 'practise one of my songs to dispel my griefs.' While singing, the emperor happens to pass near her with a single attendant, to whom he complains, that among all the beauties selected to grace his palace, he has not yet discovered an object worthy of preference. Hearing the music, he inquires, 'Is not that some lady's lute?

Attend. It is; I hasten to advise her of your majesty's approach.

Emp. No; hold! Keeper of the yellow gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains, and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

Attend. (*Approaches in the direction of the sound, and speaks*). What lady plays there? The emperor comes; approach to meet him. (*Lady advances.*)

Emp. Keeper of the yellow gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

Lady. (*Approaching.*) Had your handmaid but known it was your majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

Emp. Truly this is a very perfect beauty! From what quarter come such superior charms?

The lady declares her birth, parentage, and education, by which means the fraud of the mandarin is discovered.

Emp. Keeper of the yellow gate, bring us that picture, that we may view it. (*Sees the picture.*) Ah! how has

he dimmed the purity of the gem; bright as the waves in autumn? (*To the attendant.*) Transmit our pleasure to the officer of the guard to behead Maou-yen-show, and report to us his execution.'

The traitor, however, manages to escape this very summary sentence, and the plot thickens. He flies to the Tartar camp, then assembled at the frontier, and excites the khan or chief to invade his late master's territories. To afford a pretext, he shows the Tartar prince a true portrait of the heroine, and persuades him to demand the lady of the emperor. No sooner said than done: an envoy is despatched by the khan, who adds, 'Should he refuse, I will presently invade the south; his hills and rivers shall be exposed to ravage. Our warriors will commence by hunting, as they proceed on their way; and thus, gradually entering the frontiers, I shall be ready to act as may best suit the occasion.' The arrival of the envoy finds Yuenta desperately enamoured of the heroine, while she returns the passion with equal warmth. The Tartar's demand fills him with distress. He calls on his officers to rid him of the invaders; but the ministry bewail the weakness of the empire, and call on his majesty to consult its peace by complying with the khan's demand. Anything rather than war; and the emperor consents. Both lovers are in despair; and the following parting scene takes place. The actors in it, besides the hero and heroine, are the Tartar envoy, and the Chinese president of the board of censors.

Envoy. Lady, let us urge you to proceed on your way; the sky darkens, and night is coming on.

Prin. Alas! when shall I again behold your majesty? I will take off my robes of distinction, and leave them behind me. To-day in the palace of Han; to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. I will cease to wear these splendid vestments; they shall no longer adorn my beauty in the eyes of men!

Envoy. Again let us urge you, princess, to depart; we have delayed but too long already!

Emp. 'Tis done! Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell with sorrow and resentment upon us. (*They part.*) And am I the great monarch of the line of Han?

Presid. Let your majesty cease to dwell with such grief upon this subject!

The lady is led off, and his majesty vents his disappointment in invectives against the cowardice of his army.

Emp. She is gone! In vain have we maintained those armed heroes on the frontiers. Mention but swords and spears, and they tremble at their hearts like a young deer. The princess has this day performed what belonged to themselves; and yet do they affect the semblance of men!

Presid. Your majesty is intreated to return to the palace; dwell not so bitterly, sir, on her memory; allow her to depart!

Emp. Did I not think of her, I had a heart of iron—a heart of iron! The tears of my grief stream in a thousand channels. This evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace, where I will sacrifice to it; and tapers, with their silvery light, shall illuminate her chamber.'

Meanwhile the heroine reaches the Tartar camp. Her charms make a deep impression on the khan, but the damsel is inconsolable for the loss of her emperor. The Tartar army marches off with the lovely prize towards their own territories, and the catastrophe approaches. When they reach the boundary of the Chinese empire (at a spot marked as minutely in the play as if it were a book of topography), the princess exclaims, 'What place is this?

Envoy. It is the river of the Black Dragon, the frontier of the Tartar territories, and those of China. This southern shore is the emperor's; on the northern side commences our Tartar dominion.

Princess. (*To the khan.*) Great king, I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the south; my last

* Stage directions are very distinctly marked in Chinese plays. Instead of 'enter' and 'exit,' they use the words *shang*, 'ascend,' and *hau*, 'descend.'

farewell to the emperor. (*Pours the libation.*) Emperor of Hân, this life is finished; I await thee in the next! (*Throws herself into the river.*)

The damsel is drowned, and the khan deeply distressed. He decrees that her sepulchre shall be placed on the river's bank, and called 'The Verdant Tomb'; and, as a sort of expiation, makes up his quarrel with the Chinese emperor, to whom he delivers over the traitorous mandarin. The scene returns to the Imperial palace, and the play ends thus:—

Presid. This day, after the close of the morning council, a foreign envoy appeared, bringing with him the fettered traitor Maou-yen-show. He announces that the ronegade, by deserting his allegiance, led to the breach of truce, and occasioned all these calamities. The princess is no more! and the khan wishes for peace and friendship between the two nations. The envoy attends with reverence your imperial decision.

Emp. Then strike off the traitor's head, and be it presented as an offering to the shade of the princess! Let a fit banquet be got ready for the envoy, preparatory to his return. (*Recites these verses.*)

At the fall of the leaf, when the wild-fowl's cry was heard in the recesses of the palace,
Sad dreams returned to our lonely pillow—we thought of her through the night.
Her verdant tomb remains, but where shall we seek herself?
The perfidious painter's head shall atone for the beauty which he wronged!

We now turn to novels and romances, which are extensively read by the Chinese. Some of them present a remarkable resemblance to our own. The chapters are occasionally headed by verses appropriate to their contents, like the mottos of English novels. On the same principle which dictates the selection of names in English fiction for such characters as Sir Anthony Absolute, Young Rapid, Oldbuck, Waverley, namely, a reference to their dispositions and conduct, names are selected for the characters in Chinese novels. Thus, the hero of one of the most popular Chinese tales, 'The Fortunate Union' (Hao-n-kew-chuen), is named Teih-choo-nyu, or 'Iron'; and he is a very strong and determined fellow. The literal import of the heroine's name (Shwey-ping-sin) is 'icy-hearted,' a trope implying, amongst European as well as Chinese poets, chaste.* This lady's father, an extremely inflexible person, is Shwey-un, literally, 'dwelling in singleness of purpose'; there is scarcely a novel from which similar examples might not be obtained. Another point of the comparison with European fictions is presented in alternation of dialogue with description which takes place in Chinese stories. In the art of sustaining a plot, and finally conducting it to the denouement, but little or no difference can be perceived between the best Chinese and the best English romances. 'It is in picturing the details of social life,' observes M. Abel Remusat, 'that the authors of Chinese romance excel, approaching very nearly in this respect to Richardson and Fielding, but, above all, to Smollett and Miss Burney. Like these novelists, the Chinese produce a high degree of illusion by the truth of their portraiture of the passions and of character. Their personages possess all possible reality. One seems to make their acquaintance by reading of their actions, by hearing them talk, and by following the minute particulars into which their conversations enter.† One scene from the 'Fortunate Union' will exemplify this, and give a favourable notion of Chinese jurisprudence. A frontier general has been condemned to death, and the hero (Teih-choo-nyu), the son of one of the judges (Teih-ying), rushes into the court to plead the general's cause. The three members of the triple-court had not ventured, after the emperor's approval of his minister's advice, to record their dissent. At the same

time, however, that they confirmed the sentence of beheading, and waited only for the imperial warrant to execute the same, they still felt a secret uneasiness at the prisoner's fate; and when a person was seen entering the court, and thus loudly addressing them, they experienced a mixed sensation of alarm at the disturbance, regret for their sentence, and resentment at the intrusion. Discovering, on a closer view, that it was Teih-choo-nyu, the other two members felt unwilling to be harsh; but his father struck the table with fury, and rated him in round terms, demanding how he presumed thus madly to address so high a court, assembled there by imperial commission to decide on a capital case? "The laws admit of no private feelings," cried he, and ordered the intruder into custody; but Teih-choo-nyu loudly exclaimed, "My lord, you are mistaken; the emperor himself suspends the drum at his palace gate, and admits all to state their hardships without reserve; may I not be allowed to right the injured before this very tribunal of life and death?" "What have you to do with the prisoner," inquired his father, "that you should right his case?" The Brutus-like father orders his son into custody for daring to show contempt of court; but his two colleagues interfere in favour of the young man, whom they 'pacify with good words.' But he is not to be silenced, and after some further discussion, exclaims, "Let me ask you what meant that saying of the ancient emperor, 'Thrice be death delayed,'* or of the ancient minister, 'In three cases only be death inflexibly awarded? Your reasonings, if true, would go far to deprive these sacred characters of their reputation for wisdom."

The two other judges answered not a word, but his father broke silence. "Foolish boy, say no more. This man's death is inevitable." Teih-choo-nyu, however, rejoined with warmth, "Brave men and worthy leaders are the rare productions of heaven; if your lordships are inflexible, and persist in condemning How-heau to death, let me intreat you to condemn me with him!" "But his guilt and incapacity have been proved," said Teih-ying; "it is only condemning a worthless servant; is there anything extraordinary in that?" "Men's capacities are not so easily known," said his son; "the courage and ability of this leader are such, that if he be reappointed to the frontier, he shall prove another 'wall of a thousand leagues'‡—no hero of the age may compare with him." "Allowing his capacity to be great," observed the father, "his delinquency is still greater." "The ablest leaders," said Teih-choo-nyu, "must ever be liable to commit errors; and hence it is customary for the emperor to reprieve them for a while, that they may redeem themselves by acts of merit." "But in that case," remarked one of the judges, "somebody must be surety; will you venture to be answerable for him?" "If How-heau be restored to his command," replied he, "I intreat that my own head may answer for his misconduct, as the just punishment of such rashness." The other two judges now turned to Teih-ying, and said, "Since your lordship's son thus publicly tenders his personal responsibility, it befits us to make a formal representation, and request his majesty's pleasure." Teih-ying was compelled, under the circumstances of the case, to assent to this: the leader was accordingly remanded to prison; and Teih-choo-nyu, being called upon to enter into a written engagement on the spot, was placed in custody for the time being. By this spirited conduct Teih-choo-nyu succeeds in saving the injured general.

It is impossible to detail the involved and exciting plot of this excellent tale sufficiently to give even the merest outline. It will, however, well repay perusal. A translation of it has been made by Mr Davis, at the expense of the 'Oriental Translation Fund,' and a co-

* Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.—*Hamlet*.

† Preface to the 'Two Cousins,' translated from Chinese into French.

* Such is the actual practice in ordinary cases at the present day; first, by the local magistrate, who refers to the provincial judge; next, by the provincial judge, who refers to the criminal tribunal; lastly, by the criminal tribunal, which refers to the emperor.

‡ The Chinese name for their great wall.

pious epitome of the story appeared in the 28th volume of the Asiatic Journal. The plot of another tale, however, called the 'Three Dedicated Rooms,' falls better within our compass:—

Two men, named Tang and Yu, live in the same street. Yu is constantly spending his estate, while his neighbour is as avariciously increasing his; gradually buying up Yu's property, till all the latter has left in the world is a single building, which rose to three storeys, each consisting of a single room; the lowest he dedicated to men, being that in which he received his friends; in the middle room he read and wrote, and dedicated it to the ancients; the highest was dedicated to heaven, and had only within it a sacred book and a chafing-dish for incense. It seems that in China, if a man, on selling his estate, reserve any part, however small, he can at any time redeem the rest; so that a purchase under such reserve is no more than a mortgage. This circumstance was annoying to Tang, the avaricious man, who tried by every possible means to get possession of the 'three dedicated rooms;' and thus cut off the privilege of redemption. In the midst of Yu's poverty, he was visited by a wealthy and benevolent friend, who generously offered to redeem his house and gardens; but the other having turned somewhat cynical, resolutely declined it, saying the three rooms would do for him; that he could not live long; and that at his death every brick and tile would go to strangers. The friend, on taking leave, thus addressed him: 'At night, while I was feeping in the lowest room, I observed a white rat, which suddenly sunk into the floor. Some treasure is no doubt concealed there. On no account part with these three rooms.' But Yu only laughed at his friend's caution. Yu had a son born to him in his old age, on which occasion his guests poured in upon him in such numbers, that, according to the Chinese expression, 'they ate his salt clem, and drank his vinegar dry.' He sold his rooms to the purchaser of the other part of the property, and died shortly after, leaving his widow and son in great distress. The rich Tang died also.

The son, however, became a great scholar, and of course acquired a mandarin's cap. One day, as he was travelling towards his mother's house, a young woman presented a petition in the name of her husband, imploring his protection, and offering, with his whole family, to become his slaves. Her father-in-law (who happened to be Tang), she said, was a rich man, and while he lived, contrived to keep out of scrapes; but he made many enemies; and at his death his son was persecuted by them, and lost a great part of his property; but that a greater misfortune had now befallen him—he was cast into prison, and none but himself (the mandarin) could get him out. The young man conceived it to be some trick, but the woman assured him to the contrary. 'In the midst of our property,' said she, 'is a tall building, called "the three dedicated rooms." It originally belonged to your lordship's father, but was sold. We lived in it for several years without molestation. Lately, however, some one presented an anonymous petition to the courts, saying that my husband was one of a nest of robbers; and that the three generations, from the grandfather to the grandson, were all rogues; that there were now twenty pieces of treasure deposited under the "three dedicated rooms," and that when the hoard was taken up, the particulars would be understood.' She went on to state that, in consequence of this information, the magistrates caused a search to be made, 'that the treasure was found, her husband apprehended, and sent to prison, where he underwent the torture, to force him to a discovery of his associates. Nothing,' she adds, 'can save us but your claiming the money, which must have belonged to your family.' The young mandarin refused to do this, but promised to inquire of the magistrate into the particulars of the case.

On mentioning the circumstance to his mother, she immediately called to her recollection the story of the

white rat, which the young man laughed at; but the magistrate, who had now arrived, thought there was something in it which would give them a clue to the business, especially when the mother informed him, that ten years after her husband's death, his friend had paid her a visit, and inquired whether, before they sold the 'three dedicated rooms,' they had discovered any treasure; and that, being answered in the negative, he said it was a fine thing for those who had bought the property, but that, undeserving of the wealth they had thus acquired, instead of a blessing, it would turn out their greatest misfortune. During this conversation the old gentleman made his appearance, and the story of the white rat and the treasure was at once unraveled; the treasure was employed in redeeming the property of the deceased Yu; and the son of Tang was released from prison.

In order to remember these circumstances, every one had a stanza of verses, the object of which was to advise persons of opulence not to be contriving schemes for the acquirement of their neighbours' property. The lines were to this effect:—

By want compelled, he sold his house and land:
Both house and land the purchasers return.
Thus profit ends the course by virtue planned,
While envious plotters their misfortunes mourn.

Of course it would be possible, from such an immense library as Chinese literature presents, to multiply specimens of the various departments of writing in which Chinese authors excel. Enough, however, has been selected to give the reader a notion of the high state of literary art in the 'Celestial Empire.'

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

ASCENT OF THE PARIQU AND PETIT PUY DE DOME.

Our vehicle, as I said, had descended the southern slopes of the low hills which lie to the south-west of Vichy, and entered on the principal plain of the Limagne, now rich in all that renders the earth beautiful, but, in the remoteness of past ages, the bottom of a great fresh-water lake. Advancing at easy pace along avenues of massive walnut-trees, we had an opportunity of observing the fertility of the alluvial fields on each side of us, the country being loaded with crops of grain, part of which were already, though early in July, falling under the hands of the reaper. Occasionally, we also passed patches of land doing the double duty of supporting crops of bright green herbage and clusters of apple-trees, the natural fertility of the soil in such cases being greatly augmented by artificial irrigation.

In the course of our ride across the plain, we passed through the small towns of Aigue-Peise, Rhioni, and Mont-Ferrand, the latter situated on the summit of a rising ground, and consisting of heavy buildings of a dark-coloured lava. At this point we had gained within two or three miles of the further limits of the plain, and the town of Clermont came prominently into view, backed by a semicircle of mountains broken into masses, varying alike in height and colour; the lower consisting of round-topped hills, clothed in vineyards and cottages, while those behind, heathy and brown, rose to a majestic height, and were gathered around the gigantic Puy de Dome, as if clinging to a common protector and parent.

At length we reached Clermont, favourably situated on a flattish low hill, sloping gently in all directions, at the verge of the Limagne. The ascending approaches to this ancient capital of Auvergne are described by old travellers as so vile and offensive, that we were pleasingly disappointed in finding them much improved, and that the town generally had in recent times undergone numerous reparations, so as to be now one of the neatest and best built in France. As at Mont-Ferrand, the houses are built of lava, and the streets paved with the same material. There is, however, nothing,

strange in the employment of this volcanic product, many of our Scottish towns being constructed of whinstone, which is only a compact species of lava, of a light-blue colour. The lava-stone of Clermont is grayish-black, and vesicular; that is, full of small holes, like the cooled cinders of furnaces; but it is excessively hard, and so impervious to the weather, that the stones of the cathedral, which is built of it, though hewn six hundred years ago, are as sharp in their angles as the day they were fashioned by the builder.

Leaving the examination of the town to a future opportunity, I was anxious to take advantage of the settled fine weather to pay my visit to the range of adjoining puys or peaks. To be done properly, this requires a guide, and the use of a car; for about five miles must be passed over in ascending the braes, or low hills, formerly noticed, before we reach the base of the principal mountains. A car was accordingly hired, well-provisioned for a day's excursion, and, accompanied by a geological friend from Edinburgh,* who was fortunately on the same errand, and had already procured a guide, our party drove out of Clermont, on an expedition the most interesting in which we had ever been engaged. While pursuing our way beyond the barriers, let us consider for a moment what it is we are going to see.

In the year 1751, two members of the Academy of Paris, Guettard and Malesherbes, on their return from Italy, where they had visited Vesuvius, and observed its productions, passed through Montelimart, a small town on the left bank of the Rhone. Here they were surprised to observe that the pavement of the streets consisted of masses of basalt, brought from Rochemaure, on the opposite side of the river; and they were, moreover, told that there was a mountain-tract in that direction which abounded with similar rocks. Incited by a love of science, they proceeded in search of the basaltic hills, and, step by step, reached Clermont in Auvergne, discovering every day fresh reason to believe in the volcanic origin of the mountains they traversed. At Clermont, all doubts on the subject ceased. The currents of lava in the vicinity, black and rugged as those of Vesuvius, descending uninterruptedly from some conical hills of scoria, most of which present a regular crater, convinced them of the truth of their conjectures, and they loudly proclaimed the interesting discovery. On their return to Paris, M. Guettard published a memoir, announcing the existence of volcanic remains in Auvergne, but obtained very little credit. The idea appeared to most persons an extravagance; but the obstinacy of ignorance was finally forced to yield to conviction, and the investigations of Demarest in 1771 put an end to all doubt on the question.†

The more recent inquiries of our indefatigable and ingenious countryman, Scrope, and others, French and English, have brought the volcanic region of Auvergne prominently into notice as a field of geological study. Nor is it without interest to ordinary travellers. A great cluster or chain of conical mountains, each an extinct volcano, left very much in the form it possessed at the moment of cooling, when it ceased to act—and which may have been ten thousand years ago, for what anybody can tell—is not a thing seen every day, or in every situation. Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, smoke and rage, and from time to time vomit forth their currents of liquid lava and their showers of scoria. Here are dozens of volcanic heights once equally active, but now dormant, and covered with the soil and herbage of accumulated centuries—a region of fire and smoke transformed by time into a tranquil sheep and cattle walk. It was the central point of this once extraordinary scene of commotion that we were going to see.

Our way lay along a road which wound itself in a singular and picturesque manner up the acclivities of the hills, in a direction westward from Clermont, every

turn of the path revealing some new and striking prospect. The lower ridges, consisting of calcareous stratified rocks, were chiefly covered with vineyards; but to these succeeded small fields of grain; and these, in their turn, gave way to heathy uplands, through which projected masses of bare rock, either lava or granite. These features of the country around us were, however, for the time less attractive than its human inhabitants. Nearly all the way, from the gates of Clermont to the summit of the plateau on which the peaks appear to rest, a distance of several miles, we encountered and passed a seemingly continuous band, or series of bands, of mountaineers proceeding with cars of firewood to market. This was my first introduction to the descendants of the ancient Gauls, as they are supposed to be, and it was with something more than mere curiosity that I examined their garb and personal appearance, as they descended the successive slopes towards the plain. The cars, rude in their construction, and piled with chopped brushwood, were each drawn by two cows or oxen, bound together by a yoke across the forehead, to which the pole of the vehicle is attached. No reins were employed. Before each vehicle stalked its saturnine conductor, having a long rod over his shoulder, with which by a touch he guided his docile and downcast charge in any required direction. The garments of the men were coarse, and wild in aspect; a black hat slouched over their grim features and long matted hair; while the bulk of the person was concealed under a cloak of striped woollen, confined like a woman's petticoat round the neck. Pouring down almost in a continuous line from the summit of the hills, the eye caught them at different points of the zig-zag declivity, and was charmed with the picturesque effect of the scene. These mountaineers, as we were informed, speak a peculiar dialect, not understood by the natives of the towns, though they generally possess a sufficiency of the vernacular French to transact their business when coming to market with their rural produce. Persons competent to form a judgment, have declared that the patois of these mountaineers contains a number of Celtic words; and, if so, there could not be a more convincing proof of their direct descent from the original inhabitants of Gaul. Their language, however, from the specimens of it printed in Clermont, appears to possess a much greater resemblance to Italian than any other tongue, from which a fanciful investigator might with equal plausibility assign to them a directly Roman origin. Like the rest of the French nation, they are doubtless Romanised Celts, only less changed and cultivated than their more highly-favoured countrymen. In character, they are rude and uneducated, and I was assured that the crimes of a savage people are not uncommon amongst them.

Having attained the brow of the eminence, we found ourselves pursuing a slightly inclined plain, keeping the village of Orcines on our left, and observing on both sides tracts of land little better than a wilderness of scattered rocks, and stones, and broken ground. At the distance of a mile further on, our journey with the car terminated. Alighting at an auberge by the wayside—a gloomy abode with a vaulted roof—we placed the haversack of provisions on the back of the guide, requested the driver of our vehicle to proceed round to the other side of the mountains, to await our return, and forthwith betook ourselves to the serious business of a pretty long and toilsome walk through the heather. Our object was to reach the Pariou, the nearest hill on the south, a kind of stepping-stone to the chief of the puys. Fortunately, the ground and herbage were dry; the heath was blooming like a garden; wild thyme and lavender scented the air with their fragrance; bees hummed merrily in the sunshine; and happy little lizards of various hues ran in and out beneath the bushes.

The base of the Pariou is gained, and now commences the ascent. The hill is a singularly perfect cone, regular all round, and rising with a slope of about 35 degrees to a height of 738 feet above the

* Mr Charles MacLaren, editor of the *Sootman newspaper*.
† *Memoir on the Geology of Central France*. By G. Poulett Scrope. London: 1827.

plateau on which it rests. Taking advantage of every slip of path formed by cattle to fix our footing, and every bush to hold by, and sitting down to rest at least a dozen times during the journey, our party, ladies and all, at last gained the summit of the cone. It was an agitating moment. 'Le cratère!' exclaimed Guillaume, 'le voilà, mesdames et messieurs;' and sure enough there was before us the crater of the volcano. We stood on a rim of about twenty feet in breadth; behind us was the exterior of the cone which we had climbed, and before us was a perfectly formed basin, three hundred feet in depth, and with a circumference of three thousand. The inward inclination of the sides of the crater appeared to be the same as the exterior declivity, and terminated in a flat bottom of perhaps forty feet in diameter. The whole was covered with grass and small bushes, the bottom of the basin being the most fertile. Although having no outlet, the great deep dish, as it may be called, was quite dry, the porous subsoil absorbing all the rain which can fall. We sat down within the brink to eat our first luncheon, and contemplate the interesting spectacle. The spot, from the shelter and fresh bite of herbage which it yielded, was evidently a favourite resort of the mountain herds. Round the shelving sides were narrow footpaths formed by the cattle, resembling the steps of an amphitheatre, conducting to the flat bottom of the basin—the closed orifice whence burst forth the loose material which formed the mass of the cone. The rim or upper edge I have stated as being about twenty feet in width; but it varies somewhat in its proportions, and is a little higher on the south than the other sides.

It appears from minute investigation, that the Parion has been formed by successive discharges at distant intervals. On the north and north-west, a segment of a former crater encircles the cone, the broken part having been carried away by a vast current of lava, which has flowed in a broad stream towards the plain on the east, intruding on the granitic rocks and calcareous deposits, and forking off in branches, which, having cooled and become hard in the course of ages, now form those valuable quarries whence the building-stone of the Limagne is partly dug. Scrope's account of this great and primary outbreak of the lava from the Parion is so interesting, that I take the liberty of extracting it entire.

'The first direction of the stream is to the north-east, and the current appears to have set with fury against a long-backed granitic eminence opposing it on that side. Thence, led by a considerable slope towards the south-east, it coasted the base of this hill; and leaving to the right another protuberance of the primitive plateau, on which now stand the church and hamlet of Orcines, advanced to a spot called La Baraque. Here it met with a small knoll of granite, capped with scorice and volcanic bombs, marking the source of a much more ancient basaltic bed, known by the name of Prudelles. Impeded in its progress, the lava accumulated on this point into a long and elevated ridge, which still bears the appearance of a huge wave about to break over the seemingly insignificant obstacle. But an easier issue offered itself in two lateral valleys having their origin in the part of the plateau occupied by the lava current; which, separating consequently into two limbs, rushed down the declivities presented on each side. The right-hand branch first deluged, and completely filled an area surrounded by granitic eminences, and probably the basin of a small lake; thence entered the valley of Villar, a steep and sinuous gorge, which it threaded exactly in the manner of a watery torrent, turning all projecting rocks, dashing in cascades through the narrowest parts, and widening its current where the space permitted, till, on reaching the embouchure of the valley in the great plain of the Limagne, it stopped at a spot called Fontmore, where its termination constitutes a rock about fifty feet high, now quarried for building-stone. From the base of this rock gushes a plentiful spring, the waters of which still find their way from Villar beneath the lava which usurped their ancient

channel. The branch which separated to the left plunged down a steep bank into the valley of Gresinier, replacing the rivulet that flowed there with a black and shaggy current of lava; entered the limits of the Limagne at the village of Durtol; and continuing the course marked out by the streamlet, turned to the north, occupied the bottom of the valley lying between the calcareous mountain, Les Côtes, and the curtain of granitic rocks, and finally stopped on the site of the village of Nohanent. Here, as at Fontmore, an abundance of the purest water springs from below the extremity of the lava current. The various rills which drain the valley of Durtol and its embankments have recovered their pristine channel, and filtering through the scoriform masses, which always form the lowest surface of a bed of lava, flow on unseen till the rock above terminates and they issue in a full and brilliant spring. Above this point, consequently, is seen the anomaly of a valley without any visible stream; and the inhabitants of Durtol are condemned in seasons of drought to the strange necessity of seeking at Nohanent, a distance of two miles, the water which flows there beneath their own houses. A similar phenomenon is very general throughout the Auvergne, wherever a current of lava has occupied the bed of a mountain rivulet, not sufficiently copious or violent to undermine the lava above, or open a new channel through its formed banks.' To these streams of lava, chiefly, as is believed, from the Parion, the phenomenon of bare basaltic rocks and loose stones on the surface of the declivities and adjoining parts of the plain is likewise due. The rock, where it assumes a ridge-like form projecting from the ground, is called by the French a *coulée* of lava, and *coulées*, as well as vast quantities of fragments, encumber the vineyards in the lower slopes of the hills.

Whatever may have been the early eruptions of the Parion, those at the conclusion of its career have consisted of scorice, puzzolano, and volcanic sand; where the turf happens to be broken, a reddish loose soil of granular particles is exposed; and of materials of this nature the entire cone seems to be composed; indeed no other than loose matter, falling in showers about the mouth of the crater, could have formed the elegant and regular cone which now exists.

From the crest of the hill a fine view is obtained of other conical mounts on the north-west, beyond the line of road by which we had approached with the car; but as the view is still better from the grand puy, we spent little time in its contemplation, and pushed off in quest of fresh spots of investigation. Our way still lay southwards, and it was in this direction we descended the Parion, a feat considerably more difficult than that of its ascent. At the end of half an hour, the southern base of the cone was gained, and we found ourselves again on a heathy tract, open to the eastward, and rising towards the south, where, before us, at the distance of a mile, rose the high but unshapely mass styled the Petit Puy de Dome, to which another walk, and frequent rests among the bushy heather, at length brought us.

The ascent of the Petit Puy is almost half accomplished ere we reach the steep part of its sides, for its base is spread considerably out from the main protuberance of the hill. On attaining the more abrupt part of the ascent, the path which we had to pursue was up a kind of ravine or gash, formed by the washing away of the loose matter, and by the continual abrasion of the mountain cattle. The tracks of wheels, also, showed us that this formed a road for the rude cars of the mountaineers in their visits to these high pastures. The broken sides of the ravine were composed altogether of puzzolano, a reddish material almost as loose as rough sand or gravel. The embarrassment of our journey up this awkward pathway was in due time rewarded with the same pleasurable sensations we had experienced on reaching the top of the Parion. We were landed upon a broad but irregularly shaped abutment—a stage, as it may be called, from the loftiest protuberance—and here, to our satisfaction, we had before us the crater

whence the matter composing the sides of the mountain had been ejected. This crater is somewhat less in its dimensions than that of the Pariou, but is equally regular in form and beautiful in surface. Its depth is two hundred and ninety-two feet, and its diameter nearly the same. The only difference between it and the other perfectly-formed craters is, that, instead of having only a narrow rim at top, it lies knbedded in the shoulder of the hill, having to all appearance been overtopped by later protrusions. From, as I imagine, its neat form and sheltered situation, it is called by the people of the district, 'Le Nid de la Poule,' or Hen's Nest. At the time of our visit, a herd of cattle, under the charge of a ragged Flibbertigibbet, came leisurely round the corner of the hill, and descended the sides of the crater in quest of the pasturage with which it was covered; and we left them grazing on its flat and verdant bottom:

At the point we had attained on the Petit Puy de Dome, we were at an elevation of about 3600 feet above the plain of the Limagne, but were still from 700 to 800 feet lower than the top of the Puy de Dome itself. Another and much more toilsome ascent was therefore yet to be performed, and as we had already been several hours on our feet, it was proposed, and unaniously agreed, that the ladies should not attempt to climb the impending height, but, selecting a pleasant spot below the rocky knoll of the Petit Puy, lay out dinner, and remain at rest on the heather till our return. These, and other grave matters being arranged, we proceeded to climb the gigantic Puy; an account of which, however, must be postponed till another paper.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE appearance of a newspaper is such an every-day occurrence, that, like most ordinary things, its commonness blinds us to its singularity, and we lose, in familiarity and curiosity, those impressions of surprise and astonishment which would certainly possess us were we looking on one for the first time.

Unique in the world of letters, the newspaper bears no resemblance to any other literary production. It is the ephemeral record of the exciting *now* of the world's history; a confused collection of the jottings of Rumour, or the sweepings of her studio, if she can be said to have one. It is the busy scavenger of the world's highway, picking up everything of to-day, from the revolution of an empire to the dimensions of a mushroom. It is a cluster of bubbles floating on the stream of the present hour, the petty sand-marks which to-morrow's tide will for the most part obliterate, a crowd of transitory nothings which history will not care to chronicle. It is an omnivorous monster, greedily opening its capacious jaws for anything offered. It is a restless busybody, interfering with every one's concerns; a noisy babbler, chattering upon every subject, and often hiding its profound ignorance under the most dogged assertions; an impudent intruder upon the privacies of popular men. It is a sleepless caterer to the appetite of the million, serving up, crude and uncooked, anything likely to prove welcome pabulum to the popular palate. In its anxiety to appease the insatiable craving of the quidnunc, the improbable and the fabricated are hastily dished up with the authentic. Greedy of news, too impatient to verify and inquire, it is often erroneous; but deems it beneath its dignity to acknowledge an error; or if it does, always declares that the misstatement was 'copied from a contemporary.'

The heterogeneous confusion of subjects in a newspaper is singular to contemplate. The ludicrous and the pathetic are here met with in strange proximity; vice and philanthropy unceremoniously jostle each other; strange cunning and stranger simplicity, love and murder, politics and poetry, are here all huddled together in grotesque disorder. Here, in a corner, are births, marriages, and deaths, in startling juxtaposition; death and life, as it were, hand in hand; the cradle and

the coffin side by side. Here, in the advertisement columns, the profligate corresponds with his 'friend' by means of the well-understood initials; and there the agonised parents beseech their errant son to return to his anxious relatives. Here a long list of 'wants' painfully reminds us of the scarcity of employment, and the superabundance of labour; there the heartless votary of fashion offers a starving salary to the possessor of every imaginable preceptive qualification. Here the honest finder of a purse of money honourably advertises it, that it may be owned; and there the professional shark announces a vacancy for an apprentice, concluding the pompously-arranged advantages with the significant words, 'a premium expected.' Here a bloated capitalist trumpets forth his thousands to lend; and the next advertisement is an appeal by some broken-hearted man, who declares that the loan of five pounds would save himself and family from ruin. Here is a singular case of death occurring from the most trivial accident; there the preservation of life under the most heroic circumstances. Here a brutal mother is prosecuted for the ill-treatment of her own children; there a benevolent stranger is commended for his disinterested adoption of some friendless orphans. Here are particulars of the costly celebration of a marriage in high-life; and there the melancholy details of the self-destruction of some hope-abandoned miser. Bankruptcies and fashionable movements, theatres and criminal courts, scraps of sermons and stale conundrums, strangely mingle with each other.

The newspaper is no bad test of habits and tastes. No straw thrown into the air more surely indicates which way the wind blows—no game of chance more truly reveals the state of the temper—than does the newspaper the peculiarities of thought and taste in the individual. The spectacled politician turns instinctively to the 'leader' and the foreign intelligence, to note the movements of party, and anything likely to disturb the balance of power among the nations. The fund-holder turns to the price of stock, and anxiously scans the political horizon, to see if there be any little cloud gathering and threatening to affect prices. The merchant passes over every other subject as comparatively uninteresting, to bestow his undivided attention on the 'price current' and the state of the markets; and the wealthy ship-owner cons the shipping intelligence with special interest. The literary man is concerned but little either about the price of consols or the arrival of vessels, but devours the reviews of books with the greatest avidity, and pores over the advertisement columns with the deepest curiosity, to learn what is 'in the press.' The tradesman glances with indifference at the accounts of the movements of foreign powers, but the movements of a wealthy and liberal customer are to him a subject of intense interest. The theatre-loving apprentice hates 'those dry leaders,' and gloats over the theatrical column, wishing that the whole newspaper were filled with theatricals, and wondering who is the writer of such clever articles, and how he can know so much about the actors. The plot of the latest farce, the libretto of last night's opera, the movements of his old favourites, the recent first appearance of some provincial aspirant, and the advertisements of forthcoming 'benefit nights,' are all to him topics to which nothing is secondary in interest. Others, who only live for the opera, can scarce condescend to notice anything besides the success of a new prima donna, or the reappearance of a favourite danseuse. Some find a peculiar piquancy in the details of 'breaches of promise,' especially if any of the letters are given. The antiquary is in ecstasies at reading a paragraph recording the discovery of an old Roman pot or a handful of coins; the devotee of fashion is in raptures while perusing the most approved shapes and colours for the ensuing month; and the astronomer is delighted with a notice which few of the uninitiated would care to read, describing in scientific terms the situation and appearance of a new comet. Some of more vulgar taste,

in search of the romantic and the horrible, eagerly turn to the exciting records of the criminal court, or revel in the disgusting developments of the last murder or suicide. Few, except those pitiable persons who are bent on killing time, read perseveringly down every column, but each, according to his inclination, selects that for perusal which is most consonant to his taste.

What varied emotions are excited in the breasts of different readers of a newspaper! With what opposite feelings is that damp sheet perused, which the newsman coldly places in the hand of his customer! The tradesman turns pale at seeing the name of his principal debtor in the Gazette, as in this ruin he reads his own. The actor, who has ventured to leave the provincial theatre to try the hazardous experiment of a first appearance before a London audience, views the favourable critique as an earnest of his future fame and fortune. The poor widow reads with agonised feelings the sad intelligence that her son's regiment is ordered abroad; and the expectant legatee peruses with an ill-suppressed satisfaction the long-looked-for death of the rich relation. The betrothed maiden devours the shipping intelligence which informs her of the expected speedy return of *his* ship; and the anxious wife with indescribable agony learns that her husband's vessel sank at sea, 'and all hands lost.' The poor author lays down the paper with a sigh, on perusing the ill-natured and crushing review of his laboured volume; and the friendless teacher spells over her advertisement in print, with a silent prayer that the lines, for the insertion of which she chafed her last sovereign, may procure her a situation. The corn-factor trembles for the success of his speculation, as he reads the probable abundance of the harvest; and the railway proprietor rubs his hands with glee at the prospect of the rising value of shares in his line. The fiery political partisan peruses with unbounded glee the recorded triumph of his favourite candidate at the county election, viewing in the ascendancy of his party the panacea for every social and political evil. Smiles and tears, expectation and disappointment, follow in the train of a newspaper; sunshine and shadow, the blackness of despair and the rainbow-tints of hope, checker its pages in a strange manner above those of any of its literary brethren.

THE LEGACY.

MR WILSON—of the well-known firm of Sandford and Wilson, manufacturers, Stockton—sat alone at his well-furnished breakfast-table. Apparently, he did not want more agreeable companions than his own thoughts, at least if one might judge from his countenance, which expressed a considerable degree of self-satisfaction and self-gratulation. Nor did he appear in need of social intercourse to sweeten the repast, for he ate with a zest that denoted an excellent appetite, and keen relish for the good things before him. And Mr Wilson had reason to be in a peculiarly happy and contented frame of mind. He had that morning, early as it was—and it was not yet nine o'clock—made what he called an excellent bargain. The manufacture in which he was engaged was one in which there was considerable consumption of coal, and of course it was an object to obtain supplies of so necessary an article at as reasonable a rate as possible. He had that morning ridden over to the village of Thorley, a distance of several miles, in order to see an old man, the proprietor of a small field, under which ran a valuable vein of coal. This field joined one of the mines belonging to the firm, and the object of Mr Wilson's visit was to inquire the terms upon which they could obtain a lease of the ground for the purpose of excavation. It was the very satisfactory result of this negotiation which imparted so much cheerfulness and buoyancy to the countenance and manner of Mr Wilson.

But there is no perfect happiness in this world, and a doubt which he could not entirely suppress—as to what might be his partner's opinion on the subject of his bargain—served to destroy the perfection of his. However; it was impossible, as he proved to his own satisfaction during his walk to the manufactory—quite impossible that any man, not an absolute fool, could raise any objection to an agreement so obviously for their joint interest. As it certainly was not a failing of his own, it did not enter into Mr Wilson's calculations that a man, without being an absolute fool, or indeed a fool at all, might think that some consideration was due to the interest of others as well as his own; and that the precept, to do as you would be done by, was not quite so obsolete but that some might be found old-fashioned enough to look upon it in the light of a moral obligation. No two persons could differ more in character than these partners. They were both excellent men of business, keen, industrious, and energetic; but whilst the one considered stratagem allowable in business, as in love and war, and held the doctrine that the end sanctifies the means (and the end constantly before his eyes, that of getting riches, sanctified many means not strictly honourable or even honest, but all in the way of business of course), the other would not, to promote the success of the most promising speculation, have taken advantage of the ignorance, or practised on the credulity, of the poorest or most simple person with whom he had to deal. To render to every one that which was justly their due, was Mr Sandford's maxim in business; whilst Mr Wilson, in commercial transactions, as strictly adhered to his favourite saying of 'Every man for himself, and God for us all,' taking especial good care of his own interest in every possible way, and leaving it as a matter of faith and practice to Providence to take care of other people's. On his arrival at the counting-house, he greeted his partner with a 'Well, Sandford, I have seen old Richardson about that bit of land, and he is very willing to let us have it. He says it has never been anything but a plague to him, and he shall be very glad to be rid of it. 'Tis a very fortunate thing I thought of riding over this morning, for I understand Morton has been thinking of getting it from him, and sinking a shaft there; but I have made every arrangement, and we are to have it for fifty pounds a-year. It will be a capital speculation.'

'The man must be entirely ignorant of the value of his own property to agree to such terms,' said Mr Sandford. 'Did you tell him the purpose for which it was wanted?'

'Oh yes; of course I told him we thought there might be coal. I did not see the necessity of entering into particulars; he knows nothing about mining, and he will, upon these terms, make a deal more by his land than he has ever done yet.'

'Perhaps so, but not so much as he ought to make by it. If he does not know its value, we do; and I cannot consent to profit by what would, you know, be an imposition upon him.'

'Nonsense; you are so over-particular. No one but yourself would think of making the slightest objection to a thing so much to your advantage, especially as the man is perfectly satisfied. He would not know what to do with more.'

'Do you think he will be perfectly satisfied when he learns that he is not receiving more than half of what he has a right to expect? But even supposing he were, that does not alter the question: so far as we are concerned, we should be equally taking an unfair, and, in

my opinion, dishonest advantage, to bind him to such terms.

'Well, I don't know how it is,' said Mr Wilson, who was losing his temper; 'but it is impossible to do anything to please you. I never make an arrangement that you have not some objection to advance, some fault to find. If you might have your way in everything, the concern would soon come to nothing.'

'Nay,' said Mr Sandford, laughing, 'that is asserting more than you can prove, I think. You know that I believe no one loses in the long-run by plain and straightforward dealing; so that, setting aside all but selfish motives, I act only in such a manner as I think will best promote our interest.'

'Well, if you can make out that it will be for our interest to pay one hundred instead of fifty pounds a-year for the right of mining under that field, well and good, but I confess I cannot; and I must say, Sandford, it will be very absurd of you to make any alterations in the terms agreed upon. They are satisfactory to Richardson, and advantageous to us, and what more would you have?'

'I would have nothing more than justice and common honesty dictate,' replied Mr Sandford. 'I would give Richardson what, were I in his place, I should expect myself, as the rent of that land—say one hundred a-year. This would be right towards him, and still advantageous to us; and what I lost in money I should expect to gain in kindly feeling and confidence in my upright intentions—capital which is always secure, and which brings larger returns than those who do not employ it can conceive.'

'Well,' said Mr Wilson, greatly irritated, 'it is no use arguing with you; I will have nothing more to do with the affair; manage it as you like.' So saying, he sat down to his desk and wrote letters with great rapidity and energy.

Accordingly, that same evening Mr Sandford rode over to Thorley. He found the old man at work in his garden, busily engaged in digging up potatoes, in which occupation he scarcely paused to return Mr Sandford's salutation. 'My partner was here this morning, Mr Richardson,' said that gentleman, 'speaking to you about a piece of land of yours, and I understand you partly made an agreement with him to let us have a lease of it at a rent of fifty pounds a-year?'

'Why, yes,' replied he, 'you are far wrong; there was something of the kind talked on atween us.'

'Well,' said Mr Sandford, 'perhaps you do not quite understand for what purpose we want that field of yours, and are not aware of its value to persons in our business. It is worth much more to us than fifty pounds a-year; and it was to make what I consider an equitable proposal for both parties that I came to see you this evening. If you are willing to accept one hundred a-year for it, I shall be glad to have a lease of the land upon such terms, as it is contiguous to one of my pits; but farther than this I am not prepared to go.'

The old man paused from his digging, and looking up at Mr Sandford with an admiring twinkle in his eye, said, 'I've always heard say, sir, as you was a rightdown good un'; an' now I believe it. You see, sir, I cou'na say as I understand much about the vally of coal an' such-like; but I seed as Mester Wilson were mighty anxious to get the field; an' at after he were gone, I turned it over i' my mind, an' I thought, as he seemed so willin' to give fifty pounds, which is above the real vally of the land, as land, he might be willing to go a little further if I hung back like. Just as I were thinking i' this ways, up comes Mester Morton, an', says he, "I heerd as you was wanting to sell that bit o' ground o' yours as gines up to Mester Sandford's coal-pit." So, says I, I rather think you heerd wrong, sir; for I wasna thinking of selling it at all. "Oh," says he, "perhaps it was letting it, then, you was thinking of? It cou'na be of much use to you; an' I daresay you would make more by it that way; now, s'pose I was inclined to make a bargain with you, what would you let it me for?" Why, says I,

I've partly promised it, you see, to Mester Wilson for fifty pounds a-year: an' then he fires up, and says, "Well, what an imposition; it's downright disgraceful; you mustn't accept it, Mester Richardson. I'm willin' to give you seventy, or even eighty; so you'll consider my offer, an' let me know what you decide on to-morrow;" an' with that he rode away. But you see, sir, I didna like Mester Morton's offer no better than Mester Wilson's; for I thought they was both "birds of a feather." I wasna quite so soft as they thought me. But, sir, I think you are honest (no offence); for you tell me what you want the land for, an' make an offer you're willin' to stick by; an' so, sir, you shall have it, that you shall, even if they offer me a hundred and fifty; an' you may send a lawyer to draw out the lease as soon as you like.'

'Very well; then I may consider the matter settled? The lease shall be drawn out as quickly as possible, and will, I hope, be ready for your signature in a few days.' So saying, and wishing the old man good evening, Mr Sandford turned towards home. Richardson stood for some minutes looking after him, spade in hand, then calling to a neighbour who happened to be passing by, he said, 'I say, John, do'st know who that gentleman is there upo' the brown hoss?'

'No,' replied his friend, 'I canna say as I do.'

'Well, then, I'll tell thee; it's the honestest man i' Stockton, let the other be who he will; an' that's Mester Sandford. He's put fifty pounds a-year i' my pocket; an', please God, he shanna lose by it i' the end; for I'll leave him all I leave when I'm dead; and it's not so little, for I've naither kith nor kin, an' it'll do some good that way, more than I shall ever do with it I doubt; for they say as he's as open-handed an' kind-hearted to the poor, as he's honest and straightforrad.' In the meantime Mr Sandford rode home, ignorant of Richardson's benevolent intentions towards him; and though in the course of a few days what had been said was repeated to him, it was no sooner heard than forgotten, and in the press of business the whole affair passed from his mind. It occasioned little surprise in Stockton when, in a short time after this event, it became known that Messrs Sandford and Wilson were about to dissolve partnership. The wonder was, how two persons, differing so much in their manner of conducting business, should have continued together for so long a time. It now remained to be seen whether Mr Wilson was correct in his prediction as to the probable fate of a business carried on in strict accordance with the rules and principles advocated by his late partner. It would scarcely be justice to him to say that he wished for the accomplishment of his own prophecy, or that he would not, supposing it in no way detrimental to his own interest, have done anything in his power to avert such a catastrophe; but still, as he said, 'knowing Sandford's quixotic opinions, such a thing would not have surprised him in the least; nor, at the bottom of his heart, have grieved him either; for it is rather a dangerous experiment to place self-esteem and benevolence in direct opposition. In such cases, the former will more generally prove victorious than people are willing to admit. However, Mr Wilson was spared any such conflict. Months and years passed on, and still Mr Sandford's business grew and prospered; so also did the estimation in which he was held, and the influence he possessed in his native town; for, though riches alone will always buy a certain degree of outward respect and attention for their possessor, be his character what it will, it is entirely distinct from the influence which high principle, and undeviating consistent rectitude of conduct, must always command, and which is felt even by the most ignorant and careless. It was perhaps this difference, presenting itself in an undefined manner to his mind, that gave rise to, and kept alive in Mr Wilson, a kind of rivalry; a continual wish to place himself in contrast and comparison with Mr Sandford, in order, if possible, to humble him, and display his own superiority. So far had he allowed this feeling to gain ground, that when, in compliance with a requisition, numerously and respectfully

signed, Mr Sandford consented to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Stockton, Mr Wilson immediately offered himself in opposition. Their politics were similar, their talents for public business pretty equal, though Mr Wilson had considerably the advantage as a speaker. But the electors of Stockton were not to be diverted from the choice which their inclination and judgment alike approved. At the hustings, the show of hands was all in favour of Mr Sandford. The day's polling saw him several hundreds in advance of his opponent; and, amidst the acclamations of the people, he was declared duly elected. Mortified and humbled, Mr Wilson talked of a petition to console his wounded pride; but his committee knew better. Not one person could be found to second his wishes, as they well knew such an attempt would prove as fruitless as it would be discreditable and vexatious.

It was on a bleak and gusty morning in early spring that Mr Sandford's family was assembled in the comfortable breakfast-room; the table ready spread, and the fire giving that cheerful glow so desirable on one of our raw March mornings. The timepiece told the hour of half-past nine, and several little faces were beginning to look anxious for breakfast, and many were the exclamations of—'Mamma, what can papa be doing?' 'I wonder where he is; surely he cannot be very hungry.' And the eldest hope had just given it as his opinion that they had better not wait any longer, when the well-known footstep was heard. The umbrella placed on the stand, the hat on its peg, the breakfast-room door opened, and Mr Sandford made his appearance, looking even more good-humoured than usual, while a half-suppressed smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. The children rushed forward to meet him, and Mrs Sandford rang the bell for the long-expected breakfast. As soon as all were seated, and their various wants supplied, Mr Sandford said, 'Well, my dears, I suppose you wonder what has made me so late this morning?' A very general look of assent was the result of this inquiry. Mr Sandford proceeded—'A singular and most unexpected circumstance has happened to me. John Simpson and William Wood came to my counting-house this morning, and said if I were at leisure they wished to speak to me on business of consequence. Their looks were so full of importance, that though it was then time to come home, I could not refuse. They then told me that old Richardson, the man from whom I have rented that field containing the valuable stratum of coal for so many years, is dead, and has left me all his property, except a small sum to each of themselves as executors. After enjoying my surprise, they brought to my recollection what John had told me of the old man's intentions when I first agreed to take his field upon a lease. I thought nothing of it at the time, and I do not think it has ever entered my head since. The men detained me some time longer by the accounts they had to give of their old friend. It is now several years since I have seen him, as he removed to a small farm of his own at some distance from his former residence; but, previous to his leaving Thorley, I had several conversations with him, in which I endeavoured to impress upon his mind the duties he owed to his fellow-creatures; and it seems these conversations produced some effect, for the old man has, I understand, been much more kindly and benevolently disposed of late years. The property, of course, is not large, though considerably more than he was supposed to possess; but I shall value it much, not only as a tribute of sincere respect and regard, but as a testimony to the truth of my principle—that even as a matter of self-interest, to give no higher motive, the simple rule, "To do as you would be done by," will be found most successful. I was much amused, as I came along, to see what an excitement this news has caused. One after another rushed breathless out of their houses, with a "Sir, do you know old Richardson's dead, and has left you all his money?" One man was actually at the trouble of running a considerable distance to overtake me, in order to

give me this wonderful information. So now I think you cannot wonder at my being so late for breakfast; eh, little Mary?' 'No, indeed, papa; and I think that old man was very wise to give you all his money.' This remark caused a general laugh, but there were many others who agreed with little Mary. Amongst the poor this feeling was very general: they knew that he regarded riches not as a means for self-indulgence or personal aggrandisement, but as a loan intrusted to his care for the benefit of others, especially the poor; and that the richer he was, the more his power to serve them would be increased, and his means of doing good multiplied. The wealth which Richardson so carefully hoarded, and which, in his possession, was like a sealed fountain of pure water, has, by being usefully and benevolently employed, like the same fountain released from confinement, spread into innumerable small streams, refreshing, fertilising, and diffusing plenty and contentment in their course; and hundreds have had reason to bless the old man's legacy.

A SECOND CHAPTER OF RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEW.

In my former chapter, I sketched a little excursion in the mountains of Kamaon. With the reader's permission, I will now in some sort enact the part of the enchanter, and with a wave of my pen transport him to other scenes. I have visited few places in India in pursuit of amusement where I have more enjoyed myself than at the small but picturesque lake of Kishenghur in Rajpootaneh; in which, I think, I may safely affirm that I was one of the first, if not the very first European, who ever dropped a line. My earliest visit to Kishenghur was during the Pindari war, shortly after the surrender of Ajmeer, and when proceeding thence with a part of Sir David Ochterlony's army, under Colonel Thompson, to the siege of Madhorajepoor. We were encamped, to the best of my recollection, at some distance from the town, and were not at first aware of the valuable preserve in our neighbourhood, for such it strictly was; the scaly inhabitants having, in all probability, enjoyed uninterrupted repose, saving from intestine warfare, from time immemorial. I should state, as the reason for this, that the Rajpoots of Rajasthan seldom if ever eat fish, against which, as an article of food, I have always been given to understand they entertain a religious repugnance. A Captain Reding and myself were among the first who made the discovery that there was here fine work for the rod; a discovery, as may be supposed, that we certainly did not proclaim throughout the camp with sound of drum and trumpet. We were indifferently supplied with tackle, but went to work gaily, and certainly did pull out the fish at an astonishing rate.

The town of Kishenghur, which is well built, and extensive for the rank it holds, is situated at the termination of a range of lofty and rugged hills, twenty-two miles from the ancient city of Ajmeer. It is the capital of a petty principality, containing about 800 square miles, and the smallest of the nineteen states of Rajpootaneh. The rajah's residence is a massive fort or castle, not unlike some of our feudal strongholds at home. It projects into the lake above-mentioned; hills at some little distance, walled to their summits, forming the background. This romantic pool, which is, when full, two or three miles in circumference, is formed, as are many artificial jalabs or lakes of this country, by a broad stone bund or embankment. These

lakes are of course highly valued in a somewhat arid country; for not only do they refresh the eye, and add beauty to the scenery, but are of great use in irrigation; their waters being let off, as required, by means of sluices. The bund at Kishenghur, which has doubtless existed for ages, is formed of massive masonry—has projecting bastions here and there—and, in addition to some regular ghauts, flights of steps along nearly its whole length leading down to the water. It is, moreover, shaded by aged and venerable trees, under the spreading boughs of which we sportsmen were wont to pitch our tents. The embankment extends from the castle or palace for the distance of two or three hundred yards, to some rocky projections, where it terminates; and beyond this the lake forms a little bight or bay, the opposite side of which is a bluff rocky promontory, partly wooded, and crowned with a small white tomb or temple. This projection in some measure bifurcates that part of the lake, and gives a pleasing irregularity to its outline. Some years after my first visit to it, as above-mentioned, I was stationed at Nusseerabad, a large military cantonment, formed a short time after the cession of Ajmeer to the British government. It is about twenty miles from Kishenghur, which place was my favourite resort whenever I could obtain a week or fortnight's leave of absence. Of many such excursions I retain pleasing but indistinct recollections; the incidents, too, from their similarity, have become confusedly blended in my mind. Of one of these excursions, which was a right merry and successful one, and the party more than usually numerous, I have, however, more distinct remembrance than of the others, and will recall a few of the particulars, and make them the basis of what I have to record regarding Kishenghur.

I will not enlarge on our starting from cantonments—our gallop across the rocky plain—our arrival—the smoking breakfast—the soothing hookha—and so forth; but describe the place and our general proceedings at once. Let, then, the reader picture to himself a gray and massy, but Orientalised fort or castle (partaking, however, more of the latter character), with battlemented walls and loop-holes, numerous buildings, with here and there a cupola, or projecting Moorish-looking lattice (whence fancy might imagine the dark eyes of captive beauty peering), rising in pleasing irregularity above them, tower and terrace commingled. Let him further imagine a verdant strip of garden, filled with the pomegranate and the luxuriant and flag-like plantain, interposed between the walls and the lake, and mirrored in its waters; and then carrying his eye past this garden and some walls, and an archway or two, it will rest on the long bund or embankment, on which, peeping out from the grove, are the snow-white tents of the fishing party. Before the door of one of these, he may, in his mind's eye, behold one of the sportsmen lolling luxuriously in his chair, his feet stretched on a mora, a book in his hand, and tranquilly smoking his hookha; hard by, on one of the projecting bastions, another of the party, with white hat of ample brim, giving him somewhat the look of a tall mushroom, is, rod in hand, intently watching the motions of his float as it rides on the waters below; whilst standing near, in mute attention, are some groups of black-bearded Rajpoots, in their green or yellow tunics and lofty turbans, curiously gazing on the novel operations of the Faringhee. A sepoy, or derby, is near, leaning on his cane or ramrod (the latter being often carried as a substitute for the former), and looking on the whole proceedings with stolid apathy and indifference; whilst a caber, or

bearer, holds a huge red chattah, or umbrella, in readiness for his master's summons. Let him fancy a breeze curling the lake, and two or three milk-white pelicans riding far out, like stately swans; whilst a ball is on its way towards them, propelled from the rifle of some sporting griffin who prefers the gun to the rod. Let him further draw upon another sense, and fancy that he hears the sound of the tom-tom and sitar from the distant summit of the rajah's castle; and then, over all let him throw the amber light of a declining sun, and he has just the scene before him which I have there so often witnessed. The rajah of Kishenghur of those days, however, was no friend to the fishermen. He did not, as was perhaps natural enough, like to have his fish caught and his privacy invaded; but his objections were invariably overruled, and he had it intimated to him more than once, I believe, in reply to his complaints, that he ought to consider the protection he enjoyed as cheaply purchased by his allowing the Faringhees to enjoy a little amusement now and then in their own way. Orientals imagine (and they are perhaps not much mistaken) that nothing is too hard for European skill to effect. A ludicrous example of this occurred about the time to which these recollections refer. A wag of an officer of my acquaintance, who passed much of his time at Kishenghur, having been refused permission to fish in the garden under the fort, gave out, in revenge, that a telescope which he was in the habit of using and pointing towards the castle, had the wonderful property of revealing its most secret recesses, turning it in a manner inside out. This was duly reported to the rajah, who, fully believing it possible, and that his stone walls were no protection to his privacy, was filled with consternation, and made a formal complaint to the officer commanding at Nusseerabad against the offender, who, I believe, got well 'wiggled' for his joke.

The fish we caught at Kishenghur were of various kinds, but none of them exactly resembling any we have in England. The first in point of size and voracity was the boalie, a creature, in habits and character, though not in appearance, coming very near our freshwater shark, the pike. The form of the boalie is common to a peculiar order of fish found in India, of which there are many varieties. It is flat and tapering, and has a fringe-like ventral fin extending nearly its whole length. The back and head are of a greenish or ash colour, and the belly a silvery white. It has no scales (or, if it has, they are too small to be visible), but an enormously capacious mouth. I do not know the maximum size to which they attain, but have caught them weighing from one to sixteen pounds. Our native servants, from the Company's provinces, ate them with great gusto, declaring that they were 'burra muzza ka muchee,' and 'burra chicknai'—'very unctuous and high-flavoured fish'; but, from a prejudice, strong amongst Europeans in India, against fish without scales, I never knew them to be eaten by an officer. The booe, muchee, a huge sort of carp very common in India, and excellent eating, which grows to sixty or eighty pounds, or even more, is to be found, I believe, at Kishenghur; but as I do not remember to have ever seen one caught there, I shall here say nothing more of that species. A smaller sort, however, and a very beautiful fish, the narrain, is abundant; and I have often taken them. The eye of the narrain is like a ruby, or some such precious stone, and very beautiful; and its scales are like burnished silver, with a slight copperish or golden tinge. It seldom exceeds four or five pounds in weight.

The pootie, a sort of chub or roach, is a famous fellow; bites well, and pulls hard; prefers paste to worms; and when there is a stiff breeze on the water, I have always found him to take best. Two or three pounds is the largest I have seen. The calabanc, a leather-mouthed fish of the tench kind, I have likewise caught here, and it is very delicate eating; likewise the chulwah, a little lively fish, like a thin plate of silver, which bites most ravenously, and requires no coaxing. With two or three hooks in, you may pull up an equal number of fish at a time. This is, I believe, the kind which, as is well known, sometimes falls in showers—a phenomenon accounted for by the fact, that they swim in shoals near the surface; and being skimmed off, or rather sucked up, by the whirlwinds (or, as they are called in India, 'devils') so common there, are deposited at a distance, and strewed over the surface of the ground. I never saw a shower of fish myself; but that they do fall sometimes after a tuffaun, or tempest, and are seen leaping on the grass, is incontestable. The whirlwinds I have mentioned are sometimes attended with the most destructive effects, unroofing houses, tearing up trees, and doing other damage. Besides the fish I have described, there were eels and various other kinds; so the reader may imagine there was no lack of sport. This variety, by creating a pleasing uncertainty when a fish was hooked as to what he might be, added greatly to the interest of the sport here.

Some may think float-fishing in still water a very dull sort of occupation, and tending to justify Johnson's definition of the sport—a stick with a fool at one end and a worm at the other—and so perhaps it is, under ordinary circumstances, in some petty sluggish stream or duck-pond of a place, where you know to a certainty that nothing in the way of magnitude or variety will fall to your lot. But expand your pond into a lake, where your fish has space to dance you a saraband, and run you out a hundred yards of line before you can draw your breath, down the middle, back again, right and left, and plenty of sea-room, gliding, shooting, and cutting capers like a Taglioni; tenant its profundity with fish of an unascertained size and variety; then the whole affair acquires dignity—mystery and uncertainty, parents of pleasurable emotions, brood over it, and it presents altogether another aspect. I certainly never enjoyed float-fishing so much as at this place, and one or two others of a similar description. Seated on one of the bastions or abutments, my legs hanging over, intently would I watch my little buoy; at length it would tremble, give two or three preliminary cocks, and then down with it as solemnly and majestically as a theatrical ghost through a trap-door. Then was the agitating moment. I would strike, and, whiz! away would bolt an eight or ten-pounder right into the depths of the lake; reel singing like a humming-top, till he had taken perhaps almost the last yard of my line. Great has often been my fear on such occasions that he would pursue his headlong course a few yards farther, and snap my tackle; but often as I have been on the verge of that catastrophe, by singular good fortune it never actually happened to me, and I always contrived to turn my fish, and reel up a good piece of line in readiness for another harmless dart. Often have I walked up and down the bund for the best part of an hour with a big fish, before I could tire and secure him. One large boalie which I caught on the occasion above referred to, occupied me, I am satisfied, two hours before I had him fairly on his side. I had but a light fly-rod and a slender line, and could apply but a moderate degree of force to him; and it was certainly a full half-hour before I could raise him to the surface, and get a sight of him. When he did come, however, he gave a most exhilarating and indignant splash, which told pretty plainly that he was no sprat. He weighed between sixteen and seventeen pounds. This fish fairly tired me out walking up and down, and shifting the rod from one aching hand to the other, before I had secured him.

The boalie is sometimes lumpish and lazy, and does not give equally good sport; but occasionally he is very strong, and makes desperate play. I saw the present Colonel P——, now in India, and a first-rate fisherman, play one here once for an extraordinary length of time—I am afraid to say how long, but think it was some hours. He will, if this ever meets his eye, remember the long struggle he had, the broken rod, and our speculations touching the bulk of the fish, which turned out, though large, so much smaller than we expected. From frequent fishing since the occupation of Ajmeer, there is doubtless much less fish here than formerly; but to give an idea of what might be taken at one time, I may mention that one day, between breakfast and dinner, I caught eighty pounds, accurately ascertained by weighing them on a steelyard. The greater portion of these were boalies, of from two to eight or ten pounds. The entable portions, pooties, uerrains, &c. of this and other 'takes,' which we did not consume fresh, we converted into an Indian luxury called 'tamarind fish,' which is thus prepared. The fish being cleaned, is cut up into small pieces or junks, and well mixed with tamarinds in a conserved state, but without sugar. The mixture is then put into jars, and in a short time the acid of the tamarind penetrates the fish, completely dissolving the bones and cartilages, and imparting to it a delicate garnet colour and delicious flavour. A piece of tamarind fish fried for breakfast, with rice, forms a very agreeable relish, and I am surprised it has not found its way to this country.

Though fishing was our principal amusement here, it was by no means our only resource. We had various ways of killing 'the enemy'; and when they all failed, we went to sleep, the sicsta being much in vogue in India. Sometimes we shot, sometimes coursed the hare, the fox, and the jackal; and once or twice, when my friend George S—— brought his hawks and falcons, we had a little sport in that way. Unless your bird is well trained, however, and thoroughly under command, hawking, if I may judge from the little I have seen of it, is productive of more trouble than pleasure, it being often extremely difficult, particularly in bush or tree jungle, to lure him back, and the more so if he has struck his quarry. I have known a bird sometimes to sit unseen on a tree or rock for an hour or two, whilst the poor falconer, with glove and meat displayed, has vainly tried to coax him back. There are many varieties of the falcon in India, both long and short-winged, but I am not acquainted with many of their names. The pirie, a long-winged and powerful hawk, is flown at the large black curlew, which gives sport very similar to that afforded by the heron in Europe. The moment he catches a glimpse of the pirie, he mounts, wildly screaming, as if anticipating his fate, whilst his fierce pursuer strains every nerve to get above him. Thus they mount, till dwindled to specks in the clear sky; but the upper hand once gained by the pirie, down they both come, cleaving the air like thunderbolt, and the curlew is generally gripped by the pirie's talons ere long, and borne a captive to the ground. As the birds ascend, they rapidly recede, and it becomes necessary that the hawk should gallop after, and fix his gaze upon them; hence arises the danger of the sport; for whilst the sportsman's eye is thus, like the poet's, glancing heavenwards, he is likely to experience a little practical bathos, by sinking into a pit or a Mahratia well. I do not know whether the sparrow-hawk is ever trained for sport in Europe, but in India he often is. He is carried in the hand, partially concealed, and thrown at small birds much as you would fling a stone. When thus launched, he takes his quarry in a moment. I have often seen a bevy of sociable minas* hopping about amongst the cows, as do our starlings, and chattering very pleasantly together, when one of them, to his

* Birds so called, about the size of a starling.

exceeding astonishment, has suddenly found himself in the gripe of this little bird.

Here, for the meantime at least, must end my recollections of Indian sport. Perhaps I may once more meet the reader on the same ground.

A VISIT TO BERANGER.

[From the 'Glasgow Citizen.']

I ACCOUNT it no small honour to have enjoyed a tête-à-tête, of an hour's length, with the first of the French lyrical poets—even Beranger himself, who has been well named the Burns of France, and of whom his country is as proud as is Scotland of her own immortal bard. The hope of seeing this celebrated writer formed no small item in my list of anticipated pleasures on leaving home, and amply was that hope fulfilled; for not only was I kindly welcomed by Beranger, and pressed to repeat my visit, but my translations of his songs and poems received the poet's marked approbation, expressed in a letter which he was so good as address to me on the subject a few days afterwards. Little did I expect, as I amused an occasional idle hour in translating 'Le Violon Brisé,' 'Le Vieux Sergent,' 'Les Etouilles qui filent,' and others of Beranger's poems, that I should one day meet the good old man from whose warm heart and clear head they had emanated; and little would I have grudged my journey, had my interview with the author of these pieces been its only recompense.

After being eight or ten days in Paris, I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted the translation of part of his works into English, and would feel honoured by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The return of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at ten o'clock for the meeting, and regretting that he could not allow me to choose my own time, as he was obliged very soon to go into the country. When Monday came, I got into an omnibus after breakfast, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to Passy, a village on the river-side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger has for some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vineuse, No 21.—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two storeys, having a sort of bronze door, and the Venetian-blind-looking outside window-shutter everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to inhabit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the gate. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse, as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said politely, 'Entrez, monsieur, s'il vous plaît,' when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He rose to receive me on my entrance with the politeness so natural to his nation, and at the same time with a degree of pleasant jocularity well calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and begged me to be seated on the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take another seat, Beranger intercepted me, placed his hands on my shoulder, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgment of the honour he had done me in granting me the interview—'Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honour in being received by a poor fellow of an old bachelor like me—sit down then I beg of you.' This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation was conducted, as he scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat close in front of mine, with so good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Should this meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beranger, he will recognise the poet's unaffected kindness in this little scene. Beranger's 'studio' presented to the eye as little of the 'pomp and circumstance' of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window—a bed with plain blue check curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it at the other—a

couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—'voilà tout'—'behold all.' The first song-writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. As he himself says of his great Emperor (in the 'Souvenirs du Peuple,' well translated in *Chambers's Journal* some years ago)—

'They will tell of all his glory round the hearth for many a day.'

Beranger is a little man, I should say 5 feet 5 inches in height, about 65 years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has an intellectual forehead, regular and rather handsome features, and a clear black eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness and shrewdness; and I at once set him down as a man of large and noble heart, as became a poet. He wore a gray dressing-gown and a black silk cap; and the window of his room was darkened a little, so I suppose his sight is not very strong. The pictures we have of Beranger are, without exception, *bad*; the only good likeness which I could meet with being a little stucco cast, a copy of which I brought home with me, and which I shall be happy to show to any admirer of the original. But to return to our interview. Beranger expressed his regret that he could not talk much with me about the English poets, from his being unacquainted with the language, and so few of them being translated into French. He said it was remarkable that, after his own character as an author had been established for many years, his countrymen still persisted in considering him less as a poet than as a 'chansonnier' (a writer of songs); and that it was in Scotland his claim to the title of poet was first recognised, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. I told him that he was considered, by those who knew his writings in my native land, the Burns of France; to which he replied, that a prouder encomium could not be passed on him than was implied in that name; adding, that although he could not read Burns, he revered his memory from what he had heard of his works by friends who could. He had been intimate with Sir J. Mackintosh, whom he used to see often in Paris. Sir Walter Scott Beranger does not consider a great or correct writer. He complained of the errors to be found in 'Quentin Durward' as to the life and character of Louis XI. of France, and generally of historical blunders. He admitted, however, that his novels were grand panoramas, in which appear splendid and interesting groups, but with few characters perfectly well drawn; and he remarked, that in all of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the interest of the reader attaches itself naturally to some other individual rather than to the hero or heroine—which he considered a defect—instancing 'Ivanhoe,' where Rebecca is the centre of interest, &c. &c. His poetry (Sir Walter's) Beranger understood to be enchanting. He mentioned also that, of the older works of fiction, 'The Monk,' by Lewis, and 'Caleb Williams,' by Godwin, are most admired in France; he considers them both fine works. After some conversation, which I shall not here quote, in reference to living English authors, we touched upon his own poems, some of which I told him were, I thought, unfit for translation into English, owing to the subjects of them having either passed out of mind, or possessing an interest purely local. He expressed a desire that I should lend him my translations, that he might submit them to a friend of his who understands English thoroughly, and on whose opinion in literary matters he can rely; and having brought the pieces with me for that purpose, I left them with him, saying that should they meet his approbation, it might encourage me to the translation of others. On my naming the edition of his works which I possess, Beranger informed me that it was a very imperfect one, and said he regretted he had beside him only one copy of a correct edition, and that copy marked with typographical corrections of his own on the margin, but that if I would accept it, I should confer a favour on him. I told him I should value it very highly; so he wrote my name on it, and I put it into my pocket. We then talked for half an hour more, when I rose to depart, but he made me sit down again. Messages began to come in, however, so I bade him farewell, having first agreed to return in a few days to hear his opinion of my translations. He accompanied me to the stair, shook me warmly by the hand, and so we parted; and I left the amiable Beranger, whose songs will have an existence coequal with that of the language in which they are written.

Although Beranger has been little before the public of late, he still continues to write; but his present produc-

tions, as he told me, will not appear until after his death. He smiled when I replied that I hoped in that case it might be long indeed ere we should see a new song of Beranger.

It is difficult to conceive the power which this author has over the popular mind in France. There is no doubt that his 'Chansons' had an immense influence in producing the revolution in 1830, although he does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused everything in the shape of boon or favour at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the king and princes, the royal carriages passed onward unnoticed; but when that of Beranger appeared, a burst of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honour of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist. Beranger's retirement is far from being of a cynical or misanthropic character. He seems to have sought his 'chimney corner' from a desire of repose after a busy, and, latterly, not unrewarded life; and to have carried to it, in its full strength, that generous susceptibility of friendship and patriotism which breathes in all his songs. He possesses a mighty lyre, one vibration of whose chords would still rouse a kingdom to attention.

A SURGICAL PUZZLE.

Between the years 1750-60, the medical rage of the day was for tar-water, just as brandy and salt, hydropathy, and other universal remedies, have been fashionable lately. The newspapers teemed with accounts of wonderful cures which were said to have been almost miraculously brought about by the use of tar in various forms. Pamphlets and scientific essays were published, the most celebrated of which was written by Dr Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, called 'Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-water.' Scarcely a disease existed which the public were led to believe was not to be cured by the invaluable but far from aromatic nostrum. Berkeley found tar-water infallible for nervous cholera; some declared it had cured them of the gout; from others it had driven away ague, toothache, asthma, and consumption. But the most remarkable cases in which tar was said to have been effectually curative, were those of broken limbs. One of the most singular of such instances is thus related in one of Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, which has been recently made public:—'A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast, and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies; and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words:—"I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one." This story, though true, did not occur exactly as Walpole relates it. The hoax was played off by a very eccentric character of the time—Sir John Hill—who had been refused admission to the Royal Society, and revenged his disappointment by sending a letter, detailing the case of the sailor as if from a country practitioner. The assembled wisdom of the Fellows of the Royal Society discussed the extraordinary nature of the case with the most earnest gravity, bringing all their medical and scientific knowledge to bear upon it. The result of their learned deliberations was given to the world, and then Sir John Hill sent a second letter, inform-

ing the Society that he had forgotten to state one circumstance in the cure, which was, that the sailor's leg was a wooden one! This pleasant having got extensive currency, the universal virtues of tar and tar-water were much less believed in, and at last got quite exploded.

MORAL REFORM BY THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

We can fancy a small country village—where the hand of God has been bountiful, but which man, who ought to have made it a paradise, has rendered a wilderness—afflicted and overrun with pauperism, drunkenness, and crime. The minister for years has been steady in his observance of the ordinances of the church, has discoursed on each succeeding Sabbath most eloquently on the secular as well as spiritual advantages of attention to the requirements of religion; but, alas! to listless or slender congregations. He goes from house to house on lay days, earnestly imploring his flock to leave the error of their ways, and seek for salvation in the merits of a crucified Redeemer; but his remonstrances are received with scoffing, and his sacred office does not shield him from personal insult. By the influence with the neighbouring gentry, an Allotment Society is formed; a portion of land is appropriated to its object by the owners, by persons holding it in trust for special purposes; or a part of the clergyman's glebe is found to be suitable. Half an acre is intrusted to the care of some of the most respectably-conducted cottagers, according to the size of their respective families. They are furnished with husbandry implements, seeds, and other requisite articles, at the lowest possible price, and on terms according with their circumstances. The beer-shop, which these persons formerly frequented, and where they sacrificed their health, means, and character, and imbibed the worst principles from the debauched conversation of their depraved companions, or the perusal of infidel and revolutionary publications, is deserted; instead of prowling at night among the preserves of their wealthy neighbours, and combating with gamblers—too often to the loss of life on either side, and the sacrifice of the murderer—they sleep the sleep of peace, and rise refreshed to pursue the labours of the day. Their wives become more domesticated and affectionate, their children look to their return home with delight, instead of awe and horror. Their meals—economically prepared under receipts furnished probably by the minister's wife or daughter—have a relish for them which they never before enjoyed. Their cottage has a cleanly aspect, which it had not been accustomed to bear; their little flower-garden and the plants in the window are thriving; their clothes are well mended; their pig fattens, and grunts his satisfaction in the well-built and comfortably-littered sty; and the sale of the produce of their separate allotments has enabled them to place a considerable sum in the savings' bank of the village, as provision for a rainy day. There is no more radicalism in the parish; drunkenness and discontent have disappeared; poachers are unknown in the vicinity; there are no riotings or complainings; but the rural sports of the village are restored and kept up with spirit, without degenerating into excess; the ancient and honourable character of England's bold peasantry is re-established; the church is crowded, and the worshippers numerous and devout.—*Liverpool Mail.*

NEW RECIPE FOR AN OLD DISH.

We find the following droll recipe for making 'Scotch porridge' in the Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, a work published the other day by Longman and Company. 'Stir oatmeal and water together, and let it settle. Pour off the water, and add fresh to it. This must remain till the next day, when the water is strained away from the oatmeal, and boiled. Milk is added while the porridge is boiling. The milk must be in the proportion of two parts of milk to one of water.' This is truly excellent. To make Scotch porridge, throw away the meal! We fear the advice will not be very thankfully received in the north.

SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

Talk not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler, unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-tailed fowl.—*Jones of Nayland.*

ADVICE TO DWELLERS IN TOWNS.

BY A DWELLER IN MANCHESTER.

'If these fair seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go forth and view her beauties, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth.'—*Milton*.

DEAR England! blessings on thy soil,
Thy wide and fertile valleys,
Thy stately halls, that stand so fair,
'Mid lawns and lenfy alleys!

Blessings upon thy breezy downs,
Thy mountain wildernesses,
Thy forest walks and sylvan nooks,
Thy far-off, green recesses!

Thy village churches, old and gray,
Thou dead serenely sleeping,
While over them the ancient yews
A solemn watch are keeping!

Thy moss-grown, swallow-haunted spires,
Upwards our thoughts directing;
Visible links 'twixt heaven and earth,
Us with our God connecting!

England! these blessings take from one
Who thinks it a high duty,
To wander forth, even for a day,
To revel in thy beauty.

Short-sighted men! to starve your souls,
And miss life's purest pleasures,
By living pent-up, and apart
From all these open treasures!

Call it not life, but father death;
Your highest powers misusing,
In vain pursuit of phantom wants,
The only true wealth losing!

For what is true wealth, but the amount
Of blessings to us flowing
From all on earth we love and bless—
The power of love forth-showing?

Come out, then, dwellers 'mid dead walls,
Sick of the din and striving,
Health will be breathed into your souls,
From sights and sounds reviving!

Nature, thy most mysterious power,
Affd holiest ministrations,
Is when thou bring'st to chafed hearts
Thy 'tranquil restoration'!

The blessing comes to us, if we,
In thy sweet grace believing,
Go forth with trustful heart, and free,
Thy influence receiving.

I, wandering in the Vale of Dove,
Have found these things no fiction;
For woods, and streams, and meadows green,
Brought me their benediction.

The morning air, the wild-flower's scent,
The sun upon the river,
Made my whole soul a thanksgiving
Unto the Gracious Giver!

On Haddon Hall the golden hues
Of eve were softly falling,
As in its silent courts I stood,
'The long ago' recalling:

The sparkling eyes and graceful forms,
The mirth and music ringing,
A sigh, perchance, from some young heart,
The minstrel's love-song bringing!

Round these wide hearths, on winter nights,
The wind and rain loud beating,
What maidens fair, and stately men,
Have sat, old tales repeating!

Oh! dearer far than gilded halls,
Thou venerable Haddon!
Thoughts of thy brave old English life
My heart will ever gladden.

Come forth, then, dwellers in the towns,
Your cares behind you leaving,
Your desks and mills, your books and bills,
Your hammering and weaving.

Against old England's majesty,
Against our better reason,
And sacred inner life and health,
This is the true high treason.

To live shut up, while all around
The balmy winds are blowing—
To lose those summer thoughts that make
Our winter hearths more glowing.
Then let us bless thee, dear old land!
And deem it our high duty
And privilege to see and feel
The affluence of thy beauty!

—Written in Dovedale, August 6, 1844.

A. L.

PROCRASTINATION.

Sir Walter Scott, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice:—You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressively call *dawdling*. Your motto must be, *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily, and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray, mind this: this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great east in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson*.

A HINT TO THE ARISTOCRACY.

Baron Alderson, at the last summer assizes, addressed the following remarks to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk:—'In a neighbouring county which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had what I am afraid I shall not have here—a day of rest; and I went out into the country, and had the pleasure of seeing a match of cricket, in which a noble earl, the lord-lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and I believe he lost no respect from that course—they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that if they themselves associated more with the lower classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish I could put it to the minds of all to think so, because I think it is true.'

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, if it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke*.

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WARLIKE TALK.

It is partly amusing and partly alarming to hear men and newspapers from time to time breaking out into warlike talk whenever any trifling difference arises between the diplomatists of our country and those of France and America. To do our country justice, it is not so much given to the bellicose spirit as either France or America; yet there is enough of this style of feeling about us to merit notice, and the words 'national honour,' 'insult to the British flag,' 'ample redress,' still occur with sufficient frequency to show that we are not wholly free from the atrocious disposition to war. In the very eagerness to keep up a large military establishment, merely lest it be needed, there is something to create uneasiness in a well-disposed mind, showing, as it does, that inclination to anticipate wrong which so often leads to wrong being given. Perhaps much of this warlike bravado is owing to the ignorance of war and all its woes, which must now be the condition of a large part of our nation. The men under five-and-thirty form a considerable portion of the energetic part of our population, and all of these can know nothing of war except from hearsay, because there has been peace ever since they were babies. It may therefore be, that many of those men on whom public movements depend, are reckless in courting the hostility of other countries, merely from false notions of what war is, what its effects are upon national progress, and the possibility of ending it when it proves inconvenient. Happening to be just old enough to have some recollections of the last war, it occurs to me that I shall probably be doing some good service if I detail these for the instruction of men somewhat my juniors.

The most conspicuous external feature of the war-time was of course the vast quantity of what is not inexpressively called soldiering. Bodies of military, regular and local, met the eye everywhere, and no spectacles attracted more attention than reviews, consecrations of colours (a profanity still practised, but at which men a few years hence must be astounded merely to think that it ever existed), and illuminations for victories. So prevalent were these things, that even the sports of children took a character from them, and mimic regiments with wooden swords, paper caps, and toy drums, were to be seen in the neighbourhood of every school. Such shows were, in a sense, only shows, but can we doubt that they engaged the time, feelings, and even intellectual energies of the people, to the neglect of things more important? A large proportion of the able-bodied men of the country were at that time obliged to bear arms; either they were constrained by a regard to public opinion, or a sense of the necessities of their country, to become volunteers, or they were compelled by law to appear in

corps of local militia. Thus so far was their attention diverted from their business, and by so much was the country of course impoverished. Rich men, indeed, could obtain exemption from the latter kind of service by purchasing the services of a substitute of humbler rank; but this poor men could not afford, and they were therefore forced, when the lot fell upon them, to take up arms, to the desertion of their wives and children, and the abandonment of their ordinary calling. One also occasionally heard of the press-gang going about, and forcing merchant-mariners on board war-vessels, service in which was only a few years before considered as a fit punishment for unruly members of society and a minor class of malefactors.

My boyhood was spent in a small provincial town. I there saw three hundred of the men of a small district every year do duty for a month as soldiers. Recruiting parties paid us frequent visits, and went about inveigling thoughtless young men into the army, to the infinite distress of the parents whom they were deserting. In the latter years of the war, when there was a great need for men, high bounties were given for recruits; and we would then see poor youths giving up their liberty and an honest calling for ten or twelve pounds, the most of which sum, or the whole, would probably be dissipated in one debauch before they had once returned to their sober senses. In brief time these youths went abroad to enter into active service, and we were perpetually hearing of casualties more or less fatal befalling them. But the mere loss of so many individuals, and the grief which the loss occasioned in particular circles, were not the sole evils of the case. The more serious consequences were seen in the poverty induced in families by the absence or loss of the members most capable of gaining bread, and in the sadder class of evils which often befall young families left without parental protection. I distinctly remember hardships thus endured by humble families, such as are not now experienced from the same causes in the same departments of society. And when it so happened that a man returned from military service to the bosom of his family, it was too often found that he was not in any respect improved by his absence.

In August 1811, when nine years of age, I visited Edinburgh for the first time: it was also the first time I had ever seen a large town. Walking along the streets, and before I had as yet been taken to any house, I observed a large crowd proceeding along the High Street. On narrow inspection it proved to be a troop of French prisoners—poor miserable-looking wretches—who had just been debarked from a vessel in Leith Roads, and were now on their way to a prison in the castle, enclosed within a square of British soldiers. I followed them with my friends to the esplanade on the Castle-hill, and there for the first time beheld that won-

der to country boys—the sea—a beautiful estuary lying still beneath the autumn sun, and having a series of large war-vessels suspended as it were upon its clearness,

—like painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

This also was a sight peculiar to the time; one of great beauty certainly, but of external beauty only. Entering the castle, we quickly found our way to the place occupied by the French prisoners, a gloomy building between the square and the new barrack, having a court into which the poor men were allowed to come, like animals kept in a zoological garden, for the sake of a little fresh air. In the palisades surrounding the court was a small wicket, at which they were allowed to exhibit trinkets of their own making for sale, including hair watch-chains, hair rings, and little toys fashioned from the bones of their rations. There we saw a group of eager mustached visages gleaming out, as offers were made to them for the purchase of their wares—articles trifling as could well be, but the produce of which was nevertheless of great consequence in procuring them some small comforts to help out their prison fare. I may here remark, that it was marvellous to the people of this country how universally the knack of making such trifling articles was diffused among the French. It is of more importance to remark, that the condition of the many thousands of prisoners who were kept in this country was not the least unpleasant feature of the war-time. Their rations and accommodations were not so good as those of malefactors are now. And think of the condition of these poor helpless beings depending often upon the mere caprice of the two belligerent governments. When Napoleon was severe upon his English prisoners, or merely alleged to be so (which was quite enough), then the British government chose to be severe also with their prisoners. The screw suspected of being applied here, the screw was correspondingly applied there, the men always being the sufferers. Such was the unensiness of the captives in Edinburgh castle, that in several instances they made attempts to escape through the drains which precipitately descend the rock on the outside—an adventure which seems to almost insure the most odious and most horrible of deaths. But of the miserable addition of a prisoner of war, there can be no better memorial than the *depôt* built for them about 1813 at Auchindinny, a few miles from Edinburgh. It consists of a radiating range of wooden fabrics, in two floors, each of which designed to contain three hundred men. The arrangement for the accommodation of the three hundred was simply this. Along the floor there was a central open space about ten feet broad. On each side of this was a range of beds, placed with the feet towards the wall, and each barely wide enough to contain a human being. No arrangement for ventilation—no accommodation for day life, but in the narrow central space, or in the courtyard. Arrangements forming such an instance of practical barbarism, speak powerfully to the visitor of the horrors inseparable from war.

Having occasion at this time to be much with friends at Leith, I was surprised to hear continually of ships being detained in harbour long after they were ready to proceed upon their voyages, and of great inconvenience being thus experienced. These vessels were, in the phrase of the time, 'waiting for convoy.' Unable to pass through the seas alone, for fear of the enemy's ships, it was necessary that they should remain in port until a sufficient number collected to make it worth while to grant them the protection of a war-vessel upon their voyage. It was quite an event when a set of merchant vessels at length went away in the train of some brig or schooner, for which they had lingered for several weeks. The inconvenience of this detention to all concerned, and the great additional expense which it occasioned, and which fell upon the trade, must of course have been seriously obstructive to commercial transactions. And, after all, it often happened that vessels of

feeble sailing powers lost convoy, and were snapped up by the French privateers. But indeed the difficulties which war introduced into all departments of foreign trade were enormous. The enemy was perpetually closing up markets against us, or our markets were lost by their becoming the seats of war. At length Napoleon had the whole continent sealed up, so that it was only possible to smuggle goods into it. And such was the uncertainty attending this mode of traffic, that it was no surprise when one half of the merchants of Leith, the chief port in Scotland, were found one morning to have been ruined by a speculation in sugar, the article being designed for use on the continent. One of the expedients for carrying on this clandestine commerce was to furnish British ships with forged papers, establishing them as foreign bottoms, and thus enabling them to sail to inimical ports. This practice was carried to such an extent, as to be thought nothing of; it was even winked at by law. Owing, too, to the high duties required by the expenses of war, smuggling was largely practised in all the excise departments, inasmuch that the honest brewer, distiller, or candlemaker, had no chance. The office of solicitor in the excise-office was then understood to be worth five thousand a-year, mainly from the perquisites arising from prosecutions. The officers of the revenue were almost to a man accessible to corruption: a distiller in East Lothian, finding one particularly difficult to deal with, at length brought infamous women to assail him, and thus succeeded. The pernicious effects of all these practices upon general society could not but be very great. I distinctly recollect the lower tone of the public mind of those days. No one seemed to have an idea that there was anything wrong in improving one's circumstances at the expense of the public without any adequate return of service. All who supplied it with articles of any kind, cheated it without compunction, and were only thought 'smart men' when they did this to a considerable amount. In the blundering hurry occasioned by the war, and the eagerness of the government to secure adherents, speculations of no kind were inquired into. In all these respects England does not look like the same country which it did thirty-five years ago.

It was but an unavoidable consequence of the exigencies of the war, that flogging was much in practice in the army. In the difficulty of obtaining recruits, persons of the worst character were readily accepted: indeed an idea then prevailed that the soldiery should not be too moral, and a minister actually declared it as his opinion in parliament, that 'the worst men make the best soldiers.' With inferior beings to be managed, humane maxims, such as now prevail in the discipline of the army, would have been inapplicable. The cat-of-nine-tails was therefore continually at work. Each stroke of this instrument upon a whole place drew blood, and inflicted extreme pain; and when it had peeled off the skin, it brought away pieces of flesh, and flew about dripping with gore. Yet there was a serious general order issued in 1807, by way of a correction upon the existing system, to this effect: 'It appearing to his majesty that a punishment to the extent of one thousand lashes is a sufficient example for any breach of military discipline, short of a capital offence; and as even that number cannot be safely inflicted at any one period, his majesty has been graciously pleased to express his opinion that no sentence for corporal punishment should exceed one thousand lashes!' An officer about this time was asked how he liked his new commander, 'Oh, we like him very well,' was the answer, 'only he does not flog enough.' Mr Henry Marshall, who records these facts,* states that, in 1811 or 1812, he saw thirty-two men punished at one time in a regimental hospital on a foreign station. But the wonder is not that such severe measures were resorted to; it would have only been surprising if discipline could have been otherwise kept

* Historical Sketch of Military Punishments, in United Service Magazine.

up. Driven to take up with bad men, and calling daily upon these to let loose their worst passions against their fellow-creatures, how was it to be expected that they should have been susceptible of regulation by gentle means? Now, the army is recruited with deliberation from a better class; the men have inducements to good behaviour and faithful service; and their function is rather that of peace-keepers than exterminators. The soldiery is therefore a different thing from what it was. But can there be any reasonable doubt that, if war were renewed, similar exigencies would lead to similar results, and the barbarisms of thirty years ago be revived?

The financial considerations respecting war are important. The expense which it occasions is pure loss to the country, being so much abstracted from its productive powers. But, serious as the cost is, I consider this as after all an inferior matter to the moral consequences of war. War never can be, without retarding the intellectual and moral progress of a nation. It tends to infuse a modified depravity throughout the whole community engaged in it. Should it be our lot once more to assume a hostile attitude, then farewell for the time to all those ameliorations of our state which have been going on for thirty years: adieu to improvements in education: adieu to the advancement of all the social arts. Minds which are now in the way of contributing to the humanisation of the mass at the bottom of society, would then be liable to have their energies called away to the coxcombies of military parade. Classes of men would all become harder and sterner with each other. Harsh modes of dealing with inferiors would again come into operation, and the poor would be valued only as instruments for working out the aims of a barbarous policy. Two years of such a system of things as existed during the last war, would put back the great works of peace ten, and two years more would reduce all the wellwishers of their race to despair. Let us, then, hear no more of these military breathings. Let us not even imagine the possibility of war. If other nations are eager to fight, reason them out of it, laugh them out of it; anything but fight them!

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

THE Australian colonies, from their peculiar origin, their remote position, their curious productions, their extent of territory, the vicissitudes which have marked their progress, and the undefined destinies which await them, naturally excite a considerable degree of interest in the mother country. Nor is this interest confined to the wool-dealer or the emigrant agent. The great southern archipelago abounds in novel material for the naturalist, the geologist, the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the politician. To all these the Australian colonies afford a new and extensive field for exploration and exercise, as they afford to the speculator in bank stock one amongst a hundred other modes of investment, and to the poor and industrious family the prospect of a home, where labour has room to employ itself, and where energy, coupled with frugality, are sure to meet with their reward. Anything, therefore, professing to appear in the shape of an ample and ingenious account of one of these distant settlements, pointing out their progress, affording an outline of their social condition, sketching the manners, habits, and modes of life which prevail in them, defining the hardships to be endured by the settler, and the returns which his industry is likely to secure him, and all interspersed with interesting adventure, and lively descriptions of scenery; and coupling the first impressions imprinted by the whole on an intelligent mind, with the knowledge of the subject which a protracted residence amid the scenes described, and amongst the people portrayed, has af-

wards imparted, must be an acceptable literary offering to the public; and such, we venture to say, is the volume now before us by Mrs Meredith.

The authoress left her native country early in June 1839, and after a voyage which terminated about the beginning of the following October, and relieved by many incidents, which are told in a playful and attractive style, arrived at Sydney, the Australian metropolis. In passing through Bass's Straits, where they were much incommoded by fogs, amongst other objects which arrested her attention were the 'mutton birds,' as they are most unpoetically called, and which, if her account of them be correct—and she takes her husband, 'whose early wanderings familiarised him with many of the native creatures of the Australian islands,' as her authority—are very peculiar both in their form and habits. 'The birds are about the size of a wild duck, with handsome black plumage, shot with metallic shades of green and brown, according as the light falls on them: they are web-footed, and the beak is similar in form to that of the albatross family. They live wholly at sea the chief part of the year; but on one particular day in spring, November 1st (how strange to English ears does November sound as a spring month!) never varying many hours in the time, they come in from sea in countless myriads, filling the air with clouds of their dark wings, as they hurry ashore on some of the islands in Bass's Straits, where their "rookeries," as the sailors term them, are made. These are burrows in the earth, and the first care of the birds, on returning, is to scratch them out clean from any rubbish that has accumulated, and put them in order for habitation, and often to make new ones. This preparatory business occupies about a fortnight, and then the swarming squadrons put to sea again for another fortnight or three weeks, not a bird remaining behind. At the end of this time they return in a body as before, and take up their abode in the rookeries, and there lay their eggs and sit. They remain on shore (the parent birds sitting by turns) until the young ones are a third part grown, and immensely fat, like masses of blubber, when the old birds leave them, and go off to sea. The young ones, unable to leave the rookeries, are sustained meanwhile by their own fat; and by the time that is tolerably reduced, their wings are grown strong enough for flight, and they also quit the rookery, and go to sea.' We do not think Audubon, in his celebrated and extensive work upon the birds of America, has presented a species with habits more singular and peculiar than those characterising the 'mutton bird.' Their prudence, in preparing every necessary comfort for their anticipated brood, is instructive to unfeathered bipeds; and if they do desert their offspring when they are yet in a helpless condition, it must not be forgotten that, before quitting them, they make a competent provision (of fat) for their sustenance. These birds can only take wing from the water. That their name is a palpable misnomer, will be allowed when it is understood that, when cured for sale, their flavour is similar to that of a *reel-herring*.

The approach to Port Jackson, one of the most magnificent harbours in the world, is thus described:— 'The entrance to the port is grand in the extreme. The high dark cliffs we had been coasting along all morning suddenly terminate in an abrupt precipice, called the South Head, on which stand the light-house and signal-station. The North Head is a similar cliff, a bare bluff promontory of dark horizontal rocks; and between these grand stupendous pillars, as through a colossal gate, we entered Port Jackson.' The scenery of this noble estuary is much enhanced by the many bays and inlets by which it indents the land. 'A fresh vista every minute opened to the view, each, as it seemed, more lovely than the last; the pretty shrubs growing thickly among the rocks, and down to the water's edge, adding infinitely to the effect, especially as they were really green—a thing I had not dared to expect; but it was spring, and everything looked fresh and verdant.' The neighbourhood of Sydney is adorned

* By Mrs Charles Meredith. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

with villas, 'encircled with gardens and shrubberies, looking like the pretty *cottages ornées* near some fashionable English watering-place.' With the exception of these, the first appearance of the capital is not promising. 'The chief part of the city is built on the sides, and at the head, of a cove running at right angles with the stream in which we lay (with the main line of the harbour), which prevented the best parts from being observed; and the main portion of what was visible had an air of "Wapping" about it by no means engaging.'

The town of Sydney, with its mixed population, is described in a lively off-hand manner. Its chief feature is the main street, 'George Street,' which traverses its whole length, about a mile and a half. Here are all the 'fashionable emporiums,' and it is the chosen promenade, and the theatre for display, for high-life in Sydney; abandoning, much to the astonishment of Mrs Meredith, a beautiful rustic retreat in the vicinity, called the 'Domain,' for the crowded and dusty street. 'No lady in Sydney (your grocers' and butchers' wives included) believes in the possibility of walking, so that the various machines upon wheels, of all descriptions, are very numerous, from the close carriage and showy barouche, or bûtska, to the more humble four-wheeled chaise and useful gig.' There is but little exercise on horseback, 'few ladies venturing to risk their complexions to the exposure of an equestrian costume.'

The Sydney market is abundantly supplied, particularly with fruits and fish, some species of the latter being excellent, although fashion proscribes them as a dish to be presented at a dinner party; preserved and cured cod and salmon from England being substituted, at great expense, in their place. Among the nuisances to which the town is subjected, a very serious one is dust. 'Unless after very heavy rain, it is always dusty, and sometimes, when the wind is in a particular point, the whirlwinds of thick fine powder that fill every street and house are positive nuisances.' Flies and mosquitoes abound; and to protect one's-self from the latter during the night, the same mode, of spreading a gauze curtain over the bed, is adopted as prevails in the West Indies and in the Southern States.

Mrs Meredith had ample opportunity of indulging her enthusiastic fondness for firs during a ride, in a varied and picturesque country, to the lighthouse on the South Head. The road appeared to lead through one continued garden, and she gathered handfuls of flowers in the open air such as she 'had cherished in pots at home, or begged small sprays of in conservatories or greenhouses,' together with many 'yet more lovely denizens of this interesting country, of which I know not even the name.' The 'Australian library' contains a good and extensive selection of books; but literary taste would appear to be at rather a low ebb in Sydney, so that the library is not frequented as it should be. 'The gentlemen are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book,' a lamentable character, truly; the counterpart of which is ascribed to the ladies, the tone of society being little elevated, and conversation generally of the most flippant and superficial kind. A large proportion of the population are emancipated convicts, or their immediate descendants, 'and a strong line of demarcation is in most instances observed between them and the free emigrants and settlers.' Some of them are the wealthiest men in the colony; but the most that their riches do for them, is to modify the prejudice against them. Mrs Meredith justly inveighs against the shallow, petty pride, or rather vanity, 'which causes so many heartburnings, and such eager rivalry, amongst those who can ill afford its cost.' As in all colonies, the very worst features of a graduated scale of society are here the most prominent; and the lines of demarcation and exclusion are arbitrarily and foolishly drawn. The great revulsion in 1837 in the United States was in no small degree owing to individual extravagance, and no doubt the same cause contributes much to the periodical distresses of the Australian

colonies. The extravagance and ostentation of many—evinced in the scale of their house, the expense incurred for English furniture, and the number of their servants—have, no doubt, in too many instances, occasioned those embarrassments which involve many others, perhaps more prudent—both families and individuals—in their consequences. The admiration of the authoress for a specimen of the 'red man'—a native chief whom she saw in Sydney shortly after her arrival—is unbounded; her sketch of him is happy and picturesque. 'I had often heard of, and seen what is called majestic demeanour; but this untutored being, with his tattooed face and arms, and long shaggy mantle, fairly outdid even my imaginings of the majestic, as he paced deliberately along, planting his foot at every step as if he had an emperor's neck beneath it, and gazing with most royal indifference around him. There was the concentrated grandeur of a hundred regal mantles of velvet, gold, and ermine, in the very sway of his flax-fringed cloak: I never beheld anything so truly stately. I verily believe, had you placed him amid the coronation splendours of Westminster Abbey, he would not have been so "vulgar" as to betray surprise.' We incline to the belief that the chief was, in all this, an exception to his brethren. Like many Americans, both bachelors and married people in Sydney, with their families, live in hotels, which are characterised as possessing most of the luxuries, but few of the true comforts of life. The intemperance of the lower orders is but too apparent in the multitude of public houses with which the town abounds, and in the flourishing business which they all appear to carry on. The colonial newspapers are represented as abounding in epithets and personal invective, such as would have done credit to the fictitious creations in the *Pickwick Papers*. The minute account given of the capital is not merely the result of first impressions, but of a lengthened residence, in the town, with every opportunity of closely observing what is described.

Shortly after her arrival, Mrs Meredith made a journey to Bathurst, one hundred and twenty miles into the interior. Her observations by the way are interesting, and full of the instruction so much needed by intending emigrants. The mode of clearing the land in the woody districts is precisely similar to that adopted in Canada and the States, by cutting down the trees, leaving their stumps to rot in the ground, or destroying them by the process of 'girdling.' An industrious people are generally a well-housed people. Little that is favourable can be inferred of the industry or the notions of comfort of the Australian labouring classes from the following description of their habitations. 'Their huts or hovels are built of heaped turf, or more frequently of slabs set on end, like a strong paling, and thatched, and which, if plastered with mud, would be weatherproof and comfortable [we doubt it]; but for the most part the slabs are all falling asunder, the thatch is half torn off, the window—or rather the place for one—stopped with pieces of wood, hides, and old rags, and the door, without hinges, inclining against the wall.' A very little trouble might procure abundance of fruit and vegetables, by cultivating a small garden; but such an appendage to a residence of this sort is seldom if ever to be met with. At the time of which Mrs Meredith speaks, idleness was the prevailing vice, occasioned by the high rate of wages, which enabled a man, by working only the third of his time, to get sufficient wherewith to spend the remaining two-thirds in drunkenness and laziness. Unfortunately, such is to some extent still the case in the colony, and the imperial government has been recently applied to to take some steps for procuring an additional supply of labour for the colony—both to lower the present ruinous rate of wages, and to compel the dissolute and idle to work a proper time for their subsistence.

Several 'chain-gangs'—the lowest class of convicts—were passed upon the road, and the following account of them presents a startling contrast to the condition of masses of our home population.—'Even the chain-

gangs do not perform, on an average, the third part of the labour which any English mechanic or labourer does gladly and cheerfully. Their rations of food are wholesome and abundant, and their huts or barracks provided with every necessary. When sick, they have the best medical care, and whatever additional luxuries their state may require. This should teach philanthropists, whose delight it is to have their fields of operation at a distance, to look nearer home for objects on whom to bestow their compassion and exercise their benevolence.

Passing the village of Poririth, the authoress soon found herself ascending the 'long range of the Blue Mountains.' Among these lofty mountains, and in their shady recesses, the trees and shrubs grow in unchecked luxuriance, and yielded me many a new and beautiful flower. As we slowly wound up the steep ascent, and the folding hills narrowed the view behind us, the scene was most picturesque and striking. Far on before us we could see the white gleaming road still climbing higher and higher; gigantic crags, piled high overhead, were mingled with an endless variety of tree, shrub, and flower; and far below, from the depths of the ravine, the opposite side of the pass rose almost perpendicularly, till its upper trees seemed to cut against the bright unclouded sky. The picture given of a country ion is anything but attractive, being, both in its internal arrangements and external accompaniments, well adapted to offend even an ordinary nicety of taste. The gigantic ant-hills, common to many parts of New South Wales, are 'great conical heaps of finely-worked earth, cemented into a hard mass, and from six to ten feet high, with no visible orifice outside; nor did I see a single ant about them, though I closely examined several. When cut open, they display numerous small cells, and the earth of which they are formed is so finely prepared by the little architects, that it is used by the settlers in the neighbourhood as plaster, and as cement for floors.' The road, in the main, was of the worst description, and sterility and monotony characterised the scenery as they advanced into the mountainous district. Near Mount Victoria, clustering richly around the shrubs, Mrs Meredith saw for the first time the native indigo of New South Wales. 'It is a delicate little climbing-plant, with slender stems, long, narrow, blunt leaves, and a profuse quantity of small violet-blue, pea-shaped flowers, growing in long sprays, and completely clothing any bush or fence where it flourishes.' By this road the produce of the interior is principally conveyed to Sydney; the apprehensions excited by the bush-rangers making it prudent for the farmers to travel in companies, similar in some respects to an African caravan.

Bathurst, which is described as the last township on the 'up-country road,' did not find much favour in the eyes of Mrs Meredith. Her visit to it was, however, confessedly at an unfortunate period, being shortly after one of these tremendous and blasting droughts with which the interior of the country is sometimes visited, withering up every shrub and blade of grass, and strewing the upper country with the bones of finished cattle. Everything procurable was dear. A pound a-night was the price of accommodation for a horse; and wheat was so high, that the flour in use was adulterated with inferior grain. Once, during her residence in the colony, wheat was as high as L.10, 10s. a-quarter in Sydney. The climate of Bathurst is unpleasant. Situated in the midst of a vast plain, surrounded by mountains, the only breezes with which it is visited are the 'hot winds' from the north-west, which, wherever they prevail, mark their course with blasting and desolation. 'I have seen large tracts of cultivated land covered with luxuriant green crops of wheat, barley, or oats, just going into ear, scorched, shrivelled, absolutely blackened by the heat, and fit for nothing but to cut as fuel later.

Mrs Meredith dwells at some length upon the manners and peculiar characteristics of the natives. With

many others who have described them, she too leads her readers to form the lowest possible estimate of their moral and intellectual character. They are fond of dancing; their principal festival, at which this species of amusement is immoderately indulged in, being the *Corrobory*, at which their doctors, or 'croddies,' deliver them certain charms, which are supposed to possess the highest virtue. They prepare themselves elaborately for this important ceremony; full dress being painted 'nudity.' A fire is lighted, around which they dance; and while thus engaged, the tableau is represented as 'fearfully grand.' The following is but little calculated to inspire us with a very high idea of the aborigines. 'One of the aboriginal dances is called the "Kangaroo dance;" and one man, wearing a long tail, drops down on his hands and feet, pretending to graze, starting to look about, and mimicking the demeanour of the animal as nearly as possible; the others, in the character of dogs and hunters, performing their part of the play in a circle round him, at a very short distance.' Their wives are called 'gins,' and getting married is, with the men, 'equivalent to keeping a servant,' so that the bachelor, who has no wife or wives to drudge for him, is universally denominated a 'poor fellow.' A wife with them leads but a miserable existence, being 'a slave in every social sense, and not even permitted to feed but at her husband's pleasure, and off the offal he may choose to fling her, although on her devolves the chief care of providing the materials for the repast.' The natives are not over-nice in their diet; 'their usual food consisting of kangaroos and opossums roasted whole, without any portion being rejected.' After the husband has 'gnawed' at the animal till he has gorged himself, it is then handed over his shoulder to his wife, who sits behind, and afterwards to the children; the whole family, after the repast, going to sleep around the fire. They are fond of children who have 'survived the perils of infancy;' but infanticide is nevertheless a common crime; and the mother of a babe, when asked for her infant, will reply with the greatest possible coolness, 'I believe dingo patta'—that is, 'I believe the dog has eaten it.' They are exceedingly treacherous, and, in the main, cowardly. They have very imperfect notions of a beneficent Supreme Being; but have an idea of an evil spirit, which they denominate 'Yahoo,' the 'Devil-Devil,' of whom they live in the greatest terror, and have conceived the most grotesque imaginings. 'Their fondness for European clothing is well known, and I have heard many amusing instances of its display. One Wellington boot was sometimes worn, unaccompanied by any other article of apparel; and great were the pride and grandeur of him who could button his upper man in a dress coat, that alone being considered sufficient costume.' Each tribe has its own allotted territory, and wo be to him, if caught, who commits a trespass upon the domains of a neighbouring tribe, and this even when accompanying settlers on their journeys. Their idleness is 'wholly unconquerable; the utmost effort they ever make towards the formation of a residence being to raise a few slips of bark slantingly against a tree, under which they crawl during bad weather.'

The habits of the native (not aboriginal) servants, or, as they are sometimes denominated, the 'currency,' in opposition to the 'sterling' (the emigrants), are generally, in a moral point of view, of rather a low and depraved order. The prevalence of drunkenness amongst them is astonishing, as it is deplorable. Age and sex make no difference; your dainty lady's-maid or pretty young nurse-girl is just as likely to be over-liberal in her libations to Bacchus, as your groom or shoe-black; and no threats, bribes, or punishments, avail to keep the besotted creatures from the dram-bottle, if it be by any means, or in any shape, accessible. I have known a female servant drink camphorated spirits of wine, and suspect her of consuming a pint of hartshorn, its evident strength being no doubt too tempting. Eau-de-Cologne and lavender water I know they drink when

ever these are left about, or anything else believed to contain spirit. The universality of this vice is dreadful to contemplate, and far worse to witness and endure.' Describing a farmhouse at which she alighted on her way back to Sydney, she says, 'This universal addiction to drink, and consequent neglect of all industry and decency, are truly shocking. Here was a substantial farmhouse (sometimes performing in another character—a tavern—it is true), with the female inmates half drunk, and scarcely out of bed at 10 o'clock on a summer's morning; rooms unswept, beds unmade, and the whole establishment telling of plenty, sloth, and drunkenness.' The description of an emigrant settler's house affords a more pleasing picture, although the establishment is frequently the scene of the grossest incongruities—costliness and inconvenience, extravagance and discomfort, being often met with in intimate juxtaposition.

Mrs Meredith's stay in Sydney comprehended an entire year; and she speaks of the winter months in terms of laudation. In October 1840 she sailed with her husband for the neighbouring colony of Van Diemen's Land, where they intended permanently to settle. We hope the result of her observations of the sister colony will also be given to the world. She is evidently a lady of education and refinement, and acquainted with the higher grades of life in her native country—England. Her book wants in arrangement; but the principal fault attributable to it is the incessantly satirical vein which runs through every page of it. Much—perhaps too much—of it is devoted to the description of the natural productions of the country; but the amount of zoological and botanical knowledge thereby conveyed cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive. The work is frequently relieved by sallies of lively humour, and with allusions which show a more than ordinary extent of information at the disposal of the writer.

TOO LATE.

'The children of the earth,' says Miss Bremer, in one of her admirable novels, 'struggle against the sharp sword of suffering for many, many years: they live—they suffer—they struggle. The sword is broken, and they fall powerless down—success reaches to them the goblet—they touch their lips to the purple edge, and die.' Every thoughtful and experienced reader may, on reflection, remember some friend, or friend's friends, to whom these remarks are applicable, for society is full of such instances; and even amidst the long record of those illustrious names that the world will not 'willingly let die,' there are but too many to whom 'the fair guerdon' they looked to as the reward of their 'laborious days' came indeed, but came too late: the eye was dim, the ear was closed, the hand was cold, the heart still—all so worn and weary in the long pursuit, that fruition came *too late*, and could not bless.

Three hundred years have not been able to diminish the fame of Torquato Tasso—

'He with the glory round his furrowed brow,
That emanated then, and dazzles now'—

and yet the story of his life is an almost unvaried record of sorrow and suffering, of baffled hopes, of vain endeavour, of unmerited wrong. He was the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet whose fame has been totally eclipsed by the superiority of his son; and gave indications, even from infancy, of the possession of an almost divine genius, which education and intimate companionship with the most celebrated men in Italy so developed and improved, that it was soon predicted of him that he would be the greatest poet of his age. When he was about twenty years of age, he was invited by Car-

dinal D'Este to reside with him at the court of his brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, then the most brilliant in Italy, and adorned by the beauty of that Leonora who was destined to exert so powerful an influence over the future fortunes of the bard. For a time all went well with Tasso; his worst evil was poverty; and this, in the flush of youth and health, he could easily encounter. He was rich in glorious visions of future renown, and he lived in the presence of the fairest ladies of the land, whose smiles were the guerdon of his muse. Soon, however, the uncommon favour bestowed upon the bard excited the envy of the courtiers, while his widely-spreading fame awakened the jealousy of inferior poets; and their attacks upon his reputation excited the anger of Tasso, who had the proverbial irritability of the poetic temperament. His frequent complaints at length wearied the duke, who treated them with a haughty contempt the sensitive poet could ill submit to. He several times attempted to throw himself on the protection of other princes; but as the duke, on the plea of its careful preservation, retained possession of his 'Jerusalem Delivered,' he still returned to the court of Ferrara—the ladies Lucretia and Leonora as often interceding for him with their offended brother. It is not precisely known how the duke became aware of Tasso's passion for the lady Leonora; but the knowledge certainly tended to confirm him in the belief that the poet was insane. He, a mere man of the world, occupied with his own importance, his naturally narrow mind unimproved by education, could not enter into the poet's anxieties regarding his poem and his fame; still less could he pardon the presumption he was guilty of in falling in love with a lady of royal birth, though her beauty, her talents, and her virtues, might well have warned a heart far less susceptible than that of Tasso. From the friend and patron, he became the persecutor of the poet: he caused him to be confined in the hospital of St Anne, in the part appropriated to the reception of lunatics; and here, for several years, the unhappy Tasso found himself imprisoned in a dungeon, whose walls re-echoed to the groans and frantic cries of the lunatics in the adjoining cells. He who had lived in every luxury, and in constant companionship with the most beautiful women and the most talented men of the age—who delighted in the beauty of nature, and had a keen relish for all that was exquisite in art—whose mind was capable of the loftiest conceptions, and whose heart was alive to the purest affection—was 'cabin'd' in a cell which scarcely allowed him to stand upright. His person and dress were neglected—his food was scanty and coarse—and he had no society save his keeper and his own sad thoughts. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that he peopled this frightful solitude with spirits, both good and bad: it is rather a matter of surprise that a mind so sensitive as his should still have retained its powers—that his heart should neither have broken in the strife, nor been hardened against all mankind.

At length, at the repeated solicitations of many powerful princes, among whom were the pope and the Duke of Mantua, Tasso was liberated, and he immediately repaired to Mantua. But his health was impaired and his mind unsettled by his long confinement and privations: he wandered from Mantua to Rome, to Florence, and to Naples; then to Mantua again, staying a short time at each, until his restless and unhappy spirit urged him again to seek, in change of scene, that calm repose which exists only in the mind. During

several years, while leading this desultory life, he was engaged in a lawsuit for the recovery of some property that he had inherited from his mother; so that

'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

fell heavily on the poor bard, who derived a precarious maintenance from the princes whose courts he honoured with his presence. Though poor, he still retained his taste for splendour and luxury, and thought only of dwelling in the palaces of princes. Though perplexed by worldly cares, he never forgot that he was a poet striving for immortality; a lover whose passion, though trampled on as presumption, and despised as madness, was to transmit to successive ages the knowledge of Leonora D'Este—a name which now, despite her remarkable beauty, her talents, her virtues, and her rank, would but for him have gone down to oblivion.

As a last asylum, on the complete failure of his health, which was undermined by the restless spirit, as the scabbard is worn by the sword, he repaired to the monastery of St Onophrio at Rome, which, being in an elevated and retired situation, was equally favourable to the restoration of his health and the composure of his mind. Tasso, at the court of Alphonso, in the pride of youth, manliness, and talent, full of those lofty hopes which genius alone can inspire, and giving himself up to the passionate love of a beauty he could never hope to possess, even though his love was returned—Tasso, in his dungeon at St Anne's, separated from human society, yet holding converse with imaginary forms of angelic loveliness, or striving with equally imaginary demons, yet with an intellect that shone out above all the darkness that overshadowed it, even as a rainbow whose very splendour exists between the glory and the cloud—Tasso, in both these phases, has not so strong a claim upon our love, our admiration, and our pity, as Tasso in the last days of his eventful life, when he gave himself up entirely to the performance of the sacred duties of that religion which had been to him through life his protection, and was now his solace and reward. The monastery was so near to Rome, that the breeze of evening brought to the ears of the musing bard the hum of the thickly-peopled city; and he to whom all the changes of humanity were so painfully familiar, might well picture to himself the rush, the turmoil, and the strife, which, though softened by the distance through which he heard them, had their origin in the life-and-death struggle ever carried on by the human passions keeping their restless vigil in its streets. Yet these conflicting crowds—the oppressor and the oppressed—had one feeling in common, and that was reverence for the bard who had taken refuge among them. With all the eagerness of their national character, which enters earnestly into whatever subject addresses the mind through the medium of the senses, they prepared to attend his much-talked-of coronation in the Capitol, where the pope was to confer upon him the laurel of Dante and Petrarch—an honour that was to atone for all the wrongs he had suffered, all the neglect he had endured in the years gone by. Already, all that Rome had of noble, lovely, learned, or wealthy, was summoned to attend at, and swell the triumph of Tasso on the 25th of April 1595, when Pope Clement was to invest him with that glorious wreath, the emblem of immortality, purchased—oh, how often!—with a lifetime of suffering. The eve was come: to-morrow, said the people, there will be a holiday—to-morrow, said the literati, there will be a triumph—to-morrow, said the gay beauty and the proud noble, there will be an assembly where I may display myself—to-morrow, said the pope, I shall crown the greatest poet of the age with the laureate wreath, and my name shall go down to posterity with his—to-morrow, said the bard, as he lay pale and fever-wasted on his narrow couch, listening to the last notes of the vesper service chanted by the monks of St Onophrio—to-morrow I shall be

alike indifferent to honour or neglect. Already the hand of death is on my heart. Slighted and oppressed through years of suffering, the fame that might have solaced and prolonged my life is now of no avail. I am about to enter into another and a brighter world. The crown they offer me is but a faint type of the one that awaits me there.' And so it was: they who came to summon him to his coronation, found him in the sleep of death—they were too late.

He was interred, on the day of his intended coronation, in the church of the monastery with great pomp; his laurel-crown being laid upon his coffin, and cardinals and princes bearing up his pall. In his person, Tasso was majestic; his manners were courtly and refined; his learning was extensive; his natural talents almost unequalled; his morals, for that age, were very pure, and he was always fearful of becoming profane or irreligious. It is perhaps too much to expect that minds like his should display, in conjunction with their finest attributes, the useful prudence that makes common men successful; yet, were it but possible, how much would they gain by the union! Tasso would have escaped most of his troubles by paying more attention to the every-day affairs of life; but would he then have written for all time? Nay, did not those very troubles, while they made him turn more eagerly to his beloved poetry for consolation, teach him lessons of virtue too true and too profound to have been inculcated amidst the splendid idleness of a dissolute court? 'Sweet are the uses of adversity' to noble natures like that of Tasso; it not only corrects, but elevates them; for, as one of his biographers beautifully observes, 'The very darkness that conceals from us the beauty of the earth, displays, to our upward gaze, the glory of the heavens.'

There are few things more mysterious and capricious than the way in which genius manifests itself. In fact, there is no calculating upon its advent; for it is sometimes hereditary in families, while elsewhere it appears unexpectedly, like a rare plant that unaccountably springs up, among the simple flowers of the field, from some wind-borne seed. Where it is hereditary, the clever father is often greatly surpassed by the extraordinary son, as in the case of the two Tassos and the two Mozarts; for though the elder Mozart was a good musician, it is through his son's fame that he is now remembered. Seldom, indeed, have talents so precocious as those of Wolfgang Mozart ripened into such perfection as his maturer years displayed; in him 'the child was father to the man.' From his sixth to his twelfth year, his father carried him in succession to the most splendid courts of Europe; and everywhere his extraordinary talents surmounted all the formal barriers behind which rank, riches, and worldly prejudice intrench themselves against *adventurers*! Kings and princes were interested and amused; queens and princesses were delighted; musical professors and dilettanti were surprised, puzzled, and, in spite of their prejudices, pleased. At Vienna, the most cold and stately of European courts, the infant genius was called upon to exhibit his talents before that haughty and celebrated empress, Maria Theresa, and her sons, Joseph and Leopold, who were successively Emperors of Austria. Here also were her daughters the archduchesses, and among them, pre-eminent in beauty, was Maria Antoinette, afterwards the too celebrated queen of France. Unabashed by the rank, undazzled by the beauty of his audience, the boy-musician gave himself up to the inspiration of his art, and became absorbed and entranced by what enchanted his auditors—a listening circle, fit subject for the pencil of some master who had power to seize upon and transfer to his canvass the mutable expression of each face. The majesty of rank, of beauty, and of genius, had never finer representatives than in the persons of Maria Theresa, Maria Antoinette, and Mozart, whose *petite figure*, pale face, and large luminous eyes, sufficiently indicated his sensitive temperament. When the musician had concluded, he passed before the circle to receive the compliments and gifts

they were prepared to confer upon him. The floor was smooth and polished, and the boy slipped; his sword caught between his legs, and he would have fallen, had not Maria Antoinette, with the quick impulse of genuine kindness, sprung from her seat and caught him by the arm. Mozart regained his footing, and placed himself at arm's length from the archduchess, whose pure and brilliant complexion was heightened both by the suddenness of her action and the impulse that had prompted it. 'You are very beautiful,' said the boy, looking into her kind, bright eyes; 'and when I am a man I will marry you.' The brow of the empress-mother darkened, and the smile that the boy's simplicity called forth on the faces of those present passed rapidly away.

In early manhood Mozart repaired to Paris, as to a field where he might display his talents, and win his way to fortune and to fame. The archduchess who had been so kind to him at Vienna, was now the wife of Louis XVI.; she was queen of France, loveliest where all were lovely, gayest where all were gay. For her amusement talent was kept in constant requisition; for her gratification riches were scattered without restraint. Her smile conferred happiness, her frown brought disgrace; her caprice was the fashion, her will was law; apparently, she was the most favoured of the daughters of the earth. Meanwhile Mozart, who had thought to sun himself in her smile, met with nothing but difficulties; his character was essentially that of genius—grave, tender, earnest; he could not conform to the heartless frivolities of the Parisian character, and his music was not popular. Indifference, neglect, contempt, and poverty, were the portion of the young composer in the very place where he had indulged so bright a day-dream of distinction, and he resolved on returning to his native land. Even there he was not at first successful; his long residence in Italy had influenced his style—he was as much too gay and ornate for the grave Germans, as he had been too pure and grave for the gay Parisians. He was disappointed; and as his occupation led him into the society of actors, artists, authors, composers, and their admirers, he was fast tending to dissipation.

The misplaced love of Tasso was the cause of much of his suffering; a wiser affection preserved Mozart from the corrupting influences to which his public life exposed him. He became attached to Constance Weber, an actress, who had youth, beauty, and talent, and the far richer and more enduring charms of a temper that was sweet and calm, and a prudence and modesty seldom found in one of her profession. Her friends opposed their union, on the ground of Mozart's poverty and want of station in society—objections the young musician firmly resolved on removing. Fortunately for him, the Elector of Bavaria, at this critical moment, desired him to compose an opera for the theatre at Munich. He seized the opportunity, and wrought with all the enthusiastic energy of his nature, for his heart was in the work. It was his celebrated opera of Idomeneus, and Constance Weber was to play the principal character; her idea was thus, as it were, ever before him; and the whole of the music is said to be characterised by such grace, tenderness, and beauty, as only a man of genius in love, and trembling between hope and fear, could have produced. When first represented, it was received with unbounded applause, and its success so far established his reputation, and brightened his prospects, that Constance became his wife. From this time he devoted himself to his profession with steady and increasing industry; but the envy and opposition so generally attendant on superior genius fell to his lot: the profits derived from his works were uncertain, and his whole income was insufficient to maintain his family. Though settled at Vienna, and enjoying the favour of the emperor, he was obliged to beg daily for the bread of his little household; while the jealously of rival composers formed a source of misery to his too sensitive mind. He became, like Tasso, the victim of nervous apprehensions, and might easily have manifested decided symptoms of insanity,

but for this soothing tenderness of his wife. She not only managed their affairs with the utmost prudence, but she exerted all her powers to cheer and support the mind of Mozart. She read to him the night through, unconscious of fatigue; she entered into his hopes and reasoned away his unfounded fears; she had

'The laws of wifehood character'd in gold
Upon the mottench'd tablet of her heart—
A love still burning upward to give light
To read three laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silvery flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and truth, though undecor'd;
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey,'—

and thus, through their gloomy and fitful fortunes, she was ever to him as a star of hope, brightest when all else was dark. Among his latest works was his Zauberflöte, or Magic Flute, which became widely popular from the first moment of its appearance; yet from this opera he did not derive the smallest profit: he had just completed the score of it, when a theatrical manager, reduced to extreme distress by a succession of misfortunes, came to implore his assistance: the generous but improvident composer immediately gave him the score of the opera, which subsequently, by its success, relieved all his difficulties. Yet at this score, so freely given to one in distress, he had worked, for a considerable period, for sixteen and eighteen hours a-day; and if we consider the exhausting nature of his employment, and the corroding anxieties of a pecuniary nature which still beset him, we cannot wonder that he was becoming prematurely old, and a prey to the most painful nervous disorders. Conscious of his failing powers, yet unwilling to admit that he was the self-devoted martyr to his art, he fancied that his enemies had found means to administer to him the famous aqua Toffiano, and that he was perishing, by slow degrees, through that subtle poison. This idea was strengthened by the appearance of a stranger, who came to order the celebrated Requiem, and, despite the reasonings of his wife and the railery of his friends, he gave himself up to the belief that it was for his own funeral the Requiem was ordered, and that the stranger had calculated the day of his decease. It was liberally paid for, and the daily wants of his family rendered the money acceptable; but Constance would gladly have dissuaded him from the application necessary to its completion in the given time: still, though he grew more feeble every day, he continued to compose with unremitting zeal, as if fearful that life would barely last till his work was done. In the meantime, the emperor, having heard of his illness and his anxieties, appointed him chapel-master of St Stephens, a situation which at once secured him an easy competence, and freed him from the rivalry of his jealous competitors. The friend who hastened to communicate to Mozart the good fortune that had at last arrived, found him in bed, busy on the score of the Requiem: at the announcement of his new appointment a faint smile passed over his pale face; but when he looked on his beloved wife, so soon to be a desolate widow, surrounded by helpless orphans, the smile passed from his face as a wintry sunbeam leaves the snow-covered landscape; and he replied, 'It is too late!'

In a few days the magnificent Requiem, whose composition had, as it were, wrung the very life-drops from the heart of Mozart, was performed in the unconscious presence of the now mute composer: often since has it been heard at the funerals of the mighty and the celebrated throughout the cities of civilised Europe; and thousands, as if penetrated by one feeling, swayed by one impulse, have bowed their heads to weep, overcome by the solemn grandeur of its harmony. His works are daily becoming more appreciated, and more widely spread, and form an imperishable monument to his memory. Had he lived to enjoy the competence that awaited him, he might have produced yet nobler works; but he perished in the very meridian of life, his genius not

exhausted, but crushed by the heavy hand of necessity. Like many of the gifted ones of the earth, his fellow-men did not know how divine a spirit animated his clay till he parted from among them, and the knowledge came too late.

SPECULATIONS ON OMNIBUSES.

DESPITE the conveniences which omnibuses offer, and the reasonable charges which are made for a journey in this class of vehicles, now of so general use, they are regarded by many persons rather in the light of necessary evils than of a positive good. Their slow progress may be advanced as one reason for this apparent aversion. Perhaps others are to be found in their unpleasant jolting, and the dreadful rumbling noise which invades the ear and distracts the head, or the uncomfortableness of thirteen fat insides in hot weather, or one solitary victim in cold. I have, nevertheless, been accustomed to forget all such inconveniences, and even to regard omnibuses as pleasant subjects of speculation. One of these vehicles appears to me as a little world, and the passage in it from beginning to end as a type of that outer one which we inhabit—its varied changes, characters, personages, and feelings—our entrance into, and exit from it. When I succeed in viewing it in this light, all the tedium and unpleasantness of a journey disappears, and I quit my seat at last, and emerge into the street, somewhat entertained, if not much improved.

The inhabitant of this little world (that is, the omnibus), in like manner with the inhabitant of the great, sometimes enters upon his brief career in the midst of friends, sometimes alone. In the former case, the thread of his existence is woven into a tissue of smiles and sunshine, every occurrence assumes a pleasing and favourable aspect, and care is banished to the winds. The motto of such a one seems to be, to enjoy life while he may, and, with but a few intervals of rest, his enjoyment lasts until the termination of his journey (in his case probably abrupt), when he makes his exit, as he made his entrance, in the midst of smiles. The career of him who enters alone assumes a more varied aspect. He is probably at first abashed, and requires some time to become familiarised with his position. After a period, he takes a stealthy glance at his opposite neighbour, and, apparently emboldened at discovering that that neighbour is but an ordinary being like himself, takes a peep at the next, and the next, until he musters up sufficient courage to turn boldly round and look in the face of the parties immediately to the right and to the left of him. He is now either satisfied or dissatisfied with his scrutiny; emboldened, or continues abashed. If satisfied, he gradually forms acquaintances, which continue through his stay—acquaintances which are fortunate, as far as circumstances will admit—and in the end they part with mutual esteem and regret. If he be dissatisfied with his scrutiny, he retires within himself, and holds no more communion than is absolutely necessary with those around him. If he be both satisfied and emboldened, he probably takes a leading part in the several matters which transpire while the connexion between himself and his companion exists; he expresses his opinion freely; criticises, laughs, jokes, and does a thousand other things, which at once show that he is pleased with himself, his position, and those about him. If he continue, as he entered, abashed, he probably remains unnoticed to the end, or so rarely offering a remark, and so modestly, that attention is excited when he does venture upon making one. Some, either abashed or uninterested in what is passing around, observe a continued taciturnity throughout, too intent upon their own affairs to take any concern respecting their neighbours', or too sluggish to be awakened by any circumstances into a state of activity. But there are others—master-spirits of their little age—who at once plunge in *media res*, without any thought or care

for those about them, and with every manifestation of sufficient confidence in their own powers of pleasing or of making their way. These parties, you observe, are at once at home from the moment they pop their noses into the bus, or rather into the little world. Right for the highest places they steer their course; and if they do tread on their neighbours' toes, convert their persons into stepping-stones or ladders, or elbow them a bit, a hurried apology mends the matter, and on they press, till their object be obtained. Such a one knows everything, and is ready to impart information upon every subject. He commands—'talks big'—is condescending—and sets all matters right or wrong, just as his humour pleases. He dearly loves a jest; and the quiet gentleman in the corner is not unfrequently the subject of a sly quiz. To children he is particularly kind; patting their heads, kissing their cheeks, and asking innumerable questions. He is also very gallant, and ladies are the objects of his especial regard. He jokes with them, laughs, talks nonsense, and assists them in and out. In fact, he is the spirit which directs for a short space the actions and the passions of this mimic world; and when he 'quits the stage,' society there is left with a blank indeed.

Other shades of character observable abroad are also to be met with within the narrow precincts of an omnibus. We have, for example, the obliging gentleman. He is anxious to ascertain where you are to be set down, that he might inform the conductor, or ready to accommodate some child under age with a seat on his knee. There is also always abundant room for another passenger in the omnibus, in the opinion of the obliging gentleman, although the 'thirteen' are already seated. The surly gentleman is of course the individual antipodes of this personage. In his estimation the vehicle is always too full; and though at the elbow of the conductor, he is above being the 'mouth-piece' of any one. The man who makes the most of his time is also frequently encountered. He is either reading a book, a letter, or writing some memorandum. The man that is always in haste is continually desirous of knowing if the next is his street. He has his sixpence between his fingers as soon as he adjusts himself in his seat. The fidgety gentleman is each moment anxious to know why there are so many stoppages, applying to his watch incessantly to ascertain the time. He is ever calling to the conductor to 'go on.' The selfish gentleman is he who lets down the pane of glass at his neighbour's back, but keeps up that at his own. He is generally in search of the best seat in the omnibus, shifting his place as the opportunity offers. The consequential gentleman carries a fashionable cane, puts his feet on the opposite seat, no matter although nearly in a lady's lap, and talks in a loud and pompous manner. The omnibus is evidently too small for him. The fop is a variety of the same species, but is more tawdrily dressed, and seems to pay attention to none of his companions but those of the other sex who are pretty. On the side of that sex, we have occasionally the coquette; she enters freely into conversation with the gentlemen, and, when quitting, extends her hand to one at the door to assist her out: the spinster, avoiding every stray glance, and looking solemn if by chance encountering one. She becomes exceedingly uncomfortable if there be a young female relative at her side, and one of the varieties 'fop' in the vehicle. These are a few of the characters common alike to our little and our great world.

The general progress of events, too, are not dissimilar. Individuals appear and disappear, vacancies occur and are filled, in precisely the same manner in both. The destination of each is also different in the one, as is their destiny in the other. Some proceed one way, some another. Some likewise perform the allotted journey, others only a portion. Some, as it were, depart in the early period of their career; others at the latest stage. Some are regretted, some not; some favoured, some not. Frequent and unexpected recog-

nitions, and omissions to recognise, of course occur; and he who is in search of incidents will find no lack. The only point in which there appears to be any great dissimilarity in the comparison assumed is, that, in the case of the omnibus, we may at any time lawfully put an end to our career; in that of the world, we may do so at no time.

So much for matters of fact. Omnibuses also present a wide field of speculation for the imagination. There is no passenger we meet in one of them, for which that faculty is not prepared to present some history, apparently written on the countenances or bearing of the parties. That sleek and portly personage who has just ascended the steps, is evidently the compound of good nature and good living; he may probably have had his share of reverses, but fortune and temper have finally overcome them, and he now bids defiance to all ills but old age and the gout. That lean and haggard countenance bespeaks a mind ill at ease, and a condition of some discomfort; the owner is probably at this moment reflecting what next step he shall take to preserve himself from the numerous ills attending poverty. That smiling visage proclaims the possession of means of comfortable, if not independent subsistence, and that merry eye a spirit as yet unstained by care. But let us once give free scope to our imagination, and we know not where it will end. This practice is therefore not to be particularly recommended. The habit, however, of regarding the journey in an omnibus as but a counterpart of the journey through life, and the several personages one encounters as our fellow-passengers through a similar but a shorter period of existence, is not objectionable. It has in my case deprived travelling, by this mode of conveyance, of the tediousness and inconveniences which usually accompany it; and it may do so in others. I feel, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to those who are desirous of producing the effect which has been produced in me.

COITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

ASCENT OF THE PUY DE DOME.

Our morning's excursion, as I mentioned, had brought us from Clermont to the base of the Puy de Dome, which we were now about to ascend, from the heathy and high-lying tract of land whence its gigantic head is upreared. The day, sunshiny and pleasantly warm in the early part of our journey, was now dull and cool; and, in the exposed situation we had attained, a wind was blowing, which added not a little to the difficulty of climbing the mountain steep. Fortunately, however, there was no mist; none of the puy's had mounted their chapeaux; and therefore, in spite of the wind, the weather—everything considered—was declared unexceptionable.

The direction by which we had approached the Puy de Dome brought us to its northern base, whence it is most easily ascended, because on this side you have already attained a considerable altitude by easily sloping paths, before reaching its more abrupt part. Towards Clermont on the east, it presents a front of nearly two thousand feet in height, whereas from the shoulder of its parasitic appendage, the Petit Puy de Dome, it rises only from seven hundred to eight hundred feet. The ascent on the north is likewise aided by a gash, or ravine, reaching nearly to its summit, partly caused by the soft and friable nature of the soil, and partly by the scrambling of cattle going to and returning from the high pasturages of the mountain. By means of this broken and frequently perplexing tract, we were able to make our way up what may be called the neck of the hill; sometimes rounding the corner of a projecting rock, which left but slender footing; at others sitting down to rest on masses of turf, in the course of dislodgment by torrents; and occasionally standing to look about us and examine the material of which the mountain appears to be composed. The principal ingredient, as is

well known to geologists, is the rock called *domite*, a variety of trachyte, and which a person unlearned in these matters would be apt to describe as a friable sandstone, yellowish-white in colour. Where this rock is exposed by excoriations of the surface, the weather is observed to be crumbling portions into loose powder, which, washed down by successive torrents of rain, bring a contribution to the alluvium of the lower plains. The general inclination of the hill, as we ascertained by measurement, was 42 degrees—a steepness which, added to the broken nature of our path, made the pull to the summit less of a pleasure than we could have desired it to be.

The crowning point, however, was at length attained; the ascent of the zig-zag ravine bringing us to a broad landing-place, where a herd of cattle were browsing, whence, by climbing up the back of the protuberance forming the summit, we placed ourselves on the top-most height of the Puy de Dome. If the wind was high before, it was now violent; but this was not a thing to mind much. We had attained a point on the earth's surface which thousands of men of science have wished to reach, but which, like many other objects of solicitude, has been wished for in vain. We had now reached a height of 4842 feet above the level of the sea; and the interest of the situation was not diminished by the reflection that here, nearly two centuries ago, Pascal made the discovery that, by the simple apparatus of a little quicksilver in a tube, indicating the pressure of the atmosphere, the heights of mountains could be determined.

We were fortunate in finding the summit of the mountain free of the clouds which so frequently rest upon it, and distinguish it from others of the group. This tendency to put on and retain a fleecy cloud upon its top, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, has made it in some measure a weather-indicator to the good folk of the Limagne. 'The settlement of the cloud,' observes M. Le Coq, a geologist of Auvergne, 'is a spectacle frequently presented to the inhabitants of Clermont; for it is seldom that twenty-four hours pass over without a mist gathering, more or less, on the top of the puy. At first, nothing more is observed than an extremely rarefied vapour, or light gas, which envelopes the upper part of the mountain, and which does not conceal the verdant clothing that covers it. This vapour shapes itself to the outlines of the hill, gradually augments in density, and finally forms itself into a convex cloud, which surrounds the summit. For this reason, it is commonly called the *Cap of the Puy de Dome*. The vapour appears most frequently during the fine evenings of spring, and may properly be called a "night-cap," for it remains on till the succeeding morning. Then its density is seen to diminish; it becomes translucent, presently transparent, and disappears as it had been formed. This cap, following so exactly the outlines of the peak, demonstrates the attraction exercised by the puy on this singular cloud, the thickness of which is everywhere the same. Sometimes two caps are observed, one over the other, but always preserving the form of the summit on which they rest. The feeble rays of the sun, as they disappear beyond the plains of the Creuse, often tinge this dome of vapour with a golden tint; presently a light gust of wind will spring up, and the whole will be distributed with inconceivable rapidity.

Sometimes the Puy de Dome puts on its cap under an azure sky, when no other cloud is anywhere to be seen; at others it unites itself with a mass of ordinary clouds which only terminate at the horizon. This indicates bad weather for the next day, which, however, is generally confined to the hilly districts. In this case the puy does not doff its cap in the usual way. The mist gradually augments, occasionally so much as nearly to cover the mountain, of which it preserves the exact shape. In these circumstances, the vapours descend like waves towards the base of the hill; but they never reach it, being absorbed by the porous soil, and serving to aliment the vegetation, which would else receive but

little irrigation. The Puy de Dome, however, does not confine its condensing powers to the vapours which immediately surround it; it retains also clouds which are driven by the wind to its neighbourhood, forcing them to stop at its summit, and to contribute fresh material for its cap; till at length the mountainous district which overlooks Clermont disappears behind masses of clouds, that prevent spectators from distinguishing the earth from the sky.

But we must turn to the more immediate object of our visit to this remarkable mountain. Our first consideration was to examine the spot around us. There was no crater. The summit of the conical knoll was a plateau of forty to fifty feet in diameter, somewhat broken or disturbed by art; for in early times it had been the site of a hermitage, long since destroyed, and scattered in fragments down the precipitous face of the mountain; and now, in the centre of the bare and broken surface, is erected a tall pole, serving probably as a landmark in trigonometrical surveys of the country. There being no remnant of crater on the top of the Puy de Dome, and its entire mass, as far as observable, being trachyte, a species of granular rock, different theories have been formed respecting its origin. I believe it is now pretty well understood that the mountains of this nature were formed by the upward propulsion of trachyte in a state of liquid lava; the liquid, however, not being so thin and fluent as the basaltic lavas, and therefore, instead of flowing in streams, it remained chiefly in heaped-up masses, ultimately shaped by the weather into rounded protuberances. The puys of domite or trachyte are much less numerous than those of scoria, there being only three small ones lying north of the Puy de Dome, and one rising at its south-western base, called the Puy de Gromanaux; but this exhibits the wreck of a crater formed by irruptions of scoria forcing their way through the already deposited cliffs of trachyte. Farther to the south, domitic puys do not occur nearer than Mont d'Or, which is of the same material as the Puy de Dome, and most likely of the same era.

I feel it to be much easier to arrange these perhaps somewhat dry particulars, than to picture upon the mind of the reader the magnificent panorama that greets the sight from the eminence which we had attained. We stood on a lofty point, apparently the centre of an amphitheatre, describing a circuit of probably two hundred miles. In the midst of this vast arena, the range of puys, whose culminating point we were upon, seemed to stretch from north to south over a space of eighteen, by a breadth of two miles. Yet there was no regularity in the line of heights. As many as seventy in number, they straggled in and out over a heathy upland, and varied alike in their size and altitude. Yet how uniform their shape! how remarkable their appearance! With a few exceptions, all were elegantly-formed cones, each with a less or more expressive crater on its summit; and as we were placed advantageously several hundreds of feet above them, we felt as if looking down upon a row of neatly-fashioned, though huge bowls, covered outside and in with herbage. In some were abrasions of surface, showing the reddish-coloured puzzolano beneath; and in some were the appearance of twin or compound craters.

The finest sight was unquestionably towards the north, for in that direction the cones were most numerous and thickly set. The Nid de la Poule, on a low shoulder of the Petit Puy, was at our feet. Further on was Pariou, standing well out of the heathy plateau. Between these two, but more to the left, were the Great and Little Suchet, and on a line with them to the north was the Puy de Come, the most bulky of all. I must stop a moment to describe the Come. It is a finely formed conical mount, rising to a height of nine hundred feet, and having on its summit two craters, a larger and smaller, close to each other. The depth of the largest is two hundred and fifty feet. The craters do not expose an even orifice, but rather yawn a little on one side.

as if part of the rim were carried away. The hill stands so much west from the line of the Pariou, that it is over the ridge of the plateau, and the land, instead of inclining to the plain of the Limagne on the east, has an easy slope, towards the valley of the Sioule on the west. In the latter direction, a stream of basaltic lava had burst from the side of the Puy de Come, and rushing over the granite rocks in its path, had flooded the lower region beyond, filling up the ancient bed of the Sioule, and otherwise effecting great alterations in the configuration of the country. The tracing of this stream of lava, now an irregular sheet of darkish-coloured rock, exposed in many places to the eye, forms one of the most interesting objects of inquiry to the geologist in Auvergne. To the general observer, the view of the country on the west, though extensive, embraces no distinct object of interest; and we are naturally attracted towards the south, in which direction we have a prospect of great grandeur. In the more immediate vicinity are a number of cones, of one or two craters, and one with three, disposed like the leaves of a trefoil. The name of this hill is the Puy de Monchié; and its largest crater, which lies nearest us, is three hundred and forty feet in depth. Further on, and more to the east, are several cones, one of which, the Puy Noir, has a vast crater of five hundred and ninety feet deep, but is broken down on its eastern side. Another cone near it, the Puy de la Vache, has likewise a crater broken away in the same direction. The destruction in both cases, as is supposed, was caused by the overflowing of the lava which rose in the crater, and broke down the weakest of its sides. From the vent so made, long continuous streams flowed into the lower grounds on the east, and in the present day they can be traced with perfect accuracy down the respective valleys of two brooks, tributaries of the Allier. That along the winding valley of Thicx extends a length of ten miles.

Our view, including these interesting cones, is arrested at the distance of seven or eight miles by Mont d'Or, a huge dark mountain, which, with its parasitic hills, like itself, of volcanic origin, closes the scene. Could we look in the far distance beyond, still should we see hill after hill, forming a wild mountain tract almost to the borders of the Mediterranean. Shut out in this direction, we turn our faces towards the south-east, in which we have the Gravenière, an imposing volcanic cone, composed principally of a blackish-coloured puzzolano, called by the natives 'gravier-noir'; and hence the name of the hill. Beyond the Gravenière are two hills not less interesting in their nature and history. One of these, a conical mount, is topped by the ruins of a feudal castle—Montrogon; and another immediately beyond it, of a shape altogether different, was the site of Gergovia, the most impregnable city in Gaul. It is needless, however, to speculate on these hills at present, for they afterwards became an object of special pilgrimage during our stay in Clermont; and we pass on to the next step in our panorama. We have now, in facing the east and north-east, the great plain of the Limagne, studded with gray old towns, rich in vegetation, and hemmed in by the belt of rugged hills which divide the vale of the Allier from the head waters of the Loire. Rising chiefly on the eastern side of the plain, there are likewise visible several conical mounts or puys; but they do not at present call for particular notice.

Having now taken a comprehensive view all round from our lofty station, we thought it time to descend, for we had a toilsome afternoon's walk yet before us. The descent, in a scrambling sort of way, was accordingly made, over the same broken path by which we had climbed upward; our motions of course somewhat accelerated by observing dinner spread temptingly on the heather in a sheltered nook of the Petit Puy de Dome. Seductive as is the occasion, I believe I must leave the history of our fête-champêtre unrecorded, and indulge only in the single remark, that Guillaume's pannier went home much lighter than it issued from Clermont, and that our party, wonderfully re-invigorated, made an

admirable descent towards the spot where the vulture had been long waiting for our appearance.

Much of the latter part of our way down the precipitous eastern face of the Puy de Dome was effected in the dry bed of a torrent, and our carriage, for a mile after we reached it, had to perform a most awkward journey over broken masses of puzzolano and gravier-noir. There was so little ease or safety in the vehicle, that we dismissed it, with directions to take us up at Royat, a small town at the foot of the Val de Fontanat, an exceedingly romantic valley which we purposed to perambulate on foot. Instead, therefore, of going straightway home to Clermont, we struck into a cross-road to the right, by an umbrageous green lane, which conducted us to a scene of surprising beauty to a draughtsman, and of the deepest interest to the geological inquirer.

The Val de Fontanat, which runs due east from near the base of the Puy de Dome, commences at its upper extremity with a natural curiosity. Emerging from a mazy and rude pathway, you are suddenly introduced to a cluster of cottages, with a mill picturesquely placed at the head of the glen. Approaching the brook, we find that beneath our feet, and all around, the water is gushing from beneath the rocks, and in such volume, that, within a space of a few yards, it possesses sufficient force to move the mill. The water, fresh and sparkling, is to all appearance a rivulet that has been submerged by a stream of lava from an adjacent volcano, but which, in the course of ages, has found its way into open day, forcing away the rocky materials that impeded its course. A natural excavation, sixty-five feet in depth, attests the force of the current, and the thickness of the basaltic lava which has poured into the valley.

The rivulet, augmenting at short intervals by new contributions from beneath the rocky banks of the glen, soon becomes a stream of considerable local consequence. As we descend along its left bank, the valley expands and deepens, reminding us of the romantic glen of the Esk at Roslin. There is a charm about the valley, however, which is wanting in our Scottish ravines. The sloping sides, disposed chiefly as orchards and meadows, are of the brightest green. An originally thin soil, through which here and there protrude crags of granite, has been rendered highly fertile by a process of artificial irrigation, of which I know no example among the hill-lands of our own country. Wherever a thread of water can be diverted from the descending channel it would naturally adopt, it is conducted along the winding braes, always inclining downwards, for the sake of fall, but zig-zagging, meeting with and separating from other threads, running this way and that way for miles, so that the whole vale, from the top to the bottom of its lofty banks, may be described as a great net-work of rivulets, producing the richest crops of brilliantly-green herbage. As running-water is charged with similar beneficial properties in all countries, there is no valid reason why the rivulets, which now dash almost uselessly down our mountain ravines, should not similarly be turned aside to irrigate and fertilise the sides of adjacent hills. Yet it is long ere a foreign custom, whatever be its excellence, meets with acceptance. More than half a century ago, Arthur Young recommended the irrigation of Auvergne to the notice of British agriculturists, without effect; and the present hint, coming from a much less weighty authority, has no chance of being more successful.

We pursued our way along a road the most picturesque, but also the vilest in creation. In some places the track was impassable from large boulders and ruts full of water; nevertheless, it is used by the cars of the mountaineers, and a few of these we met drawn by cows, in pairs, or what may be called four-in-hand, the wretched animals pulling the wheels over stones that threatened the jangling apparatus with destruction. In the course of the journey, the most fatiguing and perplexing, which we had encountered, we peeped into a few of the cottages of the peasantry, or small proprietors;

for I was told that most of them own the fields they till. But such dens of darkness, dirt, and poverty, I never before beheld, although I believe there are no bad in the remote parts of the British islands. Some of the huts appeared to be nurseries of infants. In one, with a floor no better than a stable, there were half-a-dozen cradles, each containing a sickly-looking baby. The ladies of our party, as may be supposed, were greatly affected by such an unlooked-for exhibition; and did not rest till they had ascertained that to these loathsome hamlets many children belonging to Clermont are sent to be nursed.

The sun was declining behind the mountains when we reached the town of Royat, near the outlet of the valley. Here we stopped a few minutes to examine a cluster of bath-houses erected over a thermal spring of great volume. The temperature of the water we ascertained to be 88 degrees Fahrenheit. A bathing establishment was erected here by the Romans, and at the time of our visit, part of the old walls was in the course of removal, to make way for improvements—a necessity, if it was one, which I could not but regret. To Royat forms a favourite half-hour's excursion, by cars, from Clermont. The small town, old and confined, is no way deserving of attention; but the situation is sequestered, and abounds in natural beauties. The road to Clermont is also pretty, being environed with handsome villas and luxuriant gardens. Driving along it in the carriage, which had waited for us at Royat, our fatigues were almost forgotten, and when set down in the Place de Jaude in Clermont, one and all acknowledged that the day had been one of the happiest of their existence.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN RUSSIA.

It is well known that there is no country in the world in which the government exercises the power of espionage to such an extent as in Russia. A recently published book* announces the fact in a more striking way than we had before seen it stated, and furnishes a great many anecdotes, which illustrate the effect which such a system of police-espionage is calculated to produce on the character of a nation. In Russia, and especially in St Petersburg, it would appear that every person is a spy upon every other person. At least the whole demeanour of people in society is as if this were the general belief. Nobody trusts another. Nobody can utter an opinion, even where he would think himself most safe, and be sure that it will not be repeated. If a Russian is going to say anything to you that is important, or that might be misrepresented if overheard, he looks cautiously round the room, and then whispers it in your ear. In a company of friends, a Russian does not feel himself safe enough to say what he thinks. A few young Russian officers were dining together. They were all very merry and sociable; inasmuch that one of them recited a verse or two he had been making. There was nothing remarkable about the verses; the drift of them being a humorous wish that, since the ukases or decrees of the czar were so powerful that there was nothing they could not do, the czar would be so good as give him a ukas for a particular purpose of his own; no other, probably, than that of making his sweetheart marry him. But it was too bold to use the word *ukas* in humorous versification at all; and the young officer found it so. The very next morning after the party, he was sent for by Count Benkendorf, the prefect of police. 'So so, my young friend, I hear you have got a pretty talent for making verses. We must send you where you may cultivate it. Solitude is best for the muse. In your little song you spoke of the power of ukases; I believe. They could make people go on a journey, you said, willing or not. You must make a little journey yourself! A post-wagon was waiting to convey the young man into exile.

Not only within the precincts of Russia is this spy system kept up, but every Russian who gets permission to travel is bound, it is said, if not formally, at least by the feeling that it is expected of him, to send home all kinds of information he can collect, whether about the proceedings of his brother Russians absent from their country, his

* *Revelations of Russia, by one who has seen and described it.* vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

himself, and with whom he may come in contact, in the course of his travels, or about what may be going on in the country he happens to be residing in. It is noted of the Russians when they travel, that all the constraint which they exhibit in their own country forsake them, and they chat as freely, and give utterance to their opinions as freely, as any of those they associate with. Nay, they generally conform with the tone of the society they are in, and chime in with the boldest and most extreme sentiments they hear expressed; sentiments which, if whispered in St Petersburg, would send them to Siberia. This may arise partly from the constitutional character of the Muscovite, which appears to be irrepressible and imitative, and partly, also, from policy, and a desire to gain all the information possible, it being well known that one is always more communicative when he finds his hearer acquiescing in what he says. At all events, the fact is stated to be so. But one awkward consequence of this is, that a Russian, when his leave of absence has expired, never returns home without being haunted by the recollection of all the daring and un-Russian things which he has been saying for the two or three years past, and which some kind friend may have forwarded by post to St Petersburg with the despatches of the embassy. Many of these he finds to be too bold, or too capable of misconstruction, to admit of being apologised for by saying that they were uttered in the czar's service, and as a means of acquiring information. Accordingly, he crosses the frontier and jogs on his weary journey to St Petersburg with a sinking heart, and a face heavy with the worst anticipations. Arrived at St Petersburg, no one ventures to welcome him, or to be seen with him, until he has presented himself at court, and had his reputation cleared by a favourable reception. After that his friends crowd round him, and he resumes his place in society, doffing his foreign habits of speech, and becoming a Russian once more in his opinions. The fear of a return to St Petersburg, after a year or two spent in travel, is said to be so great, that nothing but the penalty of the confiscation of one's property, attached to the crime of outstaying one's leave of absence, could induce some Russians to return at all. The Marquis de Custine tells a conversation he had with the landlord of his inn at Lubeck, previous to embarking for St Petersburg. The landlord was trying to persuade him not to go. 'You have been in Russia, then?' said the marquis. 'No, sir, but I know the Russians. Many pass through Lubeck, and I judge of their country by the physiognomy of its inhabitants.' 'What, then, do you find in their physiognomy that should prevent me from going to visit them?' 'Sir, they have two expressions of face. I don't speak of the servants, but the masters. When they disembark here to commence their travels in Europe, they appear gay, free, and contented, like horses let loose, like birds escaped from cages. On their return, the same people show long, melancholy, anxious faces, their mode of speaking has become short and snappish, and their brows are clouded with care. I don't like a country which there is so much joy in quitting, and so much regret in returning to.'

The great instruments in the Russian spy system are of course the police. To show the extent to which it is carried, and the value which the government places upon it, the author of 'Revelations of Russia' asserts, or seems to assert (for his language is not very distinct, and indeed on such a subject precision is impossible), that a great catalogue or roll-book is kept, in which the name of every individual Russian above the rank of peasant or serf is entered, with the date of his birth, and in which is jotted down opposite each name every bit of information respecting the owner of it which the police from time to time bring in. Thus there would exist in the government records a sort of skeleton-history of each individual Russian above the rank of a peasant, and by glancing over the roll-book, the public officer would see written down all the circumstances in any individual's life which could be considered characteristic; and according to the character a person bore in the roll-book, would be the government's mode of dealing with him. Possibly this may be an exaggeration; but that some such record is kept, is rendered extremely likely by the number of anecdotes there are of persons suddenly pointed upon by the Russian police for no apparent reason, and hurried away into exile or prison. When the messenger from the police-office comes to any one's door, he is admitted as a minister whose word is omnipotent; the person he is sent for goes away with him, on the instant; his family and friends hardly venture to speak of

his abduction, which at any rate is only known in the immediate neighbourhood; and if he should not cast up again for years, his absence, when he does return, is accounted for by saying that he has been in the country. A Russian lady was carried away in this manner to Siberia. She lived two years there in a kind of prison; during all which time her name was never mentioned, and she was known only by a number. At last she was released, and returned to St Petersburg; and when it was asked of one of her friends, by some indiscreet person, where she had been, the answer was, that 'Madame had long been buried among her estates.' The following is as striking a story as we remember ever to have heard; it is told in the book to which we have already alluded, and vouched for by the author as authentic. A person of some importance in St Petersburg, and some interest at court, had spoken his mind too freely in society on a forbidden subject. One morning an officer in the pale blue uniform of the Russian police presented himself at his door. The gentleman, who was in the midst of his family, went out. He did not come back that day, nor the next, nor the next. At last, one evening six months after, he returned; but how changed in appearance! His face was pale, haggard, and grief-worn; his eye vague and dreamy; and his whole body thin and emaciated. He gave his family the following account of what had happened. Conveyed from his own house to a prison, he remained there till evening. When it was dark, he was ironed and put into a kind of box in which prisoners are transported from place to place in the winter time, the box being placed on a sledge. The box had only a small grating at the top to let in light, so that he could discern none of the objects near. Being placed on a sledge, he was hurried along at horse-speed on what seemed a long journey. Before daylight they halted, and he was led blindfold into a cell almost perfectly dark. At nightfall they came again; again he entered the box; and again they drove along he knew not whither. Thus night after night, for weeks and months, he was hurried uninterruptedly along, till it appeared certain he was in Siberia, and all hope fled. During all the while he had no light, except the little that came through the grating in the top of his cage at nights. Every morning a dark dungeon received him. This forced blindness made his other senses preternaturally acute. As a sort of occupation, he used to feel round the four walls of his cage, till he had made acquaintance with every plank, every seam, every straw on the floor. In like manner he began to examine every day his new dungeon. On a sudden he was struck by the resemblance of one to that in which he had been last. Catching at a discovery, he placed a crust of bread in the corner of one as he was leaving it at night. When he was led blindfold into the next dungeon, lo, there was a crust of bread in the same corner! The same the next night. He knew it all now. For six months he had been halloping along in a make-believe pilgrimage to Siberia, while all the time he had not left the neighbourhood of St Petersburg. They had placed him in the same dungeon every night. When released, he was told to be on his guard, or the next visit of the police-officer might be less in the way of friendly admonition.

HERRING-FISHING IN THE MORAY FIRTH.

[The North British Review is a new quarterly critical journal, understood to be chiefly supported by writers belonging to the Free Church of Scotland. It seems to be, in point of ability, no unmet associate for the similar organs of other great parties. In the second number is a graphic and most entertaining paper on our national fisheries, by Mr Hugh Miller, well known in the geological world for his contributions to the fossil history of the Old Red Sandstone, and whose Traditionary History of Cromarty attracted considerable attention a few years ago. Mr Miller, whom we have had the pleasure of ranking as a contributor to these pages, is a person of extraordinary natural powers for both literature and scientific research. His clear and forcible style of writing shines out remarkably in the following (authorised) extract from the paper in question:—]

THE peculiar demands of the herring-fishery, when the season has once fairly begun, draw largely on the fisherman's ingenuity. There are crews, the average of whose fishings, taken for a series of years, nearly double the average of others; and we know no other way of accounting for the fact, than that native shrewdness and superior knowledge, finding exercise in this branch of industry, assert their proper superiority. As the spawning season comes on, the herrings, scattered over a large extent of deep sea,

muster into bodies, which increase in size as they approach their breeding haunts in the neighbourhood of the shore. But their journey in no determinate track; the localities in which many hundred barrels are taken in the early part of one season, may be vainly tried for them in the ensuing one. Much, too, depends on the weather; if calms, or light winds from the shore prevail, the shals continue to advance, and spawn, in some cases, scarce a quarter of a mile from the beach; but a severe storm from the sea breaks up their array, and sends them off in a single night to disemburden themselves in deep water. There are, however, certain spawning banks, of limited extent, and of intermediate distance from the coast—like the bank of Guiliam in the Moray Firth—which are oftener visited by the fish than either the deep sea or the littoral banks; and it is all-important to the fishermen to be intimately acquainted with these. On the bank of Guiliam, though not much more than a mile and a half in length by about half a mile in breadth, a thousand barrels of herrings have been caught in one day, and several thousand barrels in the course of a week; and yet so closely do the immense shoals squat upon the bank—a hard-bottomed ridge covered with sea-weed, and flanked on the one side by a depressed sandy plain, and on the other by a deep muddy hollow—that only a hundred yards beyond its outer edge not a single herring may be caught. Hence the great importance of being acquainted with the exact bearings of such banks, and of the various currents, as they change at all hours of the tide, that sweep over them. The skilful fisherman must be acquainted with the many external signs that indicate the place of the fish during the earlier part of the fishing season, while their track is yet indeterminate and capricious, and able at a later stage, nicely to determine the true position of their more fixed haunts. A perfect knowledge of a large track of firth or open sea is required—its different soundings, currents, landmarks, varieties of bottom. He must have attained, too, an ability of calculation, independent of figures, for determining the exact point whence his boat will drift over a certain extent of bank at certain hours of the tide, whether neap or stream; above all, he must possess readiness of resource, and presence of mind. But the narrative of a single night's fishing on the bank of Guiliam may bring out with more force and distinctness the demands of the profession on the mind of the fisherman than any general detail.

The fishing was evidently drawing to its close, for the fish, though numerous as ever, were getting lank and spent, and the water on the fishing banks was darkened with spawn, when we set out one evening, many years ago, in a large herring-boat, from the northern side of the Moray Firth, to ply for herrings on the bank of Guiliam. A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the water, which, streaked and mottled in every direction by unequal strips and patches of a dead calmness, caught the light so variously, that it seemed an immense plain of irregular chequer-work. All along the northern shore, where the fishing villages lie thick, there were sails starting up and shooting out from under the shadow of the high precipitous land, into the deep red light which the sun, fast hastening to his setting, threw athwart the firth.

The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach, and was now beginning to recede; we could see it eddying down the firth around the oars with which we were assisting the half-filled sail; and so directing our course a full half mile to the south and west, whence the course of the current bade fair to drift us directly over the bank, we cleared the space be-aft the mainmast, and began to cast out our drift of nets, slowly propelling our boat meanwhile across the tide by the action of two oars. Our oldest and worst nets, as those farthest from the boat are always in most danger, were first cast out. Sinkers of stone were attached to the loops of the ground-bank or hem; and as each net was tied fast to the net that preceded it, and thrown over, a buoy of inflated skin, fixed to a length of cord, was fastened at the joinings between them. The nets, kept in a vertical position by the line of corks above, and the line of stones below, sunk immediately as thrown over; but the buoys, from their length of attaching line, reached, and barely reached, the surface, thus serving with the corks to keep the drift erect. They soon stretched astern in a long irregular line of from six to eight hundred yards. The last net in the series we fastened to a small halser attached to the stem; and our boat swinging round by the bows, rode to the drift, as if at anchor. Boat after boat, as it reached the ground, struck sail, each one to the south and

west of the boat previously arrived, and in accordance with the estimate formed by the crew from the soundings, or from the fast disappearing landmarks, of the exact position of the bank, here a few hundred yards astern, there a few hundred yards ahead. The fleet closed round us as we drifted on; the eddying and unequal currents rendered our long line of buoys more and more irregular—here sweeping it forward in sudden curves, there bending it backwards. As the buoys of the neighbouring boats took similar forms, in obedience to similar impulses, the fishermen were all anxiety, lest, as not unfrequently happens, the nets should become massed in one inextricable coil. But we escaped the danger; and our boat drifted slowly on, accompanied by her fellows.

The night gradually darkened, the sky assumed a dead and leaden hue, as if surcharged with vapour—a dull gray mist roughened the outline of the distant hills, or in wide and frequent gaps blotted them from the landscape. The sea, roughened by the rising breeze, reflected the deeper hues of the sky with an intensity approaching to black—it seemed a dark uneven pavement, that absorbed every ray of the remaining light. A calm silvery patch, some fifteen or twenty yards in extent, and that resembled, from the light it caught, a bright opening in a dark sky, came moving slowly through the black. It seemed merely a patch of water coated with oil; but, obedient to some other moving power than that of either the tide or the wind, it sailed astern our line of buoys a stone-cast from our bows—lengthened itself along the line to thrice its former extent—paused as if for a moment—and then three of the buoys, after momentarily erecting themselves with a sudden jerk on their narrower base, slowly sank. 'One, two, three buoys,' exclaimed one of the fishermen, reckoning them as they disappeared; 'there are ten barrels for us secure.' A few minutes were suffered to elapse, and then unfixing the halser from the stem, and bringing it aft to the stern, we commenced hauling. The nets approached the gunwale. The first three appeared, from the phosphoric light of the water, as if bursting into flames of a pale-green colour. Here and there a herring glittered bright in the meshes, or went darting away through the pitchy darkness, visible for a moment by its own light. The fourth net was brighter than any of the others, and glittered through the waves while it was yet several fathoms away; the pale-green seemed as if mingled with broken sheets of snow, that, flickering amid the mass of light, appeared, with every tug given by the fishermen, to shift, dissipate, and again form; and there streamed from it into the surrounding gloom myriads of green rays, an instant seen, and then lost—the retreating fish that had avoided the meshes, but had lingered, until disturbed, beside their entangled companions. It contained a considerable body of herrings. As we raised them over the gunwale they felt warm to the hand, for in the middle of a large shoal even the temperature of the water is raised—a fact well known to every herring-fisherman; and in shaking them out of the meshes, the car became sensible of a shrill chirping sound like that of the mouse, but much fainter, a ceaseless cheep, cheep, cheep, occasioned apparently—for no true fish is furnished with organs of sound—by a sudden escape from the air-bladder. The shoal, a small one, had spread over only three of the nets—the three whose buoys had so suddenly disappeared; and most of the others had but their mere sprinkling of fish, some dozen or two in a net; but so thickly had they lain in the fortunate three, that the entire haul consisted of rather more than twelve barrels.

Creeping out laterally from amid the crowd of boats, we reached, after many windings, the edge of the bank, and rowing against the tide, arrived, as nearly as we could guess in the darkness, at the spot where we had at first flung out our nets. The various landmarks, and even the Guiliam fleet, were no longer visible, and so we had to grope out our position by taking the depth of the water. In the deep muddy ravine on one side the bank we would have found thirty fathoms, and over the depressed sandy plain on the other from twelve to fifteen; but on the bank itself the depth rarely exceeds ten. We sounded once and again, and pulling across the still ebbing tide, shot our nets as before. We then folded down the mainsail, which had been rolled up in clearing the space for shaking loose our herrings from the meshes, and ensconcing ourselves in its folds—for the sail forms the fisherman's hammock—composed ourselves to sleep. There was no appearance of fish, or no neighbouring boats to endanger our drift by shooting their nets athwart our line. But the sleep of the

herring-fisherman must much resemble that of the watch-dog. We started up about midnight, and saw an open sea as before; but the scene had considerably changed since we had lain down. The breeze had died into a calm; the heavens, no longer dark and gray, were glowing with stars, and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright and starry as the other; with this difference, however, that all its stars appeared comets: the slightly tremulous motion of the surface elongated the reflected images, and gave to each its tail. An incident of no unfrequent occurrence on the fishing banks convinced us, that though the sky of stars rose above, and the sky of comets spread below, we had not yet left the world. A crew of south-country fishermen had shot their nets in the darkness right across those of another boat, and in disentangling them, a quarrel ensued. The kind of clamour, so characteristic of a fisherman's squabble, rose high in the calm; a hundred tongues seemed busy at once; now one boat took up the controversy, now another; there were threats, loud or low in proportion to the distance, denunciations on all sides by the relatives of the aggrieved crew against the southland men, with now and then an intermingling shout from the strangers, half in defiance, half in triumph, as net after net swung free. At length the whole were disentangled, and the roar of altercation gradually sunk into a silence as dead as that which had preceded it.

We awoke about an hour before sunrise. A low bank of fog lay thick on the water, bounding the view on every side, while the central firmament remained clear and blue overhead. The nearer boats seemed through the mist huge misshapen galliots manned by giants. We again commenced hauling our nets, but the meshes were all brown and open as when we had cast them out; we raised to the surface vast numbers of that curious zoophyte, the scap—our recent type of one of the most ancient of Scottish fossils, the graptolite—with several hundred dark-coloured slim star-fish, that in bending their thin brittle rays when brought out of the water, just as if they were trying to cast a knot upon them, snapped them across; but our entire draught of fish consisted of but a young rock-cod and a half-starved whiting. We had miscalculated, in the darkness, our proper place on the bank, and instead of sweeping over Guillian, had swept over the muddy hollow beside it; and so not a single herring had we caught, though the herrings lay by millions scarce half a mile away. It was now an hour of flood; and the tides that had been so long bearing us down the firth had begun to well around our stern in minute eddies, and to float us up. It had become necessary, therefore, to take our place to the north and east of the fishing-bank, as we had previously done to the south and west of it. The fog hid the various landmarks as thoroughly as the darkness had hid them before; and we had again to determine our position from the depth of the water. The boats around us were busy in hauling their nets; and as each boat drew in its drift, the oars were manned and the sounding-lead plied, and she took up her place on what the crew deemed the north-eastern edge of the bank.

But the various positions chosen as the right ones, showed us that the matter left much room for diversity of opinion—the fleet, dimly seen in the fog, were widely scattered. 'Yonder goes Aldie,' said our steersman, pointing to 'the boat of a veteran fisher of great skill, whose crew had been more successful in their fishings for a series of years than any other in their village; 'let us see where he shoots.' Aldie went leisurely sounding across the bank, and then returning half way on his course, began to cast out his drift. We took up our position a little beyond him in the line of the tide, and shot in the same parallel; and in a few minutes more a full score of boats were similarly employed beside us, all evidently taking mark by Aldie. As the sun rose the mist began to dissipate, and we caught a glimpse of the northern land, and of two of our best-known landmarks. A blue conical hillock in the interior, that seems projected on the southern side of the base of Ben-weavis, rose directly behind a conspicuous building that occupies a rising ground on the coast, and a three-topped eminence in Easter Ross seemed standing out of the centre of a narrow ravine that opens to the sea near the village of Shandwick. In taking old Aldie for our guide, we were drifting as exactly over the fishing-bank as if we had chosen our position, after consulting all the various landmarks through which its place is usually determined.

It was still a dead calm—calm to blackness; when in about an hour after sunrise, what seemed light fitful airs

began to play on the surface, imparting to it, in irregular patches, a tint of gray. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then for miles around the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with gray; the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first, and then from some other centre the patches of gray would again form and widen till the whole firth seemed covered by them. A peculiar popping noise, as if a thunder-shower were beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose around our boat; the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered to the sun, and then resigned their places to other quick glancing points, that in turn were succeeded by others. The herrings by millions and thousands of millions were at play around us—leaping a few inches into the air, and then falling and disappearing to rise and leap again. Shoals rose beyond shoals, till the whole bank of Guillian seemed beaten into foam, and the low popping sounds were multiplied into a roar, like that of the wind through some tall wood, that might be heard in the calm for miles. And again, the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Firth. But though they played round our buoys by millions, not a herring swam so low as the upper bank of our drift. One of the fishermen took up a stone, and flinging it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around. 'Ah, there they go,' he exclaimed, 'if they go but low enough. Four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift just by throwing a stone among them.' We know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion, but in hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then hoisting sail, for a light breeze from the east had sprung up, we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels. The entire take of the fleet next evening did not amount to half that number—the singularly imposing scene of the morning had indicated too surely that the shoals had spawned; for the fish, when sick and weighty, never play on the surface; and before night, they had swam far down the firth on their return to their deep water haunts, leaving behind them but a few lean stragglers.

RELATIVE DECAY OF THE SEXES.

Decay in the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,000, while the deaths among females were only 499,056, giving an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,944. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 996,000 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 118,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July 1839 and 30th June 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas of the same age, there died only 3954 gentlemen, leaving what is called in the city 'a balance' in favour of the old ladies of 1293. Among the females who died, 71 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males. There are only three diseases common to the sexes which carry off more females than males: they are consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million of children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only 1 death to 170 confinements. The researches of the registrar-general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases afflict the two sexes. In the zymotic tribe the *uniformity* is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4143 were males, and 4051 females—a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8927 were males, 8935 were females—a difference of only 8. On the other hand, it appears that out of 14,966 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsion, 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females. The superior value of

female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance offices, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman); but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilised country, falls to the share of woman.—*Dr G. Gregory.*

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF BLACK-LEAD.

Scientific journals mention the following discovery as explaining the origin and formation of plumbago, which is chemically a carburet of iron:—On demolishing the interior brickwork of the iron furnaces at Niderbroun (Lower Rhine), while the furnaces were still hot, a shower of sparks, or of charcoal dust, had sometimes been observed to escape from the crevices; on examining whence the sparks proceeded, they were found to come from deposits of carbon amongst the stones of the fabric. This carbon appears to have entered the finest fissures in a state of vapour, and to have been deposited either in amorphous fragments, or in balls, the centres of which were amorphous, while the outer parts were radiated, and the surface covered with stalagmitic tubercles. This matter has all the properties of plumbago; it burns completely away, leaving only a trace of oxide of iron. It must have arrived at its position in a gaseous state; and appears to explain the origin and formation of plumbago, which would hence appear to be nothing more than carbon and a little iron sublimed from deposits of anthracite by heat, arising from the proximity of igneous rocks. The discovery is one of uncommon interest, and would form one of the most important of modern times, could it be brought to bear upon the cheap artificial production of such a valuable and extensively-used substance as plumbago.

SALT IN ABYSSINIA.

Whilst speaking of this article of food, it may be as well to observe, that its use appears to have been dictated by the situation of the Abyssinians. As an easy illustration by analogy, it may be safely supposed that salt is a more indispensable necessary of life, and far more expensive in that country than the purest white sugar is in Europe. Children stand around the mother whilst engaged in any manner in which salt is employed, as in England little silent gazers are attracted around mamma when making sweetened dishes. Good housekeeping, with the Abyssinians, consists chiefly in the economical management of their stock of salt; and among other notable modes of making a little do duty for a considerable quantity, besides affording an additional stimulant to the palate, is the system of combining it with pepper. An old Dutch method of executing criminals was confining them solely to the use of bread in which no salt was contained, and which ultimately occasioned death by the worms that were thus allowed to generate in the intestines. Many children in England have I seen who have certainly fallen victims to the foolish fear that they would eat too much salt; and I believe that disposition to scrofula, the national disease, is chiefly owing to the vegetable diet of our children not being sufficiently attended to in the matter of this simple condiment. Be that as it may, the Abyssinians suffer considerably in their health from the difficulty of obtaining salt.—*Travels in Abyssinia, by Charles Johnston.*

DEPRESSION OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

A few years ago, it was generally believed that the waters of the Caspian were at least 300 feet below the level of those of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. This view was adopted in consequence of a series of barometrical observations; but it having been found that, from the great number of stations across the land separating the Caspian from the sea of Azov, small errors had become greatly magnified, a new survey was made by the directions of the Russian government. The able mathematicians, Messrs Fasse, Sevitich, and Sabler, were therefore employed to make independent trigonometrical levellings; and their observations agreeing to within a foot or two, give for the mean result 83½ English feet as the depression.—The possible error being limited to 1½ feet, which definitively settles the long pending geographical question. By recent surveys, it has been also established that the waters of the

Red Sea, in the Gulf of Suez, stand 32 feet above the level of those of the Mediterranean—a difference of level much greater, distance considered, than that which subsists between the Mediterranean and Caspian seas.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! oh then spare them—they are precious to this age! I love—oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page! They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled; Old letters! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, long gone by, Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory; They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore. Old letters! oh then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old am I too, and gray-haired now—deserted and alone, And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone; Yet oft at midnight's stillly hour, in solitude's retreat, With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face; Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place; A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave— Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clamped by bloody hands; Was found beneath a father's corpse on dread Coranra's sands; A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear. Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—know I not that hand? Oh! she was bright and fair; Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare Her to this earth of grief and woe: well death thou might'st be vain; Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past; Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy far to last; The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled. Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

N. H. M.

THE HYENA.

Ignatius Palline, in his travels in Kordofan, vindicates the hyena from the charge of ferocity and cruelty usually brought against it by writers on natural history—most of whom assert that the animal is untamable. He says—in the court of a house at Lobcid, I saw a hyena running about quite domesticated. The children of the proprietor teased it, took the meat thrown to it for food out of its jaws, and put their hands even into its throat, without receiving the least injury. When we took our meals in the open air, to enjoy the breeze, as was our general custom during the hot season, this animal approached the table without fear, snapped up the pieces that were thrown to it like a dog, and did not evince the slightest symptom of timidity. A full-grown hyena and her two cubs were, on another occasion, brought to me for sale; the latter were carried in arms, as you might carry a lamb, and were not even muzzled. The old one, it is true, had a rope round its snout, but it had been led a distance of twelve miles by a single man without having offered the slightest resistance. The Africans of this quarter do not even reckon the hyena among the wild beasts of their country, for they are not afraid of it.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TARIFF.

The puzzling name 'tariff' is derived from the town of Tarifa, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the most southern point in Europe, not even excepting Cape Matapan, at the foot of the Morea. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors disputed with the Christians, and is still within three leagues of the empire of Morocco. When the Moors held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean—whence the generic name.

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THE SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT YORK.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science met this year at York during the week between the 26th September and 3d October, being its fourteenth assemblage, and its second visit to that ancient city, where it was originally planned and constituted. Favoured during the whole time with brilliant weather, gathering in one of the most beautiful of English seasons, and in the midst of scenes striking from their antique grace and magnificence, it was an extremely pleasant affair, to all at least who, like myself, went in the pure simplicity of a love of science and of science's cultivators, and with no trying or tasking part to sustain in the performances. Arriving the day before the meeting—a party of three—we lost no time in making our way to the place of reception in the Guildhall of the city, where we found the usual bureaux established for the transaction of business with the individual members, under an oaken roof which had probably seen the entertainments of the mayors of York to the Presidents of the North in the days of Elizabeth and James. There was the usual difficulty about lodgings, the poorest of all classes of gentlemen being, as in all other places where the association has met, objects of unbounded cupidity to those who had any room to spare; but we at length obtained centrally situated and comfortable quarters in an ancient mansion near the river, the vicarage, we were told, of the adjoining church. This matter being settled, we were at liberty to go about for the gratification of our curiosity; and first we proceeded to the meeting of the general committee in one of the council-rooms adjoining to the Guildhall. Here we found the principal members of the association already assembled, and in full deliberation on arrangements.

Around a long table occupying the centre of a Gothic room, lighted through stained glass, are ranged the venerable chiefs of the British philosophical world, while others sit on forms extending along the walls; about a hundred in all being present. There is a discussion on the claims of the rising science of ethnology, or investigation of the physical characters of nations, to be placed in a section by itself, instead of being grafted on the medical one, which has always been felt as a withered branch of the association. One or two cultivators of this science, from the side walls, make a spirited remonstrance against the Mezertian arrangement, and several of the great men at the head of the table endeavour by soft words to conciliate them. At length some concessions being made, the ethnologists are satisfied and silenced. Meanwhile many others of the leading savans, taking little interest in these preliminaries, are whispering to each other, or scribbling letters for home, or taking this opportunity to ascertain from an extensively knowing friend—the names of

such of the principal figures as we were not previously acquainted with. And, first, who is that robust man in clerical dress, with a plain and homely, but intelligent face, not unlike what we conceive of Robert Burns?—it is the very reverend Dr Peacock, so long the pet mathematician of Cambridge, and now Dean of Ely; the president-elect, moreover, of the association for the present year. And who is the young Yorkshire-squire-like man, with the florid good-natured, yet most gentleman-like face, near the dean, and at the head of the table?—that is the Earl of Rosse, the president about to demit his authority, and who has of late years acquired such celebrity in consequence of his efforts to extend the powers of the telescope. Near him is an elderly, but hale and good-looking man in grayish hair, and a plain coloured dress—that is Colonel Sabine, so noted for a particular class of investigations in physics. Next to him, with locks still more silvered, and a pallid but reflective countenance, sits Sir David Brewster, now amongst our savans of oldest standing, and here particularly interesting as the acknowledged father of the British Association. A middle-aged, gentleman-like man, with a finely-carried head, and dark intellectual eyes, rises to speak on some point of arrangement—that is Mr Murchison, the eminent geologist, author of the great work on the Silurian System, and who employs his leisure and fortune unstintedly in prosecuting his favourite inquiries in other regions besides Britain. These are the principal members near the head of the table; but casting our eyes into the recesses of the room, we quickly discern others of not-less note. At the lower end, for instance, sit two men who have just come in, the more robust of the pair—he with the rough florid face, gray eyes, and grizzled hair worn deep over his strongly perceptive forehead—is Dr Whewell, the author of the History of the Inductive Sciences; the other, pale and slender, with nervous activity speaking so powerfully through his face and frame, is Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, a man of varied acquirements, though most generally known for his recent investigations of the glaciers. The talk of the meeting is, that it is to be a 'good' one. There is, however, one blank which all deeply regret—namely, that occasioned by the absence of Dr Buckland, in consequence of sudden domestic calamity. Even in a section usually rich beyond the rest in attendance, it is impossible to help feeling this disappointment to be very great; and in an individual so popular, the cause of non-appearance is an additional subject of lament.

Afternoon service in that glorious old minister occupied the next hour most gratifyingly. Dinner then had its claims, and these were attended to. Dropping them after in a gossiping humour into the Guildhall, we found Professor Sedgwick (just arrived) endeavouring to establish his identity as the first member present.

Pointing to the ticket which bore the places of meeting and names of presidents in radiating fashion, 'Why,' said he to my companion, 'I am one of the rays of the star [having been president at Cambridge], and yet they don't know me.' Very sure did we feel that the young man, seeing him now, could not fail to know him on any future occasion. Having seen the mirthful professor invested with the full privileges of the week, we proceeded to a conversazione in the house of Mr Phillips, one of the few resident members whose fame is of wide extent. We found this gentleman occupying an antique house formerly connected with St Mary's Abbey, and conveniently situated near the museum and lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Here we were plunged into a dense mass of learned persons, filling two rooms even while they stood, and comprehending nearly all of any note who had as yet arrived in York. Having interchanged a few words with our entertainer, I was free to roam about the rooms in search of old acquaintances. Meeting with such persons, and hearing of all their doings since the former assemblage, is always felt as one of the most agreeable circumstances attending the weeks of the British Association. It was already known that there was to be an ample store of good papers at the sections, and that the *personnel* of the meeting was also to be brilliant. Pleasurable expectations, therefore, beamed through every countenance. It was delightful to observe and overhear the mutual greetings of many pairs and groups as they encountered here for the first time since perhaps the last meeting, or some one of earlier date. 'How are you, Dr —?' Glad to see you here. Hope you are to read a paper?' And so forth. Many were the aspects, styles of dress, and demeanour of these sons of divine philosophy—some very grave men, some very lively; some in ultra sober, some in gay and fashionable attire; some thin, sharp, and pale, as befits the lingerer by the midnight lamp; others florid, robust, and even burly, as if they were daily engaged in rude exercises. One feature was, however, nearly universal—a certain expansion of the head which habit teaches us to associate on all occasions with superior intellect. It was interesting for one who knew few of the company by name, to reflect that hardly one of the individuals who jostled him in these rooms but bore some high part in the field of letters or science, and would be missed and lamented amongst his countrymen if his light were to be removed from its place.

The association, as is well known, divides itself into seven sections, distinguished by letters of the alphabet, and each of which meets every day of the week from eleven to three o'clock in some conveniently-fitted hall or large room, under a distinct president and officers. This arrangement renders it of course impossible for the members to witness more than a fraction of the business; but to make matters as easy as possible, programmes of the whole designed proceedings are published every morning, and from these one may select objects to which to give his attention, according as his taste or his sense of their various values may incline. The medical, statistical, and mechanical sections were on this occasion thinly attended; the chemical, zoological, and physical moderately; and the geological largely. The last, indeed, seems to be at all times the leading department of the association. The great writers in the science are always present; hence curiosity: then the comparative intelligibility and popular interest of the subject is attractive. What is strange, there is generally almost as many ladies as gentlemen present. On this occasion, the geologists had for their place of meeting a large old fabric in the beautiful grounds connected with the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, the hospitium, namely, or house for the entertainment of strangers belonging to that ancient monastery. Formed of stone in semi-Gothic fashion below, it presents a superstructure composed of bricks in a frame of oaken beams after the fashion followed so frequently in the old Scottish halls; and in this upper room, surmounted

by masses of timber which had sheltered Catholic pilgrims of yore, did the most sprightly of the modern sciences now find its chosen home. On a platform at the upper end, with a green cloth bench in front, sat the officers of the section, having generally large charts and figures suspended upon the wall behind them. In the centre sits the preses, Mr Warburton, M.P., president of the Geological Society, and a zealous hard-working inquirer into this science—a tall, middle-aged man, of well-developed head, and pleasant, though reflective countenance. By his side might generally be seen his friends De la Beche, Murchison, and Sedgwick; also, very frequently, the blithe-faced Marquis of Northampton, who throughout these meetings was continually getting up to say something cheerful, encouraging, and kind about men and things, and never seemed one moment out of humour. Here, too, sat very assiduously, in his capacity as secretary, the youthful Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, author of a comprehensive treatise on the science, descriptive and economic, and whose keen intelligent countenance lent character to the scene. Further to the extremity might perhaps be seen the venerable John Taylor, general secretary, or Mr Sopwith of Newcastle, so well known for his ingenious illustrations of the science by means of wooden models. Another figure frequently seen on the geological platform was one extremely noticeable on account of unusual tallness—the young Earl of Enniskillen. This nobleman belongs to a class whom we may hope to see extended in numbers ere many years elapse. In company with two other men of birth and fortune, he has for a long time given much attention to the study of fossils. Every summer, these personages may be met in Berlin, Vienna, and the other capitals of continental Europe, not, like their compatriots, bent on mere amusement, or at most the gratification of taste by the sight of objects of art, but studying the various collections of the organic remains of the ancient world, and accomplishing exchanges between superfluous specimens from their own collection, and equally superfluous but different samples from the museums under their inspection. Thus, while giving themselves a delightful occupation, they are employing their large leisure and means in the performance of a service in the cause of science, and one of no small importance.

A 'scene' which took place at the second day's meeting of this section may be briefly touched upon. The Dean of York, a gentleman in advanced age, had, it appeared, formed a wish to overthrow at one blow the whole structure of facts which the geologists have reared during the last forty years. The whimsicality of the attempt would have caused the section to reject such a paper from any man of inferior note; but the local importance of its author, and dread of being accused of fear to meet such an opponent, determined them to give it a hearing. When this was known on the morning of Friday, a vast multitude flocked to the section, and thus gave additional importance to what was at best a kind of indecent oddity in the course of the proceedings. In due time, the dean, a tall and venerable figure, with an air of imperturbable composure, walked through the crowd, and took his place by invitation beside the president on the platform. His paper, which he read with a firm voice, was briefly and elegantly expressed, but otherwise was a most extraordinary production. To the mind of the writer, the whole of those collections of facts and illustrations, which the geologists have made during forty years, seemed to have existed in vain. He first presented a set of objections against the view of the Earth's early history given by Dr Buckland in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, and then proceeded to develop a theory of his own, accounting for all the phenomena in a manner designed to reduce them within a very brief space of time. The theory was a wilder dream than any of Burnet's or Woodward's, and such as could not be listened to with gravity by any one acquainted with the science; yet, amidst the laughter which hailed it, the author went on with an unflinching

manner to the end, when he quietly sat down beside Mr Warburton. By previous arrangement, the duty of replying to this attack—for such it was—had been confided to Professor Sedgwick, whose oratorical powers are acknowledged to be superior to those of any of his brethren. Up, therefore, he rose, and commenced a speech which enchained the audience for an hour and a half, alternately charming them with its vast learning, and throwing them off their gravity by the most amusing and grotesque illustrations. The geologists, it appears, in their private meetings, are accustomed to great latitude of discourse; they speak of such meetings as their 'geological fights.' It was not therefore surprising, for more reasons than one, that this speech contained several severe hits at the assailing party. It must at the same time be observed, that the speech was delicacy itself to what might have been expected to be called forth with reference to any man of inferior years, profession, or rank. And it was, after all, the lightning that loves to play, not wound; nor did the lively professor hesitate to make himself the subject of some little mirth—as where, having used the word below for above, and thus produced a titter, he said there was such a dance of atoms, such a *geological polka* going through his brain, that he hardly knew what words he was using; and on another occasion, when, having said that the one thing was as certainly identical with the other as that *that row of ladies* (pointing to the belles on the front form) were of the same species with himself, he paused at the smile which this contrast excited, and, laughingly reflecting on his own extraordinary countenance, said, 'Perhaps the ladies may not think it much of a compliment to be thought of the same species with me!' The whole scene was amusing in the extreme; but I think there can be no doubt that the interests of both parties would have been more regarded if no such 'fight' had taken place. As often happens, more attention was attracted to this unprofitable controversy than to any other subject which came before the association throughout the week.

The Zoological Section met in the lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, in the midst of a series of chambers devoted chiefly to the preservation of objects of natural history. It was chiefly presided over by Dr Herbert, Dean of Manchester, an aged man of slight figure, known respectfully in the philosophical world for a laborious work in natural history. The appearances held forth by this section of late years have partaken of the great improvement which has taken place, during that time, in the spirit and pursuits of naturalists. From being chroniclers of dry facts, and enumerators of species, zoologists have within twenty years become philosophical inquirers. And from the early age of many of these men, it may fairly be hoped that we shall see this spirit wax in strength instead of going back. The chief naturalists present are young men. On a front form you may observe a perfect galaxy of them—Professor Balfour of Glasgow, Dr Carpenter, so well known by his works on Physiology, General and Human; Professor Edward Forbes of King's College, London, whose investigations of the distribution of marine animal life have of late attracted so much attention; Professor Owen, the first comparative physiologist of his day. Various are the aspects of these men—Owen, plain, with dark lustrous eyes; Forbes, a handsome, olive-complexioned youth, with long hair smoothed away to one side; Carpenter, pale, blue-eyed, hawk-nosed, keen, grave, reflective. The papers and remarks of these three men were of great value, and their services were also extended to the geological section. But who is that little intelligent-looking man in a faded naval uniform, who is so invariably seen in a particular central seat in this section? That, gentle reader, is perhaps one of the most interesting men who attend the association. He is only a private in the mounted guard (preventive service), at an obscure part of the Cornwall coast, with four shillings a day, and a wife and nine children, most of whose education he has himself to conduct. He never

tastes the luxuries which are so common in the middle ranks of life, and even amongst a large portion of the working-classes; he has to mend with his own hands every sort of thing that can wear or break in his house. Yet Charles Peach is a votary of natural history—not a student of the science in books, for he cannot afford books, but an investigator by sea and shore, a collector of zoophytes and echinodermata, strange creatures, many of which are as yet hardly known to man: these he collects, preserves, and describes; and every year does he come up to the British Association with a few novelties of this kind, accompanied by illustrative papers and drawings; thus, under circumstances the very opposite of those of such men as Lord Enniskillen, adding, in like manner, to the general stock of knowledge. On the present occasion he is unusually elated, for he has made the discovery of a holothuria with twenty tentacles, a species of the echinodermata, which Edward Forbes, in his book on star-fishes, had said was never yet observed in the British seas. It may be of small moment to you, who, mayhap, know nothing of holothurias, but it is a considerable thing to the fauna of Britain, and a vast matter to a poor private of the Cornwall mounted guard. And, accordingly, he will go home in a few days, full of the glory of his exhibition, and strung anew by the kind notice taken of him by the masters of the science, to similar inquiries, difficult as it may be to prosecute them under such a complication of duties, professional and domestic. But he has still another subject of congratulation; for Dr Carpenter has kindly given him a microscope wherewith to observe the structure of his favourite animals, an instrument for which he has sighed for many years in vain. Honest Peach, humble as is thy home, and simple thy bearing, thou art an honour even to this assemblage of nobles and doctors; nay, more, when I consider everything, thou art an honour to human nature itself; for where is the heroism like that of virtuous, intelligent, independent poverty? and such heroism is thine!

The Physical Section was for one morning popularly attractive, namely, when Lord Rosse described the difficulties he had encountered in the construction of his telescope. His lordship had a model prepared, by which to convey as sensible an idea as possible of the actual structure of this mighty tube, and the arrangements for its use; but the most interesting part of his exposition referred to the laborious processes for founding and polishing the speculum. Here, certainly, the forethought, care, and trouble called into employment, had been altogether extraordinary, and such as common minds could never have encountered: each object seemed only to have been attained after a vast amount of preparation and trial; and still, through the whole course of operations, the danger of sudden accident undoing all that had been done was continually imminent. His lordship's style of address was easy and graceful, and his language extremely simple and perspicuous. His great telescope was, it appeared, only newly finished, and had not yet been employed; but with another of only three feet diameter, he had already resolved distant patches of light in the heavens—the remotest of the class of objects called sidereal nebulae—into distinct stars, showing that they were clusters of stars similar to that to which our sun belongs, and the remoter parts of which constitute our Milky Way. What new revelations of the more distant fields of the Creator's glory are to be elicited by the six-feet speculum, it will be for time to show.

The evening of Thursday was devoted to a general meeting in the Assembly Rooms, where the Earl of Rosse demitted, and the Dean of Ely assumed, the office of president, the latter delivering on the occasion a long address with reference to the objects of the association. This was rather a dull affair; but other evenings, spent in the same place, were more agreeable. One night was enlivened by a recital from Mr Lyell of the recent fossil discoveries in America. Another was rendered still more agreeable by an account of certain recent discoveries in India. The demonstrator on this

last occasion was Dr. Falconer, a young medical man recently returned from India on leave. The members, on entering this evening, were surprised by the picture of a tortoise displayed on the green screen above the speaker's head, exhibiting an animal the same in form as ordinary land-tortoises, but about twelve feet long. Strange as it may seem, remains of this huge animal, to which the name of *Colossochelys Atlas* has been given, are found in the superficial gravel upon the Siválík hills; some of these were shown, particularly one of the leg bones, the similarity of which to the corresponding bone of the modern diminutive species was easily recognised. It appears that this and a vast number of other animals, elsewhere found in the tertiary strata, are, in that part of the world, discovered in the more recent gravels, showing that the tertiary species may have lived in certain districts down to a time nearer to our own era. And this idea Dr. Falconer connected in a very interesting manner with mythic traditions of India, descriptive of enormous tortoises, one of which was fabled to support the elephant by which the world was supported. It seemed not unlikely that these legends referred to animals which had been living in the early ages of mankind, but which have for many centuries been extinct. The plain and perspicuous, yet arresting address of Dr. Falconer, was universally allowed a high place among the scientific affairs of the week. He has made a most important contribution to geology, and the ample specimens which he has brought home enrich the museums to which they have been presented. His services are the more creditable to himself, that, placed in charge of the botanic garden upon the Siválík hills, he had little means of cultivating the science in any of the more ordinary methods. When a canal excavation near the garden exposed to him a rich treasury of fossil bones, he had no means of studying in order to ascertain what these were; but he took an original method—he went off to the woods and wilderness, and shot animals, from which he might study comparative anatomy; and by a reference to these, he was able to refer the fossils to their proper species. What a crowning to years of toil, thus to be able at length to come before one of the most intelligent audiences in Europe, and enchain them with descriptions of such novelties in human knowledge!

Another evening was devoted to a ball, which, however, could scarcely be distinguished from the ordinary soirées, the only peculiar features being a rather poor orchestra clanging from the end of the room, and two couples attempting to dance polkas in as many small openings of the crowd. Here precisely the same groups of philosophers might be seen lounging about as on other occasions. On Friday afternoon, Earl Fitzwilliam, as president of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, entertained about a hundred and fifty of the members at dinner in the most sumptuous style. His lordship's benevolent and amiable character was conspicuous on this occasion, and particularly in the manner in which he conducted the proceedings of the evening. It was most interesting to see him at the head of the range of tables, centring a long line of the highest intellectual men of his day—well-intending rank and wealth thus associating with natural distinction in a manner honourable to both. Wherever the eye was cast along the lines of guests, it beheld men of name; not, as often happens, gemming a waste of ordinary people, but thickly studded with scarcely any trace of such intervention. Right opposite to me was Justus Liebig, who has of late achieved so much British fame by his chemical researches and publications; a handsome dark-complexioned man about forty, with strong perceptive faculties (the reverse of the usual German brain), dark mild eyes, and an aquiline visage. Beside him was Professor Graham of London, flanked by a group of other eminent chemists. It may here be remarked, that Professor Liebig, M. Matteucci, and other foreigners who attended the meeting of the association, were lodged and entertained throughout the week at the expense

of the local funds; a degree of hospitality for which they were quite unprepared, and which certainly brought honour on the city of York.

Whatever be the general opinion regarding the British Association, the week during which it sits is always felt by the members to be one of pleasant excitement. That it really does something direct and substantial for the advancement of science, its records testify; that many able and interesting matters are brought before larger audiences at its sectional meetings than could otherwise be obtained for them, is evident to all. But I believe the principal benefits produced by it to be of a less obvious kind. One of these is the stimulus which it gives to mind in the places which it visits. The timid local student, who almost sinks for want of encouragement amongst his, mayhap, commercial compatriots, receives a strong impetus from the deference which he sees on these occasions paid to science and to the learned. Young and fresh minds, on the outlook for fields of exertion, are by these means drawn into the line of philosophical investigation. A gentleman of considerable standing in one of the sections, expressed to me his opinion that one half of the leading men now in the association are its own children, persons whom it has stimulated and nurtured into philosophic being. The association, it must also be remarked, has the useful merit of being of no exclusive spirit. Men of all kinds meet in it: no philosophical doctrines or views, which do not positively outrage decency, are here denied a hearing. The spirit of the institution is, I would say, essentially a liberal one, and the predominating feeling among the members is that of mutual kindness and charity. The value of all this in a country where party-spirit reigns so widely, and produces such alienation, need not of course be insisted on.

THE LIBRARY OF TRAVEL.*

TRAVELLING undoubtedly takes its place as one of the manias of the present day; and so abundantly are we furnished with books regarding every corner of the globe, that the great difficulty lies in making a proper selection from the multitude. Should any one, for instance, require information concerning the East, whole libraries of travel are at his disposal. He is bewildered by the vast amount of facts and observations arrayed before him; he knows not where to choose, or where to begin his researches, and if not of a very persevering temperament, he foregoes the desired information rather than be at the labour of selecting it. To relieve him from this difficulty, the editor of the Library of Foreign Travel has stepped in with his useful labours; the object of this work being to collect, from the writings of travellers from all nations, the interesting matter now dispersed through a wilderness of volumes, and to methodise this matter, and recast it into such a form as shall make it available for readers of limited means and leisure.

The promise thus put forth has been well performed in the first section of the work, which treats of 'Syria and the Holy Land.' Every particular concerning those countries which is interesting to be known is graphically and pleasantly conveyed. The stores from which the editor has drawn are not merely those usually at the command of English readers. The works of continental travellers, of which no translations have as yet appeared, have been consulted with discriminating industry, and extracts from them judiciously woven into the text. By this means the reader is able to perform an imaginary journey through one of the most interesting

* The Library of Travel, being a Popular Description of Foreign Countries. Edited by W. H. Kelly. Part I.—Syria and the Holy Land. Chapman and Hall, London.

resting countries in the world, with the most enterprising and learned travellers of whom European literature can boast.

The reader is made to enter Syria by way of Beyroot, and is, after relating some interesting facts concerning that celebrated port, transported to Damascus. Damascus is a true Oriental city, and the least sophisticated of all the Muslim capitals. Here everything is eastern; there are no Frank quarters, no shabby beings wandering about in black hats and pea-green jackets, no fantastic spring of Frank customs and Frank follies by the command of an innovating sultan. The aspect of its streets certainly does not meet the expectation excited by its romantic appearance as viewed from a distance: they are narrow and irregular, and flanked with ugly dead walls; but broad streets are no luxury in a warm climate; and "here," says Dr Richardson, "I felt the full force of the remark of Tacitus, that Nero spoiled Rome by broad streets." Those of Damascus are seldom of a width more than sufficient to allow two laden camels to pass each other without crushing the pedestrians, and many are of much narrower dimensions. They are the most noiseless possible: there are no wheeled carriages rolling along them; and the occasional step of a Christian's ass, a camel, a mule, or, more rarely, of a horse, does not much disturb the mysterious stillness in which the city appears wrapped, until you approach the bazaars and other places of busy resort. The city contains a great many fine mosques; and, it is said, not less than five hundred private dwellings that might rank as palaces; but the interior magnificence of the houses adds nothing to the beauty of the streets, to which they present no more than dull mud walls, with one or two ill-made lattice windows at a considerable height. The houses are sometimes constructed on arches that hang across the streets, making it quite dark. Wooden rafters, too, when the arch has not been turned, are visible frequently from below, and render the way still more gloomy. All great eastern towns are difficult to thread, but few in so great a degree as Damascus, from the perplexing intricacy of the narrow streets, and of the many winding bazaars. Sometimes you are pinned up in a corner by a long string of camels, that fill the whole breadth of the way; and sometimes you are run down and covered with filth by a whole line of donkeys, that trot heedlessly on with noiseless tread over the sandy soil. However leisurely these animals may move, when the road is open and plain before them, they are all possessed with an insane propensity for rushing forwards whenever the passage is narrowed by any casual obstruction; and when there happens to be several of them together on these occasions, a race ensues, which ends, perhaps, in two or three of them becoming fast wedged together, and then their kicking and pushing only make the case more desperate. The streets have a large barrier at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, and, as some say, wives; but a very small bribe will open the barrier at any hour of the night, for there is always a gatekeeper at hand. It is not likely that these gates are of much use against solitary prowlers, for it would be an easy matter to run along the tops of the houses through any quarter of the city; and a man attacked in one house might not despair of making his escape by concealing himself in that of a distant inhabitant, without passing through the streets. Their chief use is to check sudden insurrectionary movements. The guardsmen of these barriers are usually committed to ancient and quiet watchmen, who are by no means in a hurry

to answer those who knock. When at last the porter makes his appearance, a parley takes place:—"Kintur o—who is that?" "Iba beled—a townsman." "Wah lid Allah—testify that there is one God." And thereupon the man on the wrong side of the door, whatever may be his impatience, must repeat the Muslim confession of faith; for it is argued, with touching simplicity, that no one who was abroad on a guilty errand would dare to utter the hallowed symbol. These impediments to free circulation through the streets by night are not felt as an inconvenience by the Orientals. The shops are all closed at the approach of dusk, and every true believer goes home to his own house, which he does not quit till the following morning. What should he do in the dirty streets? Behind the shabby walls that bound it, the Muslim has his own sufficient paradise, concealed from every prying eye.

If the professional story-tellers, who abound in the East, none are more famous than those of Damascus. A description of them, and the coffee-houses in which they exercise their calling, is thus given:—"Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its coffee-houses; they are for the most part built in the kiosk fashion, of wood painted different colours, green and blue predominating, and open on the sides, except where partially closed with plants coiling up the slender columns that support the roof. The softened light that makes its way through the leafy walls forms a charming contrast with the intense glare of the sun glancing upon the waters, or reflected from the whitened walls of the houses of the town. Nor are they more remarkable for their picturesque appearance than for their happily-chosen position, being generally situated on the border of some running stream, the view opening out on a pretty cascade, with gardens and orchards lying on the opposite bank. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river, on which and its foaming cataracts the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard, you fancy that if ever the enchantments of eastern romance are to be realised, it is here. The pleasures enjoyed in these places are usually of the silent kind; but sometimes they are enlivened by the performances of professional dancers, story-tellers, or singers. The recitation of eastern fables and tales partakes somewhat of the nature of a dramatic performance. It is not merely a simple narrative; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story-books, besides the Arabian Nights, furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty even to persons who at first imagine they are listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites, walking to and fro, in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then when the expression requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention, and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his heroine and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door endeavour to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are induced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel. He no sooner has made his exit than the company, in separate parties, fall to disputing about the characters of the drama, or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious, and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth than if the fate of the city depended on the decision. In the part of this compilation devoted to Palestine, we find a good account of the conditions of Jerusalem,

translated from the German traveller Prokesch's *Travels in the Holy Land*.* 'Let us issue from St Stephen's gate, and pausing for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burial-ground, cross the bridge over the Brook Kedron, and the mysterious Valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascend the Mount of Olives. At the foot of the hill we come to a small enclosure, supposed, with great probability, to be the Garden of Gethsemane. There can be no doubt that if it be not the garden, it must at least be very near its site. It is a level space, about fifty paces square, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones. It contains eight olive-trees whose age is incalculable, and which are fondly imagined to have been standing in the time of our Saviour. One of these, the largest, hacked and sacrificed by the knives of pilgrims, is revered as the identical tree under which Christ was betrayed; and its enormous roots growing high out of the earth, could induce a belief of almost any degree of antiquity. Mr Wilde, a scientific observer, thinks there is nothing unreasonable in imputing an existence of nineteen centuries to these trees; and it is nearly certain that they were in being at least eight hundred years ago; for they pay only eight *mils*, in accordance with the rate of duty imposed at the period when the Turks first conquered Jerusalem, whilst olive-trees of later growth pay half the crop. Above the garden is a paved alley about four feet broad, walled off from the other parts; for they say it is accursed by the footsteps of Judas Iscariot, and held in abhorrence by the followers of every creed. This Garden of Gethsemane occupies the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was very near one of the most thronged and busy parts of Jerusalem, and yet lay so low in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, that not a sound from the busy hum of life could have reached its profound depth. On the west, the city walls and the high battlements of the temple almost overhang the garden, while on the east the still loftier heights of Olivet cast their dark shade over the scene of the divine agony. Fittingly had Judas chosen this gloomy scene for the perpetration of his black crime. The Mount of Olives consists of a range of four mountains, with summits of unequal altitudes. The highest rises from the Garden of Gethsemane, and is the one fixed on as the place of our Saviour's ascension. About half-way up is a ruined monastery, built, according to the monks, over the spot where Jesus sat down and wept over the city, and uttered that prediction which has since been so fearfully verified. The view from the summit embraces, perhaps, more interesting objects than any other in the world—the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the city of Jerusalem, the plains of Jericho, the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. On the top of the mountain is a miserable Arab village, in the centre of which is a small mosque enclosing the stone which bears the foot-print shown as that of our Lord. From here the ascension took place. An Arab kept the key, and allowed us to enter. After the kissing and mumbling of paternosters had subsided, he opened a store of little square stones that are picked up about the hill, and rubbing them on the foot-print, gave us all one a-piece. The pilgrims receive them as invaluable testimonies of their pious journey.'

Of the Jewish necropolis, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, near Jerusalem, celebrated in every page of Oriental and Biblical history, the editor observes—'Independently of that natural love of country which exists among this people, two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem—to study the Scriptures and the Talmud, and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt.' No matter what the station or the rank—no matter what or how far distant the country in which the Jew resides—he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zionward. No clime can change, no condition quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jeru-

salem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with the dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home, after long absence, with more yearnings of affection—no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral tower and lordly halls, when they had become another's, with greater sorrow than wrings the heart of the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem.' A description of this interesting locality is derived from Schubert's *Travels in the East*:*—'Returning along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and passing along its eastern sides, we came to the great burying-ground of the Jews. It looks more like a paved court, and I walked over it without at first perceiving it. Among the monuments are four, unique in their appearance and construction, and known from time immemorial as the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St James, and the prophet Zachariah. All are cut out of the solid rock. The tomb of Absalom is a single stone as large as an ordinary two-storey house, and ornamented with twenty-four semicolumns of the Doric order, supporting a triangular pyramidal top. The top is battered and defaced, and no one, whether Muslim, Jew, or Christian, ever passes through the Valley of Jehoshaphat without casting a stone at the sepulchre of the rebellious son. No regular entrance to it has ever been discovered, and the only way of getting into the interior is by a hole broken for the purpose in one of the sides. Notwithstanding the specific names given to these tombs, it is altogether uncertain to what age they belong; and it is generally considered that the style of architecture precludes the supposition that they are the work of Jewish builders. As we passed along, we saw a young girl kissing the tomb of Zachariah, and weeping as if her heart would break. My servant asked her rather roughly what she was crying about; and the poor girl, looking at him for a moment, burst into a flood of tears, and told him that she was weeping over the tomb of the blessed prophet. Proceeding onwards through the valley, we found the whole face of the precipitous rock, upon its eastern side, excavated into one vast and almost continuous catacomb, consisting of chambers of various sizes. Some of them were simple square apartments, formed to contain a single corpse, and closed by a stone door fitted into a groove round the entrance, so accurate, that a seal might have been applied at the joining to secure the sepulchre; and the first of them that I visited at once explained to me the form of the tomb of the Arimatean nobleman. These sepulchral grots are continued all down the valley of Siloam, having galleries, stairs, and small terraces cut out of the rock, leading from one to the other. They are all now inhabited, and they, with some mud-built huts at the bottom of the valley, constitute the village of Siloam, which contains upwards of 1500 Arabs—a vicious, quarrelsome, and dishonest set of people, and noted for such propensities for centuries past. On my first visit to this place, happening to poke my head into one of the cryptæ, I was not a little startled by the wild unearthly scream of an old Arab crone who inhabited the interior. The noise she made became the signal for a general outcry; the dwellers in the different caves popped their heads out from their holes like so many beavers reconnoitring an enemy; the children ran shouting in all directions; curses fell fast and heavy on the Giaour and the Nazarene; and had I got into the harem of the pasha, the alarm could not have been greater than that which I excited among the whole Troglodyte population of this cemetery of the living. I made a hasty retreat amidst the general uproar; and took good care never to venture again so far upon a tomb-hunting expedition into Siloam.'

From these specimens of the execution of the novel

* *Reise in das Heilige Land*: 1829.

* *Reise in das Morgenland*.

plan upon which the Library of Travel is based, it will be perceived that it forms a valuable addition to the cheap and useful literature of the age. The work is embellished with neatly-engraved woodcuts, and is very well printed.

THE MILL AND THE MANOR.

PART I.

On a beautiful autumn evening, a branch coach from the Birmingham railway stopped at that most ancient inn known as the 'Tabard,' in the village of Crumbleton, not far from Warwickshire. This being an extremely unusual occurrence, the coach was soon surrounded by a crowd of children, who were joined by an accession of gossips as soon as they could hobble up. Perhaps the feeling of curiosity had never been so intensely excited since the opening of the Stratford station, and the first starting of the cross-road coach which was now in the act of 'dropping' the stranger in the village. The passenger was stared at without compunction, and each package of luggage minutely examined as it was handed from the roof of the vehicle to the inn doorstep, to find out who could possibly want to stop at Crumbleton; not above ten strangers having been seen in the place for as many months. The schoolmistress, however, happened to place herself on this very promiscuous committee of inquiry, and by dint of perseverance, and a little spelling, was able to read the inscription on one of the boxes, which ran thus.—'Charles Kennedy, Esquire,—th light infantry.' Having perused once more the direction, she pointed her spectacles full in the face of the traveller, and throwing up her hands, uttered a scream, at the same time articulating the information that it was 'Master Charles.' Though the juvenile part of the assembly did not know Mr Charles from Adam, yet they shouted out of sheer imitation. The innkeeper looked on in stoical indifference, for his attention was absorbed by certain slices of bacon which he industriously cut and ate from the top of a huge piece of bread. His wife, however, dropped a respectful curtsy, opened the hatch, and invited the stranger in.

'I would prefer walking up to the hall at once,' said the stranger, 'and will send one of the servants for my luggage.' With this, having greeted the old dame with a kind but melancholy smile, he moved away. The schoolmistress once more elevated her hands, invoked a blessing on the young squire's heart, the children set up a loud 'hurrah!' and the innkeeper, laying down his clasp-knife and bacon, shouldered the trunks unbidden, and followed the hero of this extensive village ovation. 'That's right, neighbour,' exclaimed the old dame. 'Poor Master Charles wont find many servants to spare at the hall to do his bidding now. I suppose the ruin of the family has brought him home from foreign parts. Poor squire! poor Master Charles!' As the old schoolmistress hobbled back to her cottage, she was obliged to stop to wipe her spectacles—they were dimmed with tears.

'So trade is very bad in the village?' said Charles Kennedy, continuing a conversation he had begun with mine host of the Tabard.

'Terrible, sir—the workhouse will be full again when the harvest's done. What's to mend the times I don't know. The Bampton people on tother side of the park are all alive. A new squire is building a big mill there, but none of the trade comes to us. There is some talk of the Hall being sold—that perhaps will help us.'

'Sold!' exclaimed the person addressed; 'are things so bad as that?' He walked rapidly on to conceal his agitation, but it was increased when he came in sight of the hall of his forefathers.

Crumble Hall was one of the most picturesque objects in or near the county of Warwick. Seated on an

elevation in the midst of a well-wooded park, the old manor-house stood out in bold relief from the rest of the landscape. The irregular, almost grotesque outlines it exhibited, showed even from a distance that it was no modern building, and a nearer view confirmed the impression. Time had used the old building and domain very roughly since Charles Kennedy last quitted it. The greater portion of a decayed clock-tower had fallen down, and a stable had been unroofed. The lawn, which in his recollection was neatly kept, was now overrun with rank grass and wild flowers. The park fences were broken, and at the moment Charles entered the lawn, a couple of beasts were grazing close under the drawing-room window. The innkeeper deposited his burden at the door, and departed.

It was with great difficulty that Kennedy was able to master his agitation while standing in the entrance-hall of the decayed manor-house. No one was there to greet him: not a sound was to be heard—all was solitary, desolate. A bell, covered with dust, stood under a table, and it was not till he had rung it with some violence that any one appeared. After a time, however, footsteps approached; a door creaked on its hinges at the end of a corridor, and presently he who had once been the butler, but was now the general servant of Crumble Hall, stood before the visitor. At first they could not recognise each other. Kennedy, embrowned by an Eastern sun, wasted by the terrible Afghanistan campaign, was hardly like the same gay being who, several years before, left the hall as a newly commissioned ensign. The old servant too, from the comely, well-dressed butler, had dwindled down to a shrunken ill-clad serving-man. The greeting was, however, as cordial and as cheering as if prosperity, instead of adversity, reigned in the house. The servant was indeed a happily-constituted being, whose cheerfulness misfortune was no more able to shake, than it was his fidelity to his old and ruined master.

'So, Penthouse,' said Kennedy, as he threw himself into a crazy chair in a small parlour, 'things are quite as bad as I anticipated, I perceive. But my dear old uncle—how does he bear with all this terrible poverty?'

'Why, sir,' replied the old servitor, 'not quite so well as I do; but wonderfully; wonderfully, master Charles. The pride which led him to litigate our extinct peerage (Penthouse always spoke in the plural), supports him in the utter ruination which it has brought us to.'

'Fatal perseverance!'

'Fatal, indeed, sir, for he has not done with it yet. Though beaten out of the herald's office, and contemned by the committee of privileges, he fondly clings to the hope of one day obtaining the earldom of Crumbleton for himself and his heirs. He has completely secluded himself in the muniment room, reading and arranging the family records in search of fresh evidence, in order once more to bring his case before the House of Lords.'

'And has he taken no steps to retrieve his broken fortunes by more practicable means?'

'None, Mr Charles. The lawyers have nibbled away the estate bit by bit, till the park and lawn are all that is left; and as trees and deer pay no rent, I'll leave you to judge of the short commons which have sometimes to be endured under this once hospitable roof.'

'I suppose the old gentleman has become quite a wreck since the decision against his claim?'

'O no, sir; he is, to all appearance, as hearty as ever. His mind, constantly employed in the search after some mysterious old parchment, has not time to dwell upon his troubles. We lead an easy life now, sir, compared to the hurry, bustle, and excitement there was while the suit was going on. As for me, I have had little else to do than to amuse myself in the library.'

'In the library? Well, I thought I found a remarkable alteration in your mode of expressing yourself. I find you have not visited the library in vain.'

'Alas! sir,' rejoined the worn-down servant with a sigh, 'there is no plate to see after now; no cellar-book

to keep; "Othello's occupations gone," as Shakespeare says; and so, sir, I have been obliged to go through a course of English literature for the want of anything better to do."

"Do not regret that, Penthouse," exclaimed the young visitor; "better times are in store for us. In the first place, my uncle must be awakened out of his long dream, and that part of the estate which still remains to us must be cultivated, for which the small capital produced by the sale of my commission will suffice. It shall never be said that we fall without a struggle. No, no; the plate-chest shall be unlocked, and the cellars stored yet!"

"Bravo, Master Charles!" exclaimed Penthouse, starting up in a sort of ecstasy; "you'll put new blood into us. I have not heard a hopeful, or—no offence to master—a really common-sense word since you left us. And now, then, let me prepare him for the news of your arrival. With this the old man tripped out of the room with the lightness and alacrity of youth."

Meantime Kennedy walked into a back-room to get a glimpse of a prospect over which he had rambled in childhood. There was a stream at the foot of the park, along the banks of which he had sported in younger and happier days. How often, while traversing the parched plains of the East, had memory pictured each shaded nook into which the little river forced itself! For miles its banks were as familiar to him as his alphabet; and it was naturally the first object he wished to seek out. On entering the room, which commanded a view of the stream, he found it dark; the window-shutters were closely barred. He unfastened them, looked out, and, instead of the romantic little brook he sought, he found a huge ugly dam, beside which there shot up to an immense height a chimney, which the bricklayers were at that moment crowning with the last row of bricks. A crowd of slaters covered the roofs of a vast series of buildings. The whole face of the exquisite landscape was altered and destroyed. Kennedy turned away with a momentary disgust. These objects told the tale of his uncle's ruin more forcibly than the choicest phrases of the newly-learned Penthouse. One of the finest portions of the Crumble estate had fallen into the hands of a new order of aristocracy—a cotton lord!

In the midst of these reflections Penthouse entered. He instantly shut the windows, and barred them as closely as if he dreaded a siege. Such were the squire's orders; for, from the day the foundations of the new buildings were laid, every window in the house which overlooked them was shut up. Mr 'Crumble wished to blot them out of his memory, in spite of the noise of the masons and the rushing of the waters. "He heard the decision of the House of Lords against him," continued Penthouse, "without a sigh. When the lawyers came upon him with their folio volumes of bills of costs, he gave up his title-deeds without a groan; but when he heard about the cotton-mill, I thought my dear old master would have died. It was then I wrote the letter which has brought you home, sir." This was said as they wended their devious way, through narrow passages and dark stairs, to the muniment room.

In that apartment sat the appellant to one of the most celebrated 'peerage cases' of the present century. He was surrounded on all sides by deeds, family registers, and county 'histories,' still intent on an object which had employed his energies and his means from the day he became of age to the present, despite the utter futility of his labours. Charles embraced his uncle with the warmth of true affection, and the old man received him with a degree of pride almost amounting to exultation. Kennedy was an orphan, the last existing representative of his ancient lineage, and the natural affection which the old man bore him was increased a hundredfold on this occasion. Charles sat with his uncle till a late hour, recounting his Eastern adventures; but haughtily abstained from alluding at present to the decay of the estate, as to the terrible cotton-mill.

About a week after his arrival, Kennedy was strolling beside his favourite brook. He was deeply engaged on a consultation with his uncle, from which he had just risen, and, grieving at the firm hold family pride had taken in the old man's mind, he had seated himself on a bank, which, being at some distance from the new factory, had remained undisturbed by plans of the engineer or the apolo of the excavator. He was comparing the scene as it existed in his nonage with its altered, and, in his view, ruined appearance, when, amongst other objects quite novel to the scene, he espied between the trees a fluttering ribbon. On nearer examination, he perceived that this delicate pennon waved from a bonnet, which surmounted the half-concealed person of one of the loveliest young ladies he had ever beheld. She was seated on a camp-stool amidst a thick plantation of shrubs, sketching so busily, that she did not perceive she was being overlooked. Kennedy's nearer approach, however, undisturbed her; she looked up, and without betraying the smallest alarm or embarrassment, asked him what o'clock it was? Charles answered, apologising in the same breath for having disturbed her. "Nay," replied the damsel, "it is I who ought to ask pardon—I am trespassing." Kennedy begged she would not deem herself an intruder; she was extremely welcome to the use of any part of Crumble Park. "Really," thought the young lady, resuming her drawing as she cast a furtive glance at the shooting-jacket Kennedy wore, "this is one of the best-bred gamekeepers I ever met with. Have you much game in these preserves?" she inquired aloud, going on with her sketch quite unconcernedly.

"I have seen very little yet."

"Perhaps you have not been long in the place?"

"Exactly a week." A pause ensued; the young lady went on 'washing in' a bit of the waterfall made by the weir which she was copying, the young gentleman thinking all the time that she was, in spite of her great beauty, by no means the most retiring young lady he had ever met with. The pause continued to rather an unpleasant length, and Charles was on the point of soliciting a glance at the drawing, when the lovely artist looked up abruptly from her picture, and said with the utmost *naïveté*, "I wish you would do me a favour. I find my sketch wants animation, and a gamekeeper in the foreground would improve it wonderfully; now, would you kindly stand just at that turn of the brook where the bulrushes are? for I always sketch from nature when possible. But you have not got your gun. Well, never mind; take my parasol." Charles almost mechanically did as he was bid. "Thank you," exclaimed the young lady when he had got into position; "that will do very well, if you will be good enough to lay the gun across your arm." Charles obeyed her command as well as the parasol would allow, and stood for some minutes in the most picturesque attitude he could assume, wondering what was to come next.

Had he known what was really in store for him, he would not have remained so long where he was. Placed with his back to his new acquaintance, his eyes were turned towards the dam, which he had just time to perceive had not been very securely constructed. The thought had scarcely crossed him, ere a rushing noise warned him of an approaching danger. He had just time to step back and clasp the girl in his arms, when the dam gave way; and the waters with an resisted impulse burst over the very spot where he and his companion were standing. He seized with one arm the trunk of a tree, hoping to hold his fair charge in this other till the shock of the waters had passed. But the torrent was too powerful; it swept all before it. The tree to which he clung was uprooted, and the whole mass with its living freight, rolled rapidly down the stream. Kennedy, though separated from his lovely guardian by the shock, could not keep fast hold of the tree. His warning was useless;

for when she was again able to look around, she had disappeared. By a strong effort he clutched, in passing, the limb of an overhanging tree; and thus stopped his own dangerous career. He strained his eyes in the hope of seeing his companion, and presently perceived her struggling to free herself from a quantity of floating foliage in which she was entangled. Kennedy dared not move to her rescue, lest the whole mass should disengage itself before he could reach the spot where it had stopped. It was lucky he did not, for in another instant it swam rapidly towards him. As it passed the tree to which Charles clung, he seized the dress of the girl, and by a violent effort succeeded in staying her farther progress, and in keeping her head above water. Presently his cries for assistance brought several workmen from the mill, and the young lady and her preserver were dragged safely to land.

The female was to all appearance drowned. Her features were pale and calm as death; her pulsation was imperceptible; her arms were rigid. In this state she was hastily carried to Crumble Hall.

Charles rapidly preceded her, and, without regard to his own condition, gave such orders as enabled the old female domestic, who was Penthouse's only remaining fellow-servant, to get a room ready for the reception of the stranger. Luckily, the rumour of the accident brought the village doctor to the spot. Under his directions the sufferer was placed in bed, and every means were used to restore animation that skill and experience could suggest.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR WAKEFIELD.

About ten months ago the British public were surprised and grieved at the news of a dreadful massacre of English colonists at New Zealand, by the natives of that country. Amongst the victims was Captain Arthur Wakefield, emigration agent at the Nelson settlement, whose memoirs we are now enabled to lay before our readers from a private and authentic source.

Arthur Wakefield—the son of an opulent yeoman in Essex—was born in the year 1800, and at the age of ten was selected by the enterprising Captain Beaver, after his return from Africa,* as one of his probationary midshipmen (then technically called 'young gentlemen,' but now naval cadets) in the frigate *Nisus*. At the Cape of Good Hope, the young naval aspirant had the misfortune to lose his patron, who died in consequence of the injuries his constitution sustained on the western shores of Africa. The late Sir Charles Schomberg succeeded to the command, and brought the ship home. How young Arthur Wakefield acquitted himself on the voyage, may be judged of from the following anecdote:—(On returning, his father solicited Captain Brenton (the friend and secretary of the Earl St Vincent) to appoint his son to the *Spartan*, which Brenton commanded; and, for the purpose of getting the appointment confirmed, all three travelled up to London. In the hall of the Admiralty stood Captain Schomberg. Mr Wakefield having detailed the arrangements which had been made, Schomberg turned round sharply to Brenton, and said, 'You shall not have him. As long as I have a pendant flying, Arthur shall be one of my midshipmen.' The consequence was, that he was retained on board the *Nisus*, under his old commander. Circumstances, however, afterwards obliged him to exchange into the *Hebrus*, in which vessel he served at the battle of Bladenberg with so much distinction, that he was appropriately named in the extraordinary gazette announcing the victory.—It not being usual to mention

officers in the grade of midshipmen at all, unless their conduct had been unusually praiseworthy. He was also present at the siege of Algiers, doing the responsible duty of midshipman of the signals.

After this event, there being a general peace, Mr Arthur Wakefield went to France to acquire the French language, and to pursue other studies; but he was speedily recalled by the distinguished appointment of flag-midshipman to Sir George Campbell, who had become port-admiral of Portsmouth. He next served under Sir Thomas Hardy as his aide-de-camp in the Spanish colonies of South America. When at Valparaiso, he was promoted, and returned home as third lieutenant of the *Superb*.

While on shore, he happened to attend a public dinner of the Merchant Seaman's Society, at which a minister of state spoke with undeserved praise of the build and efficiency of the mercantile navy. On returning, Wakefield told his father that 'he had never heard such nonsense in his life;' for the fiscal regulations by which the builders of trading vessels were tied down, rendered them, as a fleet, the worst craft in the world. His father recommended him to place his ideas on paper. Lieutenant Wakefield did as recommended, and the paper was read to the Earl St Vincent, at whose house—Rochets—he was a constant visitor. The old admiral was struck by the force of the facts and reasonings, and advised its publication. The advice was taken, and the lieutenant's ideas were put forth in a pamphlet, the appearance of which is said to have originated those alterations in the specified build of merchant ships which have since so materially improved them. This was in 1825, and soon after, young Wakefield was appointed to the *Blazer*, destined once more for Spanish America.

He had not long departed before his father happened to call on the Earl St Vincent. To his grief, he heard that his lordship was in all probability dying. Mr Wakefield was nevertheless announced to him, and his reply was singularly characteristic. The attendant was desired to advise the visitor to 'let his son keep at sea, and live upon his pay!'^{*} Those were amongst the last words which the aged veteran spoke. The *Blazer* returned to England, for the purpose of taking on those celebrated but unfortunate African travellers, Clapperton, Denham, and the son of Mungo Park, with their attendants, the brothers Lander. On arriving off the African coast, Lieutenant Wakefield left the *Blazer* to take the command of the *Conflict* sloop, in which he remained during five years, performing signal services in her, in the capture of slavers. The *Conflict* was paid off in February 1828. By this time, his father having retired from Sussex to reside in France, Arthur Wakefield joined him, inspecting the most celebrated dockyards belonging to the country; but he was not long away from the service he so ardently loved. At the close of the same year he joined the *Rose* as senior lieutenant, and a short time later, was promoted to the rank of captain. We must, however, pass over the rest of his naval adventures—as being interesting only to professional persons—that we may arrive at his last unfortunate venture, the end of which deprived him of life, and joined his name with one of the most painful catastrophes which the modern history of colonisation affords.

Some years ago Mr Edward Gibbon, brother to Captain Wakefield, proposed a plan by which, with a judicious combination of land, capital, and labour, a colony might be established without any cost to the mother country. This plan was not only taken up by a company established for colonising New Zealand, but was patronised by the colonial department of the British government. Already two important settlements (Wellington and Port Nicholson), had been made in New Zealand, under the direction of a governor and a regular staff of officials, sent out upon this old plan of colonies.

^{*} Captain Beaver was amongst the first who attempted to fix a colony on the western coast of Africa. He chose the island of Balaia, and went out, fully equipped, with every requisite and seventy colonists. All, however, except Beaver and another, fell victims to the pestiferous climate to which so many succeeding adventurers have been sacrificed.

^{*} See the Life of the Earl St Vincent, No. 44, p. 294.

ing; but in the year 1841, arrangements were made by the New Zealand Company with the colonial office for an additional tract of land, on which was to be formed a third settlement, under the superintendence of Captain Arthur Wakefield. Accordingly, he sailed in the ship 'Whitby,' with an efficient body of colonists, and arrived safely, in October, at the desired locality in New Zealand. Very formidable difficulties presented themselves the moment the party landed. A misunderstanding existed respecting the terms upon which the land had been granted, first, between the British government and the New Zealand Company; next, between the home authorities and the local government at Wellington; and thirdly, between the latter, the natives of the district, and the new comers! Amidst this complication of difficulties, however, Wakefield managed to establish the colony of Nelson, which, however, the local authorities refused to acknowledge otherwise than by sending a custom-house officer to collect taxes for its own support. Perseverance conquered; and although constantly involved in disputes with the natives, and squabbles with the British governor, Captain Wakefield, ably seconded by the settlers—who, one and all, admired and esteemed him—pursued the even tenor of his colonising way. When the little town had been formed with hastily-constructed and slender habitations, the editor of a colonial newspaper drew the following picture of his manners and exertions:—"At early morning, he chatted with natives who gathered round his door, the result being generally a gift of a blanket, or payment of a promised bag of flour or sugar, or some old vestment. In his daily progress from the port to the town, he stopped at every other step; listening patiently to all sorts of unreasonable complaints and unreasonable requests; digging his stick in the ground, or taking a pinch of snuff, the only symptoms of emotion shown: now making some little job of work for this man on his own account, or putting down another's name for the company's employ: here advising with a new comer as to the best employment of his capital; there anxious to learn from a country settler the state of his crops, and all the details of his progress: now disentangling with the newspaper editor some puzzling problem of colonisation, with its intricate, ever-varying, yet mutually dependent elements; then interesting himself in some old woman's fresh litter of pigs, or cabbage, the pride of her heart: discussing with this man the run of a new boat; with that the practicability of a plan for working the flax plant: assisting every rational enterprise, dispelling every faint-hearted misgiving with money, where possible—with countenance and kindness, where not; ever less anxious to lead than to suggest and assist: now at a public meeting speaking calmly, earnestly, rationally; now helping to organise a literary or agricultural society, or visiting or superintending a children's school: quietly superintending the gradual organisation of a new community, helping it forward when impeded, clearing the way for its self-development, rather than attempting to construct it on preconceived designs or systematised formulas: he was by nature cut out for the founder of a colony—for a leader of men."

Captain Wakefield steadily pursued the line of conduct above-described, till the setting out of an unfortunate surveying expedition to Wairau, a district on a river of the same name, near Cloudy Bay, about seventy miles from Nelson. The operations of the surveyors were opposed by the natives, headed by their chief, Rauparaha, in consequence of the undefined nature of the negotiations which had been made concerning the purchase of land, to which Captain Wakefield's colonists laid claim on the one hand, whilst Rauparaha was unwilling to cede it on the other. The first hostility was shown by the natives burning one of the surveying huts. On hearing this, Captain Wakefield, several gentlemen belonging to Nelson, the crown prosecutor, an interpreter, four constables, and twenty-two men, proceeded to Wairau to take Rauparaha into custody for the offence he had

committed. They landed on Friday the 18th June 1843, and went five miles up the river, either marching or in boats, the storekeeper having served out muskets, bayonets, pistols, swords, and cutlasses. At night they slept in a wood; and having gone four miles further up the river, on the 17th they found the natives, or 'Maories,' posted on its left bank, and on the right bank of a deep unfordable rivulet, thirty feet wide, which flowed into the Wairau. There were eighty or ninety native men, forty of whom were armed with muskets, besides women and children. They occupied about a quarter of an acre of cleared ground, with a dense thicket behind them. The British placed themselves on the right bank of the rivulet, and were formed into two separate bodies under Captain England and Mr Howard, the men being ordered not to interfere until directed. At the request of the magistrate, the natives placed a canoe across the rivulet to serve for a bridge, and some of the gentlemen, the interpreter, and the constables, crossed over, and entered into a parley. Captain Wakefield, and two of his companions, walked backwards and forwards for nearly half an hour with the natives, apparently in a friendly manner. Mr Thomson (the magistrate) then showed his warrant, directing the constable to execute it on Rauparaha, and instructing the interpreter to explain the meaning of it. Mr Thomson also stated that he was 'the queen's representative'; that that (pointing to the warrant) was the queen's book; that Rauparaha must go on board the brig with the constable; that it was for burning Mr Cotterell's house, and had nothing to do with the land question. Rauparaha told them to sit down and talk, and not make a fight. The warrant was presented to the chief two or three times, and on each occasion about sixteen natives, who had been sitting, sprung upon their feet, and leveled their muskets at the Europeans. Mr Thomson then inquired of Rauparaha whether he would come or not; to which he replied he would not. The magistrate then said if he would not go he would make him. Rauparaha still refusing, Mr Thomson, pointing to the Europeans, said, 'There is the armed force, and they shall fire upon you all if you won't go.' The discussion then became violent. Captain Wakefield placed a canoe across the stream for a bridge, and finding prompt measures necessary, gave the word, 'Englishmen, forward.' A few of them had entered the canoe when a shot was fired, whether by accident or design is not clear, neither is it certain on which side, but there is reason to think it was on the side of the Europeans. Upon this the firing immediately became general on both sides, and Captain Wakefield was obliged to order the British to retreat up the hill, and form on the brow. The greater number, however, did not halt at all, but fled round the hill, and escaped. At each step in the ascent Captain Wakefield attempted to rally the fugitives. But, although an irregular firing was kept up, the Europeans continued their retreat. Captain Wakefield, finding it impossible to rally the men, ordered those who remained to lay down their arms and surrender. A white handkerchief was held up, and the interpreter called to the Maories, 'Leave off; enough!' When signals of surrender had been made, one or two Maories also threw down their weapons, and advanced with their arms stretched out in token of reconciliation. The chief's son-in-law, who had just discovered that his wife had been shot by a chance ball, came up, crying, 'Rauparaha, remember your daughter.' Upon this Captain Wakefield and his companions, though they had peacefully surrendered, were set upon and inhumanly slaughtered.

When the news of this melancholy catastrophe reached the settlement, a party was sent back to inter the bodies. To them the chief behaved peacefully, and declared that they (the natives) had no intention to fight; that it was the wrath of the Europeans that made them fight; that the Europeans had fired upon them, and one or two of their number had fallen before they began to fight; and that it was not until the woman was shot that they

began to seek for payment" (revenge). The rites of sepulture were performed, with the full concurrence of the natives, on the spot where the captain and his friends had fallen.

Thus perished a brave officer and most persevering colonist at the comparatively early age of forty-three. His death must be attributed solely to the want of a common understanding between the local government and the parties whose agent he was. To permit a body of colonists to go to the antipodes, under the supposition that the tenure of land they are about to occupy has been effectually secured, when such is not the case, is—from whatever cause it may arise—reprensible in the highest degree. To such a loose and improper system many private fortunes, and at least one valuable life, have already been sacrificed, while the principle of colonisation has been seriously damaged. In this, as in other branches of colonial affairs, the public and the government seem to be at issue, every wish on the part of proposing emigrants to settle on the crown lands of the colonies being, to all appearance, unwarrantably thwarted by a power which looks with jealousy on such a movement, and which impedes, more than it facilitates, the relief of the labour market by emigration. The lamentable massacre of Captain Wakefield and his companions is unquestionably traceable to this cause, and ought to teach—if anything can—that the time for a thorough revival of the colonial emigration system has arrived.

BIRD-ARCHITECTURE.

THE architecture of nests is one of the most curious features in the history of the lower animals. Mammalia which bring forth their young in a perfect state, as the horse, ox, sheep, &c. prepare no shelter for them; but many mammalia do; and the nests of the rabbit, hedgehog, and field-mouse, are even more perfectly constructed than those of many birds. The majority of fishes simply drop their spawn, and with this ceases their parental relation; but others, like the salmon, carefully scoop out a nest in some sheltered channel, deposit their roe, cover it, and linger about the locality with a seemingly parental anxiety. Many insects drop their eggs in particular places, but know or care no further for their young as they pass through their various metamorphoses; but others construct warm and sheltered nests; and some, like the ant and bee, watch and defend their larvæ with unparalleled care. Birds, however, are the nest architects *par excellence*: all of them construct nursing places more or less perfect—a condition inevitably imposed upon them by their mode of generation. But just as in the other animals we find only some constructing shelters for their young, so among birds we find this operation more or less perfectly performed. The Insectorial or perching birds may be considered as the typical nest-builders; and from them downwards, the faculty seems to diminish, till we find, among some of the Raptorial, a mere hollow scratched in the bare ground, without the aid of any foreign material, without any regard even to form. There is scarcely a wider difference between the nest of the field-mouse and the simple lair of the wild-deer, than there is between the nest of the tom-tit and the rude hollow of the partridge, or the still ruder one of the African ostrich. The cow makes no artificial shelter for her calf, neither does the ostrich for her brood: most nests are intended not only for incubation, but for shelter to the young; while many, as that of the partridge, serves merely for incubation—the pullets running about as soon as they leave the shell, and obtaining their subsequent shelter under the wing of the parent. There can thus be traced in the architecture of the lower animals gradations in each class, and a beautiful affiliation between all of them, similar to that which naturalists have traced in their bodily structure and modes of life. Among highly civilised races of men, habitations are

reared with a regard to permanency; among barbarian and roaming tribes the object is temporary, and the erection intended to exist so long as the means of subsistence are found in the neighbourhood. Among the lower animals a similar feature seems to manifest itself. The ant, rabbit, prairie-dog, and beaver, inhabit structures at all seasons, and generally cling to their hills, burrows, and dams, as long as they can find food at a convenient distance. With most animals, however, the objects of architecture are temporary, generally limited to the period of reproduction. This is peculiarly the case with birds; and though the eagle may use the same eyry for generations, and the rook seek the same woods periodically for centuries, yet with most of the feathered tribes the nest is only used for incubation and nursing. The little songster, that will spend weeks in the construction of a warm and delicate abode for its future young, seeks no other shelter for itself throughout the rest of the year than what the boughs, and rocks, and crannies may afford. So soon, however, as the season returns, it betakes itself to the woods and solitudes, rears its tiny structure, brings forth and nurses its young—and all this under the operation of a law as undeviating as gravitation, but of which we only know by its effects. The widowed male and unwedded female go through the same operation—the former building his nest because he cannot resist the impulses of his organisation, and the latter building, and laying, and sitting upon her eggs, through the same influence. Again, various families build various sorts of nests—some ingenious and compact, others rude and ill-assorted; but generally following the law, that where the structure is to be used for incubation and nursing, it is durable and compact, where only for incubation, it is of the simplest structure. Further, birds of the same species or genus build nests having a great family resemblance, and scarcely to be mistaken; though there may exist individual differences, according to situation and the nature of the building materials at hand. This faculty of nest-building in birds has been called *instinct*; *reason*, however, would be a more appropriate term; for there is as decided a display of reasoning powers in the choice of a concealed retreat, in the selection of building materials that will resemble the colour of the locality, in the omission of certain parts where they are not needed, or in the adoption of others where they are required, as there is reason in the savage placing his hut under the shelter of a rock, turning its front to the sun, or narrowing its aperture to render the inside warm, and make it less pervious to the attacks of wild beasts. If birds make no progress in architecture from age to age, it is that they soon arrive at the maximum development of their mental powers, and that they have not the faculty of recording their experience. These powers, however, are the result of organisation, and the use and application of them constitutes reason in its kind.

Upon whatever powers the faculty of nest-building may depend, the results produced afford wide scope for observation and pleasant reflection. There is scarcely a more attractive subject within the range of natural history; and we are gratified to perceive Mr Knight devoting one of his weekly volumes to a reprint of Mr Rennie's entertaining little work on the subject.* Mr Rennie's compilation—for it is more a collection of the observations of others than an original inquiry—is quite such a work as is calculated to find favour with young and miscellaneous readers. It is light, diffuse, and gossiping; aiming at accuracy, yet never forbidding by any dry or stern abstractions. The arrangement of the subject is very obvious, and one that must be intelligible to every reader, however ignorant he may be of the science of ornithology. The form and structure of the nest constitute the basis of classification, and that without any reference to the natural order or family of the builder. Thus we have: mining-birds, or such as dig

* Bird-Architecture. By James Rennie, A.M. London: Charles Knight: 1844.

burrows for the nesting of their young; ground-squirrels, which merely scrape a hollow in the exposed surface; 'mason-birds,' that build nests of clay and mud; 'carpenter-birds,' that hew out chambers in decayed trees; 'basket-makers,' that construct cradles of twigs and branches; 'weavers,' that weave a compact fabric of moss and wool; 'tailor-birds,' that actually sewed together with the artistical skill of a Stultz; and many others, all constructing fabrics the most perfectly adapted for the object intended. Mr. Rennie gives several examples under each head, notices the deviations which situation and climate occasionally give rise to, and generally mentions some anecdote calculated to win the attention, and thereby to fix the facts on the memory of his readers. We shall glean a few examples from his pages, illustrative of the arrangement above alluded to.

Among *mining-birds*, the bank swallow is perhaps the best known to ordinary readers; but we select the puffin, a diving-bird, remarkable for the singular form of its bill, which resembles two very short blades of a knife applied one against the other by the edge, so as to form a sort of triangle, but longer than it is broad, and channelled transversely with three or four little furrows near the point. In the breeding season, numerous troops of them visit several places on our coasts, particularly the small island of Priesthohn, near Anglesey, which might well be called puffin-land, as the whole surface appears literally covered with them. Soon after their arrival in May, they prepare for breeding, and it is said the male, contrary to the usual economy of birds, undertakes the hardest part of the labour. He begins by scraping up a hole in the sand not far from the shore; and after having got to some depth, he throws himself on his back, and with his powerful bill as a digger, and his broad feet to remove the rubbish, he excavates a burrow, with several windings and turnings, from eight to ten feet deep. He prefers, where he can find a stone, to dig under it, in order that his retreat may be more securely fortified. Whilst thus employed, the birds are so intent upon their work, that they are easily caught by the hand.

This bird, like others which burrow in similar localities, is accused of dispossessing the rabbits, the legitimate proprietors of the soil, and even of killing and devouring their young. But it would require more authentic testimony than we have yet met with to convince us of this alleged robbery; the only apparent evidence being that they are found burrowing along with rabbits in similar holes. If the puffin, however, is really a robber of rabbit-burrows, it is too formidably armed to allow of retaliation with impunity, and few birds or beasts venture to attack it in its retreat. Sometimes, however, as Jacobson tells us, the raven makes bold to offer battle; but as soon as he approaches, the puffin catches him under the throat with her beak, and sticks her claws into his breast, till he screams out with pain, and tries to get away; but the puffin keeps fast hold of him, and tumbles him about, till both frequently fall into the sea, where the raven is drowned, and the puffin returns in triumph to her nest. But should the raven at the first onset get hold of the puffin's neck, he generally comes off victorious, kills the mother, and feasts on her eggs or her young.

Ground-builders, so well illustrated by the partridge, are rare around us; but perhaps none of them possess the same interest as the eider-duck, which yields the valuable down of commerce. It is not generally known, we believe, that any other bird thus robs herself of her own covering from maternal affection; besides the eider-duck, whose celebrity requires us to bestow upon it particular attention. For this, it approaches nearer to the goose than the duck, being above two feet long, and weighing about seven pounds. Its native country extends from about 45 degrees north to the highest arctic regions hitherto explored, both in Europe and America. The Farn Isles, off the coast of Northumberland, and the rocky hills beyond Portland, in the English

Maine, being the southern boundary of their breeding places; but they are only very plentiful in Behring's Straits, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and other arctic regions. Selby, however, thinks that they might be greatly increased in the Farn Islands by proper attention.

According to M. T. Brunnich, who wrote an express treatise on the natural history of the eider-duck, their first object, after pairing, is to procure a suitable place for their nest, preferring the shelter of a juniper-bush where it can be had, and where there is no juniper, contenting themselves with tufts of sea-grass, bundles of sea-weed cast up by the tide, the crevices of rocks, or any hollow place which they can find. Some of the Icelandic proprietors of breeding-grounds, in order to accommodate them, cut out holes in rows on the smooth sloping banks, where they would not otherwise build, but of which they gladly take possession when thus scooped out. It is not a little remarkable that, like several other sea-birds, they almost always select small islands, their nests being seldom if ever found on the shores of the mainland, or even of a large island. The Icelanders are so well aware of this, that they have expended a great deal of labour in actually forming islands, by separating from the main island certain promontories, joined to it by narrow isthmuses.

Both the male and the female eider-ducks work in concert in building their nest, laying a rather coarse foundation of drift grass, dry tangle, and sea-weed, which is collected in some quantity. Upon this rough mattress the female eider spreads a bed of the finest down plucked from her own breast, and by no means sparingly, but, as Brunnich informs us, heaping it up, so as to form a thick puffed roll quite round the nest. When she is compelled to go in quest of food, after beginning to sit, she carefully turns this marginal roll of down over the eggs, to keep them warm till her return. Martens says she mixes the down with moss; but as this is not recorded by any other observer, we think it is not a little doubtful, particularly as, in the places chosen for nesting, she would find it no easy matter to procure moss. It is worthy of remark, that though the eider-duck lays only five or six eggs, "it is not uncommon to find more than even ten and upwards in the same nest, occupied by two females, which live together in perfect concord."

The quantity of down in each nest is said by Van Troil to be about half a pound, which, by cleaning, is reduced one half. By Pennant, who examined the eider's nests in the Farn Islands, off Northumberland, it is only estimated, when cleaned, at three-quarters of an ounce, and this was so elastic, as to fill the crown of the largest hat. The difference of quantity in these two accounts, theoretically ascribed by the translators of Buffon to difference of climate, may have arisen from the one being the first, and the other the second or third nest of the mother duck; for if the first nest be plundered of its down, though she immediately builds a second, she cannot furnish it with the same quantity as before; and if forced to build a third time, having then stripped her breast of all she could spare, the male is said to furnish what is wanting, which is recognised as being considerably whiter than the female's. When the nest is not robbed, it is said that he furnishes none.

The down taken from the nests becomes a valuable article of commerce, being sold, when cleaned, for three rix-dollars (twelve shillings) a pound. In 1750, the Icelandic company sold down amounting in value to about £850, besides what was sent directly to Greenland. Little or none of it is used in the country where it is found. In that rough climate, as Buffon remarks, the hardy hunter, clothed in a bear-skin cloak, enjoying his solitary hut a peaceful, perhaps a profound sleep, while, in polished nations, the man of ambition, stretched upon a bed of eider-down, and under a gilded roof, seeks in vain to procure the sweets of repose.

Of *water-birds*, the common window-wallow is one of the best, as it is one of the most familiar examples, and

yet much ignorance prevails regarding its mode of construction. According to the theory," says Mr Reade, "that men acquired their first notions of architecture from birds, we are told that Dodrus, the inventor of clay houses, took the hint from swallows; and Aristotle thinks there is more ingenuity displayed in the construction of these nests than in some of the greater efforts of human intelligence. We cannot, however, give the swallows the credit of one feat of contrivance which we find echoed from one author to another, from Pliny, Ptolemy, and St Basil, down to the Abbé de la Pluche and Mrs Charlotte Smith. "It is curious," says the latter, as if from personal remark, "to observe them dipping their breasts swiftly into pools, and then immediately resorting to their nests to temper the mortar with the moisture." "I have frequently seen from my window," says the Abbé, "the swallow either beginning or repairing her nest, which is a structure entirely different from all others. She wants neither wood, nor hay, nor bands, but knows how to make a kind of plaster, or rather cement, with which she erects a dwelling equally secure and convenient for herself and all her family. She has no vessels to receive the water she uses, nor a barrow to convey her sand, nor a shovel to mix her mortar; but I have seen her pass and repass over the basin in the parterre: she raises her wings, and wets her breast on the surface of the water; after which she sheds the dew over the dust, and then tempers and works it up with her bill." Goldsmith also says, "The nest is built with mud from some neighbouring brook, well-tempered with the bill moistened with water, for the better adhesion." The ancient account of the swallow's nest, given by Pliny, runs thus: "Surely in no offe thing is the wit of silly birds more admirable. The swallows frame their nests of clay and earth, but they strengthen and make them fast with straw. In case at any time they cannot meet with soft and tough clay, for want thereof they drench and wet their feathers with good store of water, and then bestrew them over with dust."

However plausible these several modes of making building-mortar may appear, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be altogether fabulous. Swallows, we admit, may be frequently seen both drinking and washing on the wing, and also collecting mud from cart-ruts and other places. But they never carry water in their bills or on their feathers. They are incapable of performing either operation, for they want the necessary muscles to carry water in their mouths, as we can do, and whatever water might adhere to their feathers, would be instantly shaken off in flying; for, according to our observations, it runs off from them as it does from the feathers of ducks and other waterfowl. Besides, their inability to find materials sufficiently moist, is a supposition altogether improbable, with respect to a bird of such powerful wing, whose flight is so excursive, and usually in the vicinity of water.

"That some liquid is requisite, however, to make their mortar more adhesive, will be evident to any person who will take the trouble of picking up a little mud from the same place where the swallows collect it, and endeavour to make it adhere to a wall as they do their nests. We have more than once tried such an experiment without success. We have further ascertained, by examining nests during the process of building, that the portion of clay just added is considerably more moist than that of the ruts from which it has been taken. The natural conclusion is, that the swallows employ some salivary fluid besides the water which may be in the mud. That this is the fact, and not a fancy, we shall find numerous occasions to prove as we proceed. That the bird moistens the clay with saliva, is confirmed by anatomical examination, the presence of large salivary glands being shown upon dissection."

"Come now next to carpenters; and of these Wilson's account of the golden-winged woodpecker is equally graphic and illustrative. About the middle of May," says he, "the male and female look out for a suitable

place for the reception of their eggs and young. An apple, pear, or cherry tree, often in the near neighbourhood of the farm-house, is generally pitched upon for this purpose. The tree is minutely reconnoitred for several days previous to the operation, and the work is first begun by the male, who cuts out a hole in the solid wood, as circular as if described with a pair of compasses. He is occasionally relieved by the female, both parties working with the most indefatigable diligence. The direction of the hole, if made in the body of the tree, is generally downwards, by an angle of thirty or forty degrees, for the distance of six or eight inches, and then straight down for ten or twelve more; within, roomy, capacious, and as smooth as if polished by the cabinetmaker; but the entrance is judiciously left just so large as to admit the body of the owner. During this labour they regularly carry out the chips, often strewing them at a distance to prevent suspicion. This operation sometimes occupies the chief part of a week. The female, before she begins to lay, often visits the place, passes out and in, examines every part, both of the exterior and interior, with great attention, as every prudent tenant of a new house ought to do, and at length takes complete possession. The eggs are generally six, pure white, and laid on the smooth bottom of the cavity."

The platform-builders are well represented by the common ring-dove and wood-pigeon, the eagle, osprey, stork, heron, and the like; the basket-makers by the jay, rook, and grosbeaks, the latter of which form their nests in a very ingenious manner. They are formed by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, and suspended, neck downwards, from the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments appropriated to different purposes; in one the hen performs the office of incubation; another, consisting of a little thatched roof, and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal duties. Some of the grosbeaks even live in communities, erecting by their joint labours an enormous canopy among the boughs of some large tree, and building under this shelter their respective apartments! The weavers are numerous, and represented by those which weave their nests of moss, wool, and the like; the felt-makers, such as proceed a step further, like the common chaffinch, and form a felting of hair, &c. to line their structures; while the tailors outstrip even these in ingenuity, and absolutely sew and knit leaves and fibres together in such a manner, that one is almost tempted to join the American lady who once asked Wilson, half in jest and half in earnest, "if it were not possible to learn these birds to darn stockings." Many of these 'tailors' sew the leaves together merely for the purpose of concealing their nests, others suspend their knitted fabrics from twigs; but the tailor-bird of the East, says Darwin, "will not trust its nest to the extremity of a tender twig, but makes one more advance to safety by fixing it to the leaf itself. It picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to the side of a living one, its slender bill being its needle, and its thread some fine fibres; the lining consists of feathers, grasses, and down; its eggs are white; the colour of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight three sixteenths of an ounce; so that the materials of the nest and the weight of the bird are not likely to draw down a habitation so slightly suspended. A nest of this bird is preserved in the British Museum."

After the tailors we have the cementers and dome-builders—the latter of which, as the yearn, tom-tit, &c. carry the science (if we may so speak) of nest-building to perfection. In the nests of these we find not only concealment and stability, but a warmth and comfort unequalled; the whole structure resembling a hollow globe, to which admittance is gained by the narrowest possible entrance. Ingenious as all these builders, carpenters, weavers, and tailors are, there is a race still more in-

which far excels them in subtlety and acumen, as they—like some among a higher class of bipeds—live gentlemen and ladies at large, making others do the drudgery of the nursery for them. These are *parasite birds*, represented by the cuckoo and cow-bunting, who, having studied the principle of *cui bono* with more policy than honesty, think others very well off if they have the honour of nursing their also about-to-be gentlemanly progeny.

But it is not only with the mere description of structures that Mr Rennie occupies his pages; there is much sound observation and pleasing anecdote relative to the habits and manners of the feathered races. To these, however, our space will not permit us to advert; but we can assure those who have a leisure hour to spend, and especially the young, that they will find in this little volume a perfect treasure of entertaining and instructive reading.

EFFECT OF CHEAP FARES.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily newspaper furnishes some interesting information respecting the pleasure-trips between London and Gravesend, the cheapness of which brings them within the means of the industrious classes, who most need occasional relaxation and fresh air. To those unacquainted with that district of England, it may be necessary to state that Gravesend is a town situated about twenty-eight miles east from London, on the southern bank of the river Thames, near to its mouth. Its position is salubrious, and it boasts of an eminence which already rivals the celebrity of the far-famed Primrose-hill, to which the denizens of the metropolis were wont to repair before the mighty power of steam was employed to convey them to the more distant regions of Gravesend and 'Windmill-hill.' The little town is also provided with every requisite accommodation for temporary refreshment; one of the most extensive bathing-houses in England, and numerous machines for those who prefer a dip in the running stream, which is here slightly salted by its near neighbourhood to the sea. In short, no locality could possibly present a greater number of advantages to persons who, in search of change of scene and air, are obliged to crowd the largest share of enjoyment into the shortest space of time.

To show how eagerly the humbler classes seize opportunities of healthful enjoyment when they are offered, we need only state the following facts. It appears that for the last ten years the steamboats which have plied between London Bridge and Gravesend—belonging, as they do, to rival proprietary companies—have, from a spirit of competition, been gradually reducing their fares, till these have reached the minimum rates of 6d. for each passenger in the fore, and 9d. in the after-cabin, averaging about a farthing per mile. We learn that, during the four months between the 1st of June and the 30th of September 1844, no fewer than 1,546,923 passengers have been conveyed between the two places; a number exceeding three-fourths of the entire population of the great metropolis! These facts also show the great utility of moderate competition and low fares, not only to the public, but to those who are generally supposed to suffer from them. It is understood that when the fares were treble and quadruple what they are at present, the affairs of the two great competing companies (known as the 'Star' and the 'Diamond') were in by no means a flourishing condition. But as rivalry gradually diminished the charges, so in an increased ratio was the passenger-traffic augmented; and so, of course, did the pecuniary concerns of each company flourish, till, finding themselves, as well as the public, gainers, they came to an amicable understanding, and so judiciously united

their interests, as to enable them to fix permanently the fares at the minimum rate. New companies in the meantime started, who are now of course obliged to run their boats for the same fares. The money received, through the adoption of these low rates, by all the London and Gravesend steam-packets was, during the four months, £49,952, 14s. 5d. By far the greater portion of this sum was received from decidedly the poorer classes of society; and to their credit be it stated, that—despite the occasional over-crowding of the vessels—the most prejudiced acknowledge that, considering the 'scas of heads' wandering about in so small a place at the same time, it was not possible for them to conduct themselves with greater regularity and decorum. It must, however, be evident that a limit ought to be placed by law to the number of passengers in each of these not very roomy boats; for sometimes 1200, and even 1500 persons, are known to have been carried at one trip. The great object to be attained is fresh air, and a large proportion of the congregated passengers are obliged to be stewed up in close cabins. Yet it appears that discomfort is the chief objection; for, strange as it may appear, accidents are rare; the whole million and a half of passengers were conveyed without one single accident occurring to human life. I think,' adds our authority, 'the public have cause for congratulation; and to the different companies the greatest credit is due for the care taken, and the extreme skilfulness displayed, in the management of their boats.'

We feel great pleasure in recording these facts, chiefly because they show to the steamboat, railroad, and other great conveyance companies, that low fares, while the means of indulging the hard-working classes with health and recreation, are, commercially speaking, decidedly profitable. The history of the well-managed Gravesend companies proves the fact. If that, however, should not be sufficiently convincing, a glance at the recent proceedings of the Brighton railway proprietary will substantiate it beyond question. Recently, the managers of that hitherto not very successful speculation have adopted the cheap excursion system, and with such success, that their affairs have improved to a degree which has proved highly satisfactory to the shareholders.

We may, in conclusion, state generally our opinion, that the great locomotive companies of this country have, up to the present time, acted too exclusively on the principle of making all their arrangements with the object of gaining the patronage of the few rich, instead of that of the many poor. They are, however, now beginning to learn that thirty shillings, paid out of thirty different leather pouches, are more valuable than a pound paid out of one silk purse.

RAG FAIR.

WE translate the following account of a curious corner of East London from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, adding such information of our own as may be necessary. The passage occurs in one of a series of articles by M. Léon Faucher, entitled *Studies of England* (*Etudes sur l'Angleterre*).

'At Whitechapel [near to which Rag Fair is situated], were it not for the incessant fog of the climate, one might fancy one's self in a southern city. The countenances met with have nothing English in them; the prevailing habits are those of Toledo Street, Naples, of the suburb of St John at Marseilles, or of the *Rue Mouffetard* in Paris.' [This is accounted for by the number of foreigners and their descendants who reside in this quarter of London. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685, some thousands of Frenchmen settled in Spitalfields, which is close to Whitechapel, and commenced the silk manufactory, for which that parish is famous. Hosts of Italian and other foreign emigrants also crowd together in this quarter; which, being near the docks, is daily paraded by sailors from every port in

* Which is not quite two millions. The number of passengers to Gravesend is easily ascertained from the circumstance of there being two piers at that place, for the use of which the steamboat proprietors pay a trifling poll-tax on each voyager.

the world.] Most of the English live shut up in their houses, which are the castles of private life; but all the vagabond population of Whitechapel live in the streets. Merry-looking women are seated on the steps of the doors, or sew at the open windows, the better to see the passing crowd. Dealers in dressed food cook in the open air, so that the stench of vegetables and fish arising from their frying-pans fill the crossways. Fruit-sellers and old clothesmen solicit the passengers to buy their wares. The cries of hawkers, the sounds of conversation either carried on upon the pavement, or from window to window, the squalling of children, the songs bawled from the interior of public-houses—all forming a scene the southern gaiety of which bewilders the spectator, and almost makes him doubt that he is but a short distance from the Tower of London, and from the boundaries of the city.

To form a perfect judgment of this population, it is necessary to visit the rag market, or, more properly, "Rag Fair." The place is still, and has been used as a rag market for more than a hundred and fifty years; for Daniel Defoe makes it the scene of the arrest of Colonel Jack, one of his heroes. In point of fact, the scenes which take place even now appear to belong to a time far remote from modern civilisation. The market is held in an open space between heaps of rubbish. [Formerly, Rag Fair was nothing more than a street with houses on each side. A few years since, they were pulled down, and have not been rebuilt.] This open space is accessible through two narrow lanes. A covered shed occupies the middle; but the crowd of buyers and sellers which besieges it is so large, that most of the transactions are carried on outside. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon Rag Fair begins to get animated. Two or three thousand Jews spread themselves over the place, by turns buyers and sellers of the same articles. [The visitor to any part of London will have remarked the constant cry of 'Clo! clo! clo!' (clothes), which assails his ears from early morning till mid-day. This proceeds entirely from the Jews who perambulate the town for the purpose of buying old clothes, rags, or anything for which they can find a market. Besides these, a vast number not only of Jews, but Jewesses, hawk about china, glass, &c. which they barter against cast-off garments. In the afternoon they all meet in Rag Fair, and make such purchases of or exchanges with their brethren as may be eventually profitable; for the Jew, besides seeking for old clothes, is constantly on the keen watch for new markets. If he find out, for instance, that an individual wants a particular article, he will get it for him, be it what it may. He goes to Rag Fair, first finds out who has got the merchandise he requires, and then learns the kind of things the holder of what he covets may happen to stand in need of. He then sets in motion an elaborate process of barter. Beginning with old clothes, he chops and changes one thing for another till he gets what he wants. Thus M. Faucher is right in saying that the Jews are in turn buyers and sellers of the same articles. But every transaction begins with old clothes, which may be said to be the currency of Rag Fair.]

It is amusing to hear with what an earnest air, and in what pompous terms, they will vaunt the excellence of their miserable merchandise. "First-rate coat! superfine cloth!" cries one while holding up a great-coat, worn threadbare at the seams, and which has passed from master to servant before falling into the Jew's bag. "Splendid hat!" bawls a second; "beautiful gown!" cries a third, displaying a faded silk dress which has served for three generations. All of these rags, however, have their price, and everything finds a purchaser. This sort of merchandise is piled up in cellars in the neighbourhood, thus transformed into rag warehouses. [A vast quantity of tattered apparel is shipped for Ireland, the colonies, and other places. When the threads of the cloth can no longer be kept together, it is bought by the manufacturers of coarse paper.]

'The market price of rags has its rises and falls as well as that of corn or public securities. Like the former, the price depends on the abundance or rarity of the supply, and the merchants arriving every minute, bending under the weight of their enormous bags, vary the price of the stock at each instant. Though instances of dishonesty may be expected in such an assembly, yet they are extremely rare. Jews will not cheat one another.'

READING ALOUD IN WORKSHOPS.

THE following sensible and useful letter, from a working man in Dundee, is printed word for word as we received it:—

GENTLEMEN—Reading a few well-timed remarks in your Journal of yesterday (October 19) relative to the too much neglected, but necessary practice of reading aloud, has induced me to send you the following brief account of the system at present practised by the hacklers of Dundee (and the same may be said of the whole flax-dressing body throughout Scotland):—

Every large mill has one, two, three or more hackling-shops attached. Each shop, however limited the number of workmen employed, gets one local newspaper, and one Edinburgh, Glasgow, or London newspaper, the workmen appointing a man for collecting the subscriptions, and looking after the regularly receiving the papers. A little squabbling at times takes place about the propriety of ordering certain papers, the continuing or discontinuing them; but this is quickly settled by the *president** taking up the number of votes for each paper, the minority of course giving in to the majority; but in cases where the voting is nearly equal, the paper of each party is subscribed for alternately; and very often, when there are two-thirds of the workmen of any shop for one paper, and one-third for another, then one paper comes two weeks successively, and the paper of the other party comes once in three weeks. One shop also gives another shop papers in exchange; by this means it is no uncommon thing for a shop to have one paper for each day in the week, apart from cheap periodicals.

Each man is expected to read an equal share of any paper, whether he is pleased with it or not, so that the majority think it should be read; however, there is no compelling any one to read, and it is a very rare occurrence for any one to refuse. Should the shop be too large for some individuals being able to make themselves heard, then they must find some one else to read for them, which is easily done by working for the reader till he has read his column or share. After everything of any importance has been read, each workman generally gives his opinion upon this or that speech, town-council proceedings, &c. &c. I have often wished some of our worthy M.P.'s could just have heard a few of the unsophisticated remarks made upon some of their *rapturously-received* speeches; for in hackling-shops it is the matter of a speech that is looked to, not the language—the utility of a debate, not the length nor the cleverness displayed. By this means the flax-dressers, as a body, have become better informed than any other class of working-men, and, as a natural consequence, become more intelligent. Many who have learned the flax-dressing business, and could neither read nor write when they commenced, have, by means of reading aloud—that is, in hearing others read—have actually been forced through shame to learn what they might in all probability have remained ignorant of; and I have heard many a good reader boast that a few years ago he 'couldn't tell a B by a bull's foot!' It may be said by some that it would be a means of causing men to neglect their work, should reading in shops become general; but it is a remarkable fact, that in those hackling-shops where most papers or books are read, most work is done. The cost of the papers is a mere trifle, for each paper sells for at least two-thirds of its value; some of the workmen buying, reads for the evening, for the benefit of their families; and the paper altogether, when a few days old, to send to some distant friend; some papers sell for their full value. Your Journal in general brings from three-halfpence to twopenny each week, so that a farthing or halfpenny is generally over, to help to make up the deficiency of something else. Were our wages a little better (and our masters tell us they could afford to

* Each hackling-shop has a president.

give more, but that they will only give us it if some one else does; none will make a beginning; we are against strikes, and our masters only laugh at us), and our workshops a little healthier—our homes a little larger, and better furnished—I feel confident flax-dressers would be surpassed by no body of working men whatever for intelligence, information, cleanliness, and exemplary conduct. You can make what use of this you please. I am, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,
WILLIAM HAY.

ORANGE GROVES OF ST MICHAEL.

The orange plantations or quintas of St Michael are of large extent, always enclosed by a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation-belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c. to protect the orange-trees from the sea-breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep (lined with pieces of lava; and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya, and broom), until the tender orange-plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no farther care is taken of it, beyond turning occasionally the stem, to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges: a gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. The crops are purchased, previous to their arriving at a state of maturity, by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the year's probable produce through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops gain a livelihood thereby; and such is the skill whereto they attain, that by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state, with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are a very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off: a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night; or it may be entirely destroyed by insects. No thing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these *Hesperis-gardens* during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood which is quite delicious.—*Bold's Western Islands.*

COMMON USE OF METALS.

If a convincing and familiar proof of the extensive application of the metals to the common purposes of life were required, we need only refer to the case of many a common cottager, who could not carry on his daily concerns and occupations without the assistance of several of these substances. He could not, for instance, make his larger purchases, nor pay his rent, without silver, gold, and copper. Without iron, he could neither dig, nor plough, nor reap; and, with respect to his habitation, there is scarcely a part of the structure itself, or of the furniture contained in it, which is not held together, to a greater or less extent, by means of the same metal; and many articles are either entirely of iron, or of iron partially and superficially coated with tin. Zinc, and copper, and antimony, and lead, and tin, are component parts of his pewter and brass utensils. Quicksilver is a main ingredient in the metallic coating of his humble mirror: cobalt and platinum, and metals perhaps more rare and costly than these, as chrome, are employed in the glazing of his drinking-cups and jugs. And, if he be the possessor of a fowling-piece,

arsenic must be added to the foregoing list, as an ingredient in the shot with which he charges it; for it is arsenic which enables the shot, during the process of its granulation, to acquire that delicately spherical form by which it is characterised. So that of the whole number of metals made use of by society at large for common purposes, amounting to no less than twenty, more than half of these are either directly used by the peasant, or enter into the composition of the furniture and implements employed by him.—*Kidd.*

I'LL LOVE NO MORE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

I'll love no more, said I, in sullen mood;
The world is wholly selfish, false, and vain;
The generous heart but courts ingratitude,
And friendship woos but insult and disdain:
Far from a cold and worthless world I'll haste,
Why should my best affections unrequited waste?

I fled the busy throng, and turned my feet
Where towering trees in sunny dells rejoice,
But all things seemed, amid my lone retreat,
To mourn my stern resolve, and chide my choice;
All urged me, so methought, to turn again,
And with a hopeful trust to love my fellow-men.

Above my head the branches fondly wreathed,
The social birds flew joyous to and fro,
The flowrets in each other's bosom breathed—
Nothing was lonely in its joy or woe;
Loving and loved, unweary by wrath and strife,
Each felt, or seemed to feel, that love alone is life.

Even with the meanest and most hurtful things,
The sweetest flowers would fondly intertwine;
Around the thistle see the woodbine cling,
And 'neath the nightshade blooms the eglantine;
None was too worthless to be loved, and none
Too proud or falsely pure his brother to disown.

Shame on thee, sour mistrusting heart, I cried,
Back to thy fellows and to faith again;
In truth and love unweariedly confide,
And let thy charity thy strength sustain:
Wouldst thou with foul distrust defile mine eye's spring,
Amid a loving world the sole unloving thing?

WASTE OF TIME.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—*Johnson.*

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

It is a great misfortune that people so continually waste themselves with idle and imaginary schemes; how they would behave, and what they would do, were they in such or such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary were they very great, very learned, very wealthy, very retired, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift which is in them, and the work which is appointed for them, while they are thinking of that which is not. Alas! that men's thoughts should be so taken up with dreams and reveries, how they would manage were they in another station, while the chief wisdom of life consists in the assiduous discharge of those duties which belong to their own proper calling.—*Tucker.*

Looking shops are the most wretched-looking places you can have any idea of. There are a few exceptions.

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NATIONAL REPROACHES ABOUT UNFORTUNATE MEN OF GENIUS.

It seems to be considered quite right and proper that the premature death of a man of poetical genius under the pressure of misfortune, should be laid to the charge of his country, as if the nation had been under a recognised moral obligation to nourish and support him. Thus Scotland is blamed for the fate of Burns; and thus England may in like manner be reproached for the tragic history of her Otway and her Chatterton, or for the more recent neglect experienced by Robert Bloomfield. We have long been convinced that there is some fallacy lurking here, and our opinion is confirmed by certain circumstances of comparatively recent occurrence.

It is certainly very striking that, in the cases of fortunate authors, the public at large is never seen to have been the source of the good fortune. Several poets, as Pope, Scott, Byron, have indeed realised considerable sums by the sale of their poems; but there an equivalent was given in the books. In some other instances, poets have had places and pensions; but there it was political interest which operated, and the fortunate son of the Muses was in no way distinguished from the herd of common men who live upon the public money with or without equivalents of service. What we mean is, that there is no case of the public coming forward and saying, 'You are a man of genius—we think you ought to be supported, and here is a living for you, that you may sing in ease and tranquillity.' In short, if literary men have ever enjoyed a subsistence equal to other men, it has not been from anything like a direct extension to them of public beneficence. The public, as a public, never makes the least interference in their behalf.

But, it will be said, 'The public does not need to interfere in the case of a man who enjoys a good living otherwise. It is only where there is a want, that it is called upon to come forward with its purse. And how often has it made subscriptions to succour both men of genius and their children, and other connexions?' Here, we say on the contrary, the public, as a public, does nothing. In all such cases, the beneficence comes from a limited number of individuals, whom it were almost as absurd to call the public, as it was to give the name of the People of England to the three tailors of Tooley Street. It is said, for instance, the public has placed the sister of Burns in comfort. But the rigid fact is, that this was done by about two hundred persons, being about the *one hundred and thirty-thousandth* part of the whole public—and these, as we happen to know well, were not in general the persons who might have been expected to contribute to such a fund: of the whole literary class in Edinburgh, for example, not one gave

a shilling, or even answered the letters addressed to them on the subject. So also 'the public' has subscribed two thousand pounds to relieve the family of Mr Loudon from debt; the actual subscribers being probably not more in number than in the preceding instance.* John Clare, the most brilliant genius produced amongst the English peasantry, is supported by 'the public' in a lunatic asylum: for 'public' read 'two or three persons.' The English, as a public, have been utterly neglectful of this extraordinary man. Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, were all of them unendowed men of genius living in our own age, and what did the public do for them? It allowed the first to live in sole dependence upon a private gentleman, the second to drudge at a desk till he became entitled to a small pension from his employers, and the fourth to write the daily sheet for the daily subsistence, till he sunk into a premature grave. And when something is done for men of genius or their connexions, it is equally found that the merit of calling for, collecting, and bestowing it, is due to one or two individuals. The public allows the most piteous cases to pass unnoticed for years, although pretty fully apprised of them; and it is only when some single person of the requisite energy gives himself strenuously to the work, that the end is accomplished.

Now, if communities are in no case the benefactors of those authors who are fortunate, and never do anything whatever for necessitous literary men, or those connected with them, but leave all such good deeds to be done by a few individuals when they are to be done at all, there must be a fallacy in the outcry so invariably made when a particular case of poetical misery and death occurs. Why this outcry, when we ourselves are patiently seeing the system kept up by which such occurrences are inevitable? Why one nation taunt another, when it has made no provision to prevent the same occurrence falling in its own hands to-morrow? Why condemn a past age for the neglect of genius, when every day we are equally neglecting it? If in any one country under the sun there were public regulations insuring that men of genius should be well treated, then there might be some justice in twitting other countries with the want of such regulations. But while the whole matter is everywhere left, as it is, to mere chance, and the benevolent impulses of a very few persons, there can evidently be no rationality in such censure.

Granting that this point is established, it may be inquired how far it is *desirable*, and how far *possible*, to form systematic plans for a national succour and support to men of literary genius. It must at once occur

* And, after all, £1600 of this sum remains, weighing down the spirits and energies of an amiable woman, whose life has for years been devoted without the least intermission to task-work undertaken for the discharge of this debt.

that there would be great difficulty in making any just arrangement of the kind, seeing that it must after all be confided to men whose judgment would be liable to bias, and who might therefore misdirect the funds. It must equally be obvious that there is great danger in endowing men for a special exertion of their intellects, since they are by that very endowment deprived of all but a very abstract kind of motive for exertion. A poet who had been sufficiently tuneful in poverty, might become mute under the influence of a comfortable pension. It is, no doubt, hard to come to this conclusion, for we often see nothing apparently wanting but an independent aliment to enable highly gifted minds to apply to tasks of great public usefulness; yet there are so many instances of indolence being induced by such regular supplies, that there can be no doubt whatever of the natural tendency of such causes to produce such effects. There is, therefore, a general disinclination to hear of provision being made by the public for literary men; and we can have no room to expect that such an arrangement will ever become part of the policy of any state, however civilised.

What hope, then, is left for the sons of genius? Only that, we fear, which is left to all fortuneless men—to work out a subsistence for themselves by their own exertions. This they may do either by ordinary professions, or by the supply of that literature which will yield immediate profit, leaving the higher achievements of the intellect to moments of leisure. Talents suited for a high walk may thus be expended on a humble one; great works may be forbidden; and thus the public, as well as the man of genius, may suffer. But, on the other hand, it may be expected that a very forcible and true genius will be stimulated by the very difficulties in its path, and work a way through them. Powers of self-helpfulness will be evoked; the spirit of independence, being nourished, will give additional value and character to the productions of the intellect; and thus the public and the author himself, instead of losers, may be gainers. The relief of unfortunate men of genius, how is this to be effected? Let it be left, as heretofore, to the kindly impulses that are ever found in the breasts of some of those who become the immediate witnesses of distress. A case of neglect may now and then, from peculiar circumstances, occur; but some such exceptions of evil are to be looked for in all human affairs. We would expect, however, to see men of literary abilities hereafter much less needful of external aid of any kind than they have been in past ages. Their productions are amongst the necessities of life in modern times, and their trade should therefore, in fair circumstances, be a good one. As their abilities, moreover, are superior to those of their fellow-creatures, so should they be more, instead of less, able to secure the means of keeping off want. It has ever been a prevailing sin of the literary class, fostered by the very cant which we aim at uprooting, to look to others for aid, to expect 'something to be done for them'; thus losing the benefit of their own inherent energies, and degrading that genius which it should be their aim to keep pure and unspotted from the world. Again, there is a too common inclination amongst men of genius, either to a culpable negligence with regard to their affairs, or an extravagance equally ruinous, as if they were somehow to be independent of all the ordinary rules of prudence. It would be well for them to reflect that the greatest of their whole set—William Shakespeare—was careful of his means, and realised a competency, without, for anything we can see, incurring the odium of his fellows, and that Burns, with seventy pounds a-year, kept free of debt. Talk of the incompatibility of attention to the affairs of common life with the high conceptions of the inventive mind, when Scott could perform every duty of a man of the world, at the same time that he produced his marvellous fictions! Let literary men, we say, undertake the care of their own interests in a manly and rational

spirit, and give a reasonable degree of attention to the days that are to come, and their fortunes must be equal to those of any other class of men in the same degree useful to the community.

THE MILL AND THE MANOR.

PART II.

ON the day following the accident which we have recorded, the whole state of affairs at Crumble Hall was changed. Instead of wearing the appearance of a neglected tenantless mansion, as it had done for years past, it was now a scene of as much bustle and excitement as a fashionable country residence during the shooting season. Elegant carriages, belonging to the neighbouring gentry, were continually driving up to the dilapidated lodge, with inquiries regarding the young lady who was its accidental tenant. Expresses, borne by footmen and grooms, came and went between the house and the park-gate; for horses could not be driven up to Crumble Hall, on account of the 'drive' being tangled with weeds. Servants in elegant livery lounged about the entry of the mansion: the gossips and idlers of the village, attracted by the extraordinary change in the aspect of Crumble Hall, discussed the accident and its consequences in various parts of the domain. Even the few deer that were left scampered hither and thither over the park as if frightened out of their wits. In short, one day had effected a complete revolution in the aspect of the old manor-house itself, and of all around it.

The squire shrouded himself closer than ever in his favourite muniment room, but could observe from the window all that was going on. He stared in bewilderment and wonder at the extraordinary occurrences that were passing before his eyes. He could not comprehend how the accidental relief of a damsel, whom misfortune had overtaken, could possibly produce so extraordinary a commotion in his secluded establishment. In the midst of his reflections Charles Kennedy burst into the room in a state of great exultation. 'The crisis is past!' he exclaimed. 'She is out of danger. After a night of the most intense anxiety to us all, consciousness has returned, without any of those ill effects which were anticipated.'

The old gentleman sat in his high-back chair, and answered with as much dignity and calmness as the agreeable news—acting upon a really good heart—enabled him to assume. 'That he felt glad to hear the young woman was better.'

'And now, my dear uncle,' said Kennedy, 'let me intreat you not to be so rude to her parents, who still remain below, as not to see them. I am again the bearer of a message from them expressive of a wish to tender personally their thanks for your hospitality to their daughter. But you seem pale, agitated, my dear uncle,' continued Kennedy, perceiving the effect which unwonted excitement had wrought upon the recluse. The old gentleman passed his hand over his brow, and complained that he felt as if he were in a dream. The noise of the comers and goers distracted his ideas from the one subject they had been unremittingly fixed on for years. As to receiving company, that was quite out of the question. Was it not enough that they had invaded his house, and turned the public of Crumbleton loose into his park? 'And, sir,' added Mr Crumble, gradually recovering animation, 'I should be glad to know who these people are, that first place my house in a state of siege, and then would invade the sanctuary of my private leisure, by forcing their acquaintance upon me?'

'The gentleman is proprietor of the next estate!'

'What!' said Mr Crumble, 'the cotton-spinner who disfigured the prospect by a mass of unsightly building?'

At this moment Penthouse made his appearance with a message from the persons spoken of—Sir James and

Lady Spindler—even more urgent than that brought by Kennedy. ‘I cannot see,’ said the latter, ‘how you can any longer resist these people’s civilities.’

‘Civilities!’ returned the squire in an unusually vehement tone. ‘Has not the man raised a huge brick abomination at the very foot of my park? Has he not changed the bed of the stream, which flowed in its wonted course since the days of Sir Hildebrand Crumble, who caused it to fill a fosse when our house was fortified in the times of “the Roses?” Did not the accident which has brought all this turmoil upon us lay half my domain under water? Has he not turned my house into a resort open to all comers, and my park into a bear-garden? Besides, is not the man a trader, a weaver, a purse-proud citizen, who will, peradventure, vauntingly jingle his purse in our ears? Has he not come perhaps to spy out the nakedness of the land? No, nephew, I am not for such men’s civilities. A spinner of cotton is no company for a Crumble; indeed, I may be permitted to add, for an *Earl of Crumbleton*,’ and he paused ere he added, ‘*de jure*.’

Kennedy found it in vain to attempt answering these objections, and returned from the library to make the best excuses he could for his uncle’s refusal to see the guests. Sir James was alone in a room, whose torn drapery, worm-eaten furniture, and dusty condition, showed that he was the first visitor who had been received in it for many years. The tact of Penthouse had managed to put the best face on affairs. He turned the concubine’s of the chairs outwards, and covered the table with a county map to conceal the cracks and flaws. Kennedy, on returning to his guest, rested his apology on his uncle’s secluded habits, and consequent aversion to new faces. Sir James Spindler replied in the most frank and cordial terms, that though he regretted losing this opportunity of making the acquaintance of so near a neighbour, he would not on any account attempt to give him pain by an unnecessary intrusion. ‘I fear, however,’ continued the worthy knight, ‘that other, besides general causes, exist for Mr Crumble’s hesitation to see me. Our proceedings on the Bampton estate are, I have reason to believe, displeasing to him?’

Kennedy candidly owned that they were. ‘The near neighbourhood of a cotton-mill is not desirable anywhere.’ ‘That is very true; but I bought the estate for the purpose of building a factory, and with the express understanding that I *should* do so. I trust, however, in time to make converts both of yourself and your uncle to a faith in the utility and revivifying powers of my cotton-mill upon this decaying neighbourhood.’

‘You will not have me to convert,’ Sir James, said Charles. ‘I am perfectly alive to the share which the wonderfully rapid growth of manufactures in this country has had in bringing her to the pitch of wealth and power which she has attained. I will own frankly, that when I first beheld the damage your buildings had done to a prospect I loved in my youth, I was much excited against the projector. Further reflection has, however, convinced me of the folly of my regrets. Nay, I will go so far as to add, that if my good but mistaken uncle, instead of draining his estates and exhausting his means to follow up his claim to a useless peerage, had employed his fortune in some manufacturing speculation, the present melancholy condition in which—it is too notorious for concealment—our property has sunk, would certainly have been averted.’

Sir James appeared surprised to hear such sentiments from the lips of the heir-apparent to the Crumbleton manor. He shook him cordially by the hand, and congratulated himself in having only one instead of two converts to make. At this moment Lady Spindler entered from the room in which her daughter lay. Sir James presented Kennedy to her, and she was profuse in her thanks for the hospitable kindness shown to her daughter. ‘She is now well enough to be removed,’ added the lady, ‘and we shall relieve you of our intrusions immediately.’

‘Before we go, it will be highly necessary,’ said Sir James, ‘that Mr Kennedy afford us an opportunity of thanking Mina’s preserver.’

‘True,’ interrupted her ladyship, ‘the gamekeeper—Noble fellow! we can never reward him sufficiently. My daughter has just narrated to me the whole of the circumstances, and some adequate reward must be planned for his acceptance.’

Charles blushed, and was for some time unable to answer. At length, though seriously embarrassed, he explained the mistake, and owned that the good fortune of having rescued the young lady was his. The parents overwhelmed him with gratitude, and at that moment one of those sincere friendships was begun between Sir James Spindler and young Kennedy which are not soon or easily ended. It was now announced that Miss Spindler was ready to be removed into the carriage, which had been driven up to the house; thanks to the saving foresight of Penthouse, who had set all the village idlers at work to clear the drive. A short time after the invalid was on her way to her own home, all appearance of bustle and excitement subsided at Crumble Hall, both within and without; the drawing-room windows were closed, and the recluse returned to his favourite studies. Penthouse lounged as many hours a-day as heretofore in the library, poring over ‘The British Classics,’ because he had nothing better to do; and Kennedy was left to pass the time as best he might, in planning schemes to avert the slow but certain ruin that was creeping over the family, and to cement, by frequent visits, the friendship he had formed with the Spindlers, whose dwelling was but a short distance from Crumbleton.

After a time, he discovered that this intimacy was extremely distasteful to his uncle. In conversations which he had held on this subject, Charles always endeavoured to divert Mr Crumble from the mistake in which he had so long persevered. He showed that the same energy, applied to some feasible plan for bettering their condition, would be far more beneficial. The old squire heard these sentiments more in sorrow than in anger. He complained that the new acquaintance was filling his nephew’s mind with sentiments quite unworthy of the last of the Crumbles, whose ancestors had abstained from every profession save arms, up to the period of their earliest records. With a view to give these sentiments a deeper meaning, he would take his nephew to the picture-gallery, and endeavour to awaken aristocratic sentiments by showing him the portraits of his ancestors. Some of these quaint and ancient effigies were knights clad in armour, and seated on horseback on very uncomfortable saddles; others, clothed in blue uniform, with tremendous epaulettes and very long queues, were the naval heroes of the family. Concerning each of these ancestors Mr Crumble would indulge his nephew with some wonderful anecdote, calculated, he thought, to raise the young man’s respect for noble blood and family honours. At length Charles gave up all hopes of either convincing his uncle of his mistake, or of bringing him and his new friends, the Spindlers, upon visiting terms.

Months passed away; and while new difficulties surrounded the inmates of the manor, prosperity favoured the mill. The buildings once finished, operations were begun; machinery was set up, and the village of Bampton soon filled with workpeople. Even the trade of Crumbleton revived. The old schoolmistress nearly doubled her number of pupils; the landlord of the Tabard obtained better employment than lounging about his door; and an unexpected stranger was no longer surrounded by a crowd; for his appearance ceased to be a rarity. Meanwhile dark clouds lowered over the house of Crumble. The whole of the costs in the appeal for the peerage had not been paid, and threats were becoming daily more urgent of ‘attaching’ the unsuccessful appellant, which meant putting him into prison until the debt was discharged. Kennedy had already sacrificed the produce of his commission to pay

the most urgent of these claims; but one still remained, for which he saw no better escape than the sale of the family possessions.

It was deep winter. The snow lay thickly on the ground. The little river ceased to flow over the securely constructed dam which had been substituted since the accident. The ice lay so thickly upon the water, that at intervals during the day the factory boys and girls were sliding and skating, and making the air ring with their joyous exclamations. Carts and wagons came and went along roads. The sound of machinery seldom ceased within the factory during the day. Life, in its greatest activity, reigned in the neighbourhood of the mill. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Kennedy, long used to the bustle of a camp, should often escape from the desolate solitude of Crumble Hall, and spend some of his time in examining the various processes of the manufacture of cotton. An attraction, however, existed in the dwelling-house of the wealthy manufacturer which took him there much oftener. On the morning to which we allude, he was returned from his daily visit to Mrs and Miss Spindler, when, to his surprise, he saw Sir James's carriage roll away from the door of Crumble Hall. On entering, he was met by Penthouse, who, with the most perplexed countenance, announced that Sir James had been there, had insisted on seeing the squire; that they had met, and that the interview, so far as he could learn, was rather stormy. Charles hastened to his uncle, and found him unusually agitated. On seeing his nephew, he made a violent effort to check his feelings, whatever they were, and to assume that collectedness which was, he thought, becoming in the head of the house of Crumble. In a tone of severity, he inquired of his nephew when he had last seen Miss Spindler?

Kennedy instantly blushed up to the eyes. He tried to answer, but stammered so much, that what he said was inaudible. 'Despite,' said the old squire, 'my aversion to company in general, and to these people in particular, yet the father of that young woman forced himself into my library this morning, and whether agreeable or not to me, insisted on an interview. The subject of it, sir, you can easily divine.' Charles, who had recovered himself, partly declared he had not the remotest idea.

'Would you believe it, sir?' said the haughty squire, 'your new friend, the spinner of cotton, the employer of those noisy urchins who daily disturb my meditations by their vulgar exclamations, has had the presumption to hint at the probability of an alliance between our families.'

'Of what nature?' inquired the nephew with an imitation of innocence really wonderful, considering the emotions of dread and hope which were contending for mastery within him.

'Would you trifle with me, sir?' inquired the uncle in a tone of severity.

'I do assure you,' was the reply, 'that I have not the smallest notion of what kind of alliance Sir James proposed.'

'Then you have not sought the hand of his daughter?' This was a home question; but after a little consideration the young man answered frankly, boldly: 'No, uncle; I can say with a clear conscience that I have not sought Miss Spindler in matrimony; no allusion to any such project has ever entered into our conversation during the many delightful hours I have spent in her and her family's society.' Mr Crumble brightened up at this. There was, he thought, some sense of family dignity still left in his nephew, despite his frequent visits to the mill-owner and his growing love for the mechanical arts. Hoping to have such an anticipation confirmed, he made further inquiries into the nature of the intimacy which existed between him and their neighbours. After a little consideration, Charles replied in these terms, 'My dear uncle, it would be improper in me to deny that the feelings with which I regard Miss Spindler are the strongest it is possible for man to experience; but I

have always looked upon their realisation as hopeless. In the first place, the circumstances under which we first became acquainted give me, in the eyes of the world, a strong claim to her regard. Now, I am very unwilling to press that as a claim which, under other circumstances, would have been a voluntary solicitation. I am said to have saved her life, and upon that ground it is doubtful whether too high a sense of gratitude would not make her refusal of me the cause, to her, of greater pain than I have a right to inflict. For of course, whatever her feelings may be, her friends would not be justified in consenting to her union with a penniless man, the scion of a broken family.' This speech being by no means accordant with his views, was very disappointing to the squire of Crumbleton. 'What!' he asked, 'do you expend all these delicate scruples upon a weaver's daughter?—a woman whom an alliance with us would elevate? who would have the honour of being the first of her class to be introduced into the Crumble family, which has remained untainted with plebeian blood since the Conquest? who would blot our escutcheon with quarterings of—' and here the old gentleman paused, to consider whether it would not be undignified to give way to a bit of playful extravagance?—who would, peradventure, as I was about to observe, quarter on our shield a spinning-jenny with shuttles volant, engrafted.' Charles, taking advantage of this little specimen of Herald's college humour, ventured to contradict his uncle—an experiment which, on such a subject, he knew to be highly dangerous. 'There is no danger of such a misfortune, I assure you. The fact is, Sir James Spindler's family is as old as ours!' As if stung by some bitter retort, the squire eagerly seized the baronetage to confound his nephew from his pages.

'They are,' continued the latter, 'the Spindlers of Sussex.'

This simple piece of information perplexed rather than pleased the old gentleman. Incredulous, but anxious to satisfy his doubts, he forthwith left the room, desiring his nephew to follow him to the library. Mr Crumble went straight to a large folio, and opening it with the utmost eagerness, became so deeply immersed in the genealogy of the Spindlers, that all Charles's information concerning the young lady and her father the cotton-spinner went for nought. Volume after volume was consulted and replaced. At length the old gentleman, uttering an exclamation of wonder, ejaculated, 'Ennobled in the thirteenth century, quartered with royalty in the fourteenth, and in the peerage down to the Revolution! A man with this splendid lineage turned weaver! Alas, alas, what are we coming to!'

Poor Kennedy was dying of impatience to hear what had passed, in the interview between Sir James and his uncle, concerning the subject next his heart, but the old gentleman was so overcome with wonderment at the fact of the owner of a better pedigree than his own taking to trade, that he could give no satisfactory answer to the query. Hence Kennedy still remained in suspense—a state in which he must be for the present left, for it is now our business to follow Sir James Spindler, as he drove down the avenue to the Crumbleton village, after the unsatisfactory interview with the squire. He had previously arranged to meet his agent at the Tabard on some matter connected with Kennedy and his uncle. The peculiar notions and pride of the squire had, however, disarranged these plans.

On reaching the rustic porch of the Inn he beheld Mr Brevor, his agent, in close conversation with two strangers; their business seemed urgent, and they appeared annoyed at being recognised by Sir James's attorney. Immediately the carriage came in sight, they made off towards Crumble Hall. 'You need not take out the draught of the deed I desired you to make; it will be useless now,' said Sir James as he entered the best room of the little inn, followed by his man of business. 'The peculiar notions of the eccentric old lord of the manor will not allow me to carry out my project—at all events

not for the present. By the way, who were those two men you were talking to?

'Mr. Tap, the Chancery tipstaff, and an assistant. The poor old squire! he will have his pride lowered now; for tonight he will sleep in the Fleet prison.'

Sir James was much shocked at this news, and made further inquiries. 'It is rather odd,' began his informant, 'that I should meet Tap here, for I was concerned for the respondent in the Crumbleton peerage case, and know all the particulars. The truth is, the tipstaff is the bearer of an attachment for costs, and must, as in duty bound, convey the appellant to close quarters, and keep him there until the costs are paid.'

'Be kind enough to follow me into the carriage,' said Sir James, hastily entering it himself. He ordered the coachman to drive back to Crumble Hall as quickly as possible. On reaching the old manor-house, he lost not a moment, but proceeded to the library. Here a scene presented itself which would have appalled the stoutest heart. The Chancery officer had already executed his commission, the immediate effect of which was to render Mr Crumble senseless; in which state he lay in a chair. Penthouse, the old faithful servant, was weeping like a child, and Kennedy was struggling with the most violent grief while trying to revive his uncle. Spindler, when the first emotions produced by this melancholy scene were mastered, quietly induced the tipstaff and his companion to accompany him to the drawing-room, where Brevor was waiting. The after-proceedings of the worthy knight were few, but decisive. He desired Brevor to examine Mr Tap's papers, with a view to ascertain correctly the amount of the demand. This done, he arranged at once with the officer for its discharge by cheque, and a guarantee for its due payment by the London bankers from Brevor, which was perfectly satisfactory from so well-known and eminent a lawyer. Mr Tap, glad to escape from a scene which he owned shook even his nerves, took his departure, and the master of Crumbleton was free.

This information was cautiously conveyed through Kennedy; but still the recluse was for the rest of that day unable to comprehend the nature of the events which had passed. His reason seemed clouded, and he was left to enjoy that quiet which was so congenial to his habits. When Kennedy returned to his true friend, he felt oppressed with a weight of obligation that seemed for him difficult to bear, and impossible to remove. But Sir James knew how to make it sit easily. 'Things have come to a crisis with a vengeance!' he exclaimed, as he returned Charles's warm grasp of the hand; 'and there is no more necessity for that caution which both myself and Lady Spindler have been obliged to use in reference to a subject which has caused us much uneasiness. Motives of honour, which cannot be too highly appreciated, have, it is evident, prevented you from divulging certain feelings towards a certain young lady which, it has been long manifest to us, exist. Those feelings, we have also ascertained, are mutual. Your honourable reserve was, we found, making the young lady miserable, destroying her spirits, and undermining her health. I therefore took the bold step of consulting your uncle on the matter. He would not, however, even hear me. My next application may, however, be more successful. Indeed, there is another affair I wish to consult you both about; but I will not open it now, for I see you are agitated.' Charles, who trembled from head to foot with the most acute emotions, begged Sir James to go on; for though filled with happiness, he was, he said, too old a soldier to feel much agitated.

'Well, then, I have simply to ask whether you would like to become a cotton-spinner?'

Now Charles answered this question, was shown by what took place at Bampton and Crumble Hall during the month following this interview. The neighbourhood felt the effects of his reply for miles round, and Crumbleton had no longer occasion to envy the prosperity of Bampton.

Crumble Hall was invaded by workmen and gardeners

and foresters were spread over the lawn and park; carpenters and smiths were dotted about the enclosures; and the sound of the hammer was heard where nothing had been previously audible but the cawing of rooks. All these people were superintended by Penthouse, who gave them lectures on the belles lettres; and having been idle himself for so many years, wondered how they could get through the quantity of work they performed.

By slow and cautious degrees, Kennedy had managed to get his uncle's consent to give to a Spindler a new branch of the family tree. The squire of Crumbleton had pored over the respective pedigrees for more than a week, and it was only when he discovered that Sir James was the first man of his family who had done anything useful, or dabbled in trade, that he gave his consent. He, however, stipulated that the male heir *in futuro* should, on attaining his majority, obtain letters patent to change his name to Crumble, that the much-mentioned name should not be lost to posterity. And he insisted that the marriage ceremony should be performed by a right reverend bishop, who was his fifth or sixth cousin, reserving to himself the right of giving away the bride.

All this was done exactly to his mind. The Bampton cotton factory was managed entirely by Kennedy, whom Sir James—retiring from active business—took into partnership. Devoting an energetic and well-formed mind to the undertaking, it flourished; and Crumble Hall gradually regained the stately affluence it had formerly enjoyed. The old squire lived to see this consummation, to dandle on his knee a future applicant for the royal letters patent, and to be cured of his dislike to the Mill for the sake of the wonders it had worked on the prosperity of the Manor.

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

VISIT TO Gergovia.

SITTING at the open windows of his hotel at the north side of the Place de Jaude, in Clermont, the traveller will probably be interested in observing, clear over the tops of the houses on the south, and at the distance of four to five miles, a hill singular in its shape and appearance. All the other hills in this part of Auvergne are less or more conical, but this one resembles a huge table, its rugged sloping sides appearing to terminate in a plain, level with the rounded tops of the neighbouring mountains. Thousands of travellers doubtless bestow only a momentary attention on this strangely-shaped mass, and there an end of the matter; but others, inquiring its name, perhaps learn that few mountains in France have obtained such celebrity, and accordingly spend a day's excursion upon it before leaving the country. I wish to say a few words respecting this hill.

Anciently, Gaul—modern France—was inhabited by a number of independent tribes, each in itself a little nation; a few of these nations only uniting on occasions of common and extreme danger. Taking advantage of this weakness of organisation, the Roman republic despatched Julius Cæsar with an army to effect the conquest of the country. Successful everywhere he went, this sagacious general was baffled by the heroism of the Averni, the tribe who inhabited what we now term the Auvergne mountains; with them his motto was anything but—*veni, vidi, vici*. Although a rude and uncultivated people, these mountaineers displayed considerable ingenuity in defending themselves. They fortified their towns with massive beams of wood, fixed in the ground, and crossed in opposite directions, with layers of earth and stones in the intervals. Walls of this kind were as much as forty feet in thickness, and of as great a height, the exterior base being protected with large stones, and sometimes on the top there were towers composed of wood and skins, impervious to attack. Gunpowder being unknown in those times, the Romans could only bring their battering-rams to bear on such places; and if the

fortification was on a hill, these engines were generally useless. When Cæsar, at the head of six legions, entered the territories of the Avernî, he was brought to a pause before Gergovia, a city strongly fortified in the manner we have described, on the flat top of the hill which we behold from our windows in Clermont. A more inconvenient situation for a city could not possibly be selected, for it is approachable on any side only by long and steep ascents; but convenience in these ages of barbarism was not thought of, provided life and property were secure.

According to Cæsar's own account of his attack on Gergovia,* he found it one of the toughest jobs he had ever been engaged upon. The gallant Avernî, headed by Vercingetorix, and assisted by detachments from other Gaulish tribes, had a complete command of the hill; and with enormous stones, darts, and arrows, they destroyed the besiegers when they attempted to approach. The Roman general secured a favourable position, as he tells us, on a neighbouring height, and by various stratagems tried to circumvent the Avernî. As a last resource, he led on an attack by the back part of the hill where the ascent is less abrupt, and was able to attain a footing within an outwork of stones; but he found it necessary to retreat from this dangerous position. The Gauls, inspired by the cries of their women, who appeared with dishevelled hair on the ramparts, drove the most impetuous of the legions back with great slaughter. Seven hundred Romans fell in the engagement. After spending several days fruitlessly in manoeuvring on the plain, with a view to seduce the Gauls from their vantage ground, Cæsar—the conqueror of the world—was forced to abandon the siege. The reason which he assigns for his retreat—that he had done enough to confirm the courage of his men, and abate the pride of the Gauls—is an unsightly disingenuousness; an excuse, at least, which would have scarcely passed muster at the Horse Guards. He was, in point of fact, beat by the Gergovians.

Interesting from the figure which Gergovia thus makes in ancient history, as well as from its geological character, my friend and I resolved on making it the object of a day's pilgrimage. We accordingly hired a car for the purpose; and one morning pretty early, along with Guillaume as guide, sallied out on the proposed journey. Our way lay almost due south from Clermont, and conducted us along a series of miserable narrow roads, ascending between the rude walls which bound the small ~~valleys~~ and fields on the lower slopes. Ere we reached the limits to which the car could advance, the day became intensely hot. Gad-flies flew about us in swarms, and lighting on the poor hack which dragged our vehicle, drew blood at a thousand points. Near the village of Ceyrat we abandoned the car, and took to clambering the ugly broken path, which was not particularly easy; for, while one hand was engaged in holding an umbrella overhead to intercept the rays of the sun, the other was busy keeping the flies at a proper distance.

Our first object was to ascend Montrognon, whose western flank we had already gained. This is a hill remarkable among many remarkable hills. It is a tolerably regular cone, broad at the base, and terminating in a small plateau, on which stands the tall and picturesque ruin of a castle. Unlike the puy we had formerly visited, it is a mass of columnar basalt resting on calcareous matter, the basalt to all appearance being the relic of a stream of lava which had flowed over the fresh-water limestone of the plain, and been subsequently raised to its present position. Having scrambled across the uppermost vineyards, we reached a steep slope, an entire tract of loose basaltic stones, and on this we climbed to the top of the eminence. Although considerably lower than the range of puy at a distance of a few miles in the north-west, the view from the apex was charming, for it immediately overlooked on all

sides fertile rural scenes. The ruin, so conspicuous for many miles across the Limagne, occupied the whole plateau, and must at one time have been a massive keep, with outworks—the stronghold of one of those Auvergnat barons whose oppressions led to their extirpation in the reign of Louis XIII. The walls remaining, built of the blue basalt of the hill, measured eight feet in thickness, and may yet endure the returning blasts of a hundred winters.

To get to Gergovia, it was necessary to descend the hill on its south side, and from the valley below climb another eminence towards the east. Two hours were consumed in this intermediate journey—heat awful, and the shade of every walnut and cherry-tree thankfully accepted. Guillaume's flask of *vin-ordinaire* and water, cooled at a fountain by the way, was in frequent requisition. The road conducted us by what must be called the back of Mount Gergovia—supposing the side next Clermont to be its face—and most likely by the direction in which Cæsar made his attack. Shaped, as I said, like a table, its upper edge for a space of forty to fifty feet is a crag, bristling with rocks and splinters; and when one struggles his way over these barriers, he finds himself on a plain covered with about as many stones as blades of grass—an arid stony waste—which, however, at the time of our visit, afforded a scanty pasture to a flock of sheep.

And here stood the city of Gergovia. We walked about to discover if possibly any remnant were visible; but not a remnant, nor the faintest outline of a remnant, can be discovered. The plain seemed to be from two to three miles in length from east to west, by from a quarter to an eighth of a mile across. The ground having been ransacked by antiquaries* has yielded up a number of Gaulish medals, weapons, utensils, and other objects. The remains of a cavern has also been discovered. The exterior defences having been constructed chiefly of timber, time has long since swept them from existence; and the same agency has destroyed the interior buildings, which in all likelihood were of the same rude and simple materials. Along the verge of the plateau, the heaps of stones are more than usually numerous; and these may have been concerned in giving strength to the walls, from which the Gergovians committed such havoc on their enemies.

Satisfied with an inspection of the plateau, we proceeded down the steep fronting Clermont, with the view not only of returning homeward, but of examining the geological structure of the mountain. The north side, which we descended, is peculiarly favourable for this kind of scrutiny. The torrents of winter have hewed a ravine of considerable depth, from the higher to the lower grounds, and in which the various strata, one above another, are exposed to the prying curiosity of the tourist. From an observation of the ravine, as well as of the upper part of the hill, it appears that the whole protuberance is an alternation of currents of basaltic lava with the calcareous strata of the fresh-water formation. First, on a level with the plain, we have a bed of yellowish-white limestone, full of the organic remains which distinguish the general substance of the Limagne. Then comes a thick covering of lava, which had flowed from a neighbouring volcano, and inserted itself into all the irregularities of the soil over which it poured. Above this hard rock comes calcareous or fresh-water strata again, here and there blended with another stream of basaltic lava which had flowed over all, and formed what may be called a top-dressing to the heap. What countless ages must have elapsed before this curious alternation of sedimentary and volcanic matter could have been effected—ages to which the historical period—Cæsar's visit, for example, nineteen hundred years ago—is but a day!

Gergovia is not singular in its constitution. A number of other hills in its vicinity exhibit similar appearances. The probability is, that the whole originally formed one mass. By the washing away of the softer intermediate parts, an ancient plateau has been divided

* Wars in Gaul, book vii.

into separate hills. Alternate upheaving and depression by subsequent subterranean agency have, in all likelihood, helped to complete the phenomenon. That everything has been very much as it is—cold, hard, and fixed—here and in other parts of Auvergne for two thousand years, is beyond a doubt. Cæsar saw the country as it now appears to the tourist; nor does it seem that he was at all aware that the mountains over which he led his legions had once smoked and raged like Vesuvius.

Later, the ravine on the face of Gergovia has been rapidly enlarging towards the valley beneath; masses of the calcareous strata have been undermined by the torrents, bringing down with them the superincumbent matter and portions of the vineyards which decorate the lower flanks of the mountain. From this and other quarters, great quantities of rubbish are annually floated into the Allier, and thence into the Loire, filling their beds, and rendering them almost useless to navigation. Fragments of basaltic rock from Gergovia and its kindred mountains are daily rolling on their way down the beds of these rivers, forming, by their mutual abrasion, the gravel and boulders which in summer appear in long dry reaches on their banks. And thus, in process of ages, are massive mountains of lava frittered down to the pebbles beneath our feet. Is anything insignificant?

It would be reasonable for an inquiring mind to ask, if there be no expiring manifestations of the heat which once found vent in the volcanoes of Auvergne. The only existing symptom of this ancient combustion is found in the hot springs of Vichy, Royat, and Mont d'Or. The high temperature of these waters is, with probability, traced to the same agency which in former times produced the fumes we had been visiting.

These hot mineral waters, however, are less singular than another kind of springs not uncommon in Auvergne. Two of which, and by far the most remarkable, rise within the outskirts of Clermont. The day after our return from our mountain excursion found our party threading its way into the suburb of St Alyre, in quest of its famed springs; which we at length alighted upon within a private garden. These waters, which gush in considerable volume from the ground, are called Fontaines Petrifiantes; but this is scarcely correct. Calcareous in their nature, they only cover with a yellowish fawn-coloured crust any object with which they are long in contact. Being conducted by artificial channels from their source, the water drops from them, and forms vast stalactitic aggregations of limestone. One of the masses, in progress of increase at the rate of two or three inches per annum, forms a substantial bridge across a rivulet. The formation of travertine is so ordinary a phenomenon, that it is no wonder, and I should not think of expatiating on the subject, unless for the purpose of showing my countrymen what may be done by ingenuity to make a spring of this nature useful in the arts, or, to speak in a language perhaps better understood, useful in turning the penny.

Led by a damsel, the maid of the fountain, we are conducted through the garden to an erection of boards, a rude hut, into the roof of which we observe the water precipitated from its conduit. Opening the door, we perceive a house full of spray. The water, diverted into sub-rills, is dashed and splashed about on the floor, and on tiers of shelves, in a very odd sort of way, being permitted, after performing this service, to escape by a channel beneath. Looking through the spray from the multitude of cataracts, we perceive that, scattered all over the place, on the floor and on the shelves, there lie moulds of medals, and other objects, all in the process of receiving an incrustation. The spray falling in showers, deposits minute particles of the substance held in solution in the water, and which are so fine, that the water appears clear to the eye. In about three months a mould, an eighth of an inch deep, is filled with the deposit, and yields a cast as exact and beautiful as if cut from a piece of polished stone. The casts are of two varieties. Those produced by the spring to

which we were first conducted are of a yellow tinge, and as uniform in the grain as a piece of bone. The other spring, which dashes into a different receptacle, yields casts containing crystalline particles, and have a glittering mixed appearance; they are also less fine in their outlines.

After satisfying our curiosity with the operative part of the establishment, we entered by invitation the *salle de commerce*—a store for the sale of products of the springs. In this collection there was much trash, in the form of incrustated eggs, fruits, nests of birds, and various small animals; but there was likewise much to please a visitor of taste. The medals of classic figures, and heads of distinguished men, were particularly attractive. We bought a few of these elegant objects as trophies of French art. Vast quantities are disposed of in Vichy and the other watering-places of Auvergne; and, I believe, there is also a *dépôt* for them in Paris. The larger number are mounted by their purchasers as *brooches*. At the prices charged, from two to three francs each, it may be said that the sale of these curiosities, which cost the proprietor of the springs almost nothing, must be no unprofitable trade.

‘THE GIFT.’

THE GIFT is an American annual of great typographical elegance, and embellished with many beautiful engravings. It contains an article, which, for several reasons, appears to us so remarkable, that we leave aside several effusions of our ordinary contributors in order to make room for an abridgment of it. The writer, Mr Edgar A. Poe, is evidently an acute observer of mental phenomena; and we have to thank him for one of the aptest illustrations which could well be conceived, of that curious play of two minds, in which one person, let us call him A., guesses what another, B., will do, judging that B. will adopt a particular line of policy to circumvent A.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

At Paris, just after dark, one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 23, Rue Dumô, Faubourg St Germain. For an hour, at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open, and admitted our usual acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome. The prefect sat down, and shortly disclosed a most perplexing case, in which his professional services had been in requisition. His story was this. ‘I have received information that a certain document, of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt, for he was seen to take it. It is known also that it remains in his possession. The person on whom the theft was committed is a certain royal personage, a female, over whom the holder of the document has gained by this means a dangerous ascendancy—her honour and peace are jeopardised.’

‘But this ascendancy,’ I interposed, ‘would depend upon the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—?’

‘The thief,’ said G—, ‘is the minister D—, who dares all things—those unbecoming, as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question, a letter, had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal, she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of another exalted individual, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon the table. The address, however, was uppermost; and the contents thus unexposed, the letter

escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D—. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper; recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the person addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third person, who stood at her elbow. The minister departed, leaving his own letter, one of no importance, on the table. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The person robbed is now thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But this of course cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power." With the employment, the power departs.

"True," said G—: "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* at these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartments, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months, a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed. Yet, neither is the letter on the person of the minister. He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search of the premises."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched everywhere. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly-trained police agent, such a thing as a secret drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a "secret" drawer to escape him in a search of this kind; the thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets, we took the chairs; the cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops. Why so?"

Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated,

the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means. If, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better. We examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it *instantly*. A single grain of gimlet-dust, or saw-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"Of course you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates; and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That of course; and when we had surveyed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble?"

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt; we removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?" "Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did; and as time and labour were of no importance, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G—. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said—

"Well, but, G—, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Too true; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, in every great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I will say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. I would really give fifty thousand francs, every centime of it, to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the hotel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labours extended."

"So far as his labours extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would beyond a question have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of *Procrustean bed*, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of "even and odd" attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent; and, holding up his closed hand, asks, "are they even or odd?" Our schoolboy replies, "odd," and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, "the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd," he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: "This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation

from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally, he will decide upon putting it even as before; I will therefore guess even;" he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the school-boy, whom his fellows termed "lucky," what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—"When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked, is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression." This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured?"

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for any thing hidden, advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the *mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinising with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches; what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle, or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but at least in some out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance, or, what amounts to the same thing in the police's eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have never been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in

the supposition that the minister would do what he would have done himself—taken vast care to conceal the letter on account of its being so very precious. I went to work differently. My measures were adapted to the minister's capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperitively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. This conjecture was above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to

D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell at length upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinising the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile*, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own way.

But what purpose had you, I asked, 'in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?'

D——, replied Dupin, 'is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months, the minister has had

her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it were. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Avernus*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms “a certain personage,” he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.*

“How? did you put anything particular in it?”

“Why, it did not seem altogether right—to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure, D—, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

“—*Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atreé, est digne de Thyeste.*”

They are to be found in Cæcilius's “Atreé.”

LIEBIG'S FAMILIAR LETTERS ON • CHEMISTRY.

THE English public has again been favoured with a series of Familiar Letters on Chemistry by Dr Justus Liebig—at present by far the most popular cultivator of the science in Europe. His former series* was written for the especial purpose of exciting the attention of governments and an enlightened public to the necessity of establishing schools of chemistry, and of promoting by every means the study of a science so intimately connected with the arts, pursuits, and social wellbeing of modern civilised nations: the present publication presents a general view of the study, its objects, extent, and applications, in order that the well-informed man, whether chemist or not, may know something of the means and methods by which we have obtained those acquisitions in the sciences, and those abundant resources in the arts, which enable us to supply the necessities of our social existence. And herein consists the chief value of these Letters. They contain nothing that may not be found in the ordinary elementary treatises; they teach no principles which could not be even more explicitly laid down in a student's text-book; but then they are the familiar condescensions of a great mind, which make an impression all the deeper, and excite a reverence all the more exalted, because we feel the greatness of the source whence they proceed. We are placed, as it were, in conversation with the author, catch the spirit of his intention, and respect the simplest facts propounded, which, if coming from a less exalted source, would be apt to be overlooked or disregarded.

The plan of the Letters is as simple and intelligible as their style. The author sets out with a general consideration of chemistry, and of the rank to which it is entitled among the other sciences; treats shortly of chemical affinity and chemical equivalents, illustrating the symbols and formulæ by which these affinities are expressed; explains the atomic theory; considers the relation of heat, light, electricity, and gravity to chemical force, and shows wherein these forces differ from

what has been called the vital principle; and, lastly, discusses the transformations—fermentation, putrefaction, and decay—which take place in organic bodies when removed from the influence of vitality. We propose to glean from these subjects—otherwise unsuited to the pages of a miscellaneous journal—some of the more interesting facts and discoveries, which, while they serve to establish the almost universal power of chemistry, may awaken in the mind of the casual reader a desire to know something of its details and modes of procedure.

At present, by far the most popular department of the science is organic chemistry—the investigation of those laws by which the living organism can fabricate new compounds from simple inorganic elements. We say *elements*, for no single element is capable of serving for the nutrition and development of any part of an animal or vegetable organism. All the substances which take part in the processes of life are interior groups of simple atoms, which, under the vital principle, combine into atoms of a higher order. A plant cannot resolve carbonic acid into other elements than carbon and oxygen: it may use the carbon as a component of its fibre, its resin, or its starch, but it cannot transform carbon into one or other of these, any more than can be done by the chemist. It must have the proper number of elements to operate upon, before it can arrive at perfection. Thus the seed of a plant externally acted upon by heat, moisture, &c. begins to germinate; it strikes its roots into the ground, and expands its leaves in the atmosphere—these organs absorbing from the soil and air certain inorganic elements, which are transformed by the living organism into vegetable tissues, gums, resins, oils, &c. substances possessed of properties totally different from the original elements on which the plant fed. So, likewise, with animals; the food upon which they subsist is transformed by the vital principle into new and more complex compounds—as fibrin, blood, bile, fat, and the like. All these substances are peculiarly under the power of the chemist; he can resolve them into their primitive elements, transform and transpose them in a thousand ways; determine whence they were derived, and predict the state to which they shall return. The chemist, however, cannot construct vegetable or animal compounds from the simple elements: this requires the aid of a higher chemistry—the chemistry of life, whose mode of action he may unfold, but never successfully imitate. And even if it were that he could form blood, and bile, and fat—nay, that he could fashion a leaf, an eye, or an ear—yet he could never make that leaf develop itself and give birth to others, that eye to see, or that ear to hear. A clear comprehension of the metamorphoses which elements undergo in the living organism, and of the action of remedies upon that organism, is all that the organic chemist aims at; and an immense step will be gained when he has reached the knowledge of these transformations, and of the causes by which they are produced.

After the extinction of the vital principle, all organic compounds begin to change their forms—in other words, to ferment, putrefy, and decay. The vital principle is a force which, so long as it exists, holds them together; and even when this is extinct, unless acted upon by external forces, these bodies would remain in the same state as at that instant when vitality was arrested. If we can prevent them from being acted upon externally, they may be preserved indefinitely—if not, decay proceeds; and it is from a thorough knowledge of the laws regulating the processes of fermentation and decay, that so much practical benefit has accrued to baking, brewing, wine-making, bleaching, meat-preserving, and other economical processes. The ultimate results of fermentation and decay are to reconvert the elements of organic bodies into that state in which they exist before they participate in the processes of life. Complex organic atoms of the highest order are, by fermentation, putrefaction, and decay, reduced into combinations of a lower

* Noticed in Numbers 680 and 691 of our former series.

† Familiar Letters on Chemistry. Second Series. By Dr Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. London: Taylor and Walton. 1844.

order, into that state of combination of elements, from which they originally sprang. 'It is only recently,' says Professor Liebig, 'that we have arrived at a satisfactory insight into these processes, and at a minute knowledge of the causes producing and sustaining these peculiar processes of decomposition, differing, as they do, both in their forms and manifestations, from ordinary chemical decomposition. It has been decidedly proved that no vegetable or animal substance passes by itself into a state of fermentation or putrefaction, but that, under all circumstances, heat and a chemical action arising from the presence and contact of hydrogen or oxygen, is essential to the origin of these processes.'

'The juice of the grape, while it is protected by the external skin from contact with atmospheric air, scarcely undergoes any perceptible alteration. A grape, by gradual exsiccation, becomes converted into a raisin. The slightest perforation through its external covering, as with the point of a needle, for instance, is sufficient to alter all the properties of the juice. Protected from the access of the air, withdrawn from the influence of the atmospheric oxygen, and the effect this exerts upon one of its constituents, the juice (termed *must*) may be preserved for an indefinite period: easily transmutable as its constituents are, no alteration takes place, because no disturbing cause can reach them. But when exposed to the air at a suitable temperature, the grape-juice becomes agitated, a lively evolution of gas takes place, all the sugar it contained disappears, and, when the fermentation is complete, a clear fluid is produced, which has deposited a yellowish mud-like substance as a sediment; this is yeast. The liquid now contains a certain amount of alcohol, which, together with the carbonic acid expelled as gas, corresponds exactly to the amount of sugar it originally contained. The sediment or yeast separated from the clear fluid, and added to an aqueous solution of pure sugar, induces the same phenomena, terminating ultimately in the total disappearance of the sugar, its decomposition and resolution into alcohol and carbonic acid. The yeast which has caused the decomposition of the sugar disappears with it: whilst decomposing the sugar, it undergoes itself decomposition, although more slowly; and it thus by degrees loses completely the power of causing fermentation in another solution of sugar.'

'Animal fluids comport themselves in a precisely similar manner. Milk, whilst in the udder of the cow, urine whilst in the bladder, undergo, in a healthy state, no alteration of their properties. But, in contact with air, milk coagulates without any evolution of gas; cheese separates in the form of a curdy mass, the fluid part becomes acid, and the sugar of milk contained in it disappears with the increasing acidification.'

The fermentation of vegetable juices, and the acidification and coagulation of milk, both belong to one and the same class of phenomena; the only difference between them consists in the form or state of the new products into which the constituents of the fluids arrange themselves. One of the new combinations produced in the grape-juice by fermentation is gaseous—namely, carbonic acid (hence the effervescing and frothing of the fluid); whilst, on the other hand, the products of the changes undergone by milk remain in solution in the fluid. The form and nature of the substances which are the result of fermentation being only accidental, we designate by the same term all processes of decomposition occurring in a similar manner, as in the juice of the grape, or in milk, no matter whether evolution of gas accompanies them or not.

'In popular language, processes of putrefaction are distinguished from processes of fermentation; but the distinction does not admit of being scientifically established, since the difference between the two processes consists only in the different manner in which they affect our sense of smell. Putrefaction, according to this distinction, is the process of fermentation in organic substances containing nitrogen and sulphur, which give rise to the formation of products of a disagreeable odour.'

Decomposition, once excited, continues to proceed, even though the original exciting cause be removed. If fermentation, continues Liebig, has once been induced in a vegetable juice, in milk, in urine, in flesh, &c. the oxygen which formed the immediate cause of the phenomena of this process of decomposition may be altogether excluded, and yet the process will not be arrested. Fermentation, once begun, proceeds incessantly and irresistibly without the further co-operation of the atmospheric oxygen. The first particle, the atoms of which the chemical action of the oxygen set in motion, being in contact with other particles similar to it in composition, the motion imparted to its atoms, acts as an impulse upon the atoms of the contiguous particle, and it now depends upon the amount of attractive force, acting between the atoms of the particles at rest, whether the motion imparted to those of the first particle will be propagated or not. If the motion is more powerful than the resistance, it will be communicated to a second particle, the atoms of this second particle will be set in motion, and this in the same manner and in the same direction as in the first particle: the motion or transposition of the second particle is communicated to a third, fourth, and, in short, to all the compound atoms in the fluid; and, therefore, the same products are formed as a natural consequence of the same manner of arrangement.

'If the resistance or force which maintains the elements of the other compound atoms in connexion is more powerful than the cause tending to produce an alteration in their position, or their order of arrangement—that is, a division into new products—the action imparted to the first particle must gradually cease.'

It must be obvious, from what is here stated, that fermentation is a process necessarily dependent upon time, that it cannot accomplish its results in an immeasurably short period, like other chemical processes, and this precisely because the decompositions it effects are brought about by the gradual and successive transmission of an action from particle to particle throughout a mass. Yeast, however, and other matters capable of exciting fermentation—they themselves being only substances in a state of ferment—accomplish the result more certainly and satisfactorily the fresher they are; and this because every day they are kept, so much of the motive force of their atoms is expended. Although fermentation be thus a matter of time, heat, nevertheless, exercises a decided influence on the process. For example, whilst milk at common temperature yields lactic acid as the principal product of the decomposition of its sugar, at a high temperature we obtain as the product an alcoholic fluid, which, upon distillation, furnishes a true brandy!

Thus, alterations in the nature of the products of fermentation ensue with every variation in the process induced by changes of temperature, or the presence of matters accidentally drawn in to participate in the transformations. The same grape-juice, when fermented at various temperatures, yields wine of dissimilar qualities and nature, depending upon the circumstance of the temperature of the air being higher or lower during autumn, according to the depth of the cellar in which the fermentation is conducted, which varies the quality, the odour, and the flavour of the wine. A uniform temperature of the place where the fermentation is conducted, insuring its slow and gradual progress, is the principal condition depending upon our own control for the production of the best kinds of wine. The growers of wine will soon universally give the preference to deep rock cellars or vaults for conducting the process of fermentation: such vaults have been found particularly appropriate for the fabrication of the superior varieties of beer; and the advantages of these vaults mainly depend upon their constantly equal temperature.'

But enough of fermentation, which represents the first stage, after the vital principle is extinct, of the resolution of complex organic atoms into more simple combinations. The process of Decay completes the circulation of the elements; by transposing the products of fermentation and putrefaction into gaseous com-

pounds. The process of decay has been termed by Liebig 'a process of combustion taking place at the common temperature, in which the products of the fermentation and putrefaction of plants and animal bodies combine gradually with the oxygen of the atmosphere.' No organised substance, no part of any plant or animal, after the extinction of the vital principle, is capable of resisting the chemical action of air and moisture; for all that power of resistance which they temporarily possessed as the bearers of life, the media of the vital manifestations, completely ceases with the death of the organism; their elements fall again under the unlimited dominion of the chemical forces.

'The presence of water and a suitable temperature are indispensable conditions of the oxidising process of decay, just as they are necessary to putrefaction and fermentation. Perfect dryness, or a temperature below the freezing point, suspends all processes of decay and fermentation. The transmission of decomposition from one particle to another presupposes a change of place; it requires that the particles should possess mobility, or the power of free motion, and this is imparted to them by the presence of water. In decay, it is more especially a certain elevated temperature which increases the aptitude of the elements of organic substances to combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

'In the process of bleaching in the open air, or, as it is called, grass-bleaching, we have the process of decay applied to an important purpose in the arts upon a large scale. Linen or cotton textures consist of ordinary woody fibre, more or less coloured by extraneous organic substances, which were either contained in the plant whence the fibre has been derived, or have become mixed with it during the processes of preparation.

'When linen or cotton fabrics are moistened with water, and exposed to the light of the sun, a slow process of combustion or decay immediately begins upon the whole surface; the oxygen of the atmosphere in immediate contact with the linen or cotton is incessantly converted into carbonic acid. The weight of the fabric diminishes every second, precisely because it is in a state of combustion; all the colouring matters gradually disappear, and with them a considerable amount of woody fibre, their elements being converted into oxygen compounds. If this action of air and light upon the linen or cotton continues for a considerable time, these substances lose their cohesion, and become converted into a matter similar to that used in the manufacture of paper; and this matter still continues to decay as long as the essential condition of this change—that is, the absorption of oxygen—proceeds.'

Substances undergoing decay increase the attraction of all other organic substances in contact with them for oxygen. It is upon this power, and especially upon the affinity of alcohol for oxygen, that a speedy process for acidifying alcohol is based, which is termed the 'quick vinegar process.' The transformation of fermented liquors into vinegar formerly required weeks, and even months, to accomplish, in consequence of the imperfect access of the air: we can now convert alcohol into vinegar in less than twenty-four hours; and this is effected mainly by making brandy diluted with water, or any other weak spirituous liquor, trickle slowly through casks filled with wood-shavings, and at the same time causing a slight stream of air to circulate through those shavings. This method exposes to the air a surface of alcohol capable of absorbing oxygen by many thousand times more extensive than the old method; and consequently the time which alcohol, under ordinary circumstances, requires for its acidification, is abridged in the same proportion. At the commencement of this process, it is usual to add to the dilute spirit a small quantity of some substance containing matter capable of undergoing the process of decay, such as beer-wort, honey, vinegar, &c.; but after the lapse of a very short time, the surface of the wood-shavings passes into a state of oxidation, and from that moment effects the transformation of the spirit into

vinegar, without the further co-operation of extraneous decaying matter.

Omnipotent as is this principle of decay, it is well in the power of man to arrest it; and this he does from a knowledge of the fact, that the property of organic substances, to pass into a state of fermentation and decay, by coming in contact with the atmosphere, is annihilated in all cases, without exception, by heating to the boiling point. Fresh animal milk, as is well known, coagulates after being kept for two or three days into a gelatinous mass. If fresh milk be heated duly to the boiling point, it may be preserved for an indefinite period. The state of decomposition into which the dissolved enzyme passes in contact with air, becomes perfectly arrested; and it requires a more protracted action of the atmosphere to excite it again. Grape-juice, so readily mutable, and every fluid susceptible of fermentation, is affected in the same manner: when heated to the boiling point, all fermentation in them ceases. Beer-wort, after boiling, requires the addition of yeast—that is, an extraneous substance already itself in a state of decomposition—in order to ferment in the shortest possible time. It is obvious that if that particular state into which an organic substance is brought by contact with the atmosphere—although this contact may have been but for an instant—be destroyed by a high temperature, and oxygen (the only cause of its reappearance), from the time of its boiling, be excluded, these substances must, for an unlimited period, retain all the properties they possessed at the moment of boiling. Matter *per se* has no inherent power of mobility; without the influence of some external force upon the atoms, none of them change their place, none alter their properties.

'If a flask be filled with grape-juice, and made air-tight, and then kept for a few hours in boiling water, or until the contained grape-juice has become throughout heated to the boiling point, the minute amount of oxygen contained in the air, which entered the flask with the grape-juice, becomes absorbed during the operation by the constituents of the juice, and thus the cause of further perturbation is removed. The wine does not now ferment, but remains perfectly sweet until the flask is again opened, and its contents brought into contact with the air. From this moment the same alteration begins to manifest itself which fresh juice undergoes: after the lapse of a few hours, the contents of the flask are in full fermentation; and this state may be again interrupted and suspended, as at first, by repeating the boiling.

'The knowledge of these properties, which are equally possessed by all other organic substances without exception, has given rise to the most beautiful practical applications of them. Whilst in former times, during long voyages, mariners were confined to salt and smoked meats, which in the long-run always proved injurious to health, and thousands of human beings lost their lives for the want of fresh aliments, which were even more essential in sickness, these dangers and discomforts become more and more rare at the present day. This is certainly one of the most important contributions to the practical benefit of mankind ever made by science, and for this we are indebted to Gay-Lussac.

'At Leith, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, at Aberdeen, at Bourdeaux, Marseilles, and in many parts of Germany, establishments of enormous magnitude exist, in which soup, vegetables, animal substances, and viands of every description, are prepared and sent to the greatest distances. The prepared aliments are enclosed in canisters of tinned iron plate, the covers are soldered air-tight, and the canisters exposed to the temperature of boiling water. When this degree of heat has penetrated to the centre of the contents, which it requires about three or four hours to accomplish, the aliments have acquired a stability which one may almost say, is eternal. When the canister is opened after the lapse of several years, the contents appear just as if they were only recently enclosed. The colour, taste, and smell of the meat are completely unaltered. This valuable method

of preparing food has been adopted by many persons in my neighbourhood and other parts of Germany, and has enabled our housewives to adorn their tables with green vegetables in the midst of winter, and with dishes at all times which otherwise could be obtained only at particular seasons. This method of preserving food will become of the greatest importance in provisioning fortresses, since the loss incurred in selling off old stores, and replacing them by new, especially with respect to meat, ham, &c. is far more considerable than the value of the tin canisters, which, moreover, may be repeatedly employed after being carefully cleansed.

Such are a few gleanings from the most important subject touched upon by Professor Liebig in his second series of Familiar Letters. Mere extracts as they are, they may be sufficient to excite the interest and emulation even of ordinary readers. Every reader, it is true, cannot expect to become a Dalton, a Berzelius, or a Liebig; but there is a certain amount of knowledge which he may obtain, profitably and pleasantly. In the concluding words of our author—'There is *want* only where no firm *will* exists—where no adequate efforts are exerted; the necessary means and instruments exist abundantly everywhere.'

TEMPERANCE PAPERS.

THE temperance movement, like all other movements, has its press, having already established at least half a dozen periodicals, besides numerous separate publications in behalf of the cause. London, Bristol, Ipswich, Glasgow, appear to be the principal seats of publication on the mainland of Britain, but from none of these towns is there such a mass of temperance literature issued periodically as from the Isle of Man. How this island, which has a reputation for anything but literature, should have become the seat of publication of this, as well as other prints—one just commenced, 'The Odd Fellows' Journal'—may appear somewhat strange: we believe, however, that the privilege which the Manx possess of sending all their papers unstamped through the British posts, is the true cause of the phenomenon. Be this as it may, the 'National Temperance Advocate,' issued from the Douglas press, seems a well managed affair, and, according to its own account, has a circulation of 10,300. Its price sent by post, is no more than three-halfpence, and this is generally the price of other prints of the same character.

Reports of societies, letters from missionaries employed in the cause, opinions of medical men as to the physiological effects of intoxication, advices to drunkards, and so on, are the staple material of these papers; also a vast number of hits are here and there dealt to the keepers of beer-shops and public houses, jocosely styled 'drunkeries.' Among the advertisements on the outer pages, we observe that a number refer to temperance coffee-houses and hotels, and temperance provident institutions, which would indicate a wide ramification of the principle. In one of the papers is an earnest appeal in favour of Father Mathew, who has been compelled to declare the necessities of his condition. The fact is told to the world, that this intrepid man has ruined himself in a pecuniary sense by his expenditure in the temperance cause. While everybody was applauding his active apostleship, and complimenting him on what he had done for Ireland, nobody seems to have thought how hard it was for a comparatively poor ecclesiastic to carry on such a remarkable struggle at his own cost.

Meetings had to be held, names to be registered, bills to be posted, papers and pamphlets to be circulated. It was necessary to furnish cards and medals to the members of the society. Of the latter, some were sold; but thousands, many of them silver, had to be given away. The poor could not buy them—the rich would not. Children, emigrants, and others, were always supplied gratis. But the expenses connected with the administration of the pledges formed but a small part of the whole cost. It was necessary to take measures for giving stability and permanence to the change which had been effected. For this purpose reading-rooms were established in connexion with the various societies, and temperance publications and newspapers distributed amongst them. So long as he possessed any resources, Mr Mathew was always a principal

contributor towards the formation of these institutions. On founding a new society, he commonly presented a sum of money to be employed for such purposes. A love of music sprang up amongst the reformed people of Ireland, which was wisely fostered by the friends of the temperance movement. Bands were formed in connexion with many of the societies; and here again, from a conviction of the importance of such aids to the cause, Mr Mathew was a liberal donor. Travelling expenses, too, notwithstanding the liberality of coach-proprietors, were formidable. Then there were constantly societies in debt and difficulty to be assisted. Mr Mathew would never consent to the abandonment of a reading-room, or the breaking up of a band, through want of means, so long as he was able to prevent it. Lastly, sufferers by the reform were generously relieved. The widow, the orphan, and the aged, whose means of subsistence had been interfered with, were never refused assistance. In this way, by such noble deeds of mercy, Mr Mathew's resources have been exhausted. He is now destitute of means; considerable debts press heavily upon him. He is daily harassed by demands for money, with which he is totally unable to comply. And, above all, he is prevented from labouring freely and with vigour for the cause which is so dear to him, and which so much requires his assistance. We feel that it is quite needless to add much to the foregoing facts. They will touch all hearts. This great and good man has devoted his life and powers to a noble work—he has sacrificed his own property and that of his family for its sake. We trust this appeal will not be in vain.

Glasgow is mentioned as having lately become the focus of agitation in the temperance cause, and our authority states that a society in that city receives nearly 100 new adherents weekly. We are glad to hear this, for Glasgow is one of the most intemperate towns in the United Kingdom. The scenes of intoxication on Saturday evenings are among the most distressing which occur in human society.

Temperance societies are stated to be now established in from forty to fifty towns in Holland, with the approval of government. In Rotterdam, it is said, there are five hundred adherents of total abstinence. The merit of such self-denial is augmented by the consideration, that throughout Holland the best gin and brandy are to be had at eighteenpence a bottle.

Luxurious habits, late rising, and tobacco smoking, come in for a good share of abuse and jocularity in these unpromising pages.

'What silly old men our fathers were'
What stupid lives they led!
They rose with the sun, they dined at noon,
And at nine they went to bed.
Their day began by break of morn,
But ours begins at dark;
And they never, in carriages dressed, rode out,
To take the air in the Park.'

The Temperance Chronicle, in noticing a work—'Advice to Smokers,' which, of course, nobody will take—gives an extract on the pipe in-month form of indulgence. A gentleman takes a lodging in the house of a working-man, and, somewhat surprised with the neat appearance of things, asks 'how they managed to be so respectable in these depressing times. The man answered, "I have no more wages than my neighbours—the wages are very low, for I am a stocking-maker; but I am industrious. I waste no time—I keep no *saunt* Monday—I do not saunter about the lanes, or stand at my door with a pipe in my mouth—I talk no politics—I mind my own business, and in my leisure hours work in my little garden, grow my own potatoes, and keep a pig or two. We are as comfortable as a working-family need to be, even in these hard times." One part of this relation particularly arrested my attention—"I do not saunter about the lanes, or stand at my door with a pipe in my mouth." I could not help contrasting this working-man's house with many I have visited, where the inhabitant makes use of that *pauper-making* weed—tobacco. Whenever I enter a house more filthy, wretched, and miserable than another, I have for years invariably looked about for that emblem of poverty—a tobacco-pipe; and I do not know that I ever failed seeing one in some corner or other.'

With these few scraps, we, for the present, bid good-by to the temperance press. Ready to give advice to others, it may receive from us an advice in return. We should like to see the temperance papers, without abating a jot in principle, somewhat less fierce and dogmatic, more

courteous and kindly in tone; and while, generally speaking, they improve their paper and typography, they should endeavour to attain a considerably higher literary qualification.

MUSCOVITE HONESTY.

'No inhabitant of old western Europe,' says the author of a book recently published, under the title of 'Revelations of Russia,' 'can form an idea of the extent of the universal corruption of the Russian employés. It is true he cannot cross the portals of that empire without having repeated and annoying proofs of the disgusting venality and rapacity of the inferior class of officials with whom he comes in contact. But it is still impossible for him to conceive, until he sees, the same spirit pervading all those whose exalted station in every other country places them above suspicion.' According to this author, peculation is universal among the Russian officials, from the street watchman to the highest officer in the state. No official can be got to do his duty unless you bribe him. Money is also extorted by the functionaries of the law by very plain threats, that if it is not given, the individual will be put to trouble and annoyance. Justice itself is sold; and the profession of lawyer or pleader is quite at a discount; for the most efficient advocate is a bank-note given to the judge. In the army and navy it is the same. All police, Navy, it is a recognised fact, that nine-tenths of the income of every man engaged in any public employment, of every officer in the army or the navy, consist, and must consist, of pilferings. The officer intrusted with the charge of providing the necessaries for a regiment, makes a handsome profit for himself out of his bargains; the officers commanding a distant expedition grow rich by starving the men; and the captain of a Russian man-of-war will sell the very cordage of his vessel when he is at a foreign port, and pocket the proceeds. The clerks in public offices are constantly appropriating small sums; or, if the nature of their duty admits of it, as in the case of the passport office, they extort bribes. The merchant of course is pre-eminently a cheat. The Muscovite shopman, of whom you are purchasing goods at double their proper cost, swears by his patron saint that he is selling the articles at a loss, inwardly promising the saint at the same time a per centage of the proceeds in oil and ornaments for his shrine if he helps him to defraud you. Dishonesty, according to this author, is ingrained into the very constitution of a Muscovite. It has been cynically asserted of the human race in general, that 'every man has his price,' meaning, that there is no human being who might not be tempted to do what was wrong, if only the person tempting him knew what motives acted upon him most powerfully; but in Russia, according to this author, 'every man has his price in money.' An assertion so sweeping about a whole people, one has great difficulty in receiving; and, accordingly, the author of the book before us fortifies his accusation by a number of anecdotes, which have every appearance of being authentic, and also by assigning reasons of a speculative kind which make the assertion probable. And, first, to give a few of the author's anecdotes scattered up and down through the book.

'The Emperor Nicholas,' says he, 'having been made acquainted, whilst grand-duke, with the glaring malversations which took place in the naval arsenals of Cronstadt, some time after his accession, suddenly sent down a commission, who placed the imperial seal upon everything, and prepared to commence on the following day the labour of inquiry. That night the arsenals were destroyed by fire. But even the consuming element could not destroy the long-accumulated evidence of fraud. On clearing the ruins, a number of cannon were discovered, which, on reading the inscription on them, were found to belong to a man-of-war which had been lost a short time before in the Gulf of Finland, and, as it had been reported, with all her guns and stores on board. It was therefore evident that her own officers had taken her out to sea for the purpose of sinking her, having previously left all the valuable part of her armament and provisioning on shore for sale.'

Again, a foreign merchant of immense fortune was summoned, for some trifling affair, to the office of Count Benkendorff, the prefect of police. 'On repairing thither, he was kept standing for six hours, and then dismissed. The next day he was again ordered to attend; the penalty of disregarding such a summons was too dangerous to incur;

he again danced attendance in vain; and thus week after week he was annoyed and taken from his most important business, the time of his most serious engagements being, as it appeared, wilfully and maliciously selected. At last it was hinted to him that if he would leave a very considerable sum (upwards of £8000) at the office as a pledge of his appearance whenever it should be required, he would meet with no farther annoyance. He thought it wisest to comply; and from that moment was never asked for.'

The next anecdote is somewhat different, but still it is illustrative of national dishonesty. 'During the administration of the late police master, a personage of considerable importance discovered, on stepping into his sledge, that he had either lost his pocket-book, containing two thousand roubles, or been robbed of it. He applied to one of the police-officers. The police-major asked for a description of it, and the numbers of the notes. The owner had no recollection of the pocket-book further than that it was a red one, and contained the sum mentioned. An hour after, the police major returned triumphantly; he had placed the book in custody, and he restored the pocket-book, with its contents untouched, to the illustrious owner, who was of course all thanks and gratitude. The next day, however, his highness felt something hard in the lining of his fur pelisse, which, on examination, proved to be the original pocket book, with its notes, which had slipped through a rent in the pocket, and which the policeman had pretended to restore to him, the hopes of his patronage, or the fear of his displeasure, having been considered worth a sacrifice of two thousand roubles.' Whether the person falsely accused of the theft was let off or no, was never known; probably not, says the author.

As an instance of peculation on the small scale, the author relates the following:—A pile of copper had been coined into ten-kopeck pieces. The pieces were locked into a strong room, where they lay on the floor. When the room was visited, it was found that the mountain of ten-kopeck pieces had sunk down in the middle, like the crater of a volcano. The clerks underneath had bored a hole in the flooring, and pulled down the pieces by means of a pole and a wire fixed to it.

It may be asked, are no complaints made, and does not the law wage war with this scandalous and universal corruption? The late Emperor Alexander found himself quite unable to do any thing effective towards the suppression of such malpractices. He used to say of his Muscovite subjects, in his easy good-humoured way, 'If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would perform my line-of-battle ships; and if they could do it without waking me, they would steal my teeth while I slept.' The present emperor, Nicholas, on the other hand, is a decided foe to all these established methods of criminality; and whenever a case of fraud or peculation is presented to him, he punishes it severely. But that even in the case of Emperor Nicholas, it is thought necessary occasionally to sink at flagrant instances of malversation, rather than raise that popular clamour which in Russia, more than in any other country, is obnoxious to the government, would appear to be proved by the following strange story, which we also find in the book before us. A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years. He received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (£450) to the president, the case would be decided against him. Not having the money, he took the bold step of informing Count Benkendorff, the chief of the police, of the misquomons offer made to him. In order to make the proof clear, he asked the count to give him the requisite amount of notes, marked so that they might be known again. He undertook that these notes should be found on the person of the president of the court. He got the notes and went away. As is usual in Russia, he invited the president-judge to dine with him. A police-officer was secreted in an adjoining room, who was to come out on a given signal and search the judge. On sitting down to dinner, the notes were given to the judge, who, counting them over, tossed them into his hat. This hardly amounting to proof enough, the host did not give the signal, waiting till the hat should be put on. During dinner some one knocked. It was the judge's nephew come with a message. After delivering it to the judge, he went away. When dinner was over, the judge rose to go, and put on his hat. The host gave the signal, out rushed the police-officer. The judge's hat was taken off, when lo! the notes were not in it. His nephew had taken away the right hat, and left the wrong one. The bribery could not be proved. Our author

thinks that the explanation of the affair is, that the judge received a private hint from Count Benckendorff's office.

How is this universal corruption and venality of the Muscovites to be accounted for? Our author assigns probable reasons for it. One of these is, that there has been nothing in the history of the Muscovite nation to implant in the national character that chivalrous feeling of honour of which most other nations have more or less. But a much more plain and matter-of-fact reason is, that the salaries of all Russian officials are so small, that no official could live without peculating. The salaries have not been changed for more than a century, although all that time the value of money has been changing. Thus, the pay of a general admiral in the Russian navy is only L.540 a-year; of an admiral, only L.225; of a first-class captain, only L.50 or L.100; and of a midshipman, only L.38. An English blacksmith, employed at the Russian iron-works at Colpenas, receives a larger salary than an admiral; and a gentleman's valet in St Petersburg has a better income than a lieutenant in the navy. To make up for this, however, all the Russian government officials are accounted noblemen; they belong to one or other of the fourteen grades of Russian nobility; and if the English blacksmith at Colpenas would exchange his L.300 a-year for L.30, with the perquisite of indefinite peculation, he might rank as a Russian nobleman too.

FINE FOR BURYING IN LINEN.

The following paper is a curious memorial of the absurd plans tried in former times for the encouragement of particular manufactures. It relates to an act which was designed to promote the use of woollen in arraying the dead. It is handed to us by a descendant of the parties who paid the fine:—

Discharge be procurator-fiscall. To David Keltie and Agnes Paton, 1710.

I, Robert Duncan, procurator-fiscall of the shirreff-court of Kinross, grants me to have received full satisfaction of the somme of ane hundred pounds Scottis money from David Keltie of Newbigging, in Tullyboil paroch, and Agnes Paton there, his mother, of the somme of ane hundred pound Scottis money, dew to me as discoverer for their cryme in buring the decaist John Keltie of Newbigging in liming, contrair to the late act of parliament, wherein they were fyned and amerceiate upon the twentieth day of Apprill last by past, and hereby exoners and simplicitor discharges the said David Keltie, and the said Agnes Paton, and all concerned, of the foresaid somme, and sentence pronounced thereupon in my favours as discoverer of the said cryme, with all that has followed, or may follow thereupon, relative to the foresaid sentence. In witness whereof, I have subscribed their presents with my hand, att Kinross, the nyth day of May, seventeen hundred and ten years, before their witnesses, John Watsons, officer in Kinross, and John Blackwood, officer there, and the said Robert Morics, wreater heriof. (Signed) ROBERT DUNCAN.

John Watson, witness.

John Blackwood, witness.

Robert Morics, witness.

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

Farmers are finding out that it is necessary for them, with a view to their own interests, to take a very different course from that which was followed by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. In these days, no man is allowed to stand still. Improvement must go on. And I see throughout the country, in every part of it, gratifying proofs that improvement is going on, as actively in the agricultural as in the manufacturing districts and operations of the country. Even within the last four or five years, I see strides which, small as they may be compared with what might be done, are gigantic when compared with what was done before. I think it is not more than four or five years ago that, at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, I first noticed, as a novelty of a singular character, a new manure, known as guano, and recommended to the agriculturists of England. If I am not misinformed, from the port of Liverpool alone there have gone out, within this single year, no less than 150 vessels, chartered expressly for the purpose of importing this then unknown manure for the improvement of the agriculture of the country. Everywhere I see old and useless fences disappearing, fields enlarging, improved modes of cultivation adopted; and I see going on with immense rapidity that which, I must

again and again impress upon you who are connected with the land, is the basis of all improvement—deep and thorough drainage of the land; and not here alone, but throughout all England, I see most remarkably, as indeed any one may do, even though whirled through the country at the railway speed with which we are now carried, what an extent of improvement has been effected in this respect. Every one is struck with the appearance of preparation for future exertions, which are, at the same time, the token of well-deserved success.—Lord Stanley at the Liverpool Agricultural Association.

SORROW AND SONG.

[From 'Poems by James Hedderwick' (Andrew Rutherglen, Glasgow). Mr Hedderwick's poetry evinces a lively fancy, and is marked by great delicacy of feeling. His volume contains several reprints of verses which we had formerly seen in periodical works, and which have become favourites with us. We are glad to see them again in their present beautiful and more permanent form.]

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rolls o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn,
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears, they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shivered rock
Limpid water breaketh;
Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers by heedless footstep prest,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test,
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight cold and damp
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

THE LAST OF THE PURKISES.

It is recorded in the History of England, that the body of King William Rufus, after that monarch had met his death by an arrow discharged from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, whilst engaged in hunting in the New Forest, was picked up by a man named Purkis, who placed the corpse of the king in a cart, and conveyed it to Winchester. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with the Purkises, that for upwards of 750 years they have continued to enjoy uninterrupted possession of the same identical spot, which amounts to about two acres of ground, situated near the village of Minstead, in the New Forest, contiguous to which the king was killed. From the earliest period of their history, it is found that the Purkises were by trade or calling charcoal-burners, which same business they have continued to carry on from father to son up to the present time, and which mode of employment has fortunately afforded them the means of preserving their patrimony entire through a long course of generations. William Purkis, the present possessor of the above humble estate, is now in his eighty-seventh year, and having outlived all his relations, is now the last of the Purkises.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

ENGLAND, which boasts of being the land of greatness, liberty, and wealth—the cradle of intellect, and the foster-mother of genius—is also the land of petty grievances and small complaints. The English have often been designated a nation of grumblers, for it seems to be one of our chief delights to be constantly on the watch for something which annoys us, only that we may have the pleasure of finding fault with it. The gusto with which we set to work to pick very large faults out of very small things is so general, that it deservedly ranks amongst our national pastimes and privileges.

Every foreigner who reads the English journals invariably coincides with these views. He is struck with the extraordinary importance which our countrymen attach to the most trifles, especially to such as interfere with their personal comfort or convenience. Scarcely a newspaper is published, metropolitan or provincial, that does not contain a complaint from some correspondent concerning a matter which—in countries possessing fewer social advantages than our own—would be passed over in uncomplaining silence. We recently counted in a single number of the most powerful organ of public opinion in Europe no fewer than twenty-two epistles; some of them from men whose grievances would cost the most commonplace practical philosopher scarcely an instant's consideration. A specimen or two will prove diverting.

One individual—to whose lucubration the editor awards the dignity of large type—is extremely put out on the subject of stamp-receipts. He does not object to the threepenny and sixpenny stamp system upon principle. On the contrary, he no doubt would shudder to propose any such sweeping innovation as the doing away with a tax on receiving money, which, being in most instances an extremely agreeable operation, and decidedly a luxury, ought to be taxed. For all he knows, stamped receipts may form part of the Palladium of British liberty, and to abolish them might, by remote possibility, materially damage that subject of 'envy and admiration to surrounding nations'—the British constitution. No; his only complaint is, that the stamp-receipt system is not sufficiently appreciated by the public: his lamentations are awakened by a fear that the revenue of the country is sometimes made to suffer from stingy receivers grudging their threepences. To remedy this terrible evil, he recommends a stamp-tax on bills of parcels—a very good suggestion no doubt; and as the chancellor of the exchequer has of course plenty of time on his hands, he will perhaps take into consideration the very important hint of this gentleman, who takes unto himself the title of a 'practical man.'

We cannot, however, dismiss our practical man without acknowledging that slender as is the base of evil upon which he builds his structure of complaint, other

correspondents occasionally outdo him. A battery of per-artillery has recently been fired off by an army of 'Viators,' 'Pedestrians,' 'Scrutators,' against what must appear to ordinary minds a harmless and healthy pastime of the juvenile community. Day after day the subtleties of argument, the flowers of rhetoric, and the bitter invectives of satire, have been launched against what the newspaper editors love to hold up to infamy in conspicuous capitals as 'THE HOOP NUISANCE.' From this elaborate correspondence we learn that the practice of trundling hoops in public thoroughfares—which for centuries has been indulged in by children without any apparent inconvenience to the public at large—threatens, at the present writing, the lives and limbs of her majesty's subjects with the most disastrous consequences. In one of these communications the legislature of the country is called upon to act with rigour and promptitude: nothing will satisfy this correspondent short of an act of parliament, specially directed against naughty little boys who run the chance of bowling dirty little hoops against dowagers' silk dresses and elderly gentlemen's calves.

Other 'nuisances' excite the ire of an equally voluminous class of correspondents. A very precise old gentleman trips on the pavement, by stepping on something slippery; he stoops, examines it, and, hastening to his office in the city, pens an epistolary tirade against the 'ORANGE-PEEL NUISANCE.' An early riser has dust thrown into his eyes by an active housemaid, and cannot digest his breakfast till he has fired off a shot at 'THE DOOR-MAT NUISANCE.' He takes a walk in the evening, gets a few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into his face, and does not sleep till he has vented his indignation in a letter to his favourite paper on the 'CIGAR NUISANCE.' Other trifling evils are made known by persons who, though they generally sign themselves 'constant readers,' have a much more obvious title to the name of 'constant writers.' Let a traveller be charged sixpence too much for a sandwich, and he denounces the 'imposition' and the hotel-keeper in the newspapers. If he be detained a little over the proper time in a steamboat, or on a railway, he takes the same sort of revenge. A few weeks since, a letter appeared in one of the public journals, touched in a strain of the highest indignation, because the writer was detained on a railway seventy miles in length, exactly seventeen minutes longer than was marked in the time-bill. Upon this fertile theme he expatiates in a style which combines a high order of eloquence with an energetic style of satire. He appeals to the feelings very powerfully, by drawing a graphic picture of a father waiting at the terminus for an expected child. He describes the agonies the parent may be supposed to endure, and shows how such a bosom might be lacerated by all the tortures of apprehension and suspense for seventeen whole minutes. He pathetically inquires of the chairman, vice chairman, directors, trustees, and secretary, whether they have feelings; whether they are

fathers! If they have hearts and children, let them ask one another how *they* would like to endure seventeen minutes' agony in the waiting-room of their own terminus! It therefore behoves them to scold their engineer, to lecture their stokers, and to threaten their drivers with dismissal, unless they learn punctuality. Having, he flatters himself, brought tears into the eyes of the entire company—shareholders included—he thinks them in a proper frame of mind to be scolded, and proceeds in a strain only to be compared to the addresses of a judge to a criminal; though his strictures are continued on considerations of a less elevated character, for he puts the case in a commercial point of view. He shadows forth a prophecy, which takes a dismal view of the consequences to the nation at large should the awful system of being seventeen minutes behind time be persevered in. He shows how it is just possible that the ruin of individuals, nay, a serious injury to the whole commercial world, might be effected by this throwing away of seventeen valuable minutes. An anecdote is powerfully worked up of a bank stopping payment through mails or messengers delaying remittances—not seventeen—but seven minutes beyond the proper and appointed instant of delivery. In short, a foreigner devouring these overwrought details might be led to suppose that the peace of families, the stability of banking interests, and the gigantic operations of trade, depend entirely on the stokers, engine-drivers, and ticket-collectors of the railways!

Let us turn for a moment from the London to the provincial press; for it must not be supposed that the incessant propensity to grumble is confined to the limits of the bills of mortality. Every local journal opens its columns to frivolous complaints, and there are plenty of censors to fill them. You can scarcely take up a country newspaper without finding a certain amount of epistolary disgust and indignation expended on some trifling inconvenience. We could point out a dozen originals to such a letter as the following:—

'Sir—Allow me to direct public attention, through the medium of your powerful and independent journal, to the dangerous condition of the carriage-way in High Street. There are at least a dozen ruts, and one of the holes is certainly more than an inch deep—at all events large enough to contain water when it rains. What is the saving board about? Surely, after the recent addition of three halfpence in the pound to the rates, they ought to be more on the alert. I am, Sir, A RATEPAYER.'

P. S. I may also direct the attention of the parish authorities to the state of the pump opposite the Sessions house. No attempt has been made to supply the knob which was knocked off the handle by some of the young country gentlemen while returning from Lord Crack's last election dinner.'

In contemplating the round of complaints which incessantly circulate in the English newspapers, it is natural to ask what good do they do? The answer is, that, if carrying their point be doing good, these 'pickers up of unconsidered trifles' are seldom baffled. The Ratepayers, Censors, Vindexes, Juniores, and Scrutinators, metropolitan and provincial, form a pressure from without which there is no resisting. It is they who have roused the collective wisdom of the country to abolish dog-carts, and to silence dustmen's bells. About a dozen years ago, several patriotic individuals discovered that the various street-cries and noises uttered by itinerant hawkers were intolerable, and utterly unworthy of a free country. Letter after letter appeared in the newspapers, declaiming violently against costermongers, schwives, old chubbies, and chimney-sweeps. Muffin-sellers' and

dustmen's bells were denounced in language as strong as that fulminated from the Vatican against heresy. Medical practitioners complained that their nervous cases were constantly retarded from convalescence by the horrible noises which issued from the streets. Authors, living in unquiet thoroughfares, declared that their thoughts were ever and anon scattered, and their ideas ruined, by brazen-tongued appeals for public patronage from dealers in brooms, mackerel, potatoes, and other household wares. By dint of repeated expostulations, threats, and warnings, public opinion was effectually roused. The 'street-cry' question came into the ascendant; and had there been an election at the time, a candidate for a metropolitan borough would have stood but little chance, unless he explicitly stated from the hustings his detestation of this annoyance. At length the anti-street-cry party prevailed, and the legislature was obliged to interfere; but, as is usual, in a very cautious and partial manner. To have abolished street-cries altogether would have been too sweeping a measure: vested interests were at stake, and they could not be interfered with in this justice-loving country. The peripatetic green-grocer, for example—having invested his capital in a donkey and cart, upon the implied and customary understanding that he should, like his forefathers, announce the commodities it contained in as public a manner as his vocal powers would allow—must not have his property in the aforesaid donkey-cart deteriorated by a deprivation of that privilege. No; some more offensive noises must be selected for abolition—some 'calling' which had fewer vested rights. Committees were appointed, witnesses were examined, and the result was, that the victims selected to be sacrificed to the clamour of the public were chimney-sweepers and collectors of household dust. A bill was drawn up, which, after a great deal of debate, and some party opposition, passed both houses, and received the sign-manual. This act silenced dustmen's bells, and forbade the sooty fraternity to call out—as was their wont from time immemorial—'Sweep, O—Sweep!'

Alluding to this act of parliament reminds us that there are others which make many of the newspaper outcries quite superfluous. If the denouncers of the dog-mat nuisance would refer to clause 47 of the 2d and 3d Victoria, cap. 4, they would learn how to obtain a more summary remedy than letter-writing. The 'hoop-nuisance' complainants would find, by referring to the 54th section of the same act, that the thunderbolts of the law, in the form of constables' staves, impend—like Damocles's sword—over the heads of little boys who 'unlawfully, and against the statute in that case made and provided,' are found by the police bowling hoops in public thoroughfares. Such are amongst the legislative fruits of past small-grievance censorship. It is obviously absurd, when such acts exist, to continue addressing the newspapers. Our critics of petty annoyances are not aware of the powers of a much more compelling kind which they possess.

After all, is not this techiness about trifles a good feature of our country? Does it not evidence that determination to put up with nothing wrong that is capable of being made right, which has brought our country somewhat a-head of most others of Europe in respect of social institutions? And is not the indifference of continental people about such matters exactly of a piece with their comparatively great tranquillity under sterner evils? And

* Vide 5th and 6th of William IV., cap. 78. The bill for abolishing climbing-boys, whilst one of the most useful and really an important act of humanity.

may we not also argue, since so much attention is paid to trifles out of joint, that all the great screws of the social machine are, in spite of occasional appearances of a contrary kind, in their right place!

VISIT TO THE MONKWEARMOUTH PIT,

WHEN at Newcastle in the beginning of October, a wish beset me to descend the celebrated pit at Monkwearmouth, chiefly that I might personally be sensible of the increase of heat which takes place at such depths in the crust of the earth. Providing myself, therefore, with a recommendation to one of the viewers of the mine, I set out for Monkwearmouth at an early hour, and, by aid of the railway, reached the spot in a very brief space of time. I quickly found the person I was in quest of, and by him was soon transferred to the care of a foreman, who was allowed to become my guide and protector in the enterprise before me.

The towering buildings, clanking machinery, and coarse and unseemly objects assembled round the mouth of the pit, were not by any means calculated to invite me on to this adventure; neither was it a favourable consideration that only eight days before, ninety-five persons had lost their lives by an explosion of fire-damp in a neighbouring mine. I am, however, superior to unreasonable fears, and, knowing that danger scarcely existed, I approached and went through the whole affair, all strange and utterly new as it was to me, without the slightest sense of trepidation. Being conducted to the house of my guide, I was there supplied with a suit of his pit clothes, for which I gave up the whole of my own, excepting only my boots; and being then furnished with a walking-stick, I was declared to be in proper trim for the descent. Then, conducted to the gallery over the mouth of the pit, I had to wait a few minutes, till a huge deep iron tub, containing about two tons of coal, was raised up to the open air and discharged of its load; this, I was told, was the only means ever employed in taking down either strangers or workmen. An iron ladder being placed in the interior of the tub, I descended to the side of my companion, and we were then swung off and let down the dark profound, sinking the eighteen hundred feet in what seemed to me little more than two minutes. The only circumstance I had occasion to remark in the descent, was a pretty copious dripping of water from the sides of the pit, by which I was of course sprinkled, but not to an inconvenient extent. This water, it seems, issues from the strata of the magnesian limestone, which are penetrated in this district in order to reach the coal-measures. At the termination of our descent, the tub was brought to a level with a kind of gallery, along which was a tramway for wagons, and on which stood a group of dusky and hideous-looking figures, the purpose of this gallery and of these men being to fill the tub for its upward journeys by emptying into it the wains in which the coal is brought from the recesses of the mine. A few candles and lamps gave light to the scene, which was as dismal as could well be conceived; nor was it rendered more agreeable when I was called to observe that the shaft sunk a good way down from the edge of the gallery, in order that the tub might be enabled to come below the mouth of a spout-like channel, down which the coal was poured into it. One false step on either side might here have placed me in considerable danger. Quickly, however, I was led away from the vicinage of the shaft, and, being furnished with a candle in a primitive kind of wooden lantern, while my companion provided himself in like manner, was fairly launched upon my subterranean researches.

The coal-seam here worked being fully six feet in thickness, and very slightly inclined, the passages of the mine are generally of ample height, so that it is not in ordinary circumstances difficult to walk along them. They are, however, not of great width; they are occupied by a clumsy wagon-way; and every hundred yards or so the stranger hears a heavy train coming along, to escape which he must shrink up at the side

of the passage, otherwise he must be thrown down and pounded to dust. It was at first no pleasant thing to stand thus aside and see a horse and series of laden wains go tearing and clanking past one's very breast; yet such is the force of habit, I came, before the conclusion of my visit, to treat this peril with indifference. Each of these trains, I may observe, is conducted merely by a boy, who sits at his ease on the wagon nearest the horse; and one feels it strange at first to see boys in such a situation. A little reflection, however, enables one to conceive how the same potent influence which I have alluded to will speedily reconcile them to all its apparent dangers. At intervals of no great space along the passage, I found it closed up with coarse wooden doors, each attended by a boy, who opened it for the passing wagons, and then shut it again. These form a part of the arrangements for ventilating the mine, a line of draught being thus formed in connexion with a furnace which is kept in continual operation, with a vent or flue for itself. This leads me to say, that as yet I had been sensible of no unusual heat; there was rather a coolness in the passage at most parts. But this coolness was entirely the effect of the air-current, and is experienced only where that is in powerful operation.

For nearly half an hour I followed my dusky leader, with hardly a pause, except to make way for passing trains, or remark the arrangements for ventilation. The passage continued without any material change of feature, every two yards of it presenting a wooden beam, supported by two lateral uprights, to prevent falls of the sandstone ceiling. At one place my guide turned about and remarked, 'Here, sir, we are under the river Wear.' Before descending I had seen the Wear—a navigable river some fifty or sixty yards in breadth. It was curious to think of its flowing over one's head. Yet what is such a piece of surface water to those who tunnel below it at such a mighty distance? The space from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey was between me and it in solid stone. On we still went, and by and by the heat became very great, inasmuch that perspiration poured down from my face in an almost continuous stream. Still I felt an exhilaration of spirit which defied all such inconveniences, as well as fatigue, so that I repeatedly declined the offer of my guide to allow a brief rest. At length we came to a district where workings were in progress.

The plan usually followed in excavating coal is first to make such a passage as that described, then to diverge from it in similar lateral lines, leaving about an equal space between each two unworked, for the sake of support, and finally to cut out these spaces also, thus leaving the mine to its fate, regardless whether the upper strata sink or remain firm. I was now led into several of these side passages, which I found generally less lofty in the ceiling than the main drift (as it is called), so that it was more troublesome to traverse them. Sometimes I was obliged to bend nearly double, and after all, did not escape a few knockings of the head, though none of any severity. As yet, we had met few of the pitmen; but now I was taken into a passage, the termination of which was in the course of being worked, and there accordingly found a couple of men engaged in what appeared to me one of the strangest kinds of labour imaginable. Picture two human figures of stalwart proportions, naked all except the smallest possible kilt and a pair of galligaskins, and black as culm could make them, engaged, the one in striking a mattock against the solid wall of coal, the other in shovelling up the resulting loose materials into a wagon, the temperature being meanwhile at about eighty Fahrenheit, so that even the idle onlooker melted as under the hottest of July's suns. It was, verily, a strange scene, and one attended with by no means common sensations. What made it the more striking was the dim and imperfect light; not that this was shed through Davy's life-protecting gauze, for no such thing was here used, but that a couple of small candles had to illuminate a pretty large space, where all was of the gloomiest. On

inquiry, I found that, owing to the excellent ventilation of this mine, Davy's lamps are scarcely ever employed in it; and I was called on to observe how little of a blue spectrum, the indication of the presence of hydrogen, appeared round the flame of our candles. The men, I may remark, seemed to work heartily and merrily, though it was evidently a severe labour; and it was surprising to observe how rapidly the mass of coal crumbled under the powerfully applied blows of the mallet. It seemed to me that, with my whole strength, and it is not below average, I could not have brought down half the quantity of coal in the time. And I was right. There is, I was told, a sleight of art in the business of the pitman, by which he comes in time to get through his work much more rapidly than any labourer could do not possessed of this peculiar skill. And in the possession of this art there are many degrees even amongst the men themselves, the rule of variety of gifts thus holding good below, as well as upon the surface of the earth, in humble, as well as in high employment. The labours of the pitmen, if severe while they last, are less protracted than those of many of the common children of toil. They work between seven and eight hours a-day, and can thus realise (in general) not much less than twenty shillings a-week, when their free houses and other perquisites are considered. This is, after all, better than being a farm-labourer in the Carse of Gowrie, where work is often begun at four in the morning, and carried on, with short intervals, till seven at night, for a remuneration not exceeding ten shillings a-week. One circumstance interfering with the comfort of the pitmen may be considered as a natural misfortune. It often happens that in seams of coal there is a pervading layer of a hard and incombustible composition, commonly called clunch; and this they are not only required to dig for nothing, but they are fined for any portion of it which they allow to come to the pit-mouth amongst other coal. My guide pointed out the foul band to me on this occasion, and I remarked the greater trouble which it cost in excavation. It was surely a strange thing, he said, that clunch should be found at one level throughout the whole seam. 'By no means,' said I, 'if you consider how the whole seam was formed.' 'But how was that?' 'Oho,' said I, 'you have not happened to learn how coal was made. Well, nothing can be more simple than to tell you.' When I explained how it was composed of vegetable matter collected and sunk in seas, and afterwards subjected to pressure, by which the character of the matter was changed (bituminised), and showed that even a single seam contained several such layers, formed one after another, and sometimes in different circumstances, he was prepared to understand, and this he did very aptly, how an infusion of mud into the sea at the time of the placing of one of these layers might deteriorate it for ultimate combustion as coal—in short, produce clunch. Here was another oddity in my present situation—lecturing on the formation of coal in the midst of a goodly seam of the article itself, and amidst the simple unlettered men who spend their lives in working it.

As we returned towards the regions of lower temperature, my companion counselled my pausing for a while to cool, lest I might catch cold; and I accordingly sat down very contentedly upon a bundle of straw for half an hour. During this time several groups of pitmen going to their work in the remoter drifts paused beside us, and entered into a friendly chat. I was anxious to converse with these men, having heard of their remarkable and peculiar character; but their uncouth language, marked, it seemed to me, by an absence of all firm articulation, proved fatal to my wishes. I was only sensible that they met good humour with good humour, and seemed to be much more cheerful and hearty than could have been expected of men newly released from stark suffering from one of the most determined strokes on record. I was glad to learn from my guide that a system of promotion exists in collieries,

according to the qualifications of the individuals. The men who behave well and display superior intelligence, are advanced to be foremen and even viewers, the latter being a comparatively honorably position. The great mass will never, practically, benefit by this system; but it must be useful, nevertheless, in as far as it cannot fail to be a stimulus to all the more active and better endowed natures, which arise in the collier population.

In the way back, I was taken aside into the place where the horses are kept. It is a long, grotto-like recess, lofty in the roof, and furnished in all respects as stables usually are. None of the inmates being present, the ventilating process was not here in operation, and I therefore experienced in this place the full amount of the mine temperature, as resulting directly from the causes which produce it. The heat was excessive. I was told that this was the condition of the whole pit at the commencement, ere the ventilating process had been fully established, and the consequences were very severe upon the health of both men and horses, but particularly the latter. At that time the men suffered great annoyance from flies, and a large species was observed which no one had ever seen anywhere before. But when the temperature was at length reduced to a moderate amount, this plague ceased, and the stranger fly disappeared. In general, the fauna of the mines is limited. There are a few insects, with rats and mice. The horses seem to suffer nothing from their subterranean confinement; but when any one is taken up to the surface on account of illness, or from any other cause, he is found at first quite blind amidst the sunlight, nor does he recover his ordinary powers of vision for some days.

Having taken a hasty peep of the vast furnace used for the ventilation of the pit, I stepped once more into the metal tub, and was quickly hoisted to the upper world. The chief sensation on coming out upon the upper gallery was that of intense cold; for, after the atmosphere of the interior, the slight frost existing upon the surface was felt very severely. On returning to my guide's chamber to resume my dress, the reflection of my figure in a mirror proved not the least entertaining part of the adventure. A hearty laugh at one's self is perhaps amongst the pleasantest things in life, and I here enjoyed it in full measure.

The Monkwearmouth pit is allowed to be the deepest mine in England. Its unusual profundity is owing to the necessity there is of passing through the superior formation (magnesian limestone) in order to reach the coal. There is thus a scientific interest connected with this pit; for nowhere else in Britain can we experience so sensibly, or to such an extent, that increase of heat which is found as we descend into the interior of the earth, an increase supposed to average about a degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every eighty feet descended, and which would apparently lead to a state of absolute incandescence if we could dig deep enough. The supposable connexion between this state of the interior, and the hypothesis of Herschel as to the formation of this and other globes, gives the temperature of mines considerable importance in the philosophical world, and it is of course interesting to become a personal witness of the fact. I may here advert, in conclusion, to the cause of the digging of such deep mines in the great northern coal-field. It is owing, there can be no doubt of it—to the approximating exhaustion of the beds nearer the surface in the same district. The Newcastle coal-field proper—meaning by that the economically accessible beds near that city—is poor nearly at an end. Driven thence, by the impossibility of winning coal profitably, men have been compelled to seek for coal in the places made by, when it is covered deeply over with the magnesian limestone. Here it cannot be worked so economically as it was in the old field, for the pits have to be sunk to an immense depth, and the cost of placing away water is very great. But while it can be worked with a prospect of gain, it will

of course he worked nevertheless, and which is exactly the present juncture of affairs. The recording to beds under the limestone is comparatively of recent date. Till twenty years ago, there was a received maxim amongst coal owners that the coal was so bad as not to be worth working, where it was so covered a dogma perfectly groundless, and a pure result of ignorance. Yet it was difficult for intelligent geologists to convince these men of its unsoundness, as the following anecdote will show. A gentleman who, besides large possessions elsewhere, had a small moorland estate a little way to the east of Durham, wished to sell it, to save himself the trouble of its management, when William Smith, the founder of our system of stratification, met him by chance in a bookseller's shop, and warned him against doing so. The gentleman was incredulous as to there being any valuable coal there; and it was with some difficulty that he was induced to allow Mr Smith twenty pounds to enable him to make a survey and draw up a report, the whole value of the estate being then not more than perhaps fifteen hundred. Smith reported strongly in favour of mining beneath the limestone: attention was thus attracted to the subject. Works were set agoing, and found successful. And to give an idea of what a change has come over the character of that spot of ground, one fact may suffice—namely, that a short while ago a hundred thousand pounds were spent there upon one work. But even with the discovery of this great fallacy, the prospects of the northern coal-field are not by any means bright. The most intelligent engineer known to me in the district, alleges that the years of its profitable working are much nearer a conclusion than is generally supposed. Some geologists have assigned British coal three thousand years; some six hundred; and the subject is, therefore one on which the public feel no uneasiness. But these calculations are founded on data of the loosest kind, and have no value whatever. According to the individual alluded to, *twenty years* is more likely to be the term of profitable working in no small portion of the British coal-fields. And for this result, the unsystematic way in which mining is conducted, and the want of a public arrangement for the recording of local operations, will, he thinks, be chiefly to blame. The utter want of foresight, and indifference to those who come behind—features of barbarism in all ages—are indeed most discreditably shown in our coal-mines; and if some of the guilty generation prove themselves the sufferers, it will only be an unusually apt commencement to a national punishment which has in all respects been richly merited.

MATCH-MAKING—A TALE.

EARLY in a beautiful morning in the lovely month of June, the pretty little village of Alderfield is all astir, two or three gigs and other vehicles were already drawn from their respective depositories, and preparing for service, and now and then a fair face peeped from an upper window, and was almost instantly withdrawn, irradiated with a smile of pleasure at the favourable appearance of the weather. Well might peaceful little Alderfield be awake and alive, for this was the appointed day for Mrs Weatherhill's pic-nic party, which had formed the theme of village gossip and conjecture for the last ten days at least. To be sure only a select few of the villagers were invited, but those who were out were naturally anxious to know who were in, and those who were not going, had risen thus laudably early to watch the movements of those who were.

Mrs Weatherhill, the promoter of the present festivity, was generally considered by herself and others to be the principal personage in Alderfield, inasmuch as she possessed an independent property, and decidedly took the lead in society on all occasions. Her house was the largest, her dress the most fashionable, and her parlour the only one in the village. She had

no children, and was not in the least impeded in the exercise of her will by a little fat gouty husband, who seldom spoke at all, and when he attempted to do so, was talked down at once by his lady. Her own fortune was small; she had inherited a large one at an early age; and why she had married Mr Weatherhill nobody could surmise, unless that it were to show her entire independence of opinion, and her perfect freedom of will.

She was a stout but very comely dame of forty-five or thereabouts, with a pleasant voice and smile, a merry laugh, and a manner peculiarly attractive from its warmth and hearliness. She was a great patroness of 'young people,' especially young ladies, fond of having them with her, and devising pleasures for them, sometimes not over-judicious in their character. 'What did girls go from home for but to enjoy themselves?' she would often remark, as if home were a place destitute of enjoyments, instead of forming the centre of the very best and purest pleasures. So, when she had young friends staying with her, which was very frequently the case, she took good care that they should never 'lose a day,' for she would have considered twenty-four hours' respite from the pursuit of pleasure as so much lost time. What with parties at home and abroad, by land and by water, drives to the county town, and visits to every exhibition that might happen to be stationed there, she contrived to keep her guests in a very undesirable state of excitement from their arrival to their departure. At the time my story begins, she had two very pretty girls for her inmates, and it was principally on their account that she had planned a party to Ilston Abbey, a fine old ruin some seven or eight miles from Alderfield. A very wet season had marred several previous projects of the kind, therefore Mrs Weatherhill and her invited guests looked forward with no little anxiety to the day, and watched the barometer with intense interest. Great was the joy of all concerned when a cloudless morning gave promise of some hours of equally cloudless enjoyment, and all prepared with alacrity to set forth. Mrs Weatherhill had private reasons also for wishing her plan to prosper. She considered this party of much greater importance than as a mere meeting for amusement, and had anxieties and hopes on the subject as yet only known to herself. She unfortunately delighted in that mischievous and unwarrantable interference in the affairs of others called match-making, and she hoped on this occasion to lay the foundations of two marriages at least. Two gentlemen, whom she asked to join her party, seemed to her precisely suited to her two young guests, who were neither of them, as far as she knew, pre-engaged; and so far from suspecting that there was anything improper in her designs, she gave herself great credit for planning two such eligible unions. She was sure Arthur Bonnington must want a wife. He must be dreadfully lonely in his runbling old house, with nothing but his books to amuse him; and, with his large fortune, it was a burning shame that he did not marry. Could any woman be found more sure to suit him than Lucy Austin, who was as quiet, and almost as fond of books as himself; very pretty, well-born and bred; and supposing she had no fortune, what could that signify to a man so wealthy as Mr Bonnington? Mary Granby, her other protégée, was a very different girl from Lucy; but she would therefore be the more likely to please the fancy of young Scarborough, the surgeon newly settled in Y— (the county town), who, as Mrs Weatherhill said to herself, must marry somebody at any rate, if he meant to get into respectable practice. Mary was a handsome, shrewd, showy girl, active and cheerful, and well able to take a prominent place in society—no small merit in the wife of a medical man aiming at popularity. Moreover, she had, or rather was to have, a thousand pounds, the legacy of her god-mother, but at present in her father's hands; he having been executor to the old lady in question. Mrs Weatherhill, who no one knew how had a very intimate knowledge of the private affairs of all her acquaintances, was aware that Mr Scarborough had also some pro-

party independent of his profession; and the match seemed in every way so equal, that she thought it would be an actual sin not to try to bring it about. Anxiously, therefore, did the 'foundress of the feast' anticipate her picnic to Ilston.

Nine o'clock, the appointed hour of assembling, had arrived, and Mrs Weatherhill's barouche was at the door, and Mr Weatherhill safely bestowed in one corner of it. Then the young ladies took their places, and Mrs Weatherhill followed, having first seen divers well-stocked baskets and hampers, and sundry cloaks and umbrellas, packed into a light cart, which was to attend them to the abbey. Then came a family jaunting-car, with its family load—father, mother, and three or four grown and growing-up sons and daughters; then Dr Derwent's gig, bearing the worthy rector and his lady; and lastly, Mr Sanderson, the attorney's vehicle, occupied by its owner, a sturdy old bachelor, accompanied by his maiden sister. Thus the procession moved off, but did not by any means include the whole party; for many were to join it on the road, and several stragglers from remote quarters were to meet the main body at the abbey.

Certainly Mary Granby looked very stylish in the smart silk pelisse and gay hat which Mrs Weatherhill had recommended her to wear on the occasion; and Lucy Austin never was prettier than in the simple white dress and straw bonnet, which her own perception of the fitness of things had taught her to adopt. And Mrs Weatherhill thought, as she looked on them, that never were two damsel more captivating, or more sure of conquest; the only fear that shadowed her pleasure being, lest by any dire mischance either of the beaux should fail to keep his appointment; lest Arthur Bonnington should have been seized with a fit of shyness or low spirits—no uncommon occurrence; or young Scarborough called away to attend to some broken limb, or case of sudden illness. But her apprehensions proved groundless; for when the party from Alderfield arrived at Ilston, the two young men were already there; and it seemed a good omen to Mrs Weatherhill that they had been punctual to their appointment.

Mrs Weatherhill was now in her glory. Before the loiterers of the company arrived, she had managed to establish Arthur Bonnington as the temporary guardian of Lucy Austin, and to fasten Mary Granby on young Scarborough's arm; and the group had soon dispersed among the ruins, or were tracing the little winding paths of the neighbouring woods, with that quickly-increasing friendliness which grows nowhere so rapidly as on a rural excursion, such as this whereof I write.

It would take up too much space to detail all that was said or done on that momentous day. Suffice it, that it was unmarked by serious accident or unfavourable change of the weather, which circumstances will occasionally mar the delights of a party of pleasure; that Mrs Weatherhill's schemes seemed to thrive beyond her utmost hopes; and that, before bidding them good night, she had engaged both Arthur Bonnington and young Scarborough to dine at her house early in the following week. The readiness with which her invitation was accepted, she took as an excellent omen of the impression already made on the minds of the gentlemen in question by the charms of her fair visitants.

From that evening to the day of her dinner-party, Mrs Weatherhill, when alone with Lucy and Mary, talked of little except the two young men who, she maintained, had paid them such marked attention; and whilst Lucy, with native delicacy, shrunk from her rallying on the subject of Arthur Bonnington, Mary, whilst deprecating far more loudly the jest respecting Mr Scarborough and herself, evidently enjoyed it. She laughed and listened, and she did not listen heedlessly. She was by no means so much attached to a country home—in whose neighbourhood eligible bachelors were anything but plentiful, where she was under the guidance of rather homely parents, and expected to take an active part in the management of all

younger brothers and sisters—as to object to leave it, if a tolerably good opportunity for doing so offered. Besides, having arrived at the age usually called that of discretion, she was exceedingly anxious to get possession of her 'own thousand pounds,' which, as we have said, was at present in her father's hands. Her marriage would be an event, she thought, after which he could have no possible pretext for retaining it; and incited by these considerations, and Mrs Weatherhill's representations of the advantages of the match, she boldly resolved that, if Henry Scarborough did propose for her, she would accept him. If he did not, she was not yet desperately in love with him, and there was no harm done. Full of these thoughts, she dressed herself in the most becoming style she could devise, resolved that Mr Scarborough should not find her less charming in a drawing-room than in the ruins of Ilston Abbey; and so effectually did she carry out her intentions on the occasion of their second meeting, that Scarborough, during his long solitary ride from Alderfield to Y—, owned to himself that she had impressed him as no woman had ever done before. He had been for some time thinking of looking out for a wife; and hearing from Mrs Weatherhill an account of the 'high respectability' of Miss Granby's connexions, accompanied by a judicious hint of her forthcoming thousand pounds, a few more visits to the enchantress decided his course. He proposed, and was duly accepted; and Mrs Weatherhill thanked heaven, while she applauded her own foresight, for the favourable termination of one of her plans.

That her other project respecting Arthur Bonnington and Lucy Austin was likely to end as much to her mind, she was still doubtful; for though there were many symptoms which she deemed auspicious, there was little appearance of progress in the affair. To any close observer, indeed, it would have been evident that Lucy was anything but slightly interested in this event. Her heart, with its pure young untried affections, was already the prize—alas! the unsolicited prize—of the quiet and somewhat melancholy student. He evidently preferred her society to that of any other member of Mrs Weatherhill's circle, and listened to her music, and pointed out the beauties of his favourite authors, and talked to her by the hour together in a low earnest voice, as he did to none beside. But it was not of love, not of marriage. He was pleased to find one so gentle and intellectual, who would listen unweariedly to the revealings of his romantic imaginations and somewhat morbid sensibilities; and this, which in fact was but refined egotism, poor Lucy received with love and gratitude, as proofs of his affectionate confidence. It might have been so—she might soon have grown necessary to his happiness in this very character of patient and sympathising *confidante*—and with her unselfish and devoted nature, they might have been married and happy. But Mrs Weatherhill unfortunately took it into her head that she could expedite matters by enlightening Mr Bonnington's mind as to her own view of the case. She was convinced his modest diffidence alone stood in his way; at any rate, it was her duty not to permit Miss Austin's affections to be trifled with. Accordingly, having contrived a *tête-à-tête* with the tardy lover, she introduced the subject by naming the approaching marriage of Miss Granby to Mr Scarborough. From that it was easy to allude to the party to Ilston, and thence to glide to the topic of his own supposed attachment to Lucy. Mr Bonnington heard her, first with surprise, then with evident vexation.

'You really distress me, Mrs Weatherhill; you are labouring under some strange delusion. I consider Miss Lucy Austin as a most excellent and estimable young lady, but I have never for a moment thought of her in the light you allude to.' 'Then why, in the name of wonder, Mr Bonnington, have you acted in such a manner towards her? why have you paid her such marked attention ever since your first introduction to her? I am sure Henry Scarborough has scarcely

showed a greater preference for Mary than you for Miss Austin; and now you tell me that it all meant nothing.

'I told you no such thing, Mrs Weatherhill. I said, and I still say, that I respect and esteem Miss Austin; I consider her in the light of one of my most valued friends; but I have never given her cause to suppose that I wished to engage her regard in any more serious character. You forget, also, that a great portion of what you call attentions I could not avoid paying to the lady, dictated as they were by yourself.' 'By me, Mr Bonnington?' 'Certainly. Did we walk, you bade me escort her; did we dance, you solicited me as her partner; and so on through all our intercourse. I will not say that I did not prefer these arrangements, but prudence would probably have made me less exclusive in them but for your own directions.' 'Then my poor Lucy is to be deceived and deserted!' exclaimed Mrs Weatherhill. 'that gentlest, most affectionate creature, to be wounded so deeply and fatally. Oh, Mr Bonnington! you have deceived us all!' 'You use strong language, madam. I cannot accuse myself of having ever wilfully deceived any one, and there can be no desertion in a case like the present. In one point, I both hope and believe you are mistaken. I am sure Miss Austin has too much good sense to bestow her affections unsought; least of all where there could be so little inducement to do so. I am sorry, very sorry, this misunderstanding has occurred, as it must, for some time at least, deprive me of the pleasure of Miss Austin's society.' So saying, he arose, and bidding Mrs Weatherhill good morning, abruptly quitted the house.

Yet, as he rode back to his lonely mansion, Arthur Bonnington, in recalling the events of the last few weeks, felt less at ease in his mind than he had anticipated. Now that his attentions to Lucy Austin had been remarked upon by a third party, they struck his own conscience in a way they had never done before, and he felt he was not wholly free from blame, should she have misinterpreted them. Yet Mrs Weatherhill's conduct had been most preposterous. Had that lady had the discretion to remain quiet, had she not prematurely spoken to him on the subject of Lucy Austin, it is not unlikely that the gentle charms of the fair girl might have awakened in a heart that deemed itself for ever blighted a purer passion than it had yet known. But Mrs Weatherhill could not be passive; even when things looked most favourably, she must interfere; and her eagerness in this instance had defeated its own purpose. Arthur Bonnington, as he rode home that day, came to a conviction that he had narrowly escaped the machinations of an inveterate match-maker, whose designs it was an absolute duty to circumvent.

Meanwhile, how fared it with Lucy? She knew not, till some angry expressions from Mrs Weatherhill indicated the fact, that some violent and unsatisfactory explanation had occurred between that lady and Arthur Bonnington; and, alas! with that knowledge came the bitter feeling that she had been compromised and degraded in his opinion by the imprudent conduct of one who ought to have shielded her delicacy with the care of a mother. She said nothing; but her varying colour and trembling limbs told a tale of mental suffering most intelligible to good Miss Sanderson, who happened to be present when the disclosure took place. With that tact which is an inestimable quality when united to kindness of heart, she found a speedy pretext for withdrawing Lucy from the room, and conducting her to the quiet precincts of her own chamber. There a flood of tears relieved the poor girl, and told more eloquently than words the wound that her womanly feelings had received.

Alas! it was too true that Lucy had ventured to love, before her affections had been explicitly sought by him to whom she had yielded them. She loved, too, with a depth and tenderness which Mrs Weatherhill was quite unable to appreciate. All her regret consisted in the failure of her project for a 'good match'; and she would have expected Lucy to be consoled at once, could another as

apparently suitable have been found. To say that the station and wealth of Mr Bonnington had not contributed to increase the brightness of the visions that had floated through Lucy's mind, would be saying too much; but still she was as far from being a mere speculating husband-seeker as any one could possibly be. But she had a kind and generous nature, whose impulses her contracted means had never yet permitted her to gratify. Her father was an officer and a gentleman, but beyond his half-pay, he had very little of this world's wealth, and Lucy had certainly admitted the idea of his happiness in her prosperity. Still, independent of all these considerations, she had loved dearly and truly, and now her vision—her bright and happy vision—was dashed to pieces in a moment. There was nothing to hope, except that Arthur Bonnington would utterly forget her, since, as her awakened fears suggested, he could only remember her with contempt and disgust. Could she have followed her own inclinations, she would at once have returned home; but Mrs Weatherhill opposed her doing so on two grounds; first, that it would seem as if she were leaving abruptly on Arthur Bonnington's account; and, secondly, that Mary Granby, who was to be married next month, could by no means dispense with her services as bride's-maid. Mrs Weatherhill had insisted that Miss Granby's nuptials should be solemnised at Alderfield; and the family of the bride, feeling all the convenience of the arrangement, had not offered any very vehement opposition to it.

Lucy was spared the pain of seeing Mr Bonnington again during her stay, by his hasty departure for the continent; and could she have found consolation in the propagation of an untruth, she might have received it from the general report of the neighbourhood, that he had left the country in consequence of her refusal of him. A few days after his interview with Mrs Weatherhill, he set out for London, and from thence proceeded to explore the beauties and romantic features of the woods and mountains of Germany, a country he had often expressed a desire to visit. Amidst new scenes and people, it was natural that the events of the past should rapidly become less prominent in his mind; but still there were times when the idea would intrude, that if Lucy Austin were not a designing actor in Mrs Weatherhill's schemes, she had not been quite fairly treated; and remembrances of her mild blue eyes, her varying cheek, and gentle voice, intruded amidst his day-dreams more frequently than was quite consistent with his peace. Meantime Lucy, under Mrs Weatherhill's auspices, was dragged from scene to scene of gaiety, in which her sick heart could take no part, and was at once longing for and dreading her return to her humble home. The bitter idea that she had been lowered in the estimation of him whose regard she valued above that of every other person, was a sting in Lucy's bosom for whose poison there seemed to be no cure. The time arrived for the marriage of Mary Granby and Mr Scarborough, and Mrs Weatherhill's exultation knew no bounds. Here was a match that would in all probability have never taken place, but for her management; and so said the bride's father, as he privately thanked her for the interest she had taken in his 'dear girl's' welfare.

Lucy Austin did not fall a victim to brain-fever, or perish within a few months by the more insidious roads of consumption; but if a broken or a blighted heart be one in which hope and happy love are crushed for ever, and whose capacity for the keen enjoyment of life, which youth should experience, is irretrievably lost, such was hers from the time of her unfortunate visit to Alderfield. Her constitution was never robust, and now, without being subject to any specific disorder, she gradually fell into delicate health, and in a year or two was considered amongst her friends as a confirmed invalid. Her father died; and as the slender provision he had been able to make for her was insufficient to support her in the house they had hitherto occupied, she disposed of her furniture, and went to board with a widowed

female relative who resided at a small watering-place on the east coast of England. She never revisited Alderfield, and her intercourse with that neighbourhood consisted almost entirely in an occasional correspondence with an old acquaintance, Miss Sanderson, for whom she retained the most affectionate regard.

Five or six years had now gone by, and how had Mrs Weatherhill's match-making prospered with Mr and Mrs Scarborough? Even worse than poor Lucy's wooing; for it was a mere union of apparent suitabilities, without any genuine foundation for mutual happiness. Mrs Weatherhill had represented Mary Granby to her betrothed as a perfect treasure of ingenuity and industry; and certainly in her father's house, compelled by circumstances, she had displayed something of these qualities. But now, as a wife, she thought she had a right to be exempt from what she termed 'mere drudgery,' and having an overweening love of display, a considerable stock of pride, and a fondness for amusement, she was disposed to exercise her activity more in spending money than in saving it. She discovered, also, within a very short time after her marriage, that Scarborough possessed a most violent temper, and to avoid its explosions, and at the same time to obtain what she wished to have, she descended to many mean and despicable subterfuges, which, when detected, were sure to draw down upon her a double portion of her husband's wrath. Besides, he had a constant source of complaint in the non-payment of the thousand pounds which her father still retained, and which no application could draw from him; and this subject was one which Scarborough never failed to mention when he had any dispute with his wife. In short, constant bickerings soon made their home a wretched one, and the husband gladly left it to seek society and amusement elsewhere. Mary, meanwhile, was not sorry for his frequent absence, as she thereby was enabled to pursue her own course of extravagance and folly with more freedom; and the end of all this may be easily conceived. Scarborough got into difficulties, lost his business, fell into intemperate habits, and at the end of eight years after the gay bridal fête at Alderfield, Mary found herself a widow, with two helpless children, dependent on the bounty of her husband's relatives, whereby alone she was kept from utter destitution.

Arthur Bonnington's sojourn on the continent was protracted from month to month, till it had even extended to years, and when he did at last return to his solitary mansion, his visits to Mrs Weatherhill were few, and the name of Lucy Austin never passed his lips. But it happened one day that business led him to call on Mr Sanderson the attorney, and as that gentleman was from home, his client requested to see Miss Sanderson, as he wished to leave a message with her. He found the old lady sitting in her little parlour, and as he was announced, she laid down her spectacles and an open letter she had been perusing, and rose to receive him. But in vain she begged him to be seated; he heard as though he heard not, and stood for some moments with his eyes rivetted on the letter, which seemed to absorb all his attention; for though it was years since he had seen it, he recognised the graceful though somewhat peculiar hand in which Lucy Austin, years ago, had transcribed for him some pieces of poetry. Great was Miss Sanderson's surprise when, with flushed cheek and trembling voice, her visitor stammered out the question, 'If that were not the hand-writing of Miss Lucy Austin?' 'It is,' was the reply; 'it is a letter which I received from her this morning.' Bonnington immediately inquired her present residence, adding to his question a hope that she was well. 'She is living at L——,' was the answer. 'I am sorry to say her health is very indifferent. She has been delicate ever since she was at Alderfield, some years ago; and latterly, I fear, her illness is assuming a more alarming character.' 'Miss Sanderson,' said Bonnington, after an embarrassed pause, 'you are a friend of Lucy—you have ever been acquainted with her?' 'I will remember the respect and regard with

which she used to speak of you, even in the early days of your acquaintance. I am anxious to ask you one strange question, and, believe me, I do so with a true and single purpose—not from curiosity, or for any other trifling reason! Do you think that Lucy Austin had ever any regard—in one word, do you think she ever loved me?' 'You do, indeed, ask a strange question, Mr Bonnington,' said Miss Sanderson; 'and I scarcely feel justified in replying to it; but, trusting to your honour to keep my communication sacred, I will venture to tell you that, most unfortunately for herself, Lucy Austin did love you—I could find in my heart to say, far better than you deserved.' 'Better, indeed,' said Bonnington sadly; 'I must have seemed false and heartless in her eyes, and in yours also; but, believe me, if I did trifle with her happiness, I did so most unwittingly. My heart had scarcely recovered the wounds inflicted by another's faithlessness, and knew not that her gentle influence, sweet and soothing though I felt it to be, could ever awaken a new affection within me. But now I know that this might have been, and that a purer and happier love than I had known before might have arisen for me, had not Mrs Weatherhill's premature interference startled me from my dream. By her coarse intermeddling she aroused the suspicion that I was merely looked upon as a "good speculation," and the idea that Lucy knew and acquiesced in her design was most repulsive to my feelings. I determined to break through the net at once; I left England in the first heat of my annoyance, but I have never since met man or woman whose affection could be to me what I now know Lucy Austin's might have been.'

Before Arthur Bonnington left Miss Sanderson, he had determined to visit L—— without delay, and if he found Lucy's sentiments respecting himself still unchanged, to offer her the only compensation he could for the years of suffering she had undergone, by proposing to make her his wife. In a few days his journey was accomplished, and he stood before the door of the humble dwelling that Lucy inhabited, striving to still the beatings of his heart before he ventured to raise the knocker. The door was at length opened, and he was shown into an apartment, evidently prepared with some care for the reception of an invalid; *à him*, his fears too plainly told him. The little old-fashioned sofa was placed near the fire, and piled with pillows; a small table was drawn up beside it, and on this was laid an open bible, a plate with a few grapes, and a small vase of flowers. In a few seconds the door opened, and the mistress of the house entered. She was a pale, thin, lady-like personage; and though evidently embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, received Arthur with the greatest politeness. When informed that he was an old friend of Miss Austin, she shook her head, and said she feared Lucy was too weak to see any one whose presence might agitate her; but she also offered, if the gentleman would leave his name, to do her best to prepare her cousin to see him on the following day.

And on the morrow they met; he but little changed in outward appearance since their first interview amidst the woods and ruins of Ilston, she so wan, so wasted, so utterly altered, that, but for her voice, and the expression of her blue soft eye, he would scarcely have recognised her. It was a solemn meeting; but Lucy was calm, for she knew that her destiny was fixed, and she dreaded not to speak of the past, which could exercise no further influence on the future. It was in vain that Arthur talked of hope, of renewed health, of years of love and happiness that they yet might pass together. She knew it could never be; yet she allowed him to call in further medical advice, and to remove her to a more genial climate, feeling that, by her compliance, she secured to him the after satisfaction of knowing that all had been done for her which could be done. But she told him these cares came too late; and she told him the truth. Six weeks after his visit to L——, Arthur Bonnington saw the earth laid over her who, but for the officious meddling of a match-maker, might have

been living his happy and honoured wife, blest herself, and diffusing blessings around her.

Mrs Weatherhill wept bitterly when Bonnington detailed to her the circumstances of Lucy's death, and she had no defence to offer when her own indirect share in the catastrophe was referred to, except that she had 'acted for the best.' But Bonnington's upbraidings were not without a salutary effect. From that time forward Mrs Weatherhill, as much from terror of public opinion as remorse, avoided interfering in any way with the marrying or giving in marriage of her numerous friends and acquaintance.

A LIBRARY—OLD BOOKS.

WHAT an interesting place is a library; how suggestive of lofty, noble, and solemn thoughts! The well-laden shelves bear the intellectual labours of centuries. Here the past and the present commingle peacefully; here the fiercest and most uncompromising opponents find, side by side, a quiet resting-place—no noisy contention is heard—no vainglorious assertions assail the ear—no angry disputation or bitter recrimination disturbs us; a seductive repose invites to contemplation and patient research.

A feeling somewhat akin to the mournful arises with the thought, that the busy and devoted authors of the multitudinous works around us have passed away for ever; the brains that conceived, and the hands that obeyed, have alike returned to their original dust. This feeling is, however, relieved by the consciousness that the mind still exists in the printed page; that in all these volumes, worm-eaten and time-stained though they be, we yet find the reflex of the soul of the writer. How they speak of the industry of the dead! Here are massive tomes with their thousand pages, before which a modern would shrink in dismay. If, externally, they be so imposing, what shall we say when we open and peruse them? There, amid much that is dark and valueless, we find yet more convincing proofs of this indefatigability, the most minute detail in description, with the most extensive elaboration of argument; and though we may lament that so much industry was often employed to very little purpose, yet we cannot but be impressed by the example, and respect the memory, of these intellectual architects of other days. Some of them caught glimpses of the glories to come: their hearts were in their works: a volume was often the labour of a life; and, therefore, shall their existence end only with time?

Here we may see and trace the history of man's experience. Here is that which gives him his present proud pre-eminence. Annihilate the literature of the world, and, although myriads of busy heads and hands would soon be employed in the work of resuscitation, what a fearful check would be given to the progress of civilization! Does not our experience consist in knowing how to avoid error? Shall we, then, blame those whose writings, like watch-towers and beacons, warn us from shoals and quicksands? They laboured not in vain, if we can steer our course the straighter; and better is it to speak honest error, than to suppress conscious truth.

Here ambition may come and read a humbling lesson; here pride discover its own bitter recoil; here the sophist may learn truth, and the dogmatist benevolence; here the sceptic may resolve his doubts, and the intolerant forget his persecutions; and, on the other hand, the good, the truly great, the aspiring, the humble, the persevering, may come, and all find their stimulus and their reward. Here is the history of disappointed hope and despairing exertion; here may we read how unwearyed toil went unrewarded; how men were so devoted to their studies, that they forgot family and friends, and the bright sunshine, and the glad face of nature, and all that makes life joyous; to shut themselves up in dark and dusty rooms, pouring out their whole souls upon the page, ceasing only to write when

their hearts stood still—digging their grave while building their monument.

Here, again, may we read of success, of reward, and well-earned honours; of national plaudits, and sculptured effigies; of the height of human fame: yet are the known and the unknown not unequal at the close; the one dies where he has risen—he is there, no higher; the other passes away, knowing that his reward will come, that his memory will live for ages, and grow brighter, as men think on the patient faith which did its work in obscurity. Here is that which shall outlast the hardest marble; here is the true *monumentum*; here is that which directs, threatens, cautions, and convinces. We are constrained to respect what we should otherwise consider as useless, when we reflect that in all this there was at least intellectual culture. Steps were taken in the right direction, thought was exercised and elevated, and through good and evil the world was improved. Many steps were inevitably taken in the path of error; but among these men found the true basis, adding thought to thought, inquiry to inquiry; until at last has arisen that glorious intellectual superstructure which now surrounds us, in which the dreams of the past have become realities for the present and future.

How interesting to be shut up alone with books! Alone with books? Is not here the true society? Of a certainly no voice is heard, and all the eloquence is mute: but who will faint or grow weary? What pleasure in exploring shelf after shelf, musing over dusty volumes, with their voluminous titles and quaint phraseology! The pleasure, not less than the occupation, is exhaustless. Here is a venerable folio which the worms have not respected, as innumerable holes, pierced through the heart of the mighty volume from cover to cover, abundantly testify. How would the good old author grieve could he witness the vermicular havoc made among his precious arguments and impregnable positions! Regretfully we turn the leaves, and closing the book, restore it to its place on the shelf, hoping that in a new edition the spirit of the writer may be preserved from impending destruction. Now we come to a rare relic—a folio printed on vellum, by the fathers of the art, Johannes Faust and Petrus Schoeffer, in the year M.CCCC.LXV., as appears by the *colophon* appended to the concluding columns, and which gives the information as to the date and place of publication, now always found on the title-page. What beauty and skill are visible in the mechanical portion of the work; how straight and accurately adjusted are the columns; how very black is the ink; and how bright and vivid the colours of the illuminations! Verily, men were giants in those days; for thus, in the infancy, nay, the very babyhood of the art, did they create a work which may honourably compete with the productions of modern skill.

What have we next? A title-page whose border shows all the emblems of mortality. At the top is a death's head standing on the cross bones, crowned by an hour-glass; on each side are skeletons, pick-axes, and shovels; and underneath a mortcloth, or some other symbol of mourning; within is printed, 'London's Dreadful Visitation, or a Collection of All the Bills of Mortality for this present year, beginning the 27th of December 1664, and ending the 19th of December following; and also the general or whole year's bill, according to the Report made to the King's most Excellent Majesty, by the Company of Parish Clerks of London, 1665.' This is indeed a fearful volume, containing as it does the awful details of sweeping mortality. The first table is for the week ending Dec. 27th, 1664, during which one death only of plague is recorded; from this to the 14th February following, no death from this disease again occurs; when one more is registered; and again, but one until the 9th May, when the number of deaths is 4, and the register states, 'parishes clear of the plague, 1664; parishes infected, 4.' On the 15th May the deaths are 3, and 2 parishes infected, 2. The week following the

deaths are 17, and 'parishes infected, 5.' From this time the mortality increases with the increasing heat of the weather; for on the 20th June the deaths are 168, July 4th, 470; 18th, 1089; August 1st, 2010; 15th, 3880; 29th, 6102; September 5th, 6988; 19th, 7165; at which date the mortality reaches its maximum, and the 'parishes clear of the plague are 4, parishes infected, 126.' On the 3d October the deaths have diminished to 4929; 17th, 2665; 31st, 1031. 'Parishes infected, 97.' The succeeding week shows an increase, the deaths being 1414. 'Parishes infected, 110.' On the 21st November the deaths are 652; December 5, 210; and on the 19th, at which date the book ends, 281. 'Parishes clear of the plague, 62; parishes infected, 68.' From the general bill for the whole year, we find that the

Total of all the christenings was	-	9,967
Total of all the burials this year,*	-	97,306
Whereof, of the plague,	-	68,596

There are some curious entries in the list of diseases and causes of death: for instance—'Chrisomes and infants for the year, 12·8; meagrom and headach, 12; rising of the lights, 397; stopping of the stomach, 332; collick and winds, 134, frightened, 23, griping in the guts, 1288; starved at the White Lyon prison, at St George, in Southwark, 1, starved at nurse (at St Maudlin, in Old Fish Street), 1; kild, 3, one at St Mary, Newington, one with a cut at St Giles-in-the-Field, and one with wrestling at St Margaret's, Westminster; hanged herself at St Maudlin, Milk Street, being distracted, 1.' At the foot of each of the weekly tables the price of bread is thus stated: '*The Assize of Bread set forth by order of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.* A penny wheaten loaf to contain eleven ounces, and three halfpenny white loaves the like weight,' this in December but in March following the weight has fallen to 'nine ounces and a half,' which next rises to 'ten ounces; falls again to 'nine ounces and a half; and at the termination of the year is 'ten ounces and a half.' What is meant by 'white loaves,' in distinction from 'wheaten loaves?' Were the former identical with what are known at the present day as 'seconds?'

Here is another book, on the first leaf of which is a warrant bearing the seal of the Commonwealth, securing the copyright of the work by the declaration—'Thursday the 8th of February 1651 *At the Council at Whitehall.* Ordered by his highness, the Lord Protector, with the advice of his council, that no person or persons do, on any pretence whatsoever, print, or reprint a book intituled, &c. The work itself is on the 'Sizes and Lengths of Rigging for Ships, and is dedicated in the following terms.—'To his Highness, OLIVER, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the dominions thereunto belonging. *May it please your highness,* the subject of this book being an extraction of that nature as was never formerly extant in the navy * * I could do no less in duty than offer my pains and naval observations unto your highness in the first place. It was once far above my thoughts (I must confess) to tender this work (because mean) to so eminent a personage, till I considered it was yours *de jure*.

I remain, &c.

* In the index we meet with names of vessels illustrative of the age in which they were built. There is a pinnace, the 'Nichodemus'; and frigates, the 'Speaker, Fairfax, Newberry, Marstonmoor, Worcester, and Foresight;' the Nichodemus, we are told, was built in 1636, but that 'the rest of ships and frigates were built so lately, that there needs no record.'

Appropos of the Commonwealth, the next volume professes to be by its title, the 'RUMP: or an exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to

the LATE TIMES. By the most Eminent Wits, from anno 1639 to anno 1661.' The frontispiece is highly characteristic of the state of feeling at that day: a tall gibbet is seen, from which a rump of beef, showing a few inches of the tail, hangs suspended by a chain over a blazing fire; around stand several individuals bearing fagots, and stirring the fire with long forks; the word Rump issuing from the mouth of each one; on the next page, right and left, are the figures of a Puritan and a Covenanter, habited in most exaggerated garments, holding a written paper in their hands, and each standing on a pedestal; between them is a preacher in a tub, holding forth to a congregation disposed in various attitudes around him; one of them holds a banner on which are drawn six rats rampant; at the foot is a vignette, where an equestrian cavalier appears with his drawn sword, and, supported by an angel, is driving several naked beings into a smoking abyss; the utmost terror and consternation are depicted on their countenances, the foremost of the party is only visible, from his legs appearing above the surface of the gulf into which he is falling headlong, while the last of the group is decorated with a tail, which, in spite of his rapid flight, retains a most remarkable curl at its extremity. Turning to the preface, we find the collection likened to a 'bundle of rods,' not like those of the Roman consuls, for these are the signs of a no-government; then comes a sweeping condemnation of the Rump, concluded by the hope that strife will cease, and all 'show duty to so excellent a king.' A few extracts from the volume will show that our ancestors were as well skilled in calling names, and in making the white appear black, as their posterity.

'Come, then, my brethren, and be plau
And let us joye with me,
Lawn sleeves and robes shall go down,
And h up then up we go.

We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree,
We'll make a pulpit of a bush,
And h up then up we go.

'O! ON MY KNEES come to the do,
Oh let I do most do,
He scene in a wherry
Over the ferry
Is called the Stygian lake

But O! ruc, that great porter,
Did read him such a lecture,
That made him to roar,
When he came a shout,
For being the Lord Protector.

The next is from a piece entitled the 'Character of a Roundhead.'—

'What's he that doth high treason say
As often as his yea and nay,
And wish the king confounded,
And dare maintain that Master Pym
's fitter for the crown than him?
Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead.'

The language of many of the songs, as applied to the Rump, is coarse and disgusting in the extreme, and well portrays the bitter feelings with which it was regarded by the cavaliers, and all those inimical to the cause whose progress raised Cromwell to the Protectorate.

Passing on, we come to well-printed copies of Domesday Book, that monument of the care and industry with which our Norman invaders valued and divided their newly-conquered possessions. Ancient rolls, charters, household books, and statutes of the realm, are found in the same division. Among them we see a book of antiquated appearance, and taking it up, discover it to be the work of the father of English poetry, by the father of English printing; it is glorious old Caxton's edition of Chaucer, printed by him in Westminster Abbey: rude are the cuts, and coarse the paper, but the ink is bright and black, and completely eclipses the reparations made with the pen in later times. grateful pastime

* In the report of the registrar general for 1842, we learn that the mortality in the metropolis, with a population of 1,875,483, was 45,272

is it to turn over the leaves, and think upon the intellectual and mechanical labours which called them into existence. How the mind travels back to the days when our joyous old bard wrote his 'remanaunte of the pygremage,' sitting under the shady trees of rural Donnington, and made us acquainted with his 'doctour in physik,' who 'knewe the cause of every maladye,' and his 'good man of religyon,' whose character and virtues have only been equalled by the pastor of Goldsmith's Deserted Village: then the bright sun shone upon a land rich in natural beauties, when forests were plenty and factories few; when the merry morrice-dancers wended their way over hill and dale, carrying mirth and frolic into every corner of the land, their light heels and lighter hearts securing them over a welcome; when tall Maypoles were decked with garlands to hail the coming of the blithest month of spring, and maidens, shy, yet not unwilling, smiling and gay as the wild flower-wreaths woven in their hair, were led by happy swains to the nimble dance; then rose the revelry of mirth, and loud and far the joyous song resounded—

'Summer is yecomen in,
Lond singeth cuckow.'

But we are digressing—not in the green woods are we, but still in the library, not the less willing to resume our search for its treasures, for all our random flight to days of olden time. This is an old book on astronomy, by Sacrobosco, which, if the imprint mislead us not, was printed at Paris in 1538 by *Simonius Colinaus*: the title-page shows us at one glance the solar system as then understood. The printer seems to have been properly impressed with the importance of his subject, for the subordinate positions are all in keeping: on a scroll at the top are the words *TYPOS VNIVERS ORBIS*, and at the bottom, on a similar scroll, *ALTIOR INCOMIT ANIM' SVB IMAGINE MYNDI*. A man in a flowing dress, reclining on the ground, with his head resting on his right hand, is represented as contemplating the spheres above him, and an attendant is standing at his feet with a flat cap on his head, the *caduceus* of Mercury in his hand, and a short sword at his side: he is pointing to the words on the lower scroll. The earth is here shown as the centre of the system, and is of prodigious size when compared with the sun and other planets. It is not merely represented by a circle, but is mapped out, its respective portions being indicated by the words *TERRA, AQVA*; resting on the outer edge of this is a cloudy circle of still greater diameter, on which appears the word *AER*; outside of this is another circle, consisting of fire and forked flames, pointed out by the word *IGNIS*. Immediately beyond this circle of fire is the orbit of the moon; she is indicated by the word *LUNA*, and is drawn with only a small portion of her surface illuminated. The next in order is *Mercuri*, then *Venus*, then *Sol*, which is of an irregular oval shape, larger than the planets, with rays diverging from it in every direction: beyond the sun is *Mars*, then *Jupiter*, and last, *Saturnus*, outside of whose orbit is a circle studded with stars of different degrees of magnitude, and called the *Pyrndmentum*. A horizontal line stretches across the whole, and is specified as the *Orizon Rectus*, having at its extremities the Arctic and Antarctic circles; the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn are drawn at right angles with this line; and midway between them is a similar line, called the *Aequinoctialis*; this, where it bisects the *Orizon Rectus*, is in turn divided by the *Zodiacus*, which is seen stretching from one tropic to the other.

The work itself contains various plates, representing old instruments, and the method of using them. As in many other works on the same subject, the geometrical problems are all drawn in the margin: this bears evident marks of service, being thickly interspersed with marginal manuscript notes, in a very small and neat hand. What interest this volume possesses, when we compare its fanciful theories and abstruse demonstrations with the practical achievements of astronomical science in our own times, and of which still greater

things are promised, the field being limitless and illimitable!

Here is another: a collection of the oldest known astronomical tables, which date from the tenth century, and were first collected and printed at Venice in 1492, by the authority of Alphonso X., king of Castile. While we appreciate the skill shown by many of these old writers, we are often surprised or afflicted at the superstition and stupid wonder apparent in many of their treatises. This fact will be best illustrated by the quotation of a few of the titles:—'POOR ROBIN'S opinion of the present blazing star appearing in the north-east part of the heavens this present year, 1677, which is far more remarkable than any before of that nature.' 'Wonderful stars and blazing comets.' 'Comets the messengers of divine vengeance.' Still, from all this mixture of truth and error much good, as before observed, has arisen; the publication of error has enabled us to avoid similar mistakes, and so far has added to our experience.

We have looked so long, that our eye and brain are almost weary of reading title after title; we will therefore take a hasty glance over the various divisions, rather to see what yet remains in store for us, than to describe. First, there is a splendid collection of anatomical works, from the darkness of old theories and uncertain principles, to the light of modern truth and experience. Mathematics come next; and verily their name is Legion, for they are many. Here are voyages and travels, from those of Ibn Batuta, Vesputius, Columbus, Marco Polo, and others, down to the great national expeditions of recent days; here are scientific works in every department, and in every language of Europe; here are pleasure and pride for the philosopher and the student—the mere lover of literature may reap a harvest. Is it not cheering to find that in science all nationality is forgotten, scientific men look on each other as brothers, and send their books, as precious things dedicated to the mistress they serve, from one to the other over the whole of the civilised globe? If such be the fruits of scientific research, what may we not hope for the cause of morality and religion, whose claims are more vital and higher—whose results sublime and imperishable.

We have not yet done: said we not well the subject is exhaustless! Our 'library is dukedom large enough;' but for the present we refrain, hoping to resume our gossip about old books before we are much older.

ADULTERATED MILK.

THE inhabitants of large cities are constantly complaining, and with very good reason, that the article sold to them under the name of milk is systematically adulterated. The udder of the cow supplies merely the basis of the compound; water, and certain foreign substances to give it the requisite whiteness, forming the other ingredients. The colouring matter is made from things of which the public at large have very little notion. The prevailing belief regarding the London milk manufacturers is, that chalk is their favourite pigment. Their brethren of Paris, however, employ a more extensive range of adulterating substances—such as flour, plaster of Paris, calves' lights, and a still more extraordinary animal substance, namely, dogs' brains.

This system of adulteration is the more abominable, when we consider that, of all species of food proper for the support of human life, milk is the most useful. It is unlike any other aliment in this respect—that it has the power of sustaining life without the assistance of any other sort of sustenance. Though man cannot live by bread alone, yet nature can be fully sustained by milk, were he reduced to have nothing else to sustain him. Its consumption, therefore, is very great in

every part of the world except in China, where it is never used as a beverage. It has been computed that the average consumption of milk in Paris, during the year 1837, was about 15,000 gallons per day. What the daily consumption of London may be, is not to be ascertained. If we reckon it in proportion to the population of the two cities, about 80,000 gallons of milk may be consumed every day in the great metropolis.

In Paris, everything is done, from the highest function of government to the pettiest public convenience, by an 'administration.' Hence the purveyance of milk to the Parisians is effected by an 'administration,' which was formed by, and remains under the surveillance of, Monsieur the prefect of police. The whole country around the capital is laid under contribution to supply it with milk, some of which comes from a distance of fifty miles. The details of this important *administration* are as follows:—In certain villages near to Paris are situated large establishments, which serve as depôts for the reception and distribution of milk. Of the largest, one belongs to M. Delanois at Cormeille-en-Vexen, on the road to Dieppe, and another to M. Delacour at Enverry. From each of these central establishments (*laiteries centrales*) a number of light carts are despatched twice a day, to collect the milk from the different farmers, each having a round or district of its own. These vehicles start and arrive with the punctuality of a clock, so that, if the country people are not ready with their quota of milk at the minute the collector calls, they lose the sale of it. These collections are so managed, that each chariotter arrives at the central depôt with his milky freight exactly at the same hour. A certain portion of it is retained in the house to be converted into cream, butter, and cheese, and the rest is sent on direct to Paris. MM. Delacour and Delanois have distributed throughout the capital a vast number of little milk shops, which their friend the prefect of police has placed in such parts of the town as will prevent rivalry between them; so that each of these great milkmen has a separate territory, over which—in the matter of milk—he despotically presides. From these local depôts (*laiteries*) the public obtain their milk with a punctuality quite equal to that with which they receive letters through the post. M. Delacour rents above seventy of these small shops; but the older established, M. Delanois, boasts of nearly double that number. There are, besides, smaller proprietors in direct correspondence (by railroad and other public conveyances) with cowfeeders and farmers in the neighbourhood of Paris. M. Lenoir, an eminent statistic, computes that, in 1837, about 8,760,000 francs (above £350,400) were spent for milk in Paris.

The milk-trade of London has, like that of Paris, its great proprietors. Of cow-keepers, the representatives of the late Mr Rhodes of the Hamstead Road, and of Mr Laycock of Islington, must be considered as the aristocracy. There was a tradition respecting the former gentleman's establishment which may serve to show its magnitude; namely, that so many as a thousand cows could never be maintained upon it; for so sure as the thousandth was added to the stock, one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine died, so as to leave that exact number alive, and no more. The herd of the Islington proprietor is, we have been told, equally large. There are, besides, lesser cowfeeders, whose stock varies from twenty to a hundred head.

To the establishments of the larger suburban proprietors milk-retailers repair twice a day, purchase the article at the wholesale price, take it to their own homes, where—unless the craft be much libelled—the quantity is much increased at the expense of the quality before delivered to the public. The London milk-trade, then, is divided into two great branches, consisting of those who keep cows, and those who merely sell milk. Sometimes, however, these two departments are united, and the same individual retails the produce of his own stock, which, in an overcrowded city like Lon-

don, is almost universally the case. The denizen of the provinces, while threading his way through a dense, close, and pestiferous neighbourhood, may be occasionally startled, while peeping into a cellar, of what was once a parlour, to behold a cow or two tied up to a sort of manger, there in all probability to be imprisoned during the term of their natural lives, never having enjoyed the sight of a green field since the days of their calthood. The milk yielded by these unfucky animals must be of a very inferior description; yet even that is adulterated. According to the occupation abstract of the census of 1841, the number of persons employed in feeding cows and selling milk was 2764.

It is perhaps wrong to stigmatise the whole of these individuals as deteriorating the article they deal in; for, doubtless, a great many are honest traders, and do not sophisticate their milk. One thing is certain, that some in this line of business, lest they should be suspected of the practice, drive their cows about the streets, and guarantee the genuineness of the commodity by milking the poor beast before the customers' eyes. Yet adulteration must be very generally carried on, else 'the chalk and water of London' could never have so firmly established itself as a proverb as it has done. It is said of a celebrated comedian, that when he first came to London from the rural districts, he imagined that real milk was unattainable; and finding the chalk and water supplied to him as such very badly mixed, he one morning, in the simplicity of his heart, presented two vessels to the milk-seller, saying, 'he would, if convenient, take the ingredients separate, for he preferred mixing them himself.' As a fresh proof of the difficulty of obtaining good milk in London, we may instance the fact, that in noblemen's families, where the consumption is great, the supply is drawn directly from farms in the vicinity of the metropolis. The great tavern and hotel keepers have taken dairy farms on their own account, in despair of obtaining genuine articles by other means.

It must not, however, be inferred that London is the only place where milk is adulterated. With all the centralising regulations of the Paris police, the article is very largely vitiated in that city, and, we are led to believe, in every other place where the demand for the nutritious aliment is great. Many have been the efforts to suppress this fraudulent manufacture; but hitherto they have proved abortive. Lately, however, science has aided in the detection, and a certain Dr Donné has invented two instruments, by one of which the proportion of water added to any quantity of milk can be readily found out, while the other enables us to ascertain the relative richness of cream. The first will prove of essential value not only to the London public, but to the inhabitants of all large cities. It is called a lactometer, and consists of upright tubes of glass placed one within the other. The suspected milk, poured into this simple machine, very soon separates itself from the adulterating water, the proportion of which to the rest of the liquid shows itself by means of a scale of degrees marked on the outside of the tube. We have not yet heard whether the hawk-eyed police of Paris have adopted the invention as a detective power, but a paragraph from a Belgian journal assures us that the Brussels officials have. On the 27th of last June, a body of police, armed with lactometers, posted themselves at the gates of the city, and condemned and seized no fewer than eighty large cans of milk. The consequence has been, that the denizens of Brussels have subsequently had no cause to complain of being supplied with bad milk. Thanks to Dr Donné, his lactometer, and the municipal police, they get the full benefit of some of the finest milch cows in the world, which feed upon the unequalled pastures of the Belgian meadow-land.

The lactometer would be a useful instrument in the hands of the London public, if it they would at least be able to ascertain how much water they are made to drink in their milk, and thus, by discovering the ex-

test of the adulteration, gradually remedy it. We have not seen either of the learned Donne's machines, and any illustration of a description and figures of them to the 186th number of the *Illustration Journal Universel*.

THE POOR IN SCOTLAND.

TAKE nothing from the rich, and give that to the poor; such was the *maxim* which a wit gave us a few years ago of the sentiments of an eminent Scottish clerical orator with regard to the management and support of the destitute; and, satirical as it sounds, it is, nevertheless, in a great measure the maxim acted upon in our country in that great branch of social polity. The benevolent in England are continually crying out against the poor-law of 1834 as stingy and unfeeling. Would that they would turn a little of their spare philanthropy to the north of the Tweed, and endeavour to shame the wealthier classes of Scotland out of the ten-times more merciless system which prevails there. A measure one-half so bountiful as the English law would be felt by the Scottish poor as an unheard-of blessing. Let the kind-hearted Englishman, but consider for a moment the condition of a destitute old woman, with a parish allowance varying from 1s. 3d. down to 5d. a-week; a widow with seven young children expected to live on 3s. 6d. a-week, or one with five helpless orphans offered (Stobo, Peebles-shire) 10s. per quarter. This as a specimen of the country parishes in the Lowlands. Let him further consider, as an example of a city parish, the managers of St Cutlibert's, Edinburgh, giving widows with large families 4s. and 5s. a-month. An old woman, known to the present writer—one who has seen better days, and is now scarcely able even for so light a work as sewing—this poor woman, burdened with a grown-up fatigued daughter, can only get from the managers of that charity 4s. a-month.* The Canonicate parish tries to get rid of its paupers with 6d. a-week, and 1s. and 1s. 6d. to persons with large families; or offers to take them into the workhouse, expecting they will refuse, and knowing that there is not accommodation for them. And these beneficences are given to only a few out of the mass of the destitute. The great majority in large towns find it impossible to get any public relief. In the Highlands, their case is even worse; for there, a regular alimont to any number of paupers hardly exists. Where anything is given, it only marks the illiberality of the system: for instance, an old woman will, in some parishes, have an allowance of 5s. or even 3s. a-year! Pauper lunatics are there taken care of by their friends, with parochial assistance (Shaladag, Ross-shire) never reaching 10s. per annum! After knowing these things, can any philanthropic Englishman say another word about the rigours of the English poor-law, till he has taken some pains to see a remedy applied to the infinitely more clamant miseries endured by his brethren and fellow-subjects in the northern portion of the island?

How is it that such things exist in a moral country like Scotland? Simply because it is almost a universal belief in Scotland, that regular and adequate provision for the poor comes the humbler classes to depend upon and claim that provision, instead of pursuing a course of self-helpfulness. There is, therefore, everywhere a great objection to assessment. Lately, the newspapers gave an account of a public meeting in Thurso, to consider if they should introduce such a system; and it was impossible to read without a shudder the sentiments expressed on that subject, as if a great moral blight were impending: it was stated that, if the claim of one particular pauper, a widower with a charge of children, should be found irresistible, that they must submit to this awful evil; there was no help for it. It has since been imposed, the widower hav-

ing decided the case! What makes this the more alarming is, that one of the greatest deplores of the coming assessment was a landed gentleman whom, from other evidence, we find to be a main support of the parish poor by his private charity; showing that false doctrine, not selfishness, chiefly operates. And yet, in the unassessed parishes, excepting in the Highlands, a certain (it may be inadequate) sum is as regularly raised for the poor as if there were an assessment. Only, it comes exclusively from the benevolent, while the stingy escape. For example, a miser in a town, known to us as forty thousand pounds; he never gives a penny towards the voluntarily-raised funds for the poor. The proprietor of one of the western islands, consisting of several parishes, and yielding a rental of £16,000, never sends anything to the poor of those parishes. This protection of the stingy rich the Scotch hold to as a point of great importance. Raise money at kirk by ladies' sales, by voluntary subscription—thus saving the kind-hearted only—anything rather than the equitable mode of assessment. Another great maxim in Scotland is, stave off the poor as long as possible. Let the effecting of a lodgment on the roll be as difficult as boarding an enemy's cutter. For this end, all expedients are held fair. Bandy the poor man from Dan to Beersheba, weary him out, let him find neighbours only a shade better off than himself to give him food; trust he may die in the meantime—for, once let him 'upon the roll,' and he will be as durable as an annuitant. It may well excite surprise in other quarters, that a clergyman or other manager of the poor in Scotland will often give out of his own pocket, to put off a clamorous applicant for the honours of the roll; thus suffering a kind of pecuniary martyrdom for the sake of his principle. One regular pretext against admission to 'the roll' in Scotland is bad character. 'The worthless poor should be kept at bay,' says a great Scottish authority on this subject, with a naiveté which will be admired in England. Belonging to a dissenting body is said to be often held a disqualification. In fact, the generality of the Scottish people have not as yet the slightest notion of a provision for the poor being an object in which the community as well as the poor is interested. They see not how misery begets misery, and how the wretchedness of the lowly becomes the destruction of the comfort, and even in many instances the lives, of the affluent. They therefore blindly seek only to minimise pauper allowances, and think every object is gained when they can induce a human being to sink into a beggar or a criminal, instead of becoming an immediate burden upon the regulated bounty of the more fortunate.

All these points we find admirably illustrated in a recent pamphlet by Dr Alison of Edinburgh, bearing reference to the late report of certain commissioners who were appointed to inquire into the condition of the poor in Scotland.* These commissioners amassed an immense quantity of evidence, calculated to show to any candid mind the imperfect system of relief for the poor in the northern kingdom. But they were, with one exception, Scotch gentlemen and clergymen, the very classes whose prejudices on this subject are most notorious, and they accordingly reported in a very unsatisfactory style. It is to remedy their failure, and present a just report from the evidence, that Dr Alison has once more taken up the pen; and we have no hesitation in saying that, by doing so, he has performed a service as worthy as it is laborious. He has thoroughly exposed the fallacies so generally entertained on the subject, and shown that the present penurious system only sends the poor abroad upon society as mendicants, and generates that frightful mass of destitution which now afflicts our large towns, and is the part cause, at least, of the

* This woman is identical the flaxen-haired 'Chloris' whom Burns celebrates as 'so lower than mine songs.' The associations of such a picture of misery and beauty preserved in immortal verse, with the existence of such misery, which came under our attention in this case, is, we need not say, extremely affecting.

* Remarks on the Report of her Majesty's Commissioners on the Poor Laws of Scotland, presented to Parliament in 1844, and on the Dissent of Mr Thomson from that Report. By Dr Alison, M.D. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1845.

desolating pestilences with which we are periodically visited. It is made clear, from his pamphlet, that a more generous system must be adopted, if we would perform the part of good men towards our suffering fellow-creatures.

The destitute poor form altogether a problem perhaps little understood in any quarter. There is a great inclination to believe the existence of this class to be something that might be expected not to be, something in despite of natural propriety. Now, both nature and our social arrangements say, there must be poor. A considerable number of persons are sent into the world with weakly bodies and minds, many besides those notoriously feeble, and these always tend to a state of dependence. See how this operates in ordinary life. Every master is familiar with bad workmen, and never scruples to pay them off. These men sink down through a succession of employments, for all of which they are found inferiorly qualified. They inevitably form a residuum at the bottom of society at last, and, being unemployed, are necessarily a burden on the community. Let it then be clearly understood, that the right which masters assume of discharging inferior workmen, ought, in Christian duty, to be associated with an obligation to take share in the support of these weaker brethren when they are left unemployed—always their final fate. The foibles and vices of men—peculiarities inherent in our natural, or springing up in our social condition, and which the utmost power of improved moral institutions can only be expected to diminish, not extirpate—form other causes of dependent indigence. Diseases, calamities, and other evils arising in the course of providence, likewise give occasion to a considerable amount of pauperism. The poor, therefore, we undoubtedly shall have with us always, and their support is what the able and virtuous must lay their account with, if they would escape worse evils.

A FARM CULTIVATED BY THE INSANE.

In our former notices of the systems employed in France for the amelioration and cure of insanity, we pointed out that the occupation of the patients in various useful employments was amongst the most successful modes of treatment. When the increase of patients in the two asylums, the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière at Paris, demanded further accommodation, the unfortunate inmates were employed to assist in the new buildings, and with results extremely favourable to themselves. When these works were finished, the medical directors of the hospital dreaded the effects of a relapse into inactivity on their patients, and employed them in the fields and grounds adjoining the two edifices. So active were the labourers, and so delighted with their work, that they did everything which could be done in a very short time, and want of work was again threatened. To avert it altogether, M. Ferrus, one of the physicians of the Bicêtre, conceived the idea of obtaining a farm for the permanent employment of his willing labourers. With this view he applied to the government; but as there were no funds at the disposal of the ministry which could be applied to the commencement of such an undertaking, and as every acre of cultivated ground near Paris was of course occupied, his scheme seemed at first hopeless. Still the benevolent projector was not to be daunted, and as he could not find a cultivated spot of ground fit for his purpose, he looked out for a barren one.

After many inquiries and surveys, M. Ferrus fixed upon an estate situated about two miles from the Bicêtre, near the *barrière de la Santé*. It was the most wretched piece of ground imaginable. So entirely was it covered with stones, that there was not an acre in the whole tract which seemed capable of being successfully cultivated; and though formerly occupied by enterprising farmers, it had long been abandoned. A homestead which they had built was in ruins, and the barns and sheds in the last stage of decay. Upon this unpro-

ducing farm M. Ferrus fixed, and by the end of 1832, several of the Bicêtre patients were set to work to enclose about ten acres of the least barren portion. This enclosure was cleared and levelled with such success, that its first year's produce was sold for about £57, nearly ten pounds more than the annual rent of the entire farm. Encouraged by this result, M. Ferrus applied to the *administration des hospitaux* to have the patients transferred from the Bicêtre altogether, that they might live entirely on the farm. The ruined house, and the want of funds at head-quarters applicable to its repair, seemed at first powerful objections to this measure; but M. Ferrus, having good workmen at his command, overcame them. He got the government to supply tools—as it had previously done for the farming operations—the homestead was soon put into a habitable state by those for whose occupation it was designed, and in 1835 was tenanted by a number of the insane. The farm was now regularly organised; an experienced agriculturist, M. Béguin, was engaged to direct and superintend the operations of the labourers; the whole of the land belonging to the estate was taken into the original enclosure, and each succeeding year has been crowned with not only an increase of agricultural produce, but with an increase in the list of cures amongst the patients. The only inconvenience the managers of the farm have to contend with, arises from any accidental want of employment which may happen. So anxious are the majority of the unfortunate for work, that they become troublesome when they do not obtain it. This was most felt in winter, when farming operations are for a time suspended, but to fill up this blank space, the farmers at St Anne are annually set to bleach the whole of the linen used in the two hospitals, a task which they perform cheerfully and well, saving to those establishments upwards of four hundred pounds per annum.

Besides the excellent effects which have been produced on those patients employed and residing on the St Anne farm, it has been found of the utmost benefit to less convalescent inmates of the insane hospitals. By allowing them at first to see the others at work, they soon get a desire to join in it, which, when the medical officers deem them well enough, they are allowed to do. In short, the effects of such healthy employment as that necessary to the culture of land, has been found of the utmost benefit to all classes of insane patients. The success of the French farm will, we trust, encourage the directors of our native lunatic asylums to adopt similar methods of cure; which, properly managed, appear to be as profitable as they are efficacious.

A STORY OF THE CORCOVADO.

[From Hood's Magazine for November.]

WHEN I first came out to Brazil, I got a situation as clerk in the counting-house of Diaz, Brown, and Company, the extensive merchants at Rio Janeiro. The only other white clerk in their place of business was one Lopez do Peron, a Portuguese by descent and birth, but educated in England. Of course we became companions; and although he was eccentric to absurdity, I found him a very agreeable fellow on the whole; his whims being often irresistibly ridiculous, while he was not at all annoyed at any laughter, but would laugh himself with his whole heart, while he still persisted in the proceedings that caused it. These were often, while very odd, both hurtful to himself and painful to his friends.

One day, when we had been about a year together, the day being a holiday, we resolved upon an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Accordingly, hiring horses, we rode up till horses could go no further. As we rode, I began to laugh and question him with regard to his singular weakness. My thoughts were directed to this subject by seeing him turn round on the horse's back, and ride with his face to the tail; and this though the animal was very spirited, and the path was so narrow that one horse only had room to go upon it, with the stone wall of the aqueduct on one side, and a succession of wooded precipices on the other. On my inquiring the cause of this remarkable manoeuvre,

he replied, laughing loudly himself, that he thought it was a good idea, as he could talk to me better face to face; for I was riding in the rear. But I remarked that we could converse quite well without seeing each other, and reminded him of the misers, who talked in the dark to save candles. Upon this he stated that, as all the view lay behind us, and nothing in front but woods, this was the most rational way of riding for an admirer of the picturesque. I bantered him out of this argument also, when he plainly confessed that he rode in that way from an internal impulse, no more to be resisted or controlled by him than the decrees of fate; that there was a devil within him who prompted him to make himself ridiculous, and that he could no more gainsay this mastering spirit than fly in the air. For the rest of the ride he continued to practise this uncavalier-like style of horsemanship, to the vast entertainment of sundry blackies we encountered working at small repairs on the aqueduct, or bringing down loads of sticks from the woods.

At length we arrived at the last collection of houses on the ascent, and here we left our horses, mounting the last steep on foot.

As soon as we stood upon the rocky ball, and looked around us, overwhelmed by the grandeur and danger of the scene, I was full of exclamations. From the brim of the rock we stood on, the sight leaped down direct to fields and lagoons two or three thousand feet beneath us; and the precipices, from what I could see of them, made my blood cold. The vastness of the horizon, with the distance and diversity of the parts filling it up—the silence, the solitude, the apparently eternal nature of the mighty rocks—even of the forests—all these ideas, combined with the precarious nature of our position on this airy and often cloud-covered pinnacle, and the certain dreadful fate that awaited one who should topple from such a stupendous height (for on three sides were precipices of from one to two thousand feet), raised my mind to a very high state of excitement. But when I looked at Pereira, expecting to see in him an equal enjoyment, I observed his dark Portuguese features pale with that fawny colour which constitutes the pallor of southern Europeans; his bloodless lips quivered, and there was a sort of convulsive starting of different muscles of his body.

'What,' said I, 'you surely are not afraid of falling? Come near to the centre, and your head will not swim so much.'

'Afraid!' he replied vaguely and incoherently. 'No!—yes—afraid—for you; save yourself, D—! for God's sake, save yourself!'

'Why, man, there is no fear. Get you down first; you are nearest the path.'

'No! we shall never go down that path—the demon, D—, the demon in my heart prompts me to throw you from this pinnacle sheer to destruction, and he will not but be obeyed! O Mother of Deity! Queen of Heaven! look on me in mercy!'

As he spoke, my heart smote my side violently, and I felt for a moment sick to death; for the recollection of his character and strange eccentricities arose before my mind.

'Gracious Heaven!' said I, 'you cannot mean what you say?' As I stood horror-stricken, he clasped his hands, and wringing them slowly, but with his whole strength, raised them above his head, looking upward at the same time with eyes sparkling from unnatural fire, and grinding his teeth, as if with anguish, a moment, and with a wild howl of despair that rung like the cry of a vulture, he sprang upon me!

A mercy it was that he gave me that warning! I was prepared so far, that his onset drove me back but one step; another step would have been death to me! He grasped me with his whole strength, and with the convulsive gripe of mortal fear I closed upon him; and thus, in dread embrace, we stood straining with the whole power of every sinew. It could not be called struggling; it was the slow and steady application of every force and every art of two athletic young men striving, the one in the frenzy of madness, the other in the dread of immediate dissolution. Now he would bend me a little, now I him! Oh what an agony that minute was to me!

At length, in about two minutes, I knew that his strength was giving way; we were equally matched in strength; but I had the full chest and long wind, produced by hard exercise through all my youth in a far northern climate; he was narrow-chested, and soon began to pant. Perceiving this, I compressed his ribs with my whole strength, and,

bending in his back, gradually brought him down on the rock. But the moment he was down he commenced struggling violently, and rolled us both over toward the awful brink. I thought I was gone, and clutched the rough rock with my fingers till the nails were torn from them. Providentially my hand came against one of the rusted iron supports that had of old upheld the chain, and I grasped it with that clutch commonly called the death-gripe. Holding on by this, and getting my legs about it so as to have a good purchase, while he still struggled ceaselessly with hand and teeth to dislodge me, I caught hold of the hair of his temples, and dashed his head violently against the rock. The blow affected his brain: the eyes, which had just been glaring upon me in maniacal fury, now rolled obliquely in their sockets, and his motions were no longer directed against me. With both hands I repeated the blow, and he remained motionless; still I was not sure of him, for I had read and heard that the insane are very cunning, and adopt many schemes to accomplish their ends; so, putting one hand to his heart, and being able to perceive a very faint and scarcely discernible beating, I got up and threw him to the middle of the rock. Then resting for a moment to breathe, and to thank Heaven that I had been saved alive from this fearful encounter, I began to descend the rock, dragging him after me till I got on a secure path, when I shouldered him, and carried him to where we had left our horses. Here I got some blacks to carry him down to the city of Rio Janeiro, and conveyed him to the house of our mutual employer, Mr Brown.

As we were quite by ourselves, I might have accounted for his injuries by a supposed fall among the rocks, but I preferred telling the truth as it is written here. An inquiry was made according to the law of Brazil, and I was declared free of all blame; whilst Pereira, who was then recovering his bodily health, was condemned to restraint in a mad-house for life.

I never afterwards could look up to the pinnacles of Corcovado without feelings of horror being called up in my mind; and so painful was this to me, that I was ultimately led to transport myself and my fortunes to Monte Video.

BOY-TRADERS IN MOSCOW.

We have often remarked that the talent for trafficking lies deep in the Russian blood. The merest children show an address and dexterity in commercial dealings such as are displayed only by long-practised traders with us. The German understanding ripens slowly, but then it arrives at a high state of maturity; the Russian (quercantile) understanding does not seem to want ripening; it is born ripe and ready, but does not in the end go so far as the beginning promised. With some very able, there are also in Germany some astoundingly stupid traders. This does not seem to be the case in Russia; there, every one seems born with a like portion of wit. In Moscow, I found this opinion many times confirmed. I went one day into a wax-candler's shop on the invitation of a mamkin of seven years old. With us at such an age children are helpless, timid, child-like, and childish; in Russia, they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant intreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done—'Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please.' He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness which I could not but admire; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock; the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.: in a word, he had in every respect the demeanour of an experienced trader. Just such children, as these are often found at the money-broker's table; and at an age when with us they would hardly be trusted with a few pence, a considerable capital will be committed to their care. Many similar millionaires in embryo are running about the streets with fruit, honey-cakes, kwas, and so forth; who handle their money, and handle their reckoning-boards with so much address, that it is easy to comprehend how so many opulent individuals issue from their ranks. In Russia, the greater number of wealthy merchants must look back to the streets and pedlar's booth for their youthful reminiscences, when all their merchandises consisted of picture-books, kwas, or wax-tapers.—*Kol's Russ.*

A STUPENDOUS CAVE.

We copy the following from the *Adelaide* (South Australia) Observer:—A discovery has recently been made on the Burrangilong creek, a tributary of the river Abercrombie, in New South Wales, of a stupendous cave, or rather a natural tunnel, whose dimensions, scenery, petrifications, and stalactites, render it an object of great attraction. It surpasses in size, as well as extraordinary structure, Fingal's celebrated cave at Staffa, or the most famous of the natural caverns or grottos of England. The approach to the caverns of Burrangilong, though abounding in sequestered and wild and romantic scenery, indicates nothing of the stern grandeur and sublimity of the subsequent spectacle. Crossing the mountain, the eye embraces one of the most comprehensive views in nature; thence descending a precipitous glen, one finds one's self almost in another world, still and gloomy and profound; shut up and imprisoned by surrounding precipices. The creek receiving the waters from the numberless neighbouring mountains, and these waters accumulating in the glen, and there 'cabineted, cribbed, confined,' have worn or burst an outlet through the rock, and thus created one of the largest tunnels in the world. Entering at the north, the first sublime object to rivet the gaze is the magnificent span of the grand entrance arch, with the lofty roof receding into the dim distance, scooped into ten thousand cells, and fretted and festooned with stalactites of every species and form—the hard white, and the white shattery stalactites, and the yellow, the pale pink, and the green crystalline stalactites, some oblong and conical, some round and irregular, twisted and turned into all imaginable fantastic diversities, griffins, and rampant lions, dead sheep, trussed fowls, somewhat green and yellow (perhaps from hanging too long), and sceptres, and swords, and switches. Various pilgrimages have been made to this subterraneous recess by those who possess curiosity, taste, and leisure; and their various parts, or rather apartments, have already acquired distinguishing appellations. The kitchen is described as admirably suited to its newly destined uses. Of the refectory, it is said (truly enough) that no hotel in the world can furnish such an apartment; and the dormitory is a 'succession of cloistered chambers.' The eye of delineative fancy has discovered galleries of antique statues and of tombs, a stupendous sarcophagus, an acherontic pool; as well as ecclesiastical forms, organs, thrones, and pulpits, with innumerable mitres and croziers. The dimensions of the tunnel are as follows:—From the northern arch or entrance, to the southern arch or exit, 720 feet; while the breadth of the northern arch or entrance is 130 feet. The extreme height at the centre of the tunnel is 100 feet. It thus appears that the extent and height are beyond comparison greater than anything which previous description has rendered familiar either in the British islands or on this great insular continent.

PEDANTRY.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuited to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as pedantic, though it would not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The man of the world, who insists that no other terms but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a pedant as the man of letters who, either overrating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical and scholastic terms, converses at the wine-table with his mind fixed on the museum or the laboratory.—*Coleridge*.

PROGRESS OF GOOD.

We perceive, amid all the admixture of evil, and all the disorder of conflicting agencies, a general tendency, nevertheless, towards the accomplishment of wise and beneficent designs. As, in contemplating an ebbing tide, we are sometimes in doubt, on a short inspection, whether the sea is really receding, because from time to time a wave will dash farther up the shore than that which had preceded it; but if we continue our observation long enough, we easily see that the boundary of the land is, on the whole, advancing; so here, by extending our view over many centuries, and through several ages, we may distinctly perceive the tendencies which would have escaped our more confined research.—*Archbishop Whately*.

A LOVE-LETTER TO MY WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL, ESQ.

[From a privately printed volume.]

DEAR HEART! all happy thoughts I bring
To thee, upon this morn of spring;
When laughing health is in the gale,
And sweet birds sing on every tree,
While Nature, upon hill and dale,
Prepares a welcome for the bee.

Now earth rejoices, glad and gay,
O'er wearied winter, passed away;
And hope is like yon cloudless sky,
To which nor shade nor shower belong:
I sigh—but not with grief I sigh—
As thoughts of thee breathe forth in song.

If I would learn the poet's skill,
To make my words obey my will,
What theme should, next to Nature, warm?
I think not long that theme to find—
The beauty of thy face and form—
The beauty of thy heart and mind?

Yes, beauty! though it may not be,
Like this young morning, fresh and free;
But, rather, like the rising day—
The day that rises while I write—
Too early to suggest decay,
Too warm to bid me think of night.

Yes, beauty in that happy face
The husband-lover still can trace;
Goodness, and gentleness, and truth,
May live to mock at change and time.
They were the graces of thy youth—
They are the graces of thy prime!

We've toiled together, side by side,
Proud—yet it was no selfish pride—
That toil brought honour, if no wealth;
Our hearts have gathered little rust;
But ours are peace, and hope, and health,
And mutual love, and mutual trust!

Companion, counsel, friend, and wife,
Through twenty years of wedded life!
Dear love, sweet heart—why not address
Warm words to thee—my hope and pride?
I have not lived to love thee less
Than when I hailed a fair young bride.

Ah! let me think how deep a debt,
Sweet friend, dear wife, I owe thee yet;
In toil, in trouble, weak and ill,
Thy zealous care, thy active thought,
Thy spirit—weakly trusting still—
Calmed the hot pulse and brain o'erwrought

I gave to thee a humble name,
Which thou, dear wife, hast given to fame,
And surely 'tis no idle boast
That many laud and flatter thee;
But when the world hath praised thee most,
Thy woman's heart was most with me!

Years of success have taught thee this,
Dear wife—that duty leads to bliss;
Thine time to show to those who toil,
That love can make all labour light;
That fame and favour may not spoil
The mind that thinks and acts aright!

'Tis thine to prove that strength of mind
May work, with woman's grace combined;
To show how Nature's debts are paid
In studies small that sweeten life;
And how the loftiest thoughts may aid
The duties of a loving wife.

Ah! more than twenty years ago,
I hoped, where now I feel and know!
Older thou art—yet I can see
No change impair thy cheek and brow,
No early beauty fade from thee;
And am I less a lover now?

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FACTS AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING SHAKSPEARE.

THE stream of commentary on Shakspeare, his life, writings, and the early drama, continues to flow on, and probably will for ever flow. To wait till it is exhausted, would be as idle and hopeless a task as that of the clown in Horace, who sat by the river expecting it to run dry. We may occasionally, however, see the current take a different direction, and at present its tendency is more towards biography than criticism. The early Shakspearian commentators were all bent on elucidating the text, restoring it to its original purity, as they imagined, and unfolding its nice shades of meaning; and in such a task there was abundance of scope for their ingenuity, as well as their vanity. In the mighty fabric of Shakspeare's poetry, there are many mansions, and some of them, like the old Elizabethan halls and galleries, are curiously intricate and perplexed. His glorious collection of pictures and portraits, and the bead-roll of his golden maxims and counsels, required no editorial sunshine. Words and phrases only, a mixed metaphor or local allusion, historical references, and the construction of the verse, were supposed to be susceptible of illustration and amendment. In these obscure recesses the commentators wandered many years; now letting in a little light, or deciphering part of the old tracery, and now only bewildering themselves and their readers. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Johnson, Hurd, &c.—all more or less great in literature—really did little for Shakspeare. Theobald, though the original hero of Pope's Dunciad, and a most unimaginative plodder, was the best and most successful of the emendators, solely by the exercise of plain sense and unconquerable industry. Steevens, with all his conceit and total want of principle, was also useful; and Pope bestowed a few touches worthy of his taste and fancy. The exquisite opening lines of the Twelfth Night were indebted to his delicate perception of the correct and beautiful—

* That strain again; it had a dying fall.
O! it came o'er me like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.*

Pope presumed an error of the pen or the press in the word we have marked in italics, and substituted *sound* for '*sound*;' and so it will ever remain. Another emendation in Macbeth is equally felicitous. The passage is that grand and terrific night-scene—

* Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel the wolf,
Whom howl'd his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.*

For '*strides*,' Pope substituted *strides*, and gave at once brightness and picturesqueness to the expression. In touches we see the man of genius; but Pope was in intent and arbitrary as an editor, and wanted the necessary acquaintance with black-letter and curious literature. Malone was the first who searched diligently for facts and dates; and in many respects he was a useful and valuable pioneer. His researches among registers, wills, court-rolls, and contemporary writings and documents of all kinds, were incessant, and often successful. The same path has been well pursued in our own day. Mr Collier possesses all the industry of Malone, with greater accuracy and taste; Mr Charles Knight has been no inglorious labourer in the same field, though a most capricious and discursive biographer; Mr Halliwell and the Rev. J. Hunter are valuable commentators and antiquarian collectors; and Mr Wheeler of Stratford has done good service by exploring every available source of local knowledge. Ceaseless labour has been spent to bring, if possible, the *man* William Shakspeare before us in his social and domestic relations. We know more of him externally than we do of Spenser, of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of Ben Jonson. The worldly circumstances, and position of his parents and family are also better known. Yet the whole respecting Shakspeare forms but a faint outline! His correspondence, his conversation, his familiar character, and habits, are lost or unknown. The '*inner man*' we know only through the medium of his works. He is a blank in the midst of his myriad of creations—his individuality lost in '*the element in which he worked*'—and it is vain now, we fear, to look for minute or satisfactory information as to his personal qualities, tastes, or opinions. He lived in an age when there was little literary curiosity; he was a member of an unpopular, or at least unrespected, profession; and he seems to have been content to move in quiet through the ordinary scenes of existence. We must be satisfied to know generally that he, who is the object of a nation's idolatry, was ever distinguished as the *gentle* Shakspeare—as one '*indeed honest, and of an open and free nature*'—and that, after success, not unworthy of his genius, he withdrew from the glare of city-life, and the pursuit of worldly distinction, to spend his latter days amidst his own and his father's friends in the retirement of his native vale. It is an interesting fact, that Hamnet Sadler, a citizen of Stratford, who was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, in the poet's youth and obscurity, was, thirty-one years afterwards, when that youth had become illustrious for his genius, and the greatest man in his native town, selected as a witness to his will, and affectionately remembered by the bequest of a ring.

We propose glancing at the information which has recently been collected concerning our great poet, and

touching on a few of the disputed points. The details are scattered over several volumes, and may be unknown to many of our readers. The task is also an agreeable and seductive one; for who would not wish to dwell, however remotely, within the shadow of that great mind which has hallowed for us so much of earth and earthly existence?

Every person knows the tradition that Shakspeare was born on St George's day, the 23d of April, in the year 1564; and that his birthplace was that small tenement in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, the walls of which are covered with the names of pilgrims from all climes and countries. The town was then little better than a village, strip of the pomp and importance which attached to it before the Reformation, yet retaining its beautiful cathedral-looking church and grammar-school, and possessing a lay corporation of bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses. The population was about fourteen hundred. The country in the neighbourhood is fertile and well-wooded, and the Avon winds through rich meadows, skirted with willow-trees, and sometimes gliding under high banks. With the towns of Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry, each within a few miles, and numerous old-fashioned villages and squire's mansions in every direction, Stratford has many attractions, rural, antique, and interesting, that must have charmed the youthful Shakspeare. The parish-register records the baptism of the poet on the 26th of April; a lovely season, particularly in the time of the old calendar, which would bring it into our month of May, with its fresh green verdure, flowers, and hawthorn in full blow. Few of the old registers mention the day of birth, but early baptism was then the general practice. We find that Oliver Cromwell was christened four days after his birth; the Earl of Clarendon the same; but eleven days intervened between the birth and baptism of Milton. The Shakspeare tradition as to St George's day is likely to be correct, because it is accordant with the general rule, and because the second part of the story, as to the place of birth, has lately received some confirmation. Mr Hunter has printed part of a court-roll, dated 1552, in which John Shakspeare, the poet's father, is mentioned in connexion with Henley Street four or five years before his marriage. This is the best support ever given to the tradition.* John Shakspeare retained the property throughout his life: he purchased it in 1574; and it descended to his heir-at-law, the poet; who bequeathed it, with his other property, to his eldest daughter, Mrs Hall. The tenement was then a good garden-house, but one half was afterwards appropriated as an inn. Considering how few of our poets' houses, of any antiquity, now remain (those of Spenser, Milton, and the elder dramatists, being undistinguishable, or swept away), and also that Stratford was frequently visited with destructive fires, we cannot but regard the tenement in Henley Street as one of the most interesting in the kingdom. It seems the undoubted birthplace of our greatest poet; it must be full three centuries old; and its oaken beams and floors, and its humble front of timber and plaster, are still sound and firm. According to the precise and garrulous little lady who shows the premises, the poet was born in the best up-stairs room; and if asked her reason for the statement, she has her answer ready—'It is the only room, excepting the kitchen, which has a fireplace, and on such an occasion a fire would be necessary in the month of April.' There is no disputing with a lady on so delicate a subject, and the reason is besides a good one.

We have lately had a controversy as to the proper orthography of the poet's name—a point little thought of in his own day. There are about twenty variations of that of Shakspeare! Five undoubted signatures are

in existence—three adhibited to his will, and two to legal documents. In all of them, the surname is carelessly written, and apparently contracted. They are a perfect puzzle; though the probability is, that the poet generally wrote the name short, *Shakspere*. Whatever was the correct orthography, it appears that neither of the poet's parents could sign the name. This is proved by documents which have lately come into the possession of the Shakspeare Society, in which the bailiff of Stratford signs with a rude letter 'A' for his mark, and his wife uses an imitation of the letter 'M.' The art of writing was then a rare accomplishment, especially with ladies! Their round of household duties and pious cares was not considered to include the exercise of the pen. Even men in authority were indifferent to writing, and relied upon the town or county clerk. Most of the aldermen of Stratford were, like John Shakspeare, *marksmen*.

The name of Shakspeare had long flourished in Warwickshire, but the poet's immediate ancestor was apparently the first that settled in the town of Stratford. Mr Collier has discovered that there was living some time previous a Richard Shakspeare, who was a tenant of the Arden family on a small property of theirs at Snitterfield, near Stratford. This was in all probability the father of John; and the latter, we find afterwards, formed an alliance with the Ardens, an ancient and once powerful family, whom he must have known from his youth. Fair Mary Arden (the name at least is poetical) inherited, under her father's will, a small estate called Ashby, consisting of about sixty acres of arable and pasture land, with the crop upon the ground, a house, and six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence of money. She seems also to have had some property at Snitterfield; for Mr Collier has discovered that John Shakspeare disposed of his wife's interest in two tenements there for four pounds. The year previous, he had mortgaged Ashby for forty pounds, but he had four years before given forty pounds for the houses in Henley Street. The occupations, pecuniary engagements, and circumstances generally of the poet's father, have occasioned much trouble and speculation to the antiquaries. He has been variously described as a 'dealer in wool' (Roe's Life), a 'butcher' (by Aubrey), and a 'glover.' The latter occurs in the register of the bailiff's court, in a process brought for recovery of debt in 1555. This was before his marriage; but having wedded an heiress, John Shakspeare became a man of 'mark and likelihood' in the little town of Stratford. He passed through the various gradations of municipal trust and honour, to the dignity of high bailiff or mayor. He seems afterwards to have got into difficulties, but without losing the distinction usually conferred upon him in the borough register, of having 'Mr' prefixed to his name. In his days of power and prosperity, he appears to have patronised various companies of players who visited the town. The bailiff and corporation gave the use of their Guild Hall, and contributions of money, to the performers; and at this time undoubtedly were sown the seeds of that love of the drama which was afterwards developed in his illustrious son. The bailiff's family, we may be sure, were among the auditors in the theatre. Rude as were the performances—without moveable scenery (not known till nearly a century afterwards), without suitable decorations, or female actors—they were not destitute of histrionic talent (then a profitable occupation); and to the young poet they would all appear vivid and bright as the 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' There are years in which we learn nothing of Shakspeare. His education at the grammar-school seems undoubted, and there he obtained what Ben Jonson has called his 'small Latin, and less Greek.' We have no doubt it was a fair share of classical learning. The education was free to burgesses' sons; and Shakspeare must have continued some years at school. He was often, we suspect, in the country—assuredly a spectator of the grand pageant at Kenilworth in the summer of 1575, when Dudley entertained

* See the First Part of New Illustrations of the Life, &c. of Shakspeare. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London: Nichols and Son. This is a very valuable tract.

his royal mistress with such unprecedented splendour. His studies lay much in the fine valley of the Avon: and among the sylvan shades, fields, old orchards, villages, and commons of that pleasant district, he picked up knowledge, and received impressions, invaluable to the poet. With his relations the Ardens, and with most of the old country families of middling rank, he would be a welcome guest. His mirthful and joyous temperament would 'make a sunshine in the shady place.' At all the rural holidays and festivals, the wakes, fairs, games, hawking, fowling, and hunting, young Shakspeare would be well known. He possessed another recommendation, as we learn from Aubrey the chronicler, and, as may be conjectured, from the Stratford bust, he was a 'handsome, well-shaped man,' and this handsome person, joined to his companionable qualities, and to the ardour of youthful passion and genius, led to his early marriage.

About a mile from Stratford is the little hamlet of Shottery. We walk to it through lanes and fields intersected by footpaths and stiles, and occasionally shaded by elm-trees, so common over all Warwickshire. Some of these were once Shakspeare's fields, attached to his property of New Place. In the village there lived for centuries a family named Hathaway. Their cottage still stands, the door opening with a wooden latch of the most primitive construction, and inside is a rude oaken seat or bench, that carries the imagination back to the days of Shakspeare. A little garden, orchard, and pasture-ground, are connected with the house; roses are trained up the half-timber walls; and the spot is altogether a picture of antique rural beauty and seclusion. It was known from tradition, partly corroborated by existing documents, that Shakspeare had, when a youth, married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' at Shottery, and the inscription over her grave showed that the lady was about eight years older than her husband. It was not, however, till the year 1852, that we had any positive evidence as to the fact of the poet's marriage with an Ann Hathaway, or of the time when it took place. Malone had inspected the records of the diocese of Worcester (in which Stratford is included), but he overlooked what was discovered by Sir Thomas Phillipps, a bond given for the security of the bishop of Worcester, if he granted license for the marriage of the poet, *the banns being only once proclaimed*. The bond is dated November 28, the 25th of Elizabeth, or 1582. 'The securities are Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, both of Stratford, Innsbandmen; and they bind themselves in a sum of forty pounds to 'defend and save harmless' the Lord Bishop, for licensing 'Willm. Shagspere and Ann Hathwey' to be married together with once asking of the banns.

'The mind dwells with delight,' says Mr Hunter, 'on the idea of a poet's first-love, the fondness of his attachment, the ingenuity with which he prosecutes his suit, the difficulties he may have had to encounter, his triumph over them, and the happy consummation of his marriage; and doubtless the fields between Stratford and Shottery may have been traversed by many a votary, with his mind full of imaginations concerning the poet and his love. The minute researches of the antiquary may sometimes bring to light facts which are concurrent with such pleasant imaginings, and may even give occasion to them, by removing the veil which rested on interesting truths. Sometimes, however, the effect is different, and the severities of truth jostle with those pleasant imaginings; and so it may be feared it is in the present case. Two more unseemly persons to attend at a poet's bridal can hardly be conceived than Sandells and Richardson, two husbandmen who were unable to write their names, and whose marks are so singularly rude, that they betray a more than common degree of rusticity. There is no romance, no poetry in this. Where were the Sadlers, the Quineys, the Reynoldses, the friends at that time of the family, that the young heir of at least one honourable family is delivered up, or has delivered himself up, into hands such as these?

—a youth, too, who on that day was but eighteen years seven months and five days old, and with him goes to the altar one who was then in her twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, and who, sometime before the 26th of May following, presented him with a daughter. It seems but too evident that this was a marriage of evil auspices, and it may have been one principal cause of that unsettled state of mind in which the poet left Stratford about four years afterwards.'

This is something like antiquated scandal, yet it appears well founded. Possibly, in some moods of mind, the poet afterwards felt what he makes one of his characters so exquisitely express—

'As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly—blasting in the bud,
Leaving his verdure even in the prime,
And all the happy effects of future hopes.'

Shakspeare and Mary Arden, we have little doubt, to the right in this manner. If we believe the sonnets to be autobiographical, Shakspeare's affections wandered from Ann Hathaway; but anything like permanent estrangement cannot be assumed from the imperfect information we possess. She was the wife of his ordinary work-day world—the mother of his children; and 'if there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London,' as Mr Collier states it, 'or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis,' there is an equal want of proof on the other side. If he left her behind in Stratford, it was, in all probability, from motives of prudence: first, that he might not entangle her in the cares and uncertainties of his early career; and subsequently, that she might remain to watch over the establishment which he soon began to form in his native place, preparatory to his final retirement. His connexion with Stratford seems never to have been severed. He visited it once a-year, according to the tradition picked up by Betterton the actor, and also mentioned by Aubrey. In 1596 or 1597 he purchased New Place, the best house in Stratford, and in the latter year he is returned (at a time of scarcity) as possessing ten quarters of corn in Chapel Street Ward, in which New Place was situated. In 1602 he gave £320 for 107 acres of land, which he attached to this property; in 1603 he purchased a house, with barn, granary, &c. at Stratford for £60; in 1604 he is found prosecuting a person for £1, 15s. *for corn sold to him*; in 1605 he purchased for £140 the lease of a moiety of the tithes at Stratford. Here we have a large and flourishing establishment. With the aid of his wife, his parents, and possibly of one or more of his brothers, he cultivated his land and sold his corn—his family inhabiting New Place, and the poet visiting them yearly; perhaps residing no small portion of every year, when the theatres were shut, on his property. The attainment of a comfortable and easy competency seems to have been the object of his ambition, and he might consider the residence of his wife at Stratford indispensable to his plans. If there was not the romance of love, there was worldly wisdom and energy of character in such an arrangement. In 1598 Mr Abraham Sturley, one of the aldermen of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law in London—'Mr Shakspeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard-land or other at Shottery, or near about us.' Surely we may presume that no settled discord or unkindness mingled with the poet's recollections of Shottery—the sweet retired hamlet, where he had wooed and won his Ann Hathaway! May we not rather conjecture (even in spite of some appearances or surmises to the contrary) that he wished to make her mistress of the fields and orchards they had traversed in their young days of passion, and where he hoped they would spend together the decline of life in honour and tranquillity?*

* Mr Knight has the merit of discovering that Shakspeare had no occasion to provide for his wife in his will. As his widow, she was

In 1586 John Shakspeare was superseded in his office of alderman in Stratford, in consequence of his not attending the meetings of the corporation, when warned like the others, and not having been present for a long time. His name does not occur in the books for some years previous, and he was probably living in the country. On the same occasion, John Wheler, another alderman of the town, was struck off from the corporation *by his own desire*. Both of these cases seem to us to be connected with another cause, which opens up an interesting field of conjecture and inquiry as respects the poet. Mr Collier has published a document showing that John Shakspeare and Wheler were, six years afterwards, with seven others, returned as *recusants*, who neglected attendance on the Established Protestant Church, and thus became liable to a penalty of £20 per month. Amongst the seven others, it is curious to remark the names of William *Fluellen* and George *Bardolph*. It is said at the end of the document that they were understood to absent themselves from church 'for feare of processe of debte'—an excuse inadmissible in the case of John Shakspeare, considering how the affairs of his son then stood. In short, there seems reason to conclude that the poet's father had reverted to the ancient faith. The circumstance is only of importance in its reflex light, as affecting the education and opinions of his son. 'Did Catholicism give us Shakspeare?' as Mr Carlyle, long before Mr Collier had discovered his curious document, assumed to be a fact established by his works. The question is one worthy of investigation. We cannot believe that a Roman Catholic would have written some of the scenes in King John, or Cranmer's prophecy ('God shall be truly known,' &c.) in Henry VIII., or even that noble truth, so far in advance of the age of Elizabeth,

'It is the heretic that makes the fire,
Not he that burns in it.'

The ethereal spirit of Shakspeare could not have submitted to the bonds of any sect or party. He saw good in everything, and looked beyond the strife and agitation of contending churchmen. Still, if Catholicism was the creed of his father, he may have had a leaning towards that faith. His imagination could hardly fail to be touched by its splendid and imposing ritual, its various orders of priesthood, and the vast fabric of its departed power and greatness. He must have known many of its secret and proscribed worshippers—old families with whom lingered strong sympathies and romantic associations. In his dramas, he nowhere ridicules the priests or professors of Catholicism, though he did not spare the austere and sanctimonious Puritans. His monks are active and benevolent agents, employed in errands of peace and mercy. He has no peculiar dogmas, no 'bigot's rage, or sectary's whim,' and perhaps his very silence on the questions then so fiercely contested, joined to his ridicule of the excesses of Puritanism, may have had the effect, with narrow and prejudiced minds, or persons envying his success, of fixing upon him the name of Papist.* We cannot allow that any one party

entitled by law to her dower—a third of his freehold estates. One could have wished, however, that he had mentioned her in his will by something more than an interplection with a bequest of the second-best bed! It is probable that the poet's widow had a life-interest in his plays, the first edition of his works not being published till after her death in 1621—seven years after the poet's decease. It was then considered against the interest of the theatres to publish popular acting plays. Another supposition may be formed: Shakspeare's widow and daughters were remarkable for their piety; and Stratford was a stronghold of Puritanism. Hence, probably, the delay in publishing the poet's works till after the death of his widow, and the disappearance of any manuscripts he may have left.

*The Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Saperton, in Gloucestershire, in his manuscript additions to Fulman's Collections for the Lives of the Poets [made about the year 1690], says Shakspeare 'died a Papist.' He may, in his last moments, have acted or felt like Pope. 'When Mr Hooke asked Pope whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest, he said, "I do not suppose that is essential; but it will look right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."—*Spence's Anecdotes*.

can claim the poet of the world. 'He is of no age,' said Coleridge, 'nor of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and his reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures.'

The same year that John Shakspeare was superseded in the magistracy, his son is supposed, on good grounds, to have quitted Stratford for London. There may have been some connexion between them, in trade or business, which was broken up at this crisis in the elder Shakspeare's affairs. The poet had a wife and three children—the wild romance of youth was over, though he was yet barely twenty-two—and Stratford offered but a poor field for the enterprise of one who must have been conscious that he possessed energies and genius far beyond his fellows. The drama, also, which dazzled his young eyes, may have tempted his more matured ambition. His talents must ere this have manifested themselves in that direction in which they were destined ultimately to earn such imperishable celebrity.

Another cause has been assigned for Shakspeare's removal to London—the famous deer-stealing incident, in relation to the poet and Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. This story was first published by Rowe, in his life of Shakspeare, the materials for which were chiefly collected by Betterton the actor. It is also mentioned by the Rev. Richard Davies, already alluded to, who wrote at an earlier period than the date of Rowe's memoir. According to this strong current of tradition, the poet fell into bad company, and joined in the common practice of deer-stealing. Having robbed a park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, he was presented with severity, in revenge for which he composed a bitter ballad on Sir Thomas, which he affixed to the park-gate. The prosecution was *redoubled*, and Shakspeare was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, and settle himself in London. Rowe says this 'first essay of his poetry' (a gratuitous and improbable assumption) was lost; but Oldys and Capell, two well-known antiquaries, recovered the opening stanza of the satire from the recitation of a nonagenarian in Worestershire. This doggerel verse (printed in all the memoirs) begins as follows:—

'A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass.'

More importance is to be attached to the evidence afforded by the opening scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Justice Shallow complains of Falstaff for beating his men, killing his deer, and breaking open his lodge. That outbreak of humour seems undoubtedly to apply to the Lucy family:—

'Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *co. an.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *rotalorum* too; and a gentleman born, master person; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*."

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luccs in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Frank. The dozen white luccs do become an old coat well; it agrees well, peasant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lucc is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.'

The arms of the Lucys were *three luccs*, or pike-fish, 'hariant, argent.' The satire is undoubted; but the cause of its application is only matter of conjecture. We do not see that the tradition should be rejected. The offence was exactly such a frolic as the youthful Shakspeare was likely to have committed; and if his prosecutor was apparently too severe, the youth would probably retaliate with some ready satire. Sir Thomas Lucy, it is proved, had no park at Charlecote, but he

would likely have deer, as his successors have at the present day, browsing in the green hollows, and under the noble elms around the mansion. It is more remarkable that Shakspeare should have remembered the event in the full tide of his theatrical success, when he wrote the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and retained the passage after the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. So long-breathed a resentment appears inconsistent with our notions of his frank and generous character. We suspect the first sketch of the play was an early production. Mr Halliwell (a competent authority) joins with Mr Knight in assigning it to the year 1592—only six or seven years after the alleged occurrence at Charlecote; and when the poet corrected and enlarged his play, he might, without a tincture of malice, retain what must have proved so highly diverting on the stage. Sir Thomas could not have read the memorable scene: he died in 1600, and the first edition of the play is dated 1602. So severe and stately a Puritan, instructed in his youth by Fox the martyrologist (who lived for some years in the family at Charlecote), would hardly have deigned to frequent a theatre. Mr Hunter thinks that the whole scene might have been written for the sake of introducing one expression meant to be understood as a kind of apology for himself—

'Shallow. He hath wronged me, Master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.'

The confession, however, preceded as it is by the witty recital of the offence, and the unripped caricature of the angry and pompous knight, with his armorial bearings, was only an aggravation of the original wrong. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the knight of Charlecote had been unjustifiably severe in his prosecution of the young deer-stealer, or that some subsequent representative of the family had given fresh provocation to Shakspeare. Perhaps, in later years, the head of this ancient house looked down with aristocratic hauteur or contempt on his neighbour, the rich player, and genius vindicated its supremacy by a witty and sportive revenge. The episode of the Lucys, however, is the only drop of gall we can discern in the sweetness of the poet's temper, as seen in his intercourse with his contemporaries. It is worthy of remark, that, with Shakspeare's recollection of the Lucys when he wrote *Henry V.*, came back also his recollection of the Stratford recusants, Fluellen and Bardolph, their names being adopted in the same play. Little did they dream of such an immortality!*

To a kindred feeling we may perhaps ascribe the second application made by John Shakspeare in 1596 for the grant of a coat of arms. The poet himself would have been rejected by the College of Heralds, on account of his profession of a player; but his father had been 'her majesty's officer and bailiff' of the town of Stratford, and was allied by marriage to the Ardens of Wellingeote. He also claimed to be descended from ancestors who, for their faithful and valiant services, were advanced and rewarded with lands in the county of Warwick by King Henry VII., and whose descendants had continued in good reputation in the same part of the country. The rolls of the reign of Henry VII. have been carefully searched, but do not contain the name of Shakspeare. Hence the allusion is supposed to apply to the Ardens. After some difficulty (for the affair was three years in progress), the patent was procured, and the poet (who had then purchased New Place) was able to flash in the eyes of the Lucys, and all other rustic patricians, his shield and coat of arms—

* Mr Knight, in his 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' endeavours to discredit the deer-stealing story. We think, on the contrary, that, seeing it was corroborated by a nonagenarian whose life actually went back to Shakspeare's own time, it is one of the most probable of all the traditions respecting the great poet. The value of Mr Knight's book is, in our opinion, much lessened by an anxiety to discredit everything which can be presumed, on any moral code, to be unfavourable to Shakspeare's character—a folio the more glaring amidst so many efforts to make out honourable facts from little better than conjecture.—Ed.

the golden spear, with a silver head on a bend sable, and, for a crest, the towering falcon, with outspread wings, supporting a spear. The motto, *Non sanz droict* (not without right), was itself a note of defiance to all who should impugn the heraldic rights and honours of the Shakspeares. The family appears to have been ambitious of the distinction of hereditary gentility. John Shakspeare first applied for a coat of arms in 1569, when he was bailiff of Stratford. He exhibited a pattern of the crest; but the patent does not seem to have been formally granted. His subsequent pecuniary troubles would render him indifferent to such an honour—at least the application was not renewed till twenty-five years afterwards, when it was doubtless suggested and carried through at the instance of the poet, his son. The terms of Shakspeare's will show that he was desirous of founding a family that might continue his estate unbroken and entire. He had, indeed, no son to inherit his name (his only boy, Hamnet, having died at Stratford at the age of eleven), but the great bulk of his property was bequeathed, under strict entail, to his daughter, Mrs Hall, and her heirs male; failing whom, it went to his second daughter, Judith, who received but a scanty provision by the will. The poet's design was, alas! signally frustrated. In fifty-four years after his decease, the progeny of Shakspeare was extinct, the estate was scattered, and New Place, in less than a century more, was barbarously levelled to the ground. 'It is rather a striking fact in the history of the human race,' remarks Mr Hunter, 'that when there are men pre-eminently great, the issue, if any, generally becomes soon extinct: Chaucer, Sidney, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Bacon, Locke, Newton, in fact nearly all the great inventors, have no one left to claim them as ancestors.'—(To be continued.)

COLONEL YANKEZ.

A MEXICAN STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.*

Mexico is, at the present day, the only country infested with organised banditti. Those events which, a few years since, gave so unenviable a renown to the gorges of the Sierra Morena, the passes of the Apennines, and the wilds of Sicily and Calabria, are now transferred to the outskirts of the great city of Mexico, and the forests which approach the confines of Vera Cruz. Here robbery and even assassination are largely practised, while no part of the country is free from the evil. Bandits have been invested by poets and romancers with a picturesque character, and have even upon occasion become on paper most heroic personages; in reality, however, nothing can be conceived more revolting and hideous than the men who carry on this dangerous traffic. If it be reflected that the idle and dissolute, the needy spendthrift, the ruined gambler, and the disappointed speculator, are those who swell the ranks of this powerful class in Mexico, it will readily be seen how little romance, and how much naked deformity, really exist in this state of things. One point, however, gives a wild and terrible interest to the bandits of Mexico, while a minor circumstance preserves some little outward appearance of romance. The Mexican *ladron*, with his vast *sombrero*, his floating *serape*, and *machete* or knife, with other appurtenances, is certainly a very picturesque personage as far as costume is concerned; but the prodigious and extensive military organisation of the bands carries us back to the days of Robin Hood and Cartouche. No rank is sufficiently elevated, no public functionary sufficiently interested in the sanctity of the law, to prevent his connexion with the associated bands, which extend their ramifications into every class of society. In this manner important information is collected; and those who are worth being robbed, are always known to the brigands; while many a penniless and acreless general, or other government officer, is thus enabled to carry his head

* The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, a French daily paper, devoted to a record of the proceedings of courts of law, gives some account of this true story; erroneous, however, in many of its details.

high, and to risk heavy sums nightly at the gambling-tables, which tend so much to degrade Mexican character, and retard the progress of civilisation.

In the month of April 1838, M. Leroux, a rich French merchant, settled in Mexico, was about to visit Europe, with his wife and two children, on business of importance; and, previous to his departure, he paid a visit to General Santa Anna, president of the republic. On applying at the palace, he was, as all foreigners are, instantly admitted to the presence of this bold soldier of fortune, who—dressed in the full uniform of the chief of the army, blue and red, richly embroidered with gold, and with his wooden leg resting on a stool—was listening to a despatch which was being read to him by one of his aides-de-camp, Colonel Yanez. M. Leroux, who had never before seen Santa Anna, gazed upon him with no little curiosity. The general is six feet high, well-made, graceful, with an old common wooden leg, serving as a substitute for that lost when fighting the French at Vera Cruz; his narrow and smooth brow is shaded with black hair, sprinkled with gray; his nose is straight, and well-shaped; his brows knit over close and brilliant eyes; his complexion dark and sallow; his mouth ever showing a restless and anxious expression. Colonel Yanez, who ceased reading, and busied himself in his despatches on the entrance of M. Leroux, was only remarkable from the fact of his extreme personal beauty.

The French merchant, after the usual Mexican compliments and ceremonious expressions, informed Santa Anna that he was about to leave the country, and, as his property in gold and diamonds was considerable, he begged that the president would, considering the extreme danger of the journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz, grant him the protection of a military escort. The president replied with one of those sweet smiles which form one of his set imitations of Napoleon, that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to comply with the request of M. Leroux; 'but,' said he, 'you must be well aware that, once out of my jurisdiction, the dragoons, knowing the fact of your possessing valuable property, will be sure to turn upon you, and themselves become the robbers; moreover, an escort will prove your being anxious for protection, and put the banditti on the scent. Take my advice, M. Leroux, and have false bottoms made to your trunks; in these conceal all that is valuable, and when the *ladrones* seize upon you, give up your keys immediately, let them search your baggage, when they will only find what you think proper to let them see.'

Santa Anna was right; he could not answer for his soldiers; and M. Leroux, satisfied that, however doubtful and dangerous the experiment, it was still better than trusting to the military, bowed his thanks to the president, saluted the handsome and silent Colonel Yanez, and made his way at once to the street *de Las Cadenas*, and there ordered one large portmanteau to be made, with false bottom and cover: in this, when completed, M. Leroux concealed his specie and jewellery, and left Mexico city in the night, his wife and children in a litter, himself on horseback, and several *arrieros* leading the baggage-mules. No journey submits to the eye more gorgeous and magnificent scenery than that between Mexico and Vera Cruz; but M. Leroux had no taste for the picturesque: when in sight of the great peak of Orizaba, the traveller's principal anxiety was relative to a ravine near the plain of Acajete, in which were scattered numerous little wooden crosses in commemoration of sinister and bloody deeds.

It was night when the little caravan entered the gorge, and the *arrieros*, half asleep on their mules, were chanting the monotonous *Caballo*, beginning—

'Mi mugor é mi caballo,
Se murieron en un tempo'—*

when, much to their surprise, several sonorous voices from the sides of the ravine joined in—

'Que mugor y que demonio,
El caballo es lo que siento.†

* My wife and my horse both died about the same time.

† It is not the woman, but the horse that I regret.

The party had no leisure to speculate upon the extraordinary nature of this surprise, before they were surrounded by about twenty robbers, who appeared suddenly from the numerous paths of the ravine. Despite the alarm manifested by his wife, M. Leroux was in no way disconcerted, and saw the robbers upset all his baggage, and obtain possession even of the important portmanteau, with indifference; he even handed his keys to the robbers; but these were rejected with a significant smile, and one of the banditti, drawing forth his long *navaja*, ripped open the leather, and exposed the false bottom of the trunk. M. Leroux, enraged, drew his pistols from the holsters; but a moment's reflection satisfying him of the inutility of resistance, he allowed the Mexicans to take possession of his diamonds, specie, and valuable Californian pearls.

Hastily returning to Mexico, M. Leroux laid his complaint before the proper authorities. The trunk-maker and Santa Anna were alone in the secret, which must have been by some means communicated to the robbers. The trunk-maker was arrested as an accomplice of the banditti; but easily proving his innocence, the French merchant was compelled to put up with his loss, as the true robbers were by no means to be found.

Another event of a terrible and tragic nature soon gave a clue which ultimately led to a discovery of the mystery. In the suburb of St Cosme, in which many of the pleasantest residences in Mexico are situated, surrounded by tasteful gardens, and fountains supplied by the adjacent aqueduct, which ends on the Alameda, resided M. Mairet, the Swiss consul, a gentleman of fortune, occupying a little tasteful bachelor establishment. There being no banks in Mexico, M. Mairet usually kept his money in his house. Between twelve and one o'clock, a few days after the robbery of Leroux, a *matinee doñaute* was given in a mansion exactly opposite, at which were present our minister, Mr Pakenham, Baron Deffaudis, the envoy of France, and the élite of the fashionable world, who several times noticed the strength of the consul's mansion, protected by heavy iron bars at all the windows, and guarded by two large and fierce dogs.

Ten minutes exactly before one o'clock, a coach drove to the front gate, and a man dressed in the habit of a priest, with broad shovel-hat, descended from it, accompanied by two others, and stated to the servant who admitted them that they were anxious to procure from M. Mairet a skin of parchment. As the Indian girl, his only servant, turned to convey this message to her master, she was seized behind, gagged, and made fast to a pillar. Thus much only is known positively. In about a quarter of an hour the coach again took its departure. The Indian girl, imperfectly gagged, now began to shriek, and attracting attention, a rush was made to the house, where M. Mairet was found dead, and his cash-box empty. A desperate struggle had taken place between him and his murderers, his body being covered with wounds, and in his clenched right hand was a metal button, to which hung a morsel of blue cloth.

The diplomatic corps, insisting that energy should be thrown into the search instituted for the guilty parties, suspicion fell upon a dragoon of the fourth regiment, who, from a common soldier living on his pay, suddenly became flush of money, dissipated, and riotous, without being able to explain the source of his wealth. The police visited his residence without warning, and there found a civilian's coat, of blue cloth, with one button wanting. This button was the one found in the victim's hand. According to the fatality which almost always waits upon the guilty, the murderer had failed to destroy the only evidence of his guilt. Having been tried and sentenced without delay, the dragoon, Antonio, was forced to perform a journey on foot to the murdered man's door, and was then led to the scaffold, there to die by the *garrote*, a death somewhat similar to that inflicted by the guillotine. Antonio, who had till now refused to give up his accomplices, and whose conversation showed that he expected some high influence to be exerted in his favour even at the last moment, scrutinised the crowd which surrounded him, on his way to suffer death, with an anxious

air; but having ascended the very scaffold without a sign from among the mass, the murderer turned fiercely to the alguazil, and said, 'I denounce as my captain, and the head of the banditti to whom I belong, Colonel Yanez, aide-de-camp of General Santa Anna.'

This startling announcement was not believed. Colonel Yanez—one of the most promising officers in Mexico, so gentlemanly a gambler, losing with so good a grace, and winning double without a sign of emotion; the intimate friend of Santa Anna, and the accepted lover of Donna Dolores—a highway robber and an assassin, was beyond belief. The execution was, however, stayed, and General Count Don José de la Cortina, colonel and governor of the city of Mexico, instantly despatched Captain Olozaga, the military fiscal, to the private residence of Yanez: here were found the jewels, pearls, and money of Leroux, with a mysterious correspondence, implicating himself and many others, especially customs officers of Vera Cruz. Colonel Yanez was immediately arrested, and thrown into the common prison.

That night a lady, closely veiled, but richly dressed in a black silk mantilla, and thick *rubico*, waited on Olozaga, and used every argument which a woman can use to interest the judge in the fate of the colonel. Tears, threats, coaxing, being of no avail, the mysterious lady offered 30,000 piastres for the liberty of Yanez; equally in vain; the beauty and love of Senora Dona Dolores alone preventing the fiscal from denouncing her offer, so great was his indignation. That day week the fiscal died of poison.

The next effort was made with the clerk of the unfortunate fiscal who, seduced by a gift from an unknown personage of five hundred ounces of gold, abstracted the papers which compromised Yanez from the place of security in which they had been deposited pending the trial. No sooner, however, had he committed this act, than, his conscience picking him, he confessed all to a priest, who refused him absolution, and even threatened eternal damnation, if he did not restore the documents to their place. This he did; but was not able to give back the eight thousand piastres, as the donors were strangers to him.

Meanwhile a second judge or fiscal had been appointed, to whom the affair of Yanez was handed over. Colonel Don José Calvo was a brave and honest Spaniard, who, born at Havanna, had fought with gallantry in the wars of the Peninsula. Being taken a prisoner by the French, and being well treated by that nation during his captivity, he had preserved a very grateful recollection of France. He was therefore anxious, by pursuing this matter with energy, to prove to the diplomatic corps, and, in particular, the Baron Deffaudis, who was also charged with the protection of Swiss subjects, that justice and equity was to be found in Mexico. At the same time he was not blind to the dangers he was encountering. Though Santa Anna, with his habitual policy, expressed no opinion on the subject, the colonel was not ignorant that Yanez had been his aide-de-camp and his friend. He remembered also that General Valencia, commander of the department, informed, a few minutes after the assassination, that two of the presumed murderers had taken refuge in a cabaret of the faubourgs, had exclaimed, *Que los dejen, los pobrecitos*. Moreover, the mysterious fate of his predecessor was sufficient reason for holding back; and yet he bravely persevered.

As for Yanez, his previous good fortune followed him to prison, where he received numerous signs of the interest which was taken in him. On the day following his arrest, a jailer had handed him a little billet, on which, in a female hand-writing, were inscribed these words, 'Courage, love, hope.' He moreover learned from the same source that the documents which established his guilt had been destroyed. Satisfied that the evidence of Antonio would not suffice alone to convict him, he appeared before his judges, and treated both them and the witnesses with the utmost insolence, until, to his horror and that of Dona Dolores, who was in court, the papers were produced. Colonel Yanez and seven accomplices were immediately sentenced to death.

That night Colonel Yanez and Dona Dolores had an

interview, the result of which apparently was, that a bottle of Xeres wine was left behind to cheer the prisoner. Next day the culprit was found dead, poisoned, it is not difficult to see by what means. The wretched woman who had saved him thus from the hands of the executioner, by means of a rich donation, obtained permission from the archbishop to bury the body of her lover in the gardens of the monastery of San Fernando.

[It will occur to minds familiar with popular literature, that this series of incidents—particularly the conclusion of the story—is of a character strongly akin to that of our old ballads. Mexico is at present in the stage of semi-barbarous incident which our country was in at the time when our ballads were composed. And seeing such transactions realised in our time, in a distant country, impresses in a forcible manner how much better it is to have our romance only as a subject for literary fiction, than passing in action before our eyes. —ED.]

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

CLERMONT TO LYONS.

HAVING visited mountain tops and pays to our heart's content, seen some of the most interesting parts of Auvergne, and filled our heads with as many recollections as they could well hold, we turned our backs on Clermont, and set out for fresh scenes and amusement. It was early morn, and the mists were rising from the fields, as the small diligence in which we were packed pursued its easterly course across the Limagne, making for a gap in the hilly range which hems in the plain in this direction. Crossing the Allier by a stone-bridge of recent erection, we reached Thiers at eight o'clock, to breakfast, having performed fifteen miles in five hours, a rate of speed which promised a pleasant exercise of patience during the remainder of our journey.

Thiers lies in a gorge of the hills, and, with houses, perched on craggy steepes, or nestling in the bottom of a dell through which winds the small river Dore, it is one of the most picturesque towns in France. It is also a busy seat of cutlery manufacture: the knives and other articles, however, which are produced here, are of the usually bad French make, and are centuries behind what issues from the factories of Sheffield, besides being greatly more expensive. For six or eight miles after quitting Thiers, the road is literally cut along the face of a winding precipice, overhanging the Dore, and discloses at various points most romantic and beautiful views of both sides of the vale. Overcoming, by this piece of engineering, one difficult and rugged barrier, the diligence for several hours was dragged up one hill and down another, as if it would never be out of this world of mountains; and it was not till the afternoon that, on surmounting the last of these acclivities, we had the joyful sight of the Loire, wending its way through a flat and rich vale, in the midst of which was our long-looked-for destination, Roanne.

On the second day following, we proceeded from this neat but uninteresting town to St Etienne, by means of a railway employed chiefly for coal, the carriages on which are drawn by horses. This was a tolerably pleasant ride through a series of vales, connected by cuttings and tunnels; but it was tedious, and not to be commended to those to whom time is of importance.

At St Etienne, a well-built modern town, dingy with clouds of smoke, we were within the threshold of the central manufacturing district of France. The articles produced in St Etienne are firearms and ribbons, the latter, alone, I believe, employing forty thousand workmen. Wherever one turns his eyes, he observes on the fronts of the tall houses the signboards of 'Fabricants de

Rubans; while many of the shop-windows are as gay as a parterre of flowers with specimens of this interesting branch of industry. At a bold venture, we asked one of the fabricants to show us his atelier or workshop, and were politely conducted by him to a suburb on a hill adjoining the town, composed of rows of houses used as dwellings and workplaces by the weavers. The atelier consisted of a front apartment, in which was a female winding silk thread on small reels, and a room behind, lofty in the roof, in which were two ribbon-weavers at work on their respective looms. In each loom there were twenty ribbons in process of weaving, of the most beautiful designs and colours; and the ladies of the party declared they had never seen anything so elegant. The men spoke cheerfully of their labour, and the woman, who had abandoned her reeling at our entry, hung about us, and seemed gratified to answer any questions concerning the mode of life among the ribbon-weaving population. She said that, with industry and economy, they had nothing to complain of; an acknowledgment which, I believe, could be made with propriety by the bulk of the manual labourers of every country.

After spending a day in this sort of loitering observation, we proceeded by a railway, provided with locomotives, but execrably managed, to Lyons.

The first glimpse of the Rhone, which we had on emerging from a vale down which the line of railroad descends on its way to Lyons, was interesting, but failed in the magnitude which we had anticipated. The scene, however, improved as we approached Lyons and crossed by a newly formed viaduct the river Saone, where it unites its waters with the Rhone. We were now landed on that flat triangular peninsula on which Lyons has been built, everything about us betokening that we had arrived in a busy and opulent city. With the Saone flowing past it on the south, and the Rhone on the north, both uniting at a point on the east, it may be said to possess a peculiarly favourable situation for commerce. Nor is it unsuitable as a place of agreeable residence. On the opposite bank of the Saone rises a long hill dotted over with mansions, which command a lovely prospect of the town and rivers; across the western part of the peninsula there is a similar hill, also covered with masses of building; while, on the further bank of the Rhone, long lines of new buildings, forming an elegant suburb, are starting into existence. The old town, consisting of a dense Parisian-looking cluster of streets, alleys, and places, is the great theatre of business, and the whole being faced with fine broad quays, suitable for barges and steam-vessels, Lyons may be said generally to exhibit a fair picture of a large and prosperous provincial town.

Lyons, as everybody is aware, is the centre of the silk manufacture in France, and in the occupation of weaving and otherwise preparing, as well as selling this article, a great number of persons are employed. Ten years ago, as is also generally known, the weavers of Lyons struck for an advance of wages, mastered the municipality, and for two days had possession of the town. Much blood was shed, and no little damage done, before the revolt was quelled. I took care to ask the result of this insatuated outbreak, and was informed that it had led to the town being overawed by fortifications, whose cannon are seen bristling on the different heights, and that the city contained at the time of my visit twelve thousand soldiers. Thus subdued, the operative silk-weavers have confessed the utter hopelessness of bettering themselves by violence. Not that they are contented; far from it; but they look for an improvement in circumstances to other means than the exercise of force upon their employers. And at what an expense to the country has this humiliating confession been extorted? Besides the outlay of from one to two millions of pounds sterling on the building of forts and barracks, and the constant drain of money to support the troops which occupy them, here are twelve thousand able-bodied men withdrawn from active labour in order to keep watch over the proceedings of those who,

if they knew their own interests, and the interests of their country, should require no kind of supervision. A consideration of such folly almost breaks the heart of the man who is inclined to look hopefully for social meliorations.

The pleasure we had experienced in our visit to the atelier of the ribbon-weaver at St Etienne, made us anxious to see silk-weaving in this its chosen seat. Having an introduction to one of the leading master manufacturers, this was not difficult. By this gentleman we were despatched, under the charge of a clerk, a young Englishman learning the profession, to an atelier in which some of the finest fabrics are produced. Before describing what here came under our notice, I may say a few words respecting the method of manufacturing in Lyons. The manufacturer, who is the capitalist and employer, keeps no factory of his own. He gives out the silk to be dyed to one class of men, and to be woven by another. The individual, however, with whom he deals is not the actual weaver. He is a person who, by his skill and industry, has attained a position half-way between a workman and master; he owns two or three looms, which stand in an apartment connected with his dwelling, and he takes in work to be executed, partly by himself, and partly by men whom he employs. His chief duty, a most onerous one, demanding great patience and ingenuity, consists in putting the web into the loom, and arranging all the Jacquard and other apparatus necessary for producing the required pattern; after which he superintends the operations of the weaver, who is a workman of inferior standing and capacity, and consequently receives inferior wages for his labour. The title universally given to the agent who undertakes work on this principle is that of *chef d'atelier*—chief of the workshop, or foreman.

It was the establishment of one of these manufacturing agents or chiefs that I was taken to see. Having been led to a narrow street behind the Place Bellecour, I was conducted to the fourth storey of a large building by a stair, precisely resembling one of those common stairs in Edinburgh which give admission to the different floors of tall edifices. The atelier we were to visit occupied part of a floor, the looms working at a height of about sixty feet from the ground, over the heads of several strata of families, and under two or three strata still higher up the building. The scene was curious. We had never seen any mechanism half so intricate, and apparently unintelligible. The process was by Jacquard cards, but the patterns to be wrought embraced such variety of detail, that the apparatus was an inextricable maze of bobbins, strings, and other parts incomprehensible to a stranger. The *chef*, doffing his cap, received us with great politeness, and took pains to explain—vain thought—the mechanic of the looms under his charge, three in number. Lifting up a piece of paper carefully pinned over the parts woven of the fabrics in hand, he showed the beauty of their designs. One of the pieces was magnificent. It was a gorgeous assemblage of colours finely harmonised in tone, with gold and silver thread in different combinations, and was intended, he said, for church banners. Another piece, the ground-work of which was white satin, interwoven also with gold and silver, was designed for priests' vestments in the church service. The *chef* mentioned, that such was the complexity of one of these pieces, that he was occupied three months in arranging it in the loom; and that the workman employed upon it could not weave more than a yard in the week. The price which it would cost the manufacturer was to be a hundred francs per yard. The operatives engaged in weaving such articles realise from twelve to fifteen francs for their weekly labour.

On the whole, we had reason to be much pleased with the courteous and intelligent answers not only of this respectable *chef d'atelier*, but of the ribbon-weavers whom we conversed with at St Etienne, and took care not to confound them with the mass of inferior workmen whose dissoluteness keeps them poor, and

whose outbreaks have done so much to injure and drive away the trade of Lyons and its neighbourhood. No higher proof of the superior ingenuity and prudence of this class of men could be given than the single fact, that among a hundred persons who received prize medals for articles in silk, shown at the late Parisian Exposition, as many as ninety were manufacturers who had originally been chiefs d'atelier, and consequently sprung from the ranks of the people.

During one of the days of our stay in Lyons, we ascended by a steep and winding path the height on the opposite side of the Saône, called the hill of Fourviers. From the lower part of the height, to near its summit, the difficult pathway is lined with a mean order of buildings, occupied chiefly as workshops and dwellings for the poorer class of weavers, and also as small shops for the sale of trinkets and offerings to the devout mortals who are on a pilgrimage to the church of Our Lady of Fourviers, which crowns the top of the hill. We reckoned not fewer than thirty shops, stalls, and booths of this order, and the trade they drove was considerable. Of miniature legs, arms, and other parts of the body in wax, candles six feet in height, rosaries of all qualities and prices, coloured prints of the human heart burning, and glazed pictures of saints, there was a vast abundance. Among the numerous prints was one of an aged priest, the Abbé Perrin, accompanied with a short account of his life and character; and as we had heard much of this remarkable man, we purchased a copy as a memorial of our visit to the hill of Fourviers. It is always pleasant to hear of unostentatious and pious philanthropy. The Abbé Perrin, who died in March of the present year, at the age of ninety-one, was renowned for the exceeding benevolence of his character. Originally a poor lad, by dint of hard study and frugality he attained the rank of priest in his native parish, where he remained till expelled from the country by a revolutionary decree. Returning to France in 1798, he was appointed chaplain of the prisons of Lyons, a post which he occupied till the period of his decease. Devoted to his calling, his philanthropy and disregard of self appear to have been analogous to that of the benevolent Howard. Wherever there were suffering and misery, there was found the abbé, administering relief and consolation. Not content to remain at home till sent for, the abbé was incessantly on his feet, seeking for objects to whom he could beneficially offer his ministrations. In hospitals, prisons, the 'fatale charrette,' everywhere, was the abbé the counsellor and consoler of the miserable. Pressed at any time for means, he did not scruple to divest himself of an article of attire to relieve the wants of the poor. One rigorous day in winter, in crossing one of the bridges in Lyons, he took off his shoes, and gave them to a pauper who was suffering from the want of these articles. The good deeds of the abbé at length reached the ears of royalty, and the king forthwith sent him a cross of the legion of honour in acknowledgment of his public services. Considering the commonness of the gift, this was no doubt a small act of condescension; but, insignificant as it was, it was something more than we ever heard of being dispensed in England for services any way beneficent in their nature.

We were now, after two or three zig-zags, at the threshold of the church which was attracting so many passengers up the ascent, and we entered it like the rest. The scene was strange; not, however, from the crowding of worshippers, but from the walls being covered all over, from near the ground to the ceiling, with small pictures, legs, arms, and other objects, such as we had seen exposed to sale upon the hill. As there was a great number of candles—perhaps two hundred—burning before the shrine of Our Lady, the atmosphere was too oppressive to be borne more than a few minutes. I believe no one is more tolerant of all forms of belief than I am, but I found it impossible not to blame the ignorant devotion which could inflict such bodily harm as was

manifested in this den of horrors, where the inhaling of foul air must be continually encroaching on the lives of devotees. Neither can I admire, or speak with any degree of patience of the authorities of Lyons, for inscribing such trash as the following over the doorway of the church:—A. N. D. de Fourviers, Lyons reconnaissant d'avoir été par son intercession préservé du choléra 1832 et 1835. (To the intercession of Our Lady of Fourviers, Lyons acknowledges itself to have been preserved from cholera in 1832 and 1835). So long as delusions of this kind are impressed on people's minds, it cannot be expected that they should trace maladies to their true proximate causes—cholera to filth, for instance—or adopt the proper means for insuring their removal.

Beside the church of Our Lady of Fourviers is a lofty tower, erected as a look-out by a Lyons citizen, and admission to which is a matter of payment. Ascending by means of a winding stair, to the top of this structure, which is about seven hundred feet above the level of the town, we were rewarded with an enchanting and extensive view over the country around, with Lyons in the centre of the scene, its rivers and numerous bridges. The country is almost a dead level in a north-easterly direction, to the boundaries of Switzerland and Savoy, and exposed to us, gleaming amidst the clouds, the white summit of Mont Blanc. In the midst of a hilly tract in a south-easterly direction, by means of a telescope, we had a singularly distinct view of a range of broken arches, built of brick and stone, the remains of an aqueduct which had been in use by the ancient Romans when they inhabited the hill of Fourviers.

Lyons having been an important provincial capital of the Romans after their conquest of Gaul, the town and its neighbourhood have yielded a plentiful crop of antiquities to the archaeologist. The town museum, which we spent half a day in roaming over, is an extensive quadrangular edifice, with its central court, arcades, and galleries filled with as many Roman altars, stone coffins, inscriptions, mosaic pavements, and other relics, as would set up a dozen museums in England. In the same handsome square which contains this palais des beaux arts, is the Hôtel de Ville, a large and elegant building of the Renaissance, where the Revolutionary Tribunal under Couthon and Collot d'Herbois held its infamous sittings. This structure, and the Hôtel-Dieu on the quay fronting the Rhone, are the finest public buildings in Lyons. The Hôtel-Dieu, which occupied us an afternoon in walking over, is an hospital of great antiquity, for the reception of all kinds of poor patients, whether sick or hurt. Besides the façade which overlooks the river, the house consists of several diverging lines of building behind, lighted from interior courtyards, the whole divided into floors centering at one point in an octagonal chapel. In the midst of this chapel stands an altar, which can be seen from the further extremity of each diverging gallery, and here divine worship is performed within sight, or at least within hearing, of the numerous patients early every morning. At the time of our visit there were fifteen hundred patients in the house, all of whom, as far as I could see, were under a careful and comfortable superintendence. The most remarkable thing in the economy of the establishment is, that it is under the entire guidance of Sisters of Charity, of whom a hundred and fifty are constantly on duty, without fee or reward. How frequently, abroad, has one reason to admire the diligent and practical piety of this wonderful sisterhood. We found them in detachments, and in different parts of the house, performing the most varied functions. While certain sets attended in the sick wards, others were occupied as cooks in the kitchen, and some acted as apothecaries in weighing and dispensing drugs in a large laboratory surrounded with bottles, jars, and retorts. The way in which they seemed to blend secular with religious duties, struck us as something not very common in the officers of such institutions. Their guiding principle, apparently, was never to be doing

nothing. The instant that any piece of work was executed, down they either sat to a book of devotion, or, falling upon their knees, commenced a series of orisons, in which the mind was seemingly lifted above all mean surrounding circumstances. The spectacle of a kneeling nun in the midst of coppers and stew-pans was no doubt grotesque; yet, is not the whole world a temple, and may not a prayer uttered in a kitchen be of as great efficacy as one offered up in the most splendid tabernacle ever made with hands?

TRIFLES.

THE oft-observed importance of trifles as exercising a remarkable power over human destiny was lately illustrated in a striking manner in the life of M. Lafitte, the eminent banker of Paris, and one of the most conspicuous public men of his age. Originally poor, he owed the employment which first opened up to him the path of fortune, to his one day picking up a pin which he saw lying at his feet. As very small incidents will thus sometimes lead to the most brilliant results, so will they occasionally produce the most dismal misfortunes. How often has the use, or probably misuse, of a particular word led to the destruction of life! Instances of important consequences following upon such trifles are familiar to all; yet they do not exercise much influence over human conduct. The reason is, that men in general require motives more immediate and pressing than are supplied by a consideration of occurrences which may or may not have great results. There is, however, another class of trifling matters, important in their real character, and having a more immediate bearing upon human happiness, which we may do some good by adverting to.

Johnson is a poor tradesman; and as he has a wife and family, he finds it a difficult matter 'to make both ends meet.' By dint of hard labour, however, often continued into the middle of the night, he succeeds in keeping them and himself from absolute want. So precarious are their means of subsistence, that the morning frequently finds the head of the family unable to provide the funds necessary for the expenses of the day; and at no time is he enabled to say, 'I and mine may now bid defiance to want for a week, for I have sufficient by me to maintain myself and them for that period.' Under such circumstances, it was a matter of some moment to him to receive immediate payment for the work intrusted to his execution; and thus among his neighbours, who, like himself, were poor, and knew what poverty required, were many who were punctual in the discharge of their bills. 'Poor Johnson,' they would say, 'wants the money, and it would be wrong to keep it from him longer than we can help.' It so happened, however, that Johnson did not work for poor people alone. Though his shop made no show, and he had neither brass-plate on his door nor plate-glass in his window, the fame of his workmanship had gone abroad, and he was occasionally honoured with the patronage of the gentlefolks in the vicinity. These he found by no means such 'good pay' as his poorer neighbours; and many a dunning application was Johnson forced to make, ere he was enabled to obtain from them the amount due to him: not that they were dishonest—that of course was impossible—but they were simply careless. It happened on a particular occasion that Johnson, late at night, reviewing the state of his funds, found they were at so low an ebb, that he would not be able to provide his family with the requisite food for the next day. He had, however, work still on hand, which, if he could complete that night, and deliver early next morning, might relieve himself and them from difficulty. Accordingly he continued, and completed it ere he went to bed. Early next morning he delivered it, and was told to call again for payment. Unhappily for Johnson on the present occasion, his work had been performed for one of the wealthiest householders in the neighbourhood; one of a class of persons who, not knowing what

poverty is, take very little thought of the necessities of the poor. To 'call again,' on occasions like the present, was a matter of course; and fortunate was the tradesman who had to do so but once. Johnson was not so fortunate. He did call again; but the master 'could not be disturbed about such a trifle then.' 'It is not a trifle to me,' muttered Johnson; but the servant abruptly closed the door, and he was compelled to depart without his money. What was to be done for the day he knew not. Work he might probably have; but he could not hope to receive, perform, and get paid for it in the same day. What, then, was to be done? He leaned his head upon his hand when he returned home, and thought over the matter till his brain ached. 'There is no help for it,' said he at length; 'I must pledge my coat. My family must have bread; and when this gentleman pays me, I shall be able to redeem the coat.' The garment was pledged, to be redeemed in a fortnight, and his family were provided with food. During the day he obtained his usual quantity of work, and so on for a week. At the end of that period his account was paid; but when he went to redeem the coat, he found that, though the money which he had received would have been sufficient to procure himself and family food for a day, it was not sufficient to do that and pay the high rate of interest on the loan he had obtained. He cherished the hope, by working hard, to be enabled to make up the balance deficient in a week, and thus save the garment from forfeiture; but he was unable to do so, and it immediately became the property of the grasping pawnbroker. I need not dwell on the inconveniences which resulted to the poor man from this loss. Enough has been said to show that the amount of his account, though a 'trifle' in the eyes of the wealthy householder, was in reality a matter of importance, and should have been dealt with as such.

Again—Wallace is a young man of unexceptionable connexions and character, some property, and considerable parts. These qualifications are in themselves sufficient to procure the favourable regards of most damsels; but to these he also adds a pleasing style of address, which gives him an immeasurable advantage with the fair sex over the young men of his acquaintance. Ellen Travers is a cousin of Wallace's—a first cousin; there being just that degree of relationship between them which is supposed to be the most dangerous; as open to familiar intimacy as that of brother or sister, and yet capable of being united by closer ties. Ellen, without being a positive beauty, or yet an angel in petticoats, was the centre of attraction whithersoever she went. Was a partner for the dance required? Ellen Travers's hand was earnestly sought after. Was a party on foot? Ellen Travers, above all other ladies, must be of the number. Amid the general homage which was paid her by the male portion of her acquaintances, there was much of sincerity and much of fashion. Neither the one nor the other, however, appeared to yield her any particular delight. Gratified, no doubt, she was; but she seemed at all times ready to quit the circle of her admirers for a quiet conversation or promenade with her 'cousin Wallace,' and often had recourse to him as a protection or shield from the too minute attention which was occasionally paid her. With respect to Wallace, he was too much flattered by this apparent preference not to take advantage of it. Evenings would pass away, and he would be content to seek no other society but that of Ellen, until at length the 'world' began to whisper that they were engaged. Wallace, however, in truth, regarded Ellen in no other light than that of a very pretty relation, and one who, being a belle, it was a proud distinction to be seen with. He also thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to pay her such attentions as gallantry dictated and society seems to uphold. Those attentions are trifling, but they are calculated to make a powerful impression on an already predisposed mind.

It was on the occasion of a brilliant party, at which both Wallace and Ellen were present. The latter was

as usual the belle, and Wallace also, as usual, was at her side. 'How charming you look, Ellen,' he observed in the course of the evening; 'I have positively lost my heart.' Ellen had some such idea, and smiled. On parting for the night, he whispered, 'Dream of me, Ellen.' Ellen dreamt; it is not surprising that her dreams were of him.

Months passed away, and matters continued much in the same state—Ellen dreaming, and Wallace attentive and thoughtless. A friend of the latter at length took occasion to congratulate him on his conquest. 'What conquest?' he inquired. 'Ellen Travers,' replied his friend. 'What! my pretty cousin? She's no conquest of mine, I assure you, and I never thought of making one.' 'Impossible!' 'Truth, believe me.' 'Then you have been dealing very unfairly with the girl.' 'How do you make that out? A few trifling attentions, such as one in her position expects, are all that I have paid her.' 'What do you call a constant attendance on her movements for the last six months?' 'A trifle, my dear fellow; not more than happens to any other girl half-a-dozen times in her life.' 'What do you consider the confession of having lost your heart, for I overheard it?' 'Another trifle—a mere joke—such as is made every day. The fact is, you attach too much importance to these matters, and Ellen thinks no more of me than I do of her.' But it was not so. Ellen Travers loved, and loved in consequence of the 'trifling attentions' (trifling, indeed, in one sense of the word) which had been paid her. She shortly after discovered the error into which she had fallen, and, possessing sufficient strength of mind, overcame the consequences; but there are young women who have not been thus fortunate, and whose peace has been disturbed, and health injured, by such trifles.

One more example, and I shall have said enough for the present. It was the season when nature abroad looks loveliest, and the green fields and gay flowers attract parties into the country, with the view for a time to forget the cares and bustle—the smoke and dirt—of the capital of the world. Our friend, whom we will call James, as anxious as many of his acquaintances to avail himself of so pleasing a change, was not in a condition, like them, to leave his business for a week or a month, and retire into the country. Nevertheless in these days of rapid and frequent communication from place to place, abundant facilities are afforded for a flying visit to sylvan glades and balmy groves, the favourite resorts of the now forgotten deities, I'an and Flora. Accordingly, our good cut resolved on getting up a picnic, and taking his family and certain other of their young friends to one of these beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of London. A day was fixed for the occasion, and, as if the aforesaid deities had interested themselves favourably with those who were supposed to control the weather, it was an unusually fine one. When the hour of departure drew nigh, the bustle of preparation began. As it approached nearer, the bustle increased; but the ladies were by some means not yet ready, although there was little time now to lose. Our friend, who, like other business-men, placed punctuality in the first rank of duty, had endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity for being ready at the proper time, and was now by no means patient at the delay. At length each made her appearance but one, and that his youngest daughter. 'You are always so fidgetty, papa—I'm coming,' she replied to one of oft-repeated summonses. 'It wants but three-quarters of the hour when the train starts,' said her father, 'and the omnibus takes half an hour to reach the terminus. We shall have to go on without you, or be late, I am afraid.' 'La, papa, there's no great hurry after all. We have, you see, a quarter of an hour to spare.' Still she fidgetted at her toilet, and there was presently but ten minutes to spare. Her father again called out rather angrily; but she 'could not see why he should be vexed at such a "trifle."' Down she came, however, and the party started for the omnibus. The stand was not far off, and

it was soon reached. 'Have you room for six?' cried our friend to the conductor. 'You are five minutes too late, sir; we have now only room for two.' With a look at his daughter that told how annoyed he felt, he inquired when the next omnibus would start. 'In ten minutes, sir,' was the reply. 'In ten minutes! it might as well be to-morrow.' Rachel, said he to his daughter, 'this is your doing; we must take a coach.' A coach was therefore called, and they all got in—our friend's temper by no means improved, in consideration of the increase thus occasioned to the expenses of the day. Away, however, they rattled, and they might have arrived at the terminus having a few minutes to spare; but the pavement was being repaired in one street, which rendered a detour necessary, and a stoppage occurred in another; so that when they reached the railway station, they heard the last tinkling of the bell as it was rung, and saw the tail of the crowd of passengers starting in the several carriages of the train. 'Half-a-dozen tickets immediately,' cried our friend; and having received them, away the whole party scampered for their lives. A porter demanded their tickets, and threw open one of the doors of the carriages; in they all rushed, as it was thought; the door was shut, and on rolled the train. 'Are all in?' inquired our friend. His offending daughter, anxious to conciliate him, immediately exclaimed, 'yes;' and then looking around to see whether she had replied correctly or not, discovered that one of the party was absent. Pale as death itself, she called out to her father to 'tell them to stop the train, for one of the party had been left behind.' There was no stopping the train, however, and on it whirled, with another thorn in the side of their enjoyment of the day's excursion. The party had to go on by water, and would transport themselves from the train to a steamboat, to be in attendance at a certain stage. Arrived there, they got out of the carriage, and went on board the steamboat. Anxious eyes were bent, and earnest inquiries made among the passengers relative to the missing one, but with no satisfactory result. 'She will no doubt come on by the next train,' modestly whispered Rachel; and in this hope they proceeded on their journey, although our friend was strongly disposed to return. But, unfortunate Rachel! the sum of the misfortunes consequent on her trifling away five minutes of time was not yet complete. Those who journey by these steamers are aware that the passage-money is not collected on embarkation, but during the passage. If parties have come from the trains, they will have paid in the first instance, and have received tickets to be handed as vouchers when called on for payment on board the steamers. When the collector came to our party for the amount of their passage, our friend had no tickets to present, those which he had received having been taken from him. He was told that they could not have been the right tickets, but tickets for passage only as far as the terminus of the railway. Here, then, was another difficulty. The passage-money to the pier at which the boat would call was as much as had been already paid; but the same must be paid over again, 'as the railway and steamboat were two distinct concerns.' 'Here you are again, Rachel,' muttered her father, as he reluctantly paid the amount; 'this will teach you that waiting your time is no "trifle." If you had been ready when I told you you should be—nay, five minutes before you were so—we should have been in time for the omnibus, and saved coach-hire; we should have had abundant leisure to see that our tickets were correct, and not have had to pay our passage twice; above all, we should not have lost one of our party. How, under all these circumstances, we can pass our time pleasantly, I do not know; and therefore, should our young friend not come down by the next train and boat, it is my determination to proceed no farther, but go back immediately.' The young lady did go down by the next train, but was too timid to proceed by the steamer alone; she therefore returned to London, where she was subsequently joined

by her friends. 'Never,' observed James to his daughter, as they parted for the night—'never again. Rachel, think that loss of time, under any circumstances, is a "trifle." In the present case, it has resulted but in the extra expenditure of a few shillings, and grievous disappointment to us all. On another occasion, however, far more serious consequences may follow.'

Mature reflection will lead to the conclusion, that few things may be correctly designated as 'trifles'; and that though some, taken alone, may appear so, there are many circumstances which naturally render them otherwise. To form a correct estimate of them, we must be placed in possession of those circumstances. The following practical general remark may, however, be made: what are usually termed 'trifles' are no longer so, but important affairs, when there is a possibility of their taking a serious turn—when they create a difference, or irritate the temper, or when likely to be misconstrued, or to interrupt good relations.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE subject of this sketch was born in an obscure town at the French foot of the Pyrenees, the son of a village-lawyer—he died king of two important European nations. These circumstances imply, simply as they stand, a career of personal energy and vicissitude which, if not unexampled, was extraordinary. A record of it, compiled from authentic sources, will not only prove interesting, but instructive.

Charles John Bernadotte was born at Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, on the 26th of January 1764. His father, an attorney of that place, appears to have treated him in early life with some degree of harshness; the old lawyer evincing so decided a partiality for an elder son, that, at the age of sixteen, Charles quitted his paternal roof, and enlisted as a private in the royal marines. He went immediately to Marseilles, whence he was ordered to Corsica, off which island he first saw active service. At the end of nine years, steadiness and good conduct had promoted Bernadotte to the highest rank it was possible for a private soldier under the old system to attain—namely, that of serjeant-major. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, his prospects in life were settled. To rise higher in the world seemed an impossibility. But the Revolution of 1789 broke down the barriers which stopped promotion, and, like most young soldiers, he sided with the new order of things. The first shock of the Revolution which was felt at Marseilles, where the marines were still stationed, exhibits Bernadotte in a most respectable light:—the soldiers of many regiments having deposed and imprisoned their officers, and chosen new ones from amongst themselves, the marines followed the example, and selected Serjeant Bernadotte for their commander. Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment, and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy. 'Above all,' he thus concluded his speech, 'I must impress upon you, that, without discipline, no military body can subsist; and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience.' 'That we will!' cried the men with one voice. 'It follows of course, then,' resumed the serjeant-colonel, 'that whosoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?' 'We swear it!' responded the soldiers. Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment. 'Soldiers,' said he, taking the hand of the colonel, 'you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me. I now command you to recognise again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My com-

mand is at an end—I resign it to our former chief.' The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment. Nor could the ex-serjeant be induced to fill his place: till the end of 1791 we still find him of no higher grade than that of adjutant.

In times of revolution, energy and personal bravery are qualities best calculated to obtain advancement. These Bernadotte possessed in an eminent degree, and his rise was rapid. In 1792 he was promoted to a colonelcy, and as such served in the campaign of the Rhine. After the battle of Fleurus (26th May, 1792), to the gaining of which he was mainly instrumental, Kleber, the commander-in-chief, promoted him on the field to the rank of general of brigade. A few years after, Bernadotte performed one of those dashing exploits which are so captivating to the multitude, and which invariably secure the popularity of the actor. In one of the battles on the banks of the Rhine, the division under his command began to falter. In vain he tried to rally them by his example and his commands. At length, finding them still inclined to retreat, he tore his epaulettes from his shoulders, and threw them into the ranks of the enemy. 'Now to recover them!' he exclaimed, and dashed into the thickest of the fight. Those who witnessed the feat were ashamed to desert him; they followed, inspired the others with courage, and the enemy was routed. At the end of this campaign—which lasted till 1797—the French Directory wrote to him very flattering encomiums on his conduct.

While these events were passing in Germany, a Corsican sub-lieutenant of artillery, who began his career at Toulon, had rendered his name quite as famous as that of Bernadotte. His sphere of action had been in the south of Europe, and he was now so far advanced in military honours as to be intrusted with an important command in Italy, whither Bernadotte was ordered with an army of 20,000 men. General Napoleon Bonaparte (the recent subaltern of Corsica) and his new colleague appear to have been jealous of each other's fame. They had never met previously, and, in recording the first interview, Bernadotte wrote thus:—'Having entered the head-quarters, I was introduced to a man of from twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age; but he appeared to possess all the attributes of a man of fifty. These characteristics bode no good for the republic.' The jealousy of the two generals afterwards became so detrimental to the public service, that, after the peace of Campo Formio, with which the Italian campaign concluded, Bernadotte was removed from military command, and appointed ambassador at Vienna. The impetuous and daring soldier seldom makes a good diplomatist, and Bernadotte proved a little too fiery for his office. When the Austrians began to arm against France, they tore down the tricolour flag displayed at the residence of the French embassy; the envoy demanded reparation in an imperious tone; it was refused, and he was recalled. On his return, he found the government arming for an expedition against Egypt; and during these preparations, he wooed and won a young lady of as humble origin as himself—Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a merchant at Marseilles. Her sister had previously married Bonaparte's brother, Joseph. Hence, both these fortunate young ladies eventually became queens.

To trace out hero through the so-called 'glories' of his military career in Belgium, Austria, and Prussia, would only be making a chronicle of bloodshed, with which we have little sympathy. Against the consulate of Napoleon he revolted; but when his great rival became emperor, he so far acquiesced in his wonderful rise, as to accept at his hands the rank of Marshal of France; and after the battle of Austerlitz, the title of Prince of Ponte Corvo, in Italy. At the peace of Tilz, the Emperor Napoleon appointed Bernadotte governor of the Hans Towns.*

* Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen.

'This epoch,' says one of his biographers, 'was the most honourable of his existence. By a conciliating and wise administration, he repaired as much as possible the destruction caused by war. His moderation, integrity, and justice, inspired all the people under his government—and especially those of Hamburg—with the utmost respect and regard not only for himself, but for the French in general.' Whilst governor of the Hans Towns, Bernadotte's military services were once more called into operation, and against a people whose sovereign he soon after became. It happened that, although all the continental nations had laid down their arms, Gustavus IV., king of Sweden, determined—against the wishes of his subjects—to engage single-handed in a war with France. Bernadotte marched against him, and would have inevitably conquered and ruined the whole nation, had not the rash king been deposed in time by his own people. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Bernadotte obeying the strict orders he had received from Napoleon, which were, to overrun and despoil the country. With a wise forbearance, however, he disobeyed orders, and suspended hostilities the moment he learned that Gustavus was deposed. This act of moderation the Swedes never forgot. His name had already been rendered popular in the country by his kind treatment of some Swedish prisoners during the campaign of 1806.

This circumstance opened the enmity between Napoleon and Bernadotte afresh; but powerful as the emperor was, he knew that the popularity of Bernadotte, not only in France, but throughout Europe—materially increased as it was by his brilliant victory at Wagram (17th May, 1809)—was too great to admit of any open act of hostility towards him. In fact, of all the men to whom Napoleon rose superior, Bernadotte was the only one whose influence he feared. The emperor, nevertheless, abstained not from inflicting all the petty annoyances on the Prince Pont-Corvo he could safely subject him to. When the latter returned to Paris, the council of the empire selected him to oppose the English at Walcheren; but Napoleon reversed the order, and commanded the prince to return instantly to his principality of Ponte Corvo. Bernadotte appears to have treated the order with contempt, for he took no notice of it. Tired of the excitement of which his past life had been made up, he desired—so far from resuming the state of a viceroy—to live in comparative retirement. He remained, therefore, in Paris, in the midst of his family and friends.

One morning—while thus peacefully leading the life of a private citizen—two Swedish officers called upon him. They had an important piece of intelligence to communicate, which was, that the Swedish nation, through their representatives (assembled in solemn diet at Orebo), had unanimously chosen him as heir-apparent to the crown; that, on the demise of the reigning monarch, Charles XIII. (uncle and successor of the deposed Gustavus), he might ascend the throne. It was thus they desired to reward him for the moderation and humanity he had previously evinced to their nation.

Though Bernadotte was extremely desirous of accepting the reversion of their crown, offered by the Swedish envoys, yet it was difficult to know what effect such a step would work upon the emperor, whose subject the new crown-prince still was. He took the proper course, and formally applied to Napoleon for his permission to accept the proffered dignity. The answer was one of those dramatic epigrams in which Frenchmen so much delight:—'Elevated from the French people myself,' answered the emperor, 'I dare not oppose the choice of another people.' The reply was equivocal, and so were the after-proceedings of Bonaparte. He delayed the official documents necessary to release Bernadotte from his obligations as a French subject as long as possible. Several interviews took place between the two enemies: but the future king of Sweden gained his point at last. He resigned his Italian principality, and certain possessions he had ac-

quired in Poland, in exchange for a promise of three million francs (£120,000); no more than a third of which did he ever receive. The farewell interview was exceedingly stormy. The last words were uttered by Napoleon. 'Go,' he exclaimed, 'that our destinies may be accomplished!'

Bernadotte took his imperial rival at his word, and departed immediately. On arriving in his adopted country, he was received with every mark of regard and honour. 'This was in the beginning of 1811. Two years afterwards, he was placed in a most difficult position. Of the sovereigns who allied themselves to crush the power of Napoleon, Charles XIII. of Sweden was necessarily one. The military talents of the crown-prince were too great to be dispensed with, and he was called upon to take the field in behalf of his adopted, against his native land. It is said that this terrible necessity caused him a mental struggle of so violent a nature, that he was thrown on a bed of sickness, which threatened to terminate fatally. But he recovered in time for action, and took a prominent part in the battle of Leipsic. Here his position was singular. By his former successes in Germany, he had mainly contributed to the annexation of the German states to the French republic and empire. Now he appeared amongst France's enemies, to undo all he had previously done. The battle of Leipsic proved a sweeping day of reckoning for the French, who were defeated with unusual slaughter.* On that day Bernadotte's triumph over his ancient enemy must have been complete. In fact, Napoleon always spoke of Bernadotte as the proximate cause of his downfall. 'He was,' exclaimed the exile of St Helena to General Las Cases, 'the serpent nourished in our bosom.'

That the struggles of conscientious feeling attributed to Bernadotte were sincere, is proved by his conduct immediately after the triumph at Leipsic. On arriving at the banks of the Rhine, the scene of his former achievements, in pursuit of his old companions in arms, he stopped, and determined to renounce his adopted country. With this view he entered Paris with the allied sovereigns after the abdication of Napoleon; but his reception was so discouraging, that he immediately hastened back to Sweden. At Stockholm, his return was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm; and from that moment he became in heart a Swede. He entered with warmth and zeal into the political contentions in which the country was then involved with Norway, striving to conciliate the contending powers. His efforts were successful, and, mainly by his judicious interference, the two kingdoms were united.

On the 5th of February 1818 Charles XIII. died, and Bernadotte was proclaimed king of Sweden and Norway, by the title of Charles XIV. On the 7th of the following May he was crowned at Stockholm. At this ceremony a flattering and somewhat poetic mark of attention was paid him. The throne was very elevated, and approached by steps. On each step was embroidered the name of a victory in which he shared, beginning with Fleurus (on the Rhine), and ending with Leipsic; for it was by these successes that he had, in a great measure, reached the throne. On the 7th of the next September he was crowned again at Drontheim as king of Norway. So highly esteemed was he abroad, that every important European power, without a single exception, sent to congratulate him on his accession, and to consolidate it by its alliance.

Happily, Charles XIV. proved himself worthy of his elevation. Although professionally a warrior, he hated war for its demoralising effects, and turned the whole energies of his mind to the peaceful arts. Sweden and Norway having been joined politically, he determined to unite them physically; and for that purpose caused a gigantic road to be cut across the Scandinavian Alps. He also opened a canal which united the Baltic and the

* At this frightful carnage no fewer than 80,000 Frenchmen were slain. The battle was fought on the 19th October 1813.

North Sea. He tried by every means in his power to gain the affections of his subjects; and, lest he should be accused of partiality, would not employ a single Frenchman in state affairs, always discouraging them from settling in the country. 'Altogether,' says M. Lemoire, whose biography we have before quoted, 'the reign of Bernadotte must be reckoned as amongst the most prosperous in Swedish history. Under his auspices agriculture and manufactures flourished, and commerce arose from a long and injurious inactivity.'

In private life, the new king, though generally amiable and respected, had his foibles. The rigid notions of a military martinet betrayed him into exacting an inconvenient number of small ceremonies and absurd etiquettes. He had also a taste for public speaking, and for literary controversy; hence he constantly involved himself in little paper wars with the public journals. His son, Joseph-François-Oscar (of whom we have as yet been unable to speak, but who was born at Paris on the 4th July 1799), was—as usual with heirs-apparent—opposed to his father in many of his little contests with the legislature and the press. Having too great an affection for the young prince to blame him openly and harshly, the king took the amiable expedient of desiring all the clergymen in the kingdom to preach from the fifth commandment on one of the young man's birthdays.

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance, that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. The king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The crown-prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, 'the king is coming,' to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Charles John, king of Sweden, enjoyed excellent health up to his eightieth birthday, which was on the 26th of January 1844. On that day he was struck with apoplexy, and he expired a few weeks after, universally lamented. His successor, Oscar I., is a man of great acquirements. His time has been employed for years in improving the criminal and punitive code of the two kingdoms. He is the author of a valuable work on 'Punishments and Prisons,' which has been translated into French and German. He married in 1826 the eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, who was the son of Napoleon's first empress, Josephine. Oscar and his consort were crowned at Stockholm in September last.

THE WORKING-MAN'S WINTER EVENING.

WHAT can a working-man do best with his leisure after the toils of the day? This question can be answered in various ways. If he be a married man, he should spend his evenings with his family. Whatever recreation he may have at command he will enjoy with double zest, if shared by those nearest and dearest to himself; and this really is the way in which fortunate operatives, with good wives and comfortable homes, do spend their evenings. But unfortunately these form but a small number of the mass: the greater proportion of working-men have not enticing homes—some are unmarried, with nothing better than a cheerless solitary lodging to retire to. Others—especially workmen employed directly or indirectly in building operations—are frequently sent to 'jobs,' which are to be executed miles from their

settled residence. In large cities or towns, they may readily avail themselves of those useful, and generally well-conducted establishments for the sale of ready-made tea and coffee, where the most healthy kind of recreation is provided by books and periodical works. It is, however, to be lamented, that in small towns and villages no such accommodation exists, and the only shelter offered to the hard-wrought labourer is the public-house. Exposed for a whole day to the cold and wet of an inclement season, it is impossible for him at night to resist the attractions of the tap-room. There he finds a cheering fire, and companions, whom for the time he deems agreeable ones. The only drawback consists of evils which, at the moment the temptation is presented to him, he does not feel—namely, the chance of drunkenness, and the certainty of a pecuniary expense he is not able to afford. Besides, if he be a mere visitor to, or occasional workman in the place, he has positively nowhere else to go to. Till, then, some better nightly asylum is open, as attractive as the tap-room, it is not just, to men so situated, to blame them for intemperance and imprudence.

It is gratifying now to find that a commencement has been made in providing a remedy for this evil. We are informed by a correspondent at Hampstead, a picturesque village about three miles north of London, that a reading and refreshment-room has been there opened for the sole accommodation of the labouring-class. The manner in which the plan was begun and carried out will afford a proof of how easily the example might be followed. It was observed by a gentleman of Hampstead, that during the winter evenings, and after their daily toil, many respectable workmen and labourers were either lounging about or frequenting the public-houses. Deploring this state of things, he and his friends opened a subscription, and, with the concurrence of the clergyman of the parish, succeeded in establishing the following useful, though humble source of evening amusement for the poor man:—'Two rooms,' says our correspondent, 'well lighted, with fire, and other requisites, have been taken; one for reading, the other for refreshment and conversation. In the former, your own publications, some of the most respectable papers and periodicals (not of a controversial religious nature), and such works as appear most sought or fairly suited to those who frequent it, are placed. In the other, with equal comforts, tea and coffee are supplied if asked for, but at cost price; and only such general rules in both cases are enjoined as tend to general enjoyment. Each visitant subscribes 2d. a-week, to be spent in stock for their own use, in addition to the subscribed fund. The good result aimed at is this: the idle hour is profitably spent; shelter, amusement, and profitable reading, with every fair social pleasure, are combined for those who would at any time, more particularly at this period of the year, go to the tap-room. It is, in short, a kind of humble club, in which the principle of association is applied to the comfort and occasional amusement of respectable but poor men, without aiming at the greatness of literary, scientific, or mechanics' associations.' The comforts and advantages of such a place must be obvious to all well disposed working-men, and even the lover of undue excitement must be staggered to find his neighbours obtaining so much enjoyment for so little money: let us hope that he will look in, and allow himself to be convinced by experience that sober and moderate pleasures are the best.

We would sincerely and earnestly recommend the establishment of such a club-room in every town and village where there are people to profit by it. The good they would do negatively—in withdrawing workmen from a bad use of their leisure; and positively—in supplying them with wholesome recreation—is incalculable. What more easy than for some influential person in every English town or village—say the clergyman of each parish—to set on foot an equally humble and in-

structive place of resort as that commenced at Hampstead?

Such pleasing and improving means of employing the working-man's evening are, though novel, not unprecedented. In Scotland, they are not unknown,* and in Ireland, the temperance movement has been the cause of creating one such room in many of the smallest villages. In Germany, almost every town has supported one of them for years. In the last, however, temperance principles are largely infringed by the national vice of tobacco-smoking.

MISSING THE POST.

[From the Glasgow Citizen.]

BEYOND all question, the gravest thing which can happen connected with the business of a newspaper is that of 'missing the post.' If the editor be shot in a duel, his place is easily supplied. Everybody knows how to conduct a newspaper. It is not like cabinet-making, or plaster-work, or the measuring out of ribbons, or the tying up of sugar-plums. All these things require an apprenticeship. Newspaper editing, on the contrary, comes by instinct, like grazing to a colt. 'Miss the post,' however, and the calamity is incalculable. It would be a thirteenth labour of Hercules to put salt on the tail of a railway train in motion. Accordingly, the struggle to catch the post is a terrible heat against time. A ship-launch, the opening of a railway, the first night of a new pantomime, are nothing to it. Such running to and fro—such shuffling in loose slippers—such shouting—such knocking over of ink-bedaubed naps! It beats an ant's nest or an assaulted bee-hive. A shoal of Lochline herrings fluttering their silver scales in the sunshine is tame as a comparison. 'Who's at the murder?'—'another bird!'—'hand here that fire!'—'has anybody the cholera?'—'more marriages!'—'correct Prince Albert!'—'here's an eloquent!'—'eat out Sir Robert Peel!'—'more hands for this shipwreck!'—'he up O'Connell!'—'now for the chase!'—and a thousand other mysterious sounds, are belleted forth in confused jumble. An able man's kitchen on a feast-day—a sempstress's work-room on the eve of a public ball—the desperate search for missing hats and cloaks on the breaking up of an assembly—are but faint types of the scene. It rivals the clangour of a fair, the deck of a seventy-four during an engagement—for the feverish activity and dire struggle of the populace at a midnight conflagration. It is an occasion in which elbows are poked into ribs, and the sanctity of corns is invaded. And is all unavailing? Hark! the clock strikes!—it booms upon the spirit like a convent-bell; a hush—a murmur—a muttered exclamation follows; further struggle is vain—the nerves are relaxed, and the perspiration is wiped from the forehead! Five minutes would have done it, but less would still have been fatal. Mercurio's wound was neither 'so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door,' but it was enough. Every one feels as if an iron gate had been suddenly slammed in his face, and arms are folded in the resignation of helplessness. The thing is all up—knocked on the head—done for—as settled and irrecoverable as spilled milk. In a word—the post has been missed.

But does the disappointment end here? Drop a pebble in the lake, and ask whether a single tiny ring is all the commotion it produces. To obscure nooks, and far-distant localities, the feeling gyrates. Old men in chimney-corners don their spectacles in vain—the lodge-bell of lordly mansion is undisturbed as the bait of the invalid angler fishing from his arm-chair in a tub—the postman passes the door of the hamlet-politician with a mortifying shake of the head—girls trip down green lanes and along cross-roads only to carry back the intelligence, 'No newspaper!' An evening of *enai* is borne to five hundred hearths. A thousand of the queen's loyal subjects are doomed to distressing ignorance as to whether her majesty walked on Wednesday last with Prince Albert on the slopes. The village baker is half-ruined from not knowing the price of grain. The country dabbler in stocks, deprived of expected information, foregoes his night's sleep, falls ill, and dies. Nothing is known. The great world is a blank. Has Mrs M'What's-her-nano got

a son? Is O'Connell carousing or cursing the English?—which at present? Any more revolutions in Spain? Does the Prince de Joinville see anything offensive in English windmills?—(if he do, let him assault them—the achievement would not be without suitable precedent.) Has a French admiral at Tahiti bitten his thumb at a British officer? Has Sidney Smith keel hauled brother Jonathan? Has Lord Brougham filed an indictment against Punch? Has poverty driven Father Mathew to the bottle? Any accidents?—fires, storms, shipwrecks, assassinations, massacres, or wars? No answer—no newspaper! Husbands and fathers are busy losing their temper, solely because they have nothing else to do. Wives are accordingly scolded—children thrashed—young ladies' lovers snubbed—matrimonial negotiations broken off—and the destinies of families revolutionised. A correspondent of ours wonders if his paper has cut its way through the mail-bag, like certain leeches which were lately despatched by post, and which were never again seen in the flesh! The same writer, after expressing his disappointment, says—'I am not the only disappointed party; for so highly do I appreciate the —, and so degrading of circulation do I deem it, that, after perusing it myself, I either read or lend it to nine friends, on an average, each week. Now, dear sir, consider that here are ten of us, "young men and maidens, old men and children," from whom a weekly supply of intellectual food is suddenly stopped. How can I show my face this evening in a certain house, whither I am wont to repair every Saturday night, with the — in my pocket, and where the old man, although professedly indifferent to newspapers and all that they contain, is sure to be seated in his arm chair, beside a bright fire, with his spectacles wiped carefully for the occasion? His worthy old partner, too, although the frequent promulgator of a theory of her own, that newspaper stories are "a' havers," is sure to be seated on the other side of the fire, ready to hear the news—having brought the week's cares to a close, so that no "house affairs" may "draw her hence." I need not say anything about another member of this family—an only daughter—with whom the — and myself are very great favourites, and to whom, in another apartment, I generally read the poetry and other nice bits, which the old man is apt to skip. Again, what a disappointment with a certain legal friend of mine experienced to-morrow! He is one so accustomed to take up people on the six working days of the week, that he must take in something—if it should only be a newspaper—on the Sunday too; and not being fond of *paying* for a newspaper (or anything else), I lend him mine for nothing. Then, on Monday, what will become of another reader, a fair and faintly tinged-with-blue friend of mine, and enthusiastic admirer—not of your bodily man, my dear sir, for neither she nor any of us has ever beheld it, but of that —'.

A clean collar, John, and French polish for our boots. The passage omitted is not inappositely represented by stars. On reading it, our first impulse was to wear our dicky à la Byron, and cultivate ambrosial curls. With the lawyer referred to in the extract given, we cannot profess much sympathy; but for the rest—well, no matter—better folks than ourselves have missed the post ere now. Cast your eye on that elderly maiden—(goodness forbend that we should be personal!)—the traces of beauty are visible in her countenance; she had lovers *owre*, but she hesitated too long—she expected—she hoped too much—she lingered proudly past market-hours—and now, with a crushed heart and withered affections, she feels that she has 'missed the post.' Whose gray head is that? Why, old Singleton's. He always thought of marrying, but he first wanted a little more money—the little more money brought with it a little higher ambition—and when at last he *did* make up his mind, a fair and buoyant damsel—radiant as Jupiter's own cup-bearer—looked up laughing in his face, and told him he had 'missed the post!' Make way there for Mrs Heavy-sides!—where's the coach?—gone—round the corner—to catch it is impossible: my dear madam, you have infallibly 'missed the post.' But we need not multiply examples. Suffice it, that, by this simple act, many a golden vision has been dissipated—many a fortune lost—many a bright jewel of happiness for ever dropped into the sea. Reader, in whatever station of life thy lot be cast—whatsoever business thou hast on hand—or whatsoever bright vista thou mayest look through in thy sleeping or waking dreams, beware of rashness on the one hand; but never forget, at the same time, that there is an opposite error—perhaps still more to be avoided—we mean 'MISSING THE POST.'

* Mention is made of one of these reading and coffee-rooms in 'A Day at St Andrews,' in No. 3 of our new series.

NUTRITIOUS FOOD.

A very interesting report on the comparative nutritive properties of food was lately presented to the French minister of the interior by Messrs Percy and Vauquelin, two members of the Institute. The result of their experiments is as follows:—In bread, every hundred pounds' weight are found to contain 80 lbs. of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 lbs. in 100 lbs.; French beans, 80 lbs.; peas, 23 lbs.; lentiles, 94 lbs.; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 lbs. of solid nutritious substance in 100 lbs.; carrots, 14 lbs.; and, what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes only yields 25 lbs. of substance valuable as nutritions. According to this estimate, 1 lb. of good bread is equal to 2½ or 3 lbs. of best potatoes; and 75 lbs. of bread, and 30 lbs. of butcher meat, are equal to 300 lbs. of potatoes. Or, again, 1 lb. of rice or of broad beans is equal to 3 lbs. of potatoes; while 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 lbs. of cabbage, and to 3 lbs. of turnips. This calculation is considered perfectly correct, and may be useful to families where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

AN EXILE'S ADDRESS TO HIS DISTANT CHILDREN.

[From 'Literary Leaves,' by D. L. RICHARDSON.]

O'er the vast realm of tempest-troubled Ocean—
O'er the parched lands that vainly thirst for showers—
Through the long night—or when nor sound nor motion
Stars in the noon of day the sultry bowers—
Not all unaccompanied by pleasant dreams
My weary spirit panteth on the way;
Still on mine inward sight the subtle gleams
That mock the fleshly vision brightly play.
Oh! the heart's links nor time nor change may sever,
Nor Fate's destructive hand, if life remain;
O'er hill, and vale, and plain, and sea, and river,
The wanderer draws the inseparable chain!

Fair children! still, like phantoms of delight,
Ye haunt my soul on this strange distant shore,
As the same stars shine through the tropic night
That charmed me at my own sweet cottage door.
Though I have left ye long, I love not less;
Though ye are far away, I watch ye still,
Though I can ne'er embrace ye, I may bless,
And e'en though absent, guard ye from each ill!

Still the full interchange of soul is ours,
A silent converse o'er the waters wide,
And Fancy's spell can speed the lingering hours,
And fill the space that yearning hearts divide.

And not alone the written symbols show
Your spirit's sacred store of love and truth,
Art's glorious magic bids the canvases glow
With all your grace and loveliness and youth:
The fairy forms that in my native land
Of old filled my fond heart with a parent's pride,
Are gathered near me on this foreign strand,
And smilingly, in these strange halls, reside;
And almost I forget an exile's doom;

For while your filial eyes around me gleam,
Each scene and object breathes an air of home,
And time and distance vanish like a dream!

Oh! when sweet memory's radiant calm comes o'er
The weary soul, as moonlight glimmerings fall
O'er the hushed ocean, forms beloved of yore,
And joys long fled, her whispers soft recall;
At such an hour I live and smile again,
As light of heart as in that golden time
When, as a child, I trod the vernal plain,
Nor knew the shadow of a care or crime,
Nor dream of death, nor weariness of life,
Nor freezing apathy, nor fierce desire,
Then chilled a thought with unborn rapture rife,
Or seared my breast with wild ambition's fire. * *

Though this frail form hath felt the shafts of pain—
Though my soul sickens for her native sky,
In visionary hours my thoughts regain
Their early freshness, and soon check the sigh
That sometimes from mine inmost heart would swell,
And mar a happier mood. Oh, then! how sweet,
Dear boys! upon remembered bliss to dwell,
And gaze your pictured lineaments to greet!
Till Beauty, bright enchantress, shifts the scene
To British ground; and, musical as rills,
Ye laugh and loiter in the meadows green,
Or climb with joyous shouts the sunny hills!

Calcutta, September 4, 1834.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

The affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which, in the breast of any one man, is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection; only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united into masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive.—*Chénier on National Character.*

PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

In our schools mere children are now taught truths the attainment of which has cost immense labour and indescribable efforts. They smile when we tell them that an Italian philosopher wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that the snow found upon Mount Etna consists of the same substance as the snow upon the Alps of Switzerland, and that he related proof upon proof that both these snows, when melted, yielded water possessed of the same properties. And yet this conclusion was really not so very palpable, since the temperature of the two climates so widely differ; and no one in those days had any notion of the diffusion of heat over the surface of the earth. When a schoolboy takes a glassful of liquid, and, placing a loose piece of paper over it, inverts the glass without spilling a drop of the contents, he only astonishes another child by the performance; and yet this is the identical experiment which renders the name of Torricelli immortal. It is a variation of that experiment at which the burgo-master of Magdeburgh (Otto von Rike) threw the emperor and the princes of the empire a Ratsbonn into peerless astonishment. Our children have more correct notions of nature and natural phenomena than had Plato! They may treat with ridicule the errors which Pliny has committed in his Natural History.—*Locky.*

WELSH PEARLS.

The river Conway in Wales has long been celebrated for its pearls, which are even enumerated among the temptations which induced the Roman invasion of our island. *Large* pearls, says the Mining Journal, are occasionally found in the *Uma margaritifera* of the fresh-water portion of the river, and *small* seed-pearls are obtained in considerable quantities from the edible mussel (*Mytilus edulis*), of which there are large beds at the mouth of the estuary. The use to which these small pearls are applied, and the channel through which they are disposed of in London, have hitherto remained a secret; and the secret has conferred a monopoly of the traffic on parties who purchase them of the peasantry by the ounce, at such a price as renders the work of collecting them a source of remunerative labour, not only to women and children, but to men. The mussels, when collected, are boiled in large caldrons, to cause the opening of the shells; and, the mass being stirred and washed, the pearls are found at the bottom of the vessel.

THINKING.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

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REMEDIAL EVILS.

We can scarcely listen with wide enough ears to the fact stated by the Sanitary Report, that 'the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventable causes of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, is equal to be double the amount of what was suffered by the armies in the battle of Waterloo.' This is the case not only with one disease, though that is a potent one, but with many other causes of mortality in the country, which are capable of an almost indefinite diminution, if the proper measures for that purpose were adopted.

There are others to which little attention was given. Now, they are amongst those which most cross the minds of reflecting persons. Almost every year some facts are presented to our notice, illustrating the extent of public and particular evils which are capable of being remedied. In a recent statement respecting Manchester, which we publish here merely as an example, we find that there are, every year, in that town, 10,000 persons who ought to take place, if Manchester were circumstanced like other places where mortality is at the average of the whole nation. Of these, 10,000 are of persons above twenty. Every person who is born in Manchester thus may be said to lose about nineteen years of his life, that is, the life he would have, living at the average mortality. Reckoning the industry of the Manchester persons at only ten shillings a-week, Dr Flaxman calculates that there is, from their deaths, and from the sickness, in Manchester, an annual loss of £1,000,000, or nearly a million sterling. Nor is this the end of the evil. As in all places where more than the proper number live, more than the proper number are born. Manchester has annually 1656 births over and above the number which the average of the whole nation says she ought to have. And the effect of the two circumstances together of course is, that there is a greater proportion of children to be supported in Manchester than in places where the mortality is nearer a natural average. Thus the useful productive members of the community are diminished, and the diminished numbers which remain are more than a usual burden from the young generation. Add to all this the mental distresses which result upon the loss of relatives, the impoverishment arising from it, the harm to children in being deprived of parental love, and the tendency of all these circumstances to lead to further evils—and we shall have some idea of the tremendous amount of wretchedness and affliction implied in the words, 'an excessive mortality of grown persons to the amount of 1908.' And yet the whole of this amount of evil need not be incurred as far as the arrangements of Providence are concerned: it is purely and unequivocally the effect of

those which human beings commit, and which they can avoid.

Man is naturally tender of his neighbour's life. When a steamer goes down with fifty passengers, the whole nation feels it as a shock. We cannot even hear of one death from accident occurring near us, without an earnest sympathy. This being the case, with what horror and consternation should we hear of a town like Carlisle being overwhelmed by an earthquake, or drowned by the sea, with every one of its inhabitants! And yet this is just about the amount of annual loss of life incurred in England by preventable fever cases.

The loss of children is felt by all naturally-constituted minds as one of the most poignant of distresses. Even an infant, that has breathed but an hour, cannot be resigned into the clay without feelings which wring tears from hardy men. This is an evil too, of vast aggregate amount. According to Dr Combe—'The average mortality of infants among rich and poor in this country (and with little variation throughout Europe) is about 1 in every 4½ before the end of the first year of existence.' But this is a department of mortality liable to great variation in time and place. In the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, the deaths of infants under five years of age reach the enormous proportion of 57 per cent. to those of the whole population. From answers returned to queries by five hundred married operatives, it was found to be almost a universal case, that there had been five children, of whom two were dead.* Such a result cannot be surprising when we learn that in this town, as in Manchester and many other seats of industry, besides all the usual agencies fatal to infant life, there is a prevalent custom of administering an opiate cordial called *Infants' Quietness*, or, more commonly, *Godfrey*, for the purpose of inducing torpor in babies, so as to allow of their mothers attending factory labour and other duties, or at least making them less burdensome as a charge to the little girls and old women who are employed in keeping the infants in the absence of the natural protector. To resume Dr Combe—'So directly is infant life influenced by good or bad management, that, about a century ago, the workhouses of London presented the astounding result of 23 deaths in every 24 infants under the age of one year. For a long time this frightful devastation was allowed to go on as beyond the reach of human remedy. But when at last an improved system of management was adopted, in consequence of a parliamentary inquiry having taken place, the proportion of deaths was speedily reduced from 2600 to 450 in a year. Here, then, was a total of 2150 instances of loss of life occurring yearly in a single institution, chargeable, not against any unalterable decrees

* Letter of Dr Lyon Playfair, in Manchester Guardian.

* Report on the Sanitary Condition of Ashton-under-Lyne. By John Ross Coulthart, Esq. Ashton: Luke Swallow. 1844.

of Providence, as some are disposed to contend as an excuse for their own negligence, but against the ignorance, indifference, or cruelty of man.' Many facts might be adduced to support this conclusion. 'In the 20 years subsequent to 1730, out of every 100 children born [in London], 74, or nearly *three out of four*, died before they were five years old. In the succeeding 20 years, the proportion of deaths was reduced to 63 in 100, or less than two-thirds. Between 1770 and 1790, it was only 51½ in 100, or little more than one-half. In the 20 years succeeding 1790, it was further reduced to 41½ in 100, or little more than two-fifths. And between 1810 and 1830, it was no more than 32 in 100, or less than one-third.' Dr Carpenter, in one of whose able works these facts are mentioned,* quotes from Dr Combe a remarkable illustration of the possibility of reducing the amount of ailment and mortality in children. The Orphan Asylum of Albany (New York) was opened in the end of 1829 with 70 children, the number being subsequently increased to 80. 'During the first three years, when an imperfect mode of management was in operation, from 4 to 6 children were constantly on the sick list, and sometimes more; one or two assistant nurses were necessary; the physician was in regular attendance twice or thrice a-week; and the deaths amounted in all to between 30 and 40, or about one in every month. At the end of this time, an improved system of diet and general management was adopted; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages inseparable from the orphan state of the children, the results were in the highest degree satisfactory. The nursery was soon entirely vacated, and the services of the nurse and physician no longer needed; and for more than two years, *no case of sickness or death took place*. It is also stated that, since the new regimen has been fully adopted, there has been a remarkable increase of health, strength, activity, vivacity, cheerfulness, and contentment, among the children. The change of temper is also very great; they have become less turbulent, irritable, peevish, and discontented; and far more manageable, gentle, peaceable, and kind to each other.'

As in children, so in grown-up people sickness and premature death are, generally speaking, only the exponents or external and proving results of living in a manner out of harmony with our natural constitution. The human frame, as it comes from the hands of its Maker, is no imperfect machine. Disorders are only induced by the ignorance and wilful errors of man himself. We allow ourselves to speak strongly on the subject, because no modified terms could have a chance of rousing the attention which it deserves; and it seems to us that all kinds of philanthropy are concerned in seeing remedies applied to the merely physical calamities of mankind; for where there is great wretchedness, there can be no right cultivation of the higher feelings. The preventibleness of a large portion of these calamities is, we think, fully proved by the improved health which invariably follows improved conditions. Mankind have, upon the whole, made an advance in this respect since early times. It is pretty clearly ascertained that the average duration of life among the modern English is as 3 to 2 of what it was amongst the ancient Romans; that is, says Dr Carpenter, 'out of thirty Romans, as many would have died in a given time as out of forty-five Englishmen.' Ever since Dr Price constructed the Northampton tables of mortality, which constitute the basis of calculation in a great number of life-assurance offices, human life has greatly improved. From the generally superior conditions in which the people of England now live, it has resulted that the plague does not now break out with the desolating virulence known in former times; although, it must be admitted, the typhus, which never leaves our masses of humbler population, is only a modified kind of plague. The same truth is well evinced by the con-

trast of mortality in different sections of the population of certain places, and in different countries. In Ashton-under-Lyne, the mean average duration of life among the operative classes is 16 years; among the upper classes it is 30! In Leeds, there is one district where the annual deaths are 1 in 28, while in another they are only 1 in every 57. The first report of the Registrar-General showed, for the year 1838, a variation of the annual mortality in different districts of the metropolis, amounting to 100 per cent. 'When we examine,' says Dr Carpenter, 'the abodes of squalid poverty, and witness the filth, destitution, and wretchedness which prevail there, we cannot but feel that a yet greater improvement is destined still to result from any measures that shall convert these into the dwellings of a cheerful, clean, well-fed, thriving population. It appears from the examination of the tables of mortality in France, that the number of deaths per annum, among the poor, is *more than twice as great*, in proportion to the whole number, as it is among those in easy circumstances; and it can scarcely be doubted that the same proportion holds good in this country. If the average duration of life, and freedom from sickness, among the poor, could be raised to the standard which prevails among the higher classes, the whole average mortality of this country would doubtless be reduced, by an amount at least as great as it is already less than that of the most unhealthy countries of Europe. Whilst in England and Scotland no more than 1 in 58 now die every year out of the whole population, 1 in 45 annually die in Germany, 1 in 39 in France, 1 in 30 in Turkey and in Italy in general, and 1 in 28 in the Roman and Venetian states; so that it would almost seem that, the more favourable the climate, the greater carelessness is there respecting the other means that conduce to the preservation of life and health.'

It also appears—and the fact is extremely instructive—that in the countries where plague still holds its ground, those who live most in accordance with nature's institutions are least liable to be its victims. 'When the plague breaks out,' says Dr Bowring, 'its ravages are always greatest among the poorest and least civilized of the population. The proportion of Europeans who are attacked is invariably small, and the cities and the parts of cities which are most distinguished for comfort and cleanliness are seldom attacked at all. In Constantinople, Pera and the Frank districts enjoy almost an immunity against plague. In Damascus, it is mainly in the close and crowded portions of the city that the plague breaks out; the neighbouring villages, some of which are neatly and judiciously built, are generally retreats of safety. When once conversing with the governor on the subject of the health of the city and the establishment of lazarets, he agreed that the unhealthiest parts of the place were those where dead dogs and camels and heaps of decayed vegetables were deposited, and acknowledged that it would be desirable to try the experiment of removing them. At Cairo, in the plague of 1835, when 33,733 persons died, only 515 were Christians. In the plague in Alexandria in 1835, the grade of opulence and of social position determined the amount of mortality. Among the English, French, Russians, and Germans, the classes possessing the greatest amount of comforts, the mortality was five to the 1000. Among the Italians and Maltese, who occupy the lowest position of European society, the mortality was seven to 1000. The Turks among the Mussulman races are by far the best off, and the mortality there was twelve to 1000. Among the Arab soldiers, fifteen; among the Egyptian peasantry (fellahs), sixty-one in 1000; and in the lowest social scale, the negro population, the mortality was eighty-four in 1000, being nearly seventeen times greater than among the richest classes of Europeans.'

* Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science—Animal Physiology. W. S. Orr and Co.: London. 1844.

* Speech of Dr John Bowring on submitting his resolution relative to the Quarantine Laws, in the House of Commons, July 23, 1844. From Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

We have here pointed to but one class of remediable evils, but it is nothing more than a type of many others. One principle rules throughout all—that the evil depends for its existence on human ignorance, superstition, indifference, or wilful error. And it is equally clear in all cases that the remedy is in man's own power, if he would only use the powers which his bountiful Creator has bestowed upon him. There is a false spirit of resignation to many of these evils, which can only be spoken of patiently for the sake of the true spirit with which it is connected, or for which it is mistaken. It may be treated with mildness, but it should receive no encouragement, and every effort should be made to substitute for it a desire to struggle against and extinguish the evils to which it refers.

FACTS AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE London life of Shakspeare awakened a crowd of brilliant and interesting associations; yet, in exploring it, we are compelled to grope among a few dry or doubtful facts, dates, and traditions. Here, in the society of the great, the learned, and the witty, we should expect to find written memorials of the poet by some of his gifted associates. There were the poets and wits of the Falcon and Mermaid—the gallant Raleigh, Ben Jonson, young Beaumont—the ‘well-mannered’ Daniel, Michael Drayton, his countryman, Dekker—may, even Spenser. But none of them have we remaining a letter or a memorandum concerning the greatest of all their band. No report of the ‘wit combats,’ with their jests and sallies, ‘so nimble and so full of subtle flame,’ no note of the crowds or cheers at the Globe or Blackfriars—or of the smart sayings of the young nobles, the court, or the critics, on the first night of ‘Will’s last new play.’ Ben Jonson, indeed, came forward when Shakspeare was no more, to tell us of his love of the man, and his admiration of the poet; but we have no contemporary record of his familiar life, or of the impression made by his wonderful dramas. Shakspeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587. He might have gone earlier: his twin children were baptised at Stratford on the 2d of February 1585, and probably this double addition to his domestic burdens and responsibilities prompted him to active and immediate exertion. This is the more likely if we believe he was noticed as a dramatist by Spenser so early as 1590. After publishing the first three books of his *Fairy Queen* in January of that year, Spenser returned to Ireland, and next year his publisher collected and printed some of his smaller pieces, ‘dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself.’ One of these poems is entitled ‘The Tears of the Muses,’ in which the ‘sacred sisters nine’ are introduced as lamenting the decay of genius and taste. *Thalia*, the muse of comedy, gives a woful description of the state of the drama, from which had been banished

‘Fine counterfeits and unhurtful sport,
Delight and laughter decked in seemly sort.’

Then follows the passage which is supposed to allude to Shakspeare:—

‘And he, the man whom Nature’s self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimic shade—
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also dead, and in dolour drent.’

The poet adds, that ‘scoffing scurrility,’ and ‘shameless rhymes,’ and ribaldry, had taken the place of wit on the stage—

‘But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.’

This character applies exactly to Shakspeare—‘our gentle Willy,’ who could mock Nature herself—and it applies properly to no other dramatist of the day. Neither Drayton nor Daniel (whom Spenser might be willing to compliment) was then a dramatist. Lyly was the precursor of Shakspeare, but his plays are feeble, mythological, or conceited performances, containing musical lines and classical imagery, but without real nature. Peele and Green were dramatic writers, not without talent and poetical fancy, but their comedy was poor and farcical. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that, in the short space of four or five years after Shakspeare’s arrival in London, he could have so distinguished himself by the production of genuine comedies; that these, again, should have been overpowered and driven from the stage by low and scurrilous performances; and, finally, that, disgusted with the public taste, the poet should have withdrawn to ‘idle cell.’ To Shakspeare, however, the praise belong—such was the opinion of Dryden—and high praise it was from the inspired laureate of Elizabeth!—at the age of twenty-six, the youth of Stratford had overtopped all his university-bred rivals and contemporaries, and was hailed with kindred feeling and cordial panegyric by the greatest poet of his age. When, seven years afterwards, Spenser was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey, ‘his hearse attended,’ as Camden relates, ‘by poets and mournful elegies, and poems, with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb,’ we may be sure that Shakspeare was among the number of the mourners!

The author of the *Fairy Queen* is supposed to have made another allusion to the great dramatist in his pastoral poem, ‘*Cohn Clout’s Come Home Again*,’ written in 1594 or 1595:—

‘And then, though last, not least is Action;
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
Whose muse, full of high thoughts’ invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.’

Malone (who considered the former quotation as applying to Lyly) gives this unhesitatingly to Shakspeare. The martial name and romantic dramas of the poet certainly seem pointed at; yet we have sometimes thought that Spenser intended the honour for the ‘fine old poet,’ William Warner, whose historical, legendary, and descriptive poem, ‘*Albion’s England*,’ was first published in 1566, and was exceedingly popular. Warner’s name has also a heroic sound, and his muse had both high and rich thoughts.

Towards the close of the year 1592, we have allusions to Shakspeare much clearer than those of Spenser, and informing us of his reputation both as a writer and an actor. These are the well-known passages by Robert Greene and Chettle. Greene, in his pamphlet, ‘*A Groatworth of Wit*,’ mentions Shakspeare indirectly as ‘a crow beautified with the feathers’ of other dramatists, and as ‘an absolute *Johannes Factotum*.’ Chettle gives distinct and favourable testimony:—‘Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides (he adds), divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.’ From these passages, we may gather that Shakspeare had been employed in adapting old or inferior plays for the stage, and that he had also given evidence of his ‘facetious grace’ in original composition. That he was ‘excellent in the quality’ he professed, namely, as an actor, is confirmed by the tradition mentioned by Aubrey and others. He was inferior, perhaps, to the great tragedian Burbage; and he had too much dignity of personal character for low comedy; but he excelled in grave and lofty characters. He must soon, however, have been aware that poetry was the peculiar vocation for which nature had designed him. His two poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1593), and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), are works evincing great facility of versification and command of poetical resources. They seem to have been hastily thrown off

—the *setting* is not equal to the value of the materials—yet the easy vigour and prolific fancy of the dramatist are seen in these sketches.

Of his great dramas, and the marvellous prodigality with which they were poured forth, it is not our intention here to speak. Criticism and admiration have been almost exhausted on the subject. He, in fact, created the English drama; for though his contemporaries are sometimes sweet in style, and redundant in fancy—though Marlowe had his 'mighty line,' and bold sweep of passionate delineation—their works have no consistency, judgment, or truthful simplicity. In art, as well as genius, Shakspeare soared above all his contemporaries. He had the true unity—not of the schools—but of nature and wisdom. During the progress of those marvellous works, we have one or two glimpses of Shakspeare's residences and style in London. In 1596, as appears from a paper which belonged to Alleyn the player, he lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden. From this he seems to have removed to the parish of St Helen, Bishopsgate, where is Crosby Hall, and where, in the church, are the monuments of Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham, and of other worthy citizens. Mr Hunter publishes an assessment-roll of the 40th of Queen Elizabeth, or 1598, for levying the first of three entire subsidies which were granted to the queen; and 'William Shakspeare' is rated at 13s. 4d. In 1609 he was residing in the Liberty of the Clink, in Southwark, and he was assessed, at the very highest rate, to a weekly payment for the relief of the poor, at the rate of sixpence, being one of five assessed at this sum; while even the 'Lady Buckley' paid only fourpence. In a decayed portion of a letter written by the wife of Edward Alleyn, 20th October, 1603, Shakspeare is mentioned; and this incidental allusion to the great poet, as moving about in ordinary life, is not without strong interest: 'About a week ago there came a youth who said he was Mr Francis Chalonier, would have borrowed L.10 to have bought things for — and said he was known unto you, and Mr Shakspeare of the Globe, who came — said he knew him not, only he heard of him that he was a rogue — so he was glad we did not lend him the money.'*

In 1833 Mr Collier published some 'New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare,' derived from the manuscripts at Bridgewater House, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, whose name is well known as keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and lord chancellor to James I. Unfortunately, these papers are of doubtful character, and are supposed to have been fabricated by Steevens, on purpose to mislead Malone. One of them represents Shakspeare as a sharer or proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre as early as 1589, there being fifteen others in the company, eleven of whose names precede his in the list. The next of these documents is an estimate of the value of the whole property in the theatre at the Blackfriars, and of each particular sharer in it, made in 1608. Shakspeare is represented as holding four shares, the same as his fellows Burbage and Fletcher, which he valued at L.933, 6s. 8d.; in addition to which he was owner of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, for which he asked L.500—the whole being equal to between L.6800 and L.7000 of our present money. The last of these papers is a copy of a letter purporting to be addressed to Lord Ellesmere, signed only 'H. S.,' supposed to be the initials of Henry Southampton, the noble patron of Shakspeare. The object of this letter is to solicit the kind offices of the lord chancellor in favour of 'the poor players of the Blackfriars,' whom the lord mayor and aldermen were anxious to displace. Shakspeare is mentioned as 'till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays.' There are discrepancies in these documents, and statements at variance with known facts, which tend to throw a doubt over the genuineness of the whole; and

* Collier's Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.

Mr Hunter considers they have very much the appearance of papers such as those with which, it is well known, Steevens (who had access to the Egerton papers), in the perversity of his humour, was accustomed to abuse the enthusiasm of his Shakspearian friends, and to perplex the judgment of the more knowing.

Some of the recent commentators have made Shakspeare visit France and Italy. Mr Brown, in his work on the Sonnets of Shakspeare, gives him in imagination a direct line of travel from Venice, through Padua, Bologna, and Florence, to Pisa,—perhaps going a little out of his way to visit Verona, the scene of his own Romeo and Juliet. This is being precise enough. Miss Martineau and Mr Knight have also come to the conclusion that the poet visited Italy. The conjecture rests solely on the internal evidence of some of the plays, particularly the Taming of the Shrew, in which the notices of Italian manners, the names of the characters, distance of places, &c. are accurate and minute. The Merchant of Venice is also full of national painting: 'Shakspeare, in addition to the general national spirit of the play, describes the Exchange held on the Rialto, the riches of their merchants, their argosies

"From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England;
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India;"

some with silks and spices richly fraught. He represents the trade and profit of the city as consisting of all nations: he talks familiarly of the masquing mates with their torch-bearers in the streets; of the common ferry which trades to Venice, where Portia is to meet Balthazar, after he had delivered the letter to Doctor Belario, at Padua, the seat of law; and

"In a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica."*

It is certainly pleasing to find the beautiful poetry and exquisite fancy of this play united to correctness of costume and colouring. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that the poet took a trip to France and Italy (then common enough among the higher English); but we conceive him rather picking up his knowledge from books and men in London, and visiting only the banks of the Avon. He is equally at home with the ancient Romans, and with almost every other mode of life. His nautical phrases in the Tempest are so true and technical, that they would seem to proclaim him a sailor; he is an adept in horticulture, was acquainted with all modes of rural economy, and abounds so much in legal terms, that he is supposed to have sat for years in his youth at a lawyer's desk. To such a person—mixing with all classes, and studying all that could bear upon his subject—the manners of Italian life would present no difficulty. The same remark, in our opinion, applies to the supposition that Shakspeare had visited Scotland.† In the winter of 1599 a company of English players arrived in Edinburgh, at the request of King James; and in October 1601 the regular drama was for the first time produced in Aberdeen, by Queen Elizabeth's company (evidently the same that had been in Edinburgh). A special letter from his majesty secured them a most favourable reception; they were entertained at supper by the magistrates, and received a reward of thirty-two merks; while the freedom of the borough was bestowed on their manager, Lawrence Fletcher, afterwards associated with Shakspeare in the patent granted by James on his accession to the English throne. Had Shakspeare been of the party, we should have had him presented with the freedom of the city as well as Lawrence Fletcher. King James would have specially noticed and recommended one with whose poetry and plays he must have been familiar. So eminent a writer would not have been unnoticed either in Edinburgh or Aberdeen. But we know that Shakspeare had no desire to make himself 'a motley to the

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems. By C. A. Brown: 1838.

† The arguments for the contrary supposition are stated in a paper in No. 17, new series.—Edinburgh Review.

view, or distinguish himself as an actor; and he had then no occasion to undertake a strolling excursion with his fellows, being at that time the owner of New Place, and 'possessed of no small gains.' We have no doubt he remained to superintend his flourishing establishment at the Blackfriars, while Lawrence Fletcher and some of the inferior performers were 'starring' it in wild Scotland. It has been argued that Shakspeare took his description of Macbeth's castle in Inverness from local observation. We suspect he was no such venturesome scene-hunter. A journey of above a hundred miles, either from Perth or Aberdeen (allowing the poet to have been with his fellow-comedians in Scotland), through the wild passes of the Highlands (then with scarce a bridle road), or along the bleak and stormy east coast, was a task both of considerable danger and fatigue. King James sentenced one or two contumacious preachers to banishment in Inverness; but assuredly Shakspeare did not voluntarily travel, in the wet month of October, to that northern region, to take the altitude of a hill, or survey the ruins of a castle. His exquisite description of the scene of Duncan's murder, with its 'loved mansionry' and 'pleasant seat,' is a mere fancy picture, drawn with consummate skill, to heighten the effect of the deed of blood by the force of contrast. There is nothing in Macbeth of local painting, manners, or superstition, which Shakspeare did not find in his Holinshed, or other books, or could easily conceive in his teeming imagination.

In the sonnets of Shakspeare, we have a record of his mind and feelings, at a time when he was in the fullness of his manhood and his fame. It is a painful record, and we would fain believe, with Mr Knight, that many of these heart-stricken effusions are written in a fictitious character. Some of them had been circulated before 1598, in which year Francis Meres, a collector, mentions Shakspeare's 'sugared sonnets among his private friends.' They were not published till 1609, when Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller, gave them to the world with this curious dedication:—'*To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness, and that eternally promised by our ever-loving poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth.*—T. T.' Mr Brown considers these sonnets as forming a series of poems, the greater part addressed to some male friend for whom he entertains a passion amounting to idolatry, and the remainder to a female, his mistress, whom he charges with infidelity. They are full of passion and true poetry, but also marred with the conceit and hyperbole so common in that age. The chief interest attaching to them is the curiosity to know what person of the times was the object of Shakspeare's enthusiastic regard? To whom did he unbosom himself in such confiding strains? What man was worthy of such implicit devotion? The self-abasement of the great poet is marvellous: the passion which seems for a time to have been so fatal to his peace, was also destructive of the manliness and integrity of his character. 'Mr W. H.' is supposed to have been William Herbert, afterwards the Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of talent, but ill deserving such homage. The only biographical particulars to be deduced from the sonnets are, that their author regretted that his profession was that of an actor, whence 'his name received a brand;' and that his friend seduced from him his mistress—which offence the poet forgave! The mystery which hangs over these sonnets, their careless and confused arrangement, and the uncertainty as to the person to whom they are addressed, make us glad to forget that in them Shakspeare seems to speak in his own character. We would fain see them wholly, or in part, proved to be the work of some other poet of the age of Elizabeth; and we rejoice to think that there is no evidence that Shakspeare sanctioned their publication.

'Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.'

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses
Hung on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwooded, and unrespectful fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.—*54th Sonnet.*

The tendency of all the recent researches and discoveries as to the chronology of Shakspeare's plays, is to show that they were written earlier than was formerly supposed. The *Tempest* was long considered to be his latest production, and hence it possessed, as Mr Campbell finely said, 'a sort of sacredness,' as if 'conscious that this was to be his last work, the poet had been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.' The *Tempest*, however, as has lately been ascertained, was acted at Whitehall in 1611.

So and the *Twelfth Night* were produced before Macbeth and the Roman plays were not printed till after the death of their author; and we have no information as to their first performance on the stage. Perhaps about the year 1605, or his fortieth year, may be considered the period when his mind had attained its full maturity, and his imagination received most of its wondrous stores of knowledge, drawn from reading and observation. He was then prepared to achieve—and he did achieve—the greatest efforts of human intellect in the wide realms of poetry. The last mention of his name as an actor occurs under the date of April 1604: and he must have been resident wholly at Stratford before 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as 'William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman.' He would not have been so designated in a London deed, if he had continued to reside in the metropolis. 'He would find still living at Stratford,' says Mr Hunter, 'all the families of the better condition whom he had left there—the Combes, Nashes, Reynoldses, Quineys, Sadlers, Lanes, Rishops—who would form for him a social circle, in which he might find more true enjoyment than in the intercourse which he had with the ingenious and the great, or in the triumph of his matchless genius over the envious people by whom he had been surrounded.' He would also occasionally meet his brother poet and friend, Michael Drayton, who was a frequent visitor at Clifford, only a mile from Stratford. The poet's own means were ample, and such as would enable him to practise a liberal hospitality. The income of Shakspeare could not be less than £1500 per annum of our present money. His fellow-comedians, Alleyn and Burbage, were equally wealthy; so that the gains of a theatrical manager and performer were in those days, under prudent management, superior to those of most ordinary occupations. Genius and prudence have indeed rarely been so combined as in the case of Shakspeare. As an author, he had no idiosyncrasies to mar the even flow of his conceptions, or distort his views of nature; and as a man, he seems to have been distinguishable only by his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature.

Our notices respecting the life of Shakspeare would be incomplete without the passage from Ward's *Diary*, first published in 1839. The Rev. John Ward was vicar of Stratford from 1648 to 1679. He knew nothing personally of the poet; but writing forty-six years after his death, he thus recorded a tradition as to that event:—

'I have heard that Mr Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1000 a-year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merry-meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.'

The art of Shakspeare has been canvassed more fully

and wisely since the days of this incurious vicar; but there may be an *admiration* of the truth in the report of the merry-meeting between the three poets. 'The will of Shakspeare was begun on February 25, 1615-16, and completed on March 25, 1616. Shakspeare died on April 23d following. There was time, therefore, to have re-copied the will; and this must have been intended. He describes himself as in perfect health when the will was made, yet he dies so soon afterwards. This looks as if his sickness and death were sudden, and gives some countenance to the tradition concerning his death preserved by Ward.*

The corrections and interlineations in the will seem to prove that it was a first draught, intended, as Mr Hunter supposes, to be re-copied, while the feeble and trembling handwriting of the poet, seen in the signatures of his name, betokens haste no less than the pressure of mortal sickness. The last warning had come, and there was no time for delay—

'Some say, the Genius so
Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die.'
—*Troilus and Cressida*

And Shakspeare died on his birthday, and was interred in the church where he was baptised. The affection of his relatives raised a fitting monument to his memory. But the whole church may be considered his mausoleum; and its tall spire rising above the woods of the Avon, shall, for generations yet to come, fix the eyes of the pilgrim-poet and the wanderer from many lands.

THE BANKRUPT'S SON.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

It sometimes happens that the characters of individuals assume a decided form by the intervention of an unexpected incident, or the being placed in new and responsible situations. Few, indeed, whose lives have been marked by uncommon energy and determination, tending to the accomplishment of a definite purpose, but may trace the starting point—the crisis in their history—to some event which, by rousing their dormant faculties, or exciting some hitherto slumbering motive, has given a new turn to their habits, and a new colour to their lives.

George Belmont was in his nineteenth year when he received a summons to attend the sick-bed of his father, who, after maintaining a high reputation as a tradesman during the greater portion of his life, had failed in business, and whose constitution, already shaken by cares and disappointments, sunk under the combined evils of poverty and a keen sense of the degradation he believed attendant upon his bankruptcy. George was his eldest child. He had received a liberal education, and been intended for a physician; but his father's difficulties having deprived him of the means of completing his professional studies, he had obtained a situation in the counting-house of an extensive manufacturer in the town of C—. Up to this period of his life George had manifested no extraordinary energy or ability, but was regarded by his employer as a steady well-disposed youth, possessing merely business talent sufficient to enable him to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner.

Young Belmont, who was considerably disappointed in not being able to follow the profession he had chosen, and who imagined that he had a distaste for mercantile affairs, contented himself with the bare performance of his prescribed duty, indulging secretly the hope that something might yet turn up more congenial to his wishes. From this dream of the future he was, however, effectually aroused when standing by the bedside of his dying father—a sense of the responsibility attaching to him as eldest child, and only son of a widowed mother, came home to his understanding and to his

heart. On George's arrival at home, he found that his father had been some hours speechless; though it was evident to his afflicted relations that he retained full possession of his faculties. With the anxious searching look so common to the dying, he gazed now on his wife, now on his little daughter, and then his eager eye sought the countenance of his son, who, struggling with emotion, made a vigorous effort to conduct himself with manly fortitude. Replying to the wistful and touching look fixed on him, George said—'My dear father; I will, by the help of God, endeavour to supply your place to my mother and sister. I am young and strong. For your sake and theirs, I will devote myself to business, and do not doubt but I shall be able to make them comfortable.' And as the youth uttered these words, in a voice tremulous with grief, he bowed his head, and tears fell thick and fast upon the almost rigid hand he held in his own.

But it now became evident that, though George had in part rightly interpreted his father's wishes, something yet remained unexpressed, which disturbed his last moments; for he made violent efforts to speak, and with much difficulty articulated—'I wish to say more—something more.' George stooped to listen, but could only catch the words—'Should it ever be in your power—my son, promise me—' It was agonising to witness his ineffectual efforts to proceed; but just then the truth flashed across his son's mind, and he exclaimed with earnestness—'I understand you, dear father; and I do most solemnly promise, that if it should be in my power, I will pay your creditors to the uttermost farthing; and may God prosper me as, I fulfil this promise.'

A beam of joyful satisfaction illuminated the countenance of Mr Belmont. He grasped the hand of his son, and appeared to invoke a blessing upon him. The weight removed from the mind of the sufferer, he peacefully closed his eyes, and in a few hours George Belmont was fatherless.

This sad event proved an epoch in the life of the young man. The affecting scene he had witnessed, the solemn engagement he had entered into, together with his new and heavy responsibilities, combined to endow him with strength of purpose to apply vigorously to business. Though very young, he soon rendered himself useful and even necessary to his employer, who was glad to secure his services by such an increase of salary as joined to a trifling annuity secured to the widow, enabled the family to live in comfort and maintain a respectable appearance. Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs Belmont removed to C—, where she not only had the advantage of her son's society, but was also enabled to place her daughter Emily at a good day school.

It is well known that success in any employment naturally begets a fondness for it; and thus it proved with George Belmont, whose activity and devotion to business increased with increasing years. Nor did his prosperity tempt him to swerve even in idea from his intention to pay the debts which so heavily weighed down the spirit of his poor father; but George had yet to learn that there may be opposing motives, which may render the performance of duty distasteful and difficult. This lesson he was taught by painful experience.

Amongst Emily's schoolfellows there was one with whom she formed a close intimacy, and from whose society she derived both pleasure and advantage. Anna Burton was about three years older than Emily. Her father was a solicitor, and though not rich, he moved in society to which the Belmonts had not access. Childish intimacy ripened into friendship as the two girls approached womanhood. Through the interest of Mrs Burton, Emily, when in her eighteenth year, obtained a situation as daily governess, which furnished her with the means of independence, and enabled her still to enjoy the society of her mother and brother. The amiable qualities of Miss Burton, her beauty,

talents, and, above all, the attention she paid to Mrs Belmont and Emily, won the esteem and affection of George, and inspired him with fresh motives to exertion. Receiving as much encouragement as a timid and respectful lover can expect so long as his sentiments remain undeclared, George for a time indulged in blissful anticipations of future happiness, though without distinctly examining the foundation on which they were placed. A cessation in the visits of Miss Burton first led him into a train of uneasy reflections on this subject, and compelled him to deal faithfully with his own heart, and to investigate his intentions. From his sister, George learned that there was no diminution in Miss Burton's regard for her. On the contrary, Emily declared that she found her increasingly kind and attentive, with this only difference, that she avoided all occasions of intercourse with her brother. It was evident, then, that she was influenced either by coquetry or the wishes of her friends. A little consideration convinced George that the latter was the true reason.

And now followed a struggle between duty and inclination—the most severe, perhaps, to which a young man similarly circumstanced can be exposed. From the period of his father's death, young Belmont had observed the most rigid economy, denying himself even the reasonable and proper indulgences suitable to his age, in order to lay by part of his earnings towards the accomplishment of that object which he looked upon as the most sacred and important of his life. Though this pious fond was not yet sufficient to enable him to redeem his pledge, he was master of a sum large enough to place him in a situation to ask the hand of his beloved Anna. Delay might endanger the happiness of his whole life. He could not bear that the woman he loved should labour under the imputation of indulging a preference for one who did not possess the sanction of her parents, or who was regarded by them as an inferior. Besides, it would only be delaying the payment of his father's debts; his intentions would remain the same—his exertions receive additional stimulus from Anna's approval and sympathy. With such arguments did George for a time endeavour to persuade himself that he might, without injustice, defer the execution of his long-treasured project; but, finally, a sense of right triumphed, and his renewed determination to redeem his pledge imparted to his agitated and troubled spirit a degree of peace to which he had been for some time a stranger.

The affection which George Belmont bore his mother operated as a powerful motive to his perseverance in the path of duty. Her confidence in him was, he knew, unbounded. The hope that he would be the instrument of wiping away the only blot upon the memory of her beloved husband, had hitherto proved the cordial which had sustained and cheered her during the seclusion and privations of her widowhood, imparting to her declining years something of the hopefulness of youth, as she fondly pictured the time when, through the medium of the son, the honour of the father should be fully established, and her children receive the reward of their virtuous exertions and self-denial in the respect of the wise and good. To disappoint these cherished hopes, and to betray the trust reposed in him, George felt to be impossible; and he regarded it as most fortunate that, just at this time, he was requested by his employer to undertake a journey to America. The mission about to be intrusted to him was important and confidential. The period of his stay was uncertain; but, on the other hand, the pecuniary advantages it held out were considerable; and it was even hinted that a partnership might prove the result of a satisfactory arrangement of the business.

When George communicated to his mother the offer he had received, she at once advised him to accept it, adding, that the loss of his society would be more than compensated for by her conviction that both his bodily and mental health would be benefited by the change. With cheerful alacrity, did this judicious parent super-

intend the necessary preparations for his departure, wisely avoiding all unnecessary and sentimental regrets; and whilst both mother and son refrained from explanations respecting the principal reason which reconciled them to the separation, they fully understood and appreciated the generosity and delicacy of each other.

We hope our readers will not condemn George if he confess that he actually sailed for New York without making a single effort to communicate with the object of his affections; and Anna—but we forbear investigating minutely the state of the lady's feelings; it will suffice to say, that, allowing for the due proportion of the self-inflicted torments to which lovers are liable, she believed that she discerned the true state of the case, and, strong in faith, she hoped for the best.

We will pass over the eighteen months spent by Mr Belmont in the United States, and introduce him again to our readers at the end of that time, greatly improved in manner and circumstances. Extensive intercourse with the world, joined to the information he had gained in his travels, had done much to correct the too retiring and almost bashful demeanour of the clerk, whose sedentary and retired habits had kept him ignorant of the forms of polished society. Having skilfully transacted the business on which he was sent, he had received as the reward of his exertions a small share in the lucrative concern to whose interests he had unremittingly devoted himself for the last ten years; and though but a month had elapsed since his arrival in England, he had had ample time to prove the truth of the proverb—'Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself.'

'A month! can it be only a month since my son's return home?' thought Mrs Belmont, as she sat awaiting the return of the young people from an evening party given by George's late employer, for the express purpose of introducing Mr Belmont to a select circle of his friends; 'and yet how many events seem crowded into that short space. My dear George a servant no longer, but a partner in the most extensive concern in C—; his long-hoarded and hardly-earned savings increased to an amount sufficient to enable him to call together the creditors of his father, and satisfy all their just demands; and my daughter—my modest, affectionate Emily—enabled by his means, to mix on terms of equality with the society she is fitted to adorn. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me," and my "mourning is turned into rejoicing." As these and similar reflections passed through the mind of the mother, her heart swelled with emotions of gratitude to Him who has styled himself the God of the fatherless and widow. She was aroused by carriage-wheels, and in a few minutes was joined by her children.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed Emily, as she warmly embraced her, 'you should have been with us this evening to witness your son's triumph. I assure you Mr Belmont has created quite a sensation, and been the lion of the party.'

'Nay, you do injustice to the successful debut of Miss Belmont,' observed her brother gaily; 'what think you, mother, of our little demure governess setting up for a belle?'

'But, seriously,' pursued the young lady, 'it has been highly amusing to witness the polite attentions we have both received from persons who lately would have treated us as inferiors. Mr Burton, especially, was extremely cordial, and so pointed in his behaviour to George, that Anna was evidently distressed by it, and I thought her unusually reserved. If I am not mistaken, he gave you a pressing invitation to his house, Mr Belmont?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'I am happy to say he did. And now, mother, if you are not too tired and sleepy, I should be glad to ask your advice on a subject of great importance to me.'

'I understand you, my dear son, and my advice is—marry. Hitherto your position and circumstances have prescribed silence as your wisest and most honourable

course. Now your altered situation and excellent prospects leave you at liberty to urge your suit. I hope and believe you possess the esteem of our dear Anna. You have my cordial approbation and blessing.

'Thank you; this is only what I expected from you, dear mother; but I feel far from sanguine as to my success. I think—that is, I hope—Anna and I understand each other; but, notwithstanding Mr Burton's apparent cordiality, I apprehend some difficulty respecting the disposal I am about to make of my ready money. You know I cannot marry without funds, and I fear he will neither make me any advance, nor sanction the necessary delay. In that case, what I am to do is the question.'

'Would it not be advisable to wait until you have met the creditors, and settled the business?' suggested Mrs Belmont.

'Dear mother, no. I cannot consent to keep Anna longer in suspense. I am no stoic, and my experience this night has convinced me that it would be unjust to her to postpone my declaration. No, no; I will seal my fate to-morrow; and if Mr Burton raises objections, Anna will at all events know that I am not to blame.'

Having made this magnanimous resolve, George went to bed, but not to sleep. Excited by his recent interview with Miss Burton, whose unaffected delicacy and womanly reserve had charmed and touched him, and agitated by doubts and fears as to the result of his interview with her father, he lay ruminating upon his prospects; and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber, his dreams were but a continuation of his waking reveries.

With a beating heart did our hero knock at the door of Mr Burton's house on the following morning, and request a private audience of that gentleman. On being ushered into the library, George at once explained the object of his visit with the eloquence which true feeling never fails to inspire, urging his long-cherished affection, and touching slightly upon the pain and anxiety he had endured whilst following the course he deemed honourable with his sense of the relative positions of Miss Burton and himself. So far all seemed prosperous. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of Mr Burton, who warmly commended the line of conduct pursued by his young friend, and expressed himself much obliged by it; but when George proceeded to state briefly and simply the obligations which devolved upon him, previous to his settlement in life, he was listened to with constrained politeness. In vain did he pause in his relation for an expression of sympathy or look of approbation. A silent bow was the only token vouchsafed by his auditor. Embarrassed, he scarcely knew why, George found himself at the end of his story with a consciousness that he had utterly failed in making the impression he had desired. After a pause of a few moments, during which Mr Burton appeared waiting in expectation of some further communication, he said, 'You are not so young a man, Mr Belmont, nor so ignorant of the world, as to entertain any romantic notions respecting love in a cottage, I presume; I am therefore at a loss to understand your precise motive in honouring me with this explanation.' With increased confusion George replied that he had hoped for Mr Burton's advice (he had well nigh said assistance). He considered it his duty thus explicitly to state his circumstances previous to making any attempt to ascertain the sentiments of Miss Burton towards himself, a point on which he felt naturally most solicitous; and his prospects being now good, he trusted a little delay would not prove a serious objection.

'Certainly not,' was Mr Burton's reply; 'but since you have expressed a wish for my advice, you must allow me to say, that I think the intention you entertain relative to your father's affairs, though it does great credit to your filial feelings, is rather singular, and the obligation more imaginary than real. It is well known that your father's misfortunes were the result of untoward circumstances, and not of any misconduct on his

part. He acted throughout in an upright manner, and no blame can possibly attach to his memory. It appears to me unnecessary that you should inconvenience yourself for the sake of doing what neither law nor equity requires of you.'

'I will not attempt to argue the point with you, sir,' George modestly answered; 'but I must remind you that I am bound by a voluntary and solemn promise, given at a time when such engagements are deemed most sacred.'

'Well, well,' rejoined Mr Burton, 'there is no need of hurry. Let me recommend you to take time to reconsider the matter. Do nothing in haste, my young friend. A few years cannot affect the spirit of the promise. Allow me to recall your words, I hope a little delay will not prove a serious objection.' Here Mr Burton indulged in a patronising laugh; then rising, he added, 'In the meantime, I shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Burton, with whom you can talk over this weighty affair. The influence of the ladies is, we know, most powerful; and should you decide to make use of the cash for a time, I shall raise no obstacle to your wishes, and regret that my affairs will not admit of my doing more at present.'

The mortification and disappointment George had experienced during this conversation were amply atoned for by the cordiality with which Anna sympathised in his views, and strengthened his purposes. Had her father commended his intentions, and offered to find him means of marrying without delay, he could not have had a lighter heart, or more buoyant spirits, than were the results of his explanation with the daughter, in whose affection and constancy he felt unbounded reliance. True, their union must be postponed, and that to an indefinite period; but they should commence life free and unshackled, indebted to their mutual prudence and self-denial for that independence which they only can appreciate who have known the misery arising from a load of debt.

About a week after George's interview with Mr Burton, that gentleman, whilst seated at breakfast, glancing over the county newspaper, observed, to his no small surprise, an advertisement addressed to the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, appointing an early day for the examination and discharge of their respective claims. With a mixture of sarcasm and vexation, he commented upon what he styled the quixotic folly of the cool and unimpassioned lover he congratulated his daughter on possessing. To his remarks Anna listened in silence; but the expression of her fine countenance, and her whole demeanour, evinced such perfect contentment, such calm and settled happiness, that the man of the world was abashed, as the conviction flashed across his mind that his child enjoyed a felicity superior in kind, and more lasting in duration, than ever could result from the realisation of the most brilliant schemes of a merely selfish nature. There are moments when the most worldly characters are compelled to believe in the existence of disinterested virtue; and it is seldom such belief reaches the understanding through the medium of the affections, without exercising a beneficial and softening influence. Certain it is, that from this time Mr Burton refrained from any allusions to George's folly; and though he stood aloof from rendering active service to the lovers, he offered no obstacle to Mr Belmont's visits as his daughter's affianced husband.

A little more than a year elapsed after Mr Belmont's return from America, before he found himself able to offer a home to his beloved Anna. It would doubtless have required a much longer time, had not her wishes and views been moderate as his own. Who can describe his happiness as he sat by the clear bright fire on his own hearth, his wife by his side, fully alive to the sweet influences of home and domestic enjoyment, heightened by the consciousness that to his own persevering exertions he was indebted for his present position and prospects.

The young people had been married only a month,

and had that day returned from their wedding tour. The friends assembled to welcome them were departed. The skill and good taste of Emily, who had during their absence arranged their little establishment, had been warmly commended by the bride, who was by no means insensible to the importance of being mistress of a house she could call her own. It was Saturday evening. The morrow must usher them into the little world of which henceforward they should form a part; and there are few young couples, with affection as true and strong as theirs, but regret the termination of the marriage excursion. To mix in general society, give and receive the visits of mere acquaintances, and engage in the every-day business of life, appears, under such circumstances, no inconsiderable sacrifice. So thought our bride and bridegroom, who discussed their future plans, and indulged in past reminiscences on this evening with as much seriousness as if they apprehended it was the last they should spend alone.

'And now, Anna,' inquired George, 'tell me candidly, do you not regret advising me to reject the offered loan of my partner, that we might have commenced life with a little more style?' 'No, indeed, I do not.'

'But, dearest, only consider the remarks your genteel acquaintances will make on the very plain and unpresuming furniture, and the smallness of the house.'

'Fortunately I shall not hear their remarks,' returned she laughing; 'and if I did, I could assure them that I have more pleasure in knowing that what we possess is truly our own, than all the borrowed style in the world could afford me.'

'To say nothing of the pleasure your generous heart experiences, in the sacrifice you made for my mother,' added her husband with tenderness.

'Oh, George, let that subject never more be mentioned between us. You humble and mortify me by such allusions. I must indeed be selfish to hesitate between the comfort of our dear parent and a silver tea-service, when after all would have been rather out of place here.'

'Yet your father gave you money for that express purpose, and how can you account to him for its non-appearance?'

'Oh, as to that, I shall preserve a discreet silence. I hardly expect he will inquire into the history of my magnificent dowry.'

'If he should, I will provide you with an answer,' said George, rising and unlocking a small closet placed in a recess, and displaying to the astonished gaze of his bride a handsome collection of plate, consisting of tea and coffee equipage, salver, cake-basket, and candlestick.

'My dear George, how came you by these expensive articles?' she inquired.

Her husband placed a letter in her hand, and gently drawing her to the sofa, sat by her side as she read it. It was from the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, and was dated two months previous to the time of George's marriage. Its purport was to inform him that, wifely to offer him a testimonial of their esteem, they had made a selection of plate, which they trusted would prove acceptable in the interesting circumstances in which they understood him to be placed. To this announcement was subjoined a list of the articles. Various were the emotions of the young wife as she read. Feelings of gratified affection, however, predominated; and, finding no words to express them, a few unbidden tears fell on the letter as she quietly refolded it. Her fond husband kissed them away.

'You do not inquire why I kept this affair a secret,' he remarked.

'I suppose you wished to give me an agreeable surprise?' she replied.

'I did at first; but when your father presented you with money to purchase plate, and you insisted upon applying it to my mother's use I loved you so dearly for your self-denial, that I almost feared to break the charm by telling you of our riches; so I put it off, that I might the longer admire my wife's superiority to the foibles of her sex.'

'Your wife thanks you; but you overrate my philosophy if you imagine that I shall not feel pride and pleasure in the possession of this delicate and well-timed present.'

'Then you will not think it out of place even in our small house, eh, Anna?'

'No, truly; I can think nothing out of place which serves to remind me that your noble and disinterested conduct has gained the esteem and approbation you so well merit.'

'Rather, my dear wife, let this costly gift serve to inspire us with a thankful recollection of the past, that, in all our future struggles between inclination and duty, we may be enabled to exercise the self-control which at this moment so greatly augments our happiness.'

With such views and principles, it is almost needless to add that the Belmonts continued a prosperous and happy family. In the course of time Emily married, and the approbation of her mother and brother. In the life of her daughter Mrs Belmont found a comfortable home, and lived many years, surrounded by her children's children, fully realising the truth of the wise man's saying—'The just walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.'

'MOLLY DOODLES.'

A SKETCH OF IRISH CHARACTER.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

I do not know why the active, quick, intelligent, and most decidedly *clean* little beggar-woman I remember in my young days was called Doodles. Doodles must have been one of those nicknames which the Irish, from the highest to the lowest, are so fond of bestowing. If ever begging was a principle, rather than a necessity, it was in the case of poor Molly. She could knit, spin, sew, and she would do all these occasionally, and for a brief time; but nothing could induce her to accept payment for labour; and if asked for assistance, she would invariably take 'huff,' and absent herself altogether for a month or more from those who would have acted as her taskmasters. The Bannow cottagers knew this; and the dwellers on the moor managed to keep Molly Doodles frequently occupied, by leaving 'a rock of flax' untouched on the wheel, or a stocking just 'set up' on the needles, or a shirt half made on the table, when she came in sight, knowing full well that the little woman's activity would prevent her sitting quiet. She would enter the cabin with the usual benediction of 'God save all here'—be immediately invited to take an 'air of the fire,' or a 'shirk of the pipe.' And after she was sufficiently warmed and comforted, she would untie the blue cloak which draped the 'hump' of sundries—meal, potatoes, a blanket, tea-kettle, and a change of clothes—that were strapped over her shoulders. She would then loosen her pack; and, without any invitation, begin to sing a song. Of course the household crowded round Molly, to listen to her wild and pleasing melody; and after a little time, without breaking off, she would draw to 'the wheel,' or take up 'the needles,' or the shirt, and work away—never putting down what she commenced until it was finished. Her knitting was a sort of magical performance; her thick little fingers flying like lightning—twist, over-twist, over; while the ball rolled until it reeled from unusual activity.

Molly's gray restless eyes were as unceasingly employed as her tongue and fingers; yet she bore the amiable character of never fetching or carrying, 'except for good.' She had a purely benevolent mind; seldom begging for herself, but begging boldly for the infirm and helpless of her multitudinous class. Her features were large and coarse; but there was something in the wrinkled expression of humour that shone and folded around her mouth. The voice in which she was accustomed to sing was soft and musical; and Molly's songs were always concluded by a gush of tears. For more than

three years she was invariably accompanied by a long, lean, ugly dog, that was disliked not only by the well-fed creatures of its own species, as a matter of course, but by all Molly's friends and patrons.

'Molly,' I said to her one day, 'I wonder you endure that horrid dog.'

'Sure, if I didn't, no one else would, miss.'

'Yes, that is quite certain: it's very ugly.'

'The ugly and the handsome are sent into the world together; and if the Lord above gives a share of the universe to them both, sure we have no right to take it from them. Besides, what's ugly in your sight, miss (saving yer presence), isn't ugly in mine. The craythur hasn't a shimmer of light in his poor ould eyes, and yet it would be mighty hard, when he turns their darkness on me, to refuse him—the bone of the piece of meat ye're going to order me this first of the blessed month of May; and poor Judy O'Lynn, and her five fatherless children, waiting for it, and they not able to raise their heads after the fever for want of a little nourishment.'

'Molly, you could get plenty of work to do, and earn money for Mrs O'Lynn and her family, if you pleased.'

'It would be a long time before I could earn the price of the meat your ladyship's going to order me. And, sure, the only pleasure I have in life is doing a hand's turn, just for love—that's all. There's no use, dear, in yer evening any sort of slavery to me. I'll walk night and day, and go on my bare knees from this to Newry, to serve any poor Christian that's in trouble, let alone you, or the likes of you; so give me the meat, and God reward you. And there's Reddy the Ranger, poor man. Well, darling miss, I know he takes the drop sometimes; but he's ould, dear, and his wife's left him.'

'When, Molly?'

'The other day, miss, that's all. She died, dear, of a sudden; and to kill the grief, alannan!—ah, sure it isn't that 'd excuse it—for it's a sin and a folly—but, my darling, the heart trouble and the temptation; but he's as good as booksworn at the priest's knee against it, *when the first month's over*. It's the only way he has to quell the trouble; and I'll not say a word for him now, dear, until his month's up for the drink. If he keeps another month from it, then you'll ask your grandpapa, dear, to give him a pair of trousers. Mr Gray has promised me a coat—one of his scarlet hunting-coats, avourneen; and I have a waistcoat for him in my tea-kettle, so that the craythur will go decent to his grave! Do, dear; that's a darling. It's mighty tall ye're growing, and like yer grandmother, jewel—the heavens be her bed!'

Molly was a heroine too; though her heroism was not rewarded, it was long remembered. She was wading through the Scur one morning, when she saw a gentleman well known for his parsimony, and distinguished from the numerous family of Whites, of which he was a member, by the name of 'White Shadow'—a lean, thin, pinched up, hungry-looking man, with a full purse and an imperturbable heart. He was coming down the pass when she first saw him; and just as she had waded through the water, White Shadow entered it. Several cockle-gatherers were busied in 'the slob,' and stood still to see him pass over on his half-starved steed. Whether the horse was too weak to encounter the current, or some spirit moved it to get rid of its master, it is impossible to tell; but in less than two minutes the Shadow was struggling with the salt sea current, and crying for assistance. 'Will none of you help him?' said Molly Doodles, unfastening her bundles of beggary. Some of the men shook their rags, and laughed, while the half-naked urchins screamed like frightened sea-mews; in another moment the brave little woman had plunged in to the rescue, swimming strongly and stoutly, until she brought him to shore amid the shouts of the cockle-gatherers, who, though they made no attempt to rescue the man, had saved the horse.

'Good woman, Molly; good woman,' exclaimed the dripping and shivering White Shadow, looking more than ever like the wreck of debased humanity. 'Good

woman—dear me, how warm, and stout, and rosy you look!' and then he fumbled in his pocket, and at last, while the cockle-gatherers crowded round to see what Molly would receive as a reward for her bravery, he drew forth a coin, and placed it in her hand.

'Show us, show us; is it gold, Molly; is it gold?' they inquired.

Molly opened her palm, still swollen from the exertion of saving a drowning man, and there, shrinking into the smallest possible compass, as if thoroughly ashamed of itself, was a solitary old-fashioned silver sixpence!

'And is that all, is that all?' they exclaimed.

'ALL,' repeated Molly, looking at the Shadow from head to foot, wretched and miserably miserable as he was—'ALL, boys dear: and isn't it enough for saving the likes of him?' She turned off with a light scornful laugh, and bestowed the reward upon the next beggar she met.

The miser was no longer called the White, but the Sixpenny Shadow; and the name continued with him, and to his memory, to this day.

Molly flourished in the old times of Irish beggary; but of all the beggars I ever knew, she possessed the most originality, the most ready and gentle wit. If you refused her one thing, she would ask you for another; if you denied that, for a third. It was impossible to get rid of her, for no one had the heart to treat harshly the poor beggar whose benevolence was so eager and earnest, and who was never suspected of falsehood or selfishness. The door was never shut against her; and her singular—indeed I may well call it *peculiar*—cleanliness was always a pleasure to witness. She was also the champion of all the 'great ancient ould families'; and if you asked her what she got last at Mr O—— this, or O—— the other, who were known to be of fallen fortunes, Molly would answer, 'Troth, dear, I never go near the place at all at all now; I wouldn't take the breadth of my nail from 'em—not I indeed; I only pay my duty to the fine old gentleman as he comes from mass, dropping down on my two bare knees, and praying for him heart and soul, as he passes by: and my spirit is such, that I'd knock every heat off that would wear a hat before him; cock 'em up with hats, indeed, to cover their *coolans*, and the like of him to the fore! No, dear, my heart's too sore for his honour to trouble him with a sorrow, which now—God help us!—he couldn't cure!'

When Molly's dog died, she adopted a little blind boy instead of her blind quadruped, a fatherless and motherless child; but her love for him did not make her forget the necessities of others. She tormented us just as usual. The boy, she said, was taken care of by all who took care of her; but that was no reason why she wasn't to speak a word for the poor travelling Christians, who were, like herself, the pilgrims of beggary to their life's end.

She was very liberal in her promises of rewards hereafter to those who complied with her requests, praying for 'God to mark 'em to glory,' to 'lighten their path, and pour blessings down on 'em day and night.' 'Crowns in heaven' were always insured to those who bestowed their gifts cheerfully—the heavens were certain to be their bed; and they were secured all manner of earthly joys—the fruits of the blessings of the poor: but these are the ordinary prayers of beggary. Molly often soared higher; and her promise concerning the clothes she begged for Reddy the Ranger, to enable him to walk decent to his grave, is worth remembering. It was many months before Reddy continued a month sober; but at last he did so, and then Molly set about recovering her 'claims.' She slung the jacket and waistcoat over her shoulder in triumph, and called forth her eloquence to obtain the other garment. 'Sure it's not leaving him trusting to a coat and waistcoat to walk decent to his grave you'd be! I'll go bail he'll not go back to the whisky. Oh, then, wisharogue! if St Patrick had only banished it out of the country! Now do, yer honour, give it for him, and the Lord will increase yer store every hour of yer life. Ah, sure, it

isn't hardening yer heart you'd be against the poor! The young lady said she'd ax it from you, after he'd had his fling for a month, and then took up with dacency and quietness for another: do, and may the Lord bless and prosper you. Sure yer honour wouldn't be worse than the other gentlemen that's helping him; an' if yer honour can throw in a thrifle for the widow Gillispie's son that has the sickness, we'll be ever thankful, God help us!

At last a bargain was struck, that if the required garment was given, Molly was to ask nothing else during the next six months. This she promised, cunningly qualifying it with, 'I'll ask nothing else from yer honour,' which left her at liberty to torment every other member of the family. At length the trousers were bestowed.

'There!' she exclaimed, 'there, Reddy, it's in luck ye are, ye ould villain of a craythur! but that's a poor thing—that's a poor thing in comparison—a poor thing to ye: honour's share!'

'My share, Molly,' inquired the good-natured old gentleman; 'and what's that, I pray you?'

'Ye're here now!' continued Molly, apostrophising the garments; 'ye're here now; but *ye'll be in glory before him*, ye will; and isn't it in luck his honour will be then, when *ye give evidence of his charity!*'

Poor Molly! the last time I saw her she was old, but still companioned by the blind boy she had fostered when a child. They were sitting by the road-side, and he was playing on the flute the airs she used to sing. I inquired if she still begged for others, or asked charity for herself? 'Not for myself,' she answered; 'every one likes this boy's music, and he's very good to me—God bless him!' So now I only beg for coffins and shrouds for those who must soon die! Poor old Molly!

PROVERBIAL SAYINGS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

JOHN RAY, in the preface to his collection of English Proverbs, remarks that a proverb 'is usually defined as an instructive sentence, or common and pithy saying, in which more is generally designed than expressed; famous for its peculiarity and elegance, and therefore adopted by the learned as well as the vulgar, by which 'tis distinguished from counterfeits that want such authority.' Proverbs, therefore, generally consisting of such quaint and apt phrases as are easily retained in the memory, have been used by all nations to convey some piece of moral advice or warning. So universal are many of the most popular of them in their application, that the same appear, with slight modification, in nearly every language that is spoken upon earth. Equivalents for many of the most striking of the proverbs used in this country are found not only in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, but in China.

An industrious and learned French author has compiled a very useful work on the proverbs of his own country in connexion with parallel adages of other regions,* from which it is our purpose to translate a few curious and entertaining passages having reference to English proverbs, adding such information from our own stores as will elucidate or illustrate the French text.

The first article in this amusing dictionary relates appropriately to the first letter of the alphabet. Many of our readers must have heard the expression 'A. I.' applied to some individual whom it is wished should be placed at the very head of his class. This is generally supposed to be a proverbial saying derived from the Americans, who borrowed it from the mark and number, by which the largest and best merchant-ships are regis-

tered at the government offices. We find, however, from M. Quillard, that a similar distinguishing appellation has long existed in France; and an individual, eminent in his line, is said 'to be marked with an A'—(*Etre marqué à l'a*). The most probable conjecture as to the origin of the term, is the pre-eminence which has always been given to the letter A in the alphabet of nearly every language; and we learn that what we suppose to be a modern use of it, was in vogue amongst the ancient Romans. Martial, in his fifty-seventh epigram, speaking of a certain Codrus, distinguishes him above the other fashionable men of Rome by the splendour of his apparel, calling him *Alpha penulatorum*, which signifies 'the A amongst those who display the mantle.' The above French saying is supposed to have obtained currency from Alsace, where the prebends of the cathedral were arranged, alphabetically, according to their pecuniary value: and the holders of them, or prelatars, were called 'Canon A,' 'Canon B,' 'Canon C,' &c.

In another page, we find a more striking instance of the antiquity of sayings, supposed, from recent circumstances, to be quite modern. During the fifteen years that the French have possessed Algeria, nothing is more natural than that people at home should ask one another—'What is the news in (or from) Africa?'—(*Qu'y a-t-il de nouveau en Afrique?*) and that such a question should pass into a proverb, to be used when a person is angling for a topic of conversation with a friend. So far, on the contrary, from the recent Algerine war giving rise to the proverbial query, Pliny, the naturalist, explains it as in constant vogue in his day (A.D. 61-113), when the Romans, having invaded, had colonised a part of Africa. The colonists were so constantly meeting with casualties, the disastrous pews of which reached the parent country, that it was quite common for one friend to ask another, *Quid novi fert Africa?* The proverb is even traced to a more remote origin; for, in explaining it, Pliny says it is derived from the Greeks.

'To dispute on the point of a needle' (*Disputer sur la pointe d'une aiguille*), applies to those very minute argumentations in which a certain class of small hypercritical minds delight. One learned French etymologist contends that this proverbial expression is derived from the very ancient game of which children are so fond—*poussette*—or what amidst our own sports and pastimes goes by the name of 'push-pin'; though in France it would appear the instrument used is a needle. From the difficulty occasionally experienced by the juveniles of ascertaining whether the point has been pushed into the cushion so as to count in favour of the player or not, frequent disputes arise, and from these little contentions the above sentence is supposed to be derived. To show the antiquity of the expression, a quotation is made from the works of a poet who lived in the sixteenth century (De Regnier), who says,

'Folks shake in their shoes when a lawyer they see
Getting up, on the point of a needle, a plea.'

The habit of disputing on very slight and trivial matters, is designated in England as 'splitting hairs.' This form of the proverb is derived from the Latins, who said *Rapari de lanâ caprinâ*, 'To dispute concerning a goat's hair.' Thus Horace, in one of his odes, after noticing one individual, describes 'another' as always disputing on the hair of a goat—

'Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ.'

The Greeks also had their form of this proverb, which ran thus—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took its rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and not finding so much as a bush under

* Dictionnaire, Etymologique, Historique, et Anecdote des Proverbes et des Locutions Proverbial de la Langue Française, en rapport avec des Proverbes, et des Locutions Proverbiales des autres Langues. Par P. M. Quillard (Dictionary, Etymological, Historical, and Anecdote, of Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings of the French Language, with reference to Proverbs, &c. of other Languages). Paris. 1842.

which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself upon its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law. After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'

One or two of the proverbial sayings current are now happily almost obliterated—of the dissensions and enmities which formerly existed between France and this country. An unfortunate debtor, hotly sued by an exacting creditor, is said to be 'pursued by the English' (*Etre pourchassé par les Anglais*). According to the authority of Bord, this took its rise when France was occupied by the English. Having drained the country of all its ready money, our forefathers lent it back again, but on conditions so hard, that repayment was next to impossible. Yet, in case of failure, they pursued the unfortunate debtors to the last extremity. Other etymologists refer the origin of the saying to the extraordinary imposts which were laid upon the French people for the ransom of their king Jean, a prisoner in London. Etienne Pasquier traces the expression to the after-demands of the English, who pretended that the ransom—fixed at three millions of golden crowns by the treaty of Brittany—had not been fully liquidated. Marot, an ancient French poet, writes—

'Whene'er you know an Englishman in sight,
You'd better cry out "bail!" with all your might.'

The origin of another proverb conveys a satire upon our tour-writing countrymen, which should not be lost upon them. It is this—'All the women of Blois are freckled and ill-tempered' (*Tout a les femmes de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres*), and is made use of as a delicate refutation when any one—drawing a general from a particular—condemns a whole species from an individual specimen. It is said that an English traveller, passing through Blois, stopped at an inn, the landlady of which was freckled and ill-humoured, and upon this he wrote in his note-book, that *all* the females in that town displayed similar characteristics.

Many French words and expressions have recently become so generally current in the country, that they are gradually weaving themselves into our language. Amongst those in most frequent use, we may name patois, naïveté, tableau, jeu d'esprit, cortège, savant, cabriolet, *à propos*, &c. The last word is often given as part of a sentence, thus:—*à propos de bottes* ('relative to boots'), when an individual is saying something very wide of the question in hand; like the man in the jest-books, who, while a conversation was going on concerning umbrellas, exclaimed, 'Talking of umbrellas, where's my snuff-box?' Again, when a person is conscious he is going to break the even thread of the current talk by introducing an irrelevant thought which has just struck him, he begins it with, *à propos de bottes!* to let the company know he is quite aware that the new topic has nothing to do with the former one. As in the former instance, the origin of the term has been traced to the exactions of the English previous to the reign of Francis I. 'I remember,' says M. Quitard, 'to have seen a manuscript note on the margin of a book published before the time of the above monarch,

which states the expression, *à propos de bottes*, to have arisen when France was occupied by the English, who, having exhausted every reasonable pretension for their exactions, at last levied taxes for the avowed purpose of supplying themselves with boots and shoes.' This was so glaring an exaction, that ever after, when an unreasonable solicitation for money was made, the person applied to would ask whether the demand had anything to do with boots? It has since been used to signify anything done or said aside from the real purpose, or without a reasonable motive.

It is sometimes curious to observe how a proverbial expression travels from one country to another, and then becomes so completely naturalised in its new home, that it is claimed by the borrowers as purely national. We are surprised to find that the proverbial nick-name of 'The Vicar of Bray,' applied to a person who veers round to all sides of opinion, for the sake of self-interest, has been claimed by the French, who say of such a person, that he acts 'like the curate of Bray' (*faire comme le curé de Bray*).

Every one knows that the adage, 'The Vicar of Bray is the Vicar of Bray still,' originated in the individual who watched over the spiritual concerns of the people of Bray in Berkshire, towards the close of the civil war. To keep his living, he is said to have changed his doctrines four times—under Cromwell he was an Independent; he swore allegiance to Charles II. as a staunch Church-of-England-man; he turned Catholic to please James II.; and recanted back again to Protestantism to keep himself in office under the reigns of William III. and Anne. He became the subject of a popular song, the burden of which is—

'And this is how, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whate'er king shall reign,
I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.'

Whether it was the song or the saying which found its way into France, we know not; but ever since the end of the last century, the proverb has been much in vogue there. It happens that 'Bray' is the ancient name of a division of the department of the lower Seine. Never doubting that the expression was indigenous, the Abbé de Feletz gave the following amusing sketch of its supposed origin in an old number of the *Journal des Débats*:—'During the latter years of the unhappy reign of Louis XVI., the curé of Bray professed himself an ardent admirer of the constitution decreed by the Representative Assembly, often expressing himself in the most glowing terms on the principle of "Democratic Royalty," which it was supposed to have established. "Nothing shall shake my conviction," he would exclaim, "that this is the only true and rational form of government!" Presently the throne of France was overturned, and when the curé heard the news, he was delighted. A republican form of government succeeded; and he was still in ecstasies, declaring his intention of supporting it in his own little sphere to the last extremity. In 1793 his opinions underwent a fresh change. The constitution which was then proclaimed he declared to be the acmé of human wisdom; and when that constitution was overthrown by the revolutionary government, he publicly announced that event to be the most sublimely beneficial in the history of France. On the 9th of the following August that government was destroyed by the Committee of Public Safety, upon the members of which he lavished the most extravagant praises, for having, he said, saved his country! Finally, the constitution of the third year of the revolution fixed the vicar's errant opinions, because the Directory lasted as long as himself, and he died giving utterance to the opinion that the men who composed it were the only persons capable of governing a great nation. Amidst all these alterations, he had not failed to send in his adhesion and congratulations to the various opposing governments, and took the necessary oaths of allegiance with the most business-like regularity.' The French, like ourselves, apply the term

Quelques ne-veys Anglois de votre taille,
Cry, à tout comp, vous criez, "baillo, baillo!"

'weathercocks' (*girouettes*) to persons who practise a similar sort of versatility to 'vicars of Bray.'

If the French have borrowed proverbs from us, and adopted them as their own, we have returned the compliment. The saying attributed to Dr Johnson, that 'he who would make a pun would pick a pocket,' long existed in France before the doctor's time, and in a form far more elegant and expressive:—*Faiseur de bon-mot—mauvais caractère*: 'Maker of jests—bad character.' We could enumerate several others, in which the French had evidently the priority of conception.

A great many proverbs taking their rise from the same idea, are expressed by different nations in different ways. Thus, when we wish to describe a person fond of boasting, we declare that 'all his geese are swans.' The French give a much wider scope to exaggeration, by saying that 'all his flies are elephants' (*Tout ses mouches sont éléphants*). Instead of saying, with Falstaff, 'Money is a good soldier, and will on,' our Gallic friends exclaim, 'Cash does everything' (*L'argent fait tout*). The English adage, 'The more one has, the more one wants,' is rendered by the following simile: 'Avarice is like fire; the more wood one puts on, the more fiercely it burns' (*L'avarice est comme le feu: plus on y met de bois, plus il brûle*). Again, 'Money cures all evils except avarice' (*L'argent est un remède à tout mal, hormis à l'avarice*). On occasions when it would be appropriate to say, 'No cure, no pay,' the French use a proverb which a happy change in our domestic regulations has rendered obsolete in this country, namely, 'No money, no servant' (*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*). Some of the French proverbs are identical with our own, such as, 'To seek a needle in a bundle of hay' (*Chercher une aiguille dans une botte de foin*). 'To worship the golden calf' (*Adorer le veau d'or*). 'Like master, like man' (*Tel maître, tel valet*). 'To throw dust in one's eyes' (*Jeter de la poudre aux yeux*). 'Those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned' (*Qui est destiné à être pendu, n'est jamais noyé*). 'All is not gold that glitters' (*Tout ce qui reluit n'est pas or*). 'One swallow does not make a spring' (*Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps*).

A RUN DOWN THE RAPIDS.

MY DEAR —, I wrote to you last from Kingston, the present capital of Canada—a title, by the way, of which it is very unworthy; but places as well as persons sometimes have honours cast upon them, and it should not surprise us if they are not always found deserving of such distinction.

There are three ways of getting from Kingston to this place: that most frequently adopted is by the St Lawrence, which is navigated by steamers, except in those parts where it is broken by rapids; these are passed in stages, over roads nearly as uneven as the water which runs alongside. Another route is by the Ottawa river and Rideau canal; it is considerably larger than the former, and at this season of the year not very tempting, as many of the lakes through which it is necessary to pass swarm with mosquitoes, which invariably pay strangers the most assiduous attention.

Having already travelled by both these routes, I was glad of an opportunity to try the third, the rapids, which presented the charms of novelty and excitement; so on Thursday last, at two P.M., I found myself and baggage under weigh in the steamer *Charlotte*, seventeen horse-power; a Lilliputian compared with the ordinary lake and river boats, but capable of affording stowage for a considerable number of passengers and a valuable cargo of flour. This was formerly the only route either for ascending or descending the river; but of late years, since the introduction of steamboats, the other routes have been opened, and the old method, the barges, has been abandoned.

On leaving Kingston, we entered the lake of the Thousand Islands, which number, I imagine, they greatly exceed. In size, they vary from rocks just large enough to support a single bush, to islands of several miles in extent. The greater number are granite rocks, which rise abruptly from the water; but others are nearly flat; and all are thickly covered with stunted trees and brushwood. I have

had the good fortune to see them in nearly every season, and under a variety of circumstances; but would recommend, as the most favourable period for visiting, this fairy region, a still evening in autumn, when the leaf begins to change, and the bright red of the maple mingles with the green of its more hardy brethren of the forest. It was here that the pirate Bill Johnson established his headquarters during the disturbances of 1838-39, and where he continued to elude every attempt that was made to take him—a fact which will not surprise those who have once passed through this labyrinth of rocks.

I was here a good deal amused at an instance which showed that the feeling of contempt we all know a seaman entertains for a *fresh-water sailor* is amply returned. As the evening advanced, one of the sailors came up to the helmsman and told him he might 'go below,' then addressing me, he said, 'that chap's a *salt-water sailor*, and takes a deal of elbow-room, so it don't do to put him at the helm after

after leaving the Thousand Islands, Brockville appears on the north, or Canadian side of the river. This is a well-situated village, perhaps I should say town, and one of the prettiest in the country. When passing this part of the river on a former occasion, I heard a circumstance which would lead one to conclude that a considerable change had taken place in the climate. A gentleman told me that when his father settled there, about sixty years before, all the produce was taken to Kingston on the ice; but that of late years, it has not been considered safe to travel at all upon that part of the river during the winter. Whether this change is to be attributed to cultivation, or to some other cause, I leave to the scientific to decide.

As we were anxious to see all of the principal rapids, which we expected to approach by daybreak, we retired early to our berths, formed of shelves fastened to the sides of the cabin, which during the daytime were taken down and stowed away. Our party appeared on deck soon after four next morning, and we found ourselves approaching the 'Long Sault.' An island divides the river here into two channels; that on the American side is alone navigated; and the occasional peeps which we had of the other, satisfied us that, if we had not chosen the most picturesque, we had at least taken that which was the least dangerous. The Long Sault is nine miles in length; the south channel for the most part runs between steep and thickly-wooded banks, the water running smoothly, though rapidly; occasionally there is a little hubbub, but not sufficient to alarm the most timid voyager. Barges are sometimes wrecked on this rapid, being forced on shore by the current when passing some of the short turns which so frequently occur in this channel.

After passing this rapid, we entered Lake St Francis, a shallow lake, with flat banks, and a few rushy islands. To the south may be seen some of the high lands in the state of New York, which make a picturesque of what would otherwise be a most monotonous scene. We now also got into the French country, and could distinguish the small whitewashed houses of the Canadians. At Coteau-du-lac we took in a pilot, the most dangerous rapids being below this place. The first, the Coteau rapid, was passed without danger or difficulty; and though the water was foaming all around us, we threaded through where it was comparatively smooth.

The next rapid, the Cedars, is very dangerous on account of its shallowness. The rocks are easily discernible by the change of colour in the water, which appears of a reddish hue. When approaching the most dangerous part, the engine was stopped for about a minute. The channel here passes over rocks; and there being but a few inches between the bed of the river and the bottom of the vessel, the slightest error in steering would cause certain destruction. This rapid is something less than three miles in length, and the fall thirty-two feet: the distance was run in eight minutes. The next rapid, the Cascades, was more boisterous than any we had yet passed through; the steamer bent like a rod; but as there was plenty of water, and no rocks, there was no cause for alarm. At the bottom of this rapid the St Lawrence and Ottawa rivers meet, but do not unite; the clear green of the St Lawrence contrasts advantageously with the reddish slate colour of the Ottawa; the line dividing their waters is perfectly distinct, and as straight as if drawn with a ruler.

We now took in an Indian to pilot us down the Lachine rapids: he came off in a canoe with several others from the Indian village of Caignawaga; the only striking feature of

which is a church, with a glittering *in* spire. The rapids we were now approaching are by far the most boisterous on the river, and the most difficult to navigate; though, with a skilful pilot, they are perhaps less dangerous than the Cedars, as there is plenty of water in the channel, the only difficulty being to keep within it. As we approached, the passengers were made to sit down, that they might not intercept the view of the pilot. The Indian and three others stood to the helm; the current became more and more rapid, but was still smooth; the engine was eased—then stopped; we saw the breakers under the bows—a sudden plunge, and we were in the midst of them. Rocks appeared on every side, and it seemed impossible that we could escape driving upon some of them. Suddenly the helmsman sprang across the vessel, which as quickly obeyed the directing power. This, however, seemed but a momentary respite, as others, equally menacing, appeared directly before us; but these were also skilfully avoided, and we passed them without injury. The water was in the greatest possible state of agitation: rushing with fearful rapidity, it is intercepted by rocks, which causes it to boil and foam as if raging at the opposition they offer to its course. The vessel is hurried along by the current, and knocked about in every possible way by the irregular sea which is produced by the diversity of currents. One of the boatmen, who was sitting near me on the deck, appeared highly excited; he half raised himself by resting on one hand, watched the course the boat was taking with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and turning each moment to the helm, appeared ready to spring to it, as if he feared the four men already at it would not be able to move it quick enough. He was an old man, who knew the channel, and was consequently well aware how much depended on the skilful management of the helm. The Indians pass these rapids in canoes: a few years since one was upset, and several persons drowned—a circumstance which will not surprise any one who has once gone down them: it is far more surprising that any who attempt to pass them in such a manner should do so in safety.

This route will probably become very popular, as all idea of danger has already nearly vanished. At present, it takes about twenty-four hours to perform the distance (200 miles); but with boats of greater power, it might be done in nearly half that time. I remain, my dear —

Yours, L. P. D.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1843.

MR SMITH'S VISIT TO LEWIS.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Philosophical Society the following interesting account of Lewis, the largest and one of the most distant islands of the Hebrides, was given by Mr Smith, late of Deanston. Mr Smith, it appears, had visited Lewis a short time since, for the purpose of reporting on its capabilities of improvement to an opulent and public-spirited proprietor, who had lately made a purchase of the island—and what a noble purchase as regards extent! a territory eighty miles in length by from two to thirty miles in breadth, and therefore larger than many a German principality.

The meeting might be aware (proceeded Mr Smith) that Lewis was the most northerly of the western group, and though it was generally spoken of as a distinct island, it was nevertheless connected with Harris by a narrow neck of land, from which circumstance they were sometimes called the Long Island. The rocks were of the primitive or granite formation; and the surface of the country had altogether a very peculiar aspect. It appeared that the peat-moss had begun to be formed immediately upon the granite rock; for, when you get to the bottom, you find at once a rough gravel, mixed with small quantities of clay, and hardly such a thing as a distinct alluvial deposit. Generally speaking, the subsoil was a rich gravel, and there were no remains of trees or coarse grass—nothing but mossy plants. They might be led to suppose that the country was a dead flat; but it was not so; for in Lewis there were interspersed beautiful slopes and valleys, through the centre of which various rivulets made their way. The whole surface was covered with bog, from two to ten, and in some places twenty feet in depth; although the general depth might be stated at about four feet. Upon the surface of this bog nothing was grown but bent-grass and stunted heath; and on the whole it had a very dreary aspect. Not a tree was to be seen; all around there was the

brown bent; and in the after part of the year, when it became decayed, the appearance was peculiarly bleak and desolate. The island was not without its beauties notwithstanding; for the sea-lakes which indented the coast, and the fresh-water lakes in the interior, imparted to it rather an interesting effect. The most remarkable thing connected with the island, however, was this, that the slightest improvement did not appear to have gone on for a very long period, and they were very much in the same position that the inhabitants of this country occupied a hundred years ago. They still used the ancient distaff, although it was a hundred years since it had been supplanted in this country by the Dutch wheel; and nothing amused him more than to have seen the women coming from Stornoway carrying with them the spinning-wheels, to commence what they conceived to be a novel and vast improvement. He might mention that the advantages which the best machinery of the day possessed over the distaff were as a thousand to one; yet, by means of the distaff, these people managed to manufacture their clothing, which, under the circumstances, was very comfortable.

Their cultivation of the soil was as primitive as their manufacture of the cloth. There was no such thing known as the young men going away from the island to push their fortune, and returning to it afterwards with wealth. From Stornoway, it was true, a number had gone out and distinguished themselves, but this was the exception. Still the inhabitants were not deficient by nature. They were a social people in their own way; they were kind to their children, kind to each other, and kind to their animals. As a phrenologist, he would say their heads were very good indeed—that is, for people not accustomed to habits of thought. In regard to their houses, they did not live in dwellings such as were seen in the mainland; for they were more like huts than anything else. The walls were from six to eight feet thick, composed of bog in the centre, and faced with stone inside and out. There was sometimes only one apartment, but generally two; and under the same roof the people lived and kept their cattle. There was this distinction, however; namely, a fall of eighteen inches from the apartment in which the family lived to the adjoining one, in which the cattle were kept. This might seem to some to be rather a queer arrangement; but the people themselves considered that there were points in it which contributed to their comfort. The room in which the cattle were kept was the entrance one, and as the air passed through it, it came into the adjoining portion of the house appropriated to the family in a warm state. Where ponies were kept, an outer hall or shed, beyond the cattle apartment, was reared for their accommodation. Some of the better houses had a division-wall, which separated the cow-house from the family apartment; but generally this was not the case. One peculiarity in the building of their houses was, that the roof was within the wall, instead of projecting beyond it; and in this way he had seen something like a series of terraces extending over half a town. One use of them was, that when the children became troublesome, or the mother was more than usually busy, the children were disposed of on these terraces or high places, and it was quite amusing to see the little *whittets* looking down over the wall at what was going on below. The parents, however, did all this in the most kindly manner.

The Lewisians have done all they can to cultivate their possessions in the best manner. Their cultivated portions are those from which the peat has been cut away; they then come to the gravel, and gather soil from one part to add to another. They have done nothing in the way of draining; they have never attempted to penetrate the hard subsoil, which is often steeped in water. They have no system of winter ploughing, but just move the land immediately before planting the potato crop or sowing the seed; and the only preparation they made was that of sometimes pulling the weeds in the summer season. He would now describe to them some of the implements in use amongst this primitive people. (Mr Smith then exhibited the 'crass-croom,' or hand-and-foot plough. It is an instrument with a sole about fifteen or eighteen inches in length, thick behind and sharp in front, which latter, being the part which first penetrates the soil, is shod with iron. It is pushed forward by means of a long handle fixed into it, and also by a pin attached to the heel of the sole or sock, for the foot of the labourer. A more unlikely implement to have the name of a plough it is scarcely possible to conceive, and its exhibition created much interest and amuse-

ment.) The people lay the land over in furrows, by successive movements of hand and foot; but of course the line is not drawn in a continuous form. The great difficulty in providing their implements was the scarcity of timber, of which none grew in the island, and they had consequently to send to the mainland for it. As a proof of its value, he might mention that the shaft or handle of the 'crass-croom' (which is a piece of wood about the size of a broomstick) would cost 3s. 6d. From the scantiness of the soil, they did not of course produce heavy crops; but here he would instance the ingenuity of the people in making the best of their position. He had seen as good produce of potatoes, barley, or rather bere or bigg—for the new kinds of barley were unknown to them—and oats, as in any part of the country; and they managed to produce these results by the skill with which they prepared the manure. It was efficacious, in the first instance, in the raising of potatoes, and afterwards it produced a fine barley crop. When the barley was ripe, they did not cut it, as was the case elsewhere, but pulled it up by the roots, and tied the whole up in sheaves. When it was 'won,' and ready for the stalk, the straw was then cut from the sheaves below the band, which had this advantage, that it enabled them to stow away the grain in small bulk—a matter of no small moment in a country exposed to so much wind and rain. After the grain itself had been thus preserved, they took the straw which had been cut from it and placed it on the roofs of their houses. They laid it loosely on, just as the farmers here spread it over the top of a stalk, and then tied it down with ropes spun from the heath. In this position it was exposed to the smoke of their peat fires.

In Lewis there were no fireplaces such as we are acquainted with. The fire was placed in the middle of the room, and there were no vents; but instead, a number of holes were ranged round the top of the side-wall. When the smoke ascended, therefore, as it did by means of its lightness, and a portion of it was forced back, it escaped by means of these holes. A great deal of it, however, made its way up through the straw on the roof; and when approaching one of these little towns, he could compare its appearance to nothing more likely than that presented by the smoke arising from a cluster of heated grain stacks. This straw became very valuable, from the great condensation of ammonia and other products which took place in it. The people of Lewis planted their potatoes without any manure whatever; but when the plant had got up to the length of two or three inches, a general unroofing of the houses took place, and the straw which had been preparing there all the season was thrown upon the drills; it was rarely covered up, excepting in windy weather, when a slight sprinkling was put upon it to prevent its being blown away. Well, this manure gets into the soil immediately, and the potatoes forthwith come up with the greatest luxuriance. The people of Lewis, however, had another kind of manure than that described; they had the manure which was produced from their cows; and he might here mention, that in their care of it they evinced a degree of intelligence superior to that of farmers of much higher pretensions, for they kept it constantly covered up; and each and all had joined in the opinion, that if it was exposed, it lost to a great extent its efficacy. Some of the best agriculturists were about to follow this plan of keeping the manure constantly covered up. In Lewis they followed a strict rotation of cropping. They had first potatoes, then barley or bigg, and then oats—constituting a three years' shift. According to this rotation they had grown their crops for a hundred years, and one might naturally suppose that the lands would be worn out by it; but this was not the case, for they had generally good crops, and last year it was an extraordinary one. There had been inhospitable seasons certainly, in which the crops entirely failed, and great distress followed; but, generally speaking, their crops were excellent. On the whole, there was no doubt that if these people were properly directed in the best modes of cultivation, they would, with their habits of industry, make rapid progress. So much for the agriculture of Lewis. As to their manufactures, he might state that they made their own dishes or vessels from the clay found amongst the granite gravel. They fashioned the vessel merely with the finger and thumb; and the strength and thinness with which they were made, proved the quality of their clay. They turned over the neck or mouth, and by putting a cord, or rather a leathern thong round it, they were enabled to carry the vessel from place to place, containing water or milk; and they also stood the boat

requisite to boil their contents when placed on the fire. (Mr Smith showed a specimen.) They also made their creels for carrying out their manure, and for other uses; and when he showed one of them, the audience would be surprised to hear they were made of the stem of the dock, or 'doeken.' So much was this plant prized amongst them, that when it grew between the possessions of two farmers, the docks were carefully divided between them. There was not a willow in the island; and the dock, therefore, was very much prized for its usefulness. They answered for the women when they went to market, as well as for carrying potatoes and manure. Another mode of the people of Lewis was that of feeding their cows on seaweed. It was just the dulse tangle, which they had often seen sold on the streets of Glasgow; and it was no unusual thing, when a woman went out to milk the cows, to take some of this dulse tangle, which the animal consumed with great satisfaction while the process of milking was in progress. The lecturer then exhibited a large bag in use in Lewis, which was made of the stem of the bent-grass, and spun in winter nights; they were used for keeping the manure, and carrying such portions of it to market as they were able to spare for sale. He might state that there was only one distillery on the island, which took up all the surplus of the barley crop. After giving a few geological details, Mr Smith stated that the population extended to 17,000 souls, and there were 270,000 acres of land, which, if improved as it might be, would maintain twice the number of people in more comfort than they were at present. He hoped that the period of this improvement was not far distant; and that when they went to visit Lewis, they would find it a green pastoral land instead of a dreary waste. Mr Smith concluded his lecture, and exhibition of specimens and implements from the primitive Lewis, amidst much applause.

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger paucity of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—*'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.'* It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

FIRE-FLIES.

As I gazed, the air burst into atoms of green fire before my face, and in an instant they were gone: I turned round, and saw all the woods upon the mountains illuminated with ten thousands of flaming torches moving in every direction, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, reappearing there, converging to a globe, and dispersing in spangles. No man can conceive, from dry description alone, the magical beauty of these glorious creatures. So far from their effects having been exaggerated by travellers, I can say that I never read an account, in prose or verse, which in the least prepared me for the reality. There are

two sorts: the small fly which flits in and out in the air, and a kind of beetle, which keeps more to the woods, and is somewhat more stationary, like our glow-worm. This last has two broad eyes in the back of its head, which, when the phosphorescent energy is not exerted, are of a dull parchment hue; but upon the animal's being touched, shoot forth two streams of green light, as intense as the purest gas. But the chief source of splendour is a cleft in the belly, through which the whole interior of the beetle appears like a red-hot furnace. I put one of these natural lamps under a wine-glass in my bed-room in Trinidad, and, in order to verify some accounts which I have heard doubted, I ascertained the hour on my watch by its light alone with the utmost facility.—*Six Months in the West Indies.*

THE BLOOD-FISH.

Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of *caribe*, or *caribito*, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes; and several of them showed us the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severer wounds. The blood-fish lives at the bottom of rivers; but if once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp cutting teeth, and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apuré and Oroonoro. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood; and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and the pectoral fins, are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the mosquitoes, and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary.—*Humboldt.*

PREDICTION OF RAIN AND STORMS BY FALLING STARS.

A communication has been made to the Academy of Sciences by M. Couvlier Gravier, on the meteors vulgarly called falling stars. He thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestrial atmosphere have their origin in the upper regions. 'If (says he) we watch at night the direction, number, and changes of colour of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c. that will take place, on the following day.' M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error. The name of M. Arago having been thus mentioned, he certainly owes it to the public to contradict or confirm the assertion of M. Gravier, and—with permission of course—to state what are the signs by which this knowledge, so important, if real, to agriculturists and navigators, is obtained.

THE HAND.

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, intreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; we express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish; we exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*

REASON AND KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently

be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discovery, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.—*Gisborne.*

TO THE SKYLARK.

Now weel befa' the cloud that bears,
And weel the voice that slugs,
And balmy be the early airs,
That wander round thy wings,
Where heaven's own dew, created now,
Is rich around thy way,
And shadows of the roses strew
The pathways of the day.

And thy pure heart beats 'mid the blue,
Beyond the cloud on high,
While seraphs look abroad to view
The hermit of the sky.
I've heard thee when young nature's ray
The primrose blooms would bring,
To plant them round the bower and brae,
The earliest of the spring.

I've heard thee from the greenwood shaw,
When summer suns sailed high,
And when the rainbow's tints wad fa'
To glorify the sky.
Thou, wee bold bard, durst make its fold
Of azure thine array,
And riot in its richest gold,
Though thou thyself be gray.

But be thy heart free as thy wing,
And heaven's own favour bless,
For I have never heard thee sing
In hour so sweet as this.
Ye welcome from the darksome room,
To all the earth and sky,
And from deep woe and its gloom,
To love, and hope, and joy.

Yet thee I've blamed, when in the bower,
Thy lay came o'er the heart,
And said it is—the hour
When lovers' leal should part.
I trowed thine own could or untrue,
That thou wouldest proudly boon
To sail the morning vales o' dew,
And leave thy love sae soon.

But now ye sing a lay mair sweet,
That aye would seem to say,
That lovers at the dawn who meet,
Should part not at the day.
And I will blame thee no'er again,
Till life itself be o'er,
If ye'll aye say, as now sae plain,
That we shall part no more.

And if I were in heaven itself,
Methinks I'd harken down,
If ye wad aye these tidings tell,
When ye came sailing round.
Could, could it was to blame the bird,
That can alone unite
The sweetest words heart ever heard—
Love, liberty, and light.

November, 1844.

HENRY S. RIDDELL.

CHARITY.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practise, since every degree of assistance given to another upon proper motives is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, that he may not on some occasions benefit his neighbour. He that cannot relieve the poor, may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick, may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself, may yet perform the duty of charity by inflaming the ardour of others, and recommending the petitions he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.—*Dr Johnson.*

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ADVERTISING CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

'GENIUS,' says Dr Johnson in the fortieth number of the *Idler*, 'is shown only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity, and profound skill in the nature of man.' It must be a source of some regret to the advertising world, that the name of the inventor of their art has been hidden behind the veil of dim antiquity. Who wrote and published the first recommendation of his own intellectual acquirements, or of his own wares, cannot be ascertained; but whoever he was, he has found in succeeding ages a legion of imitators; and 'every man,' continues the learned doctor, writing three-quarters of a century ago, 'now knows a ready method of informing the public of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual—whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematics—whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.' After saying that advertisements were in his day so numerous, that they were very negligently perused, the *Idler* adds, that 'the trade of advertising is so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' Time has proved that in this speculation the doctor was much in error.

The 'very numerous' collection of announcements which led him into these mistakes, was doubtless displayed in the pages of the *Public Advertiser*—a newspaper about half the size of this *Journal*, and which contained on an average from ten to fifteen advertisements in each number. The leading journal of modern times publishes on an average from 700 to 1000 announcements every day, or from 208,000 to 364,000 every year! As to the perfection which the art was supposed to have attained, the best specimen of advertising the doctor could produce was that of a wash-ball, which was declared to give an 'exquisite edge to the razor.' This, our readers will at once perceive, is surpassed by the most commonplace productions of the present day. The vender, also, of the 'beautifying fluid' mentioned by the *Idler*—who, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confessed that, though it possesses wonderful powers over cutaneous disagreeables, 'it will not restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty'—would be utterly ashamed of his modesty had he lived to witness the flights of genius indulged in by the proprietors of modern cosmetics. As many persons, even of the present time, are as ignorant as Dr Johnson was of the science of advertising, we propose to give them some idea of the high condition to which modern literary skill has brought it.

The chief end and aim of advertising is notoriety.

He, therefore, who can make himself most notorious, is the best advertiser; he, in short, who takes care that you shall not open a public print without his own name and that of his wares staring you full in the face; nay, more; if you go into the street, that the same words shall meet you at every turn. Men, looking like animated sandwiches—squeezed in as they are between two boards, conspicuously inscribed with huge invitations to 'Try Potts's pills'—slowly parade the streets. If you turn to look at the progress of a new building, you will see the boarding covered with 'Potts's pills.' If you make a purchase of a perfumer, you will be sure to find it is wrapped in a paper, setting forth the wonderful cures that have been effected by 'Potts's pills.' In short, you seem condemned to be perpetually taking ocular doses of Potts's pills, till you are as familiar with the name of Potts as you are with that of Newton or of Shakespeare. What is your case is nearly everybody's; and the name of Potts becomes famous throughout the empire. Thus it is that many men whose humble occupations would, without the art of advertising, have condemned them to the darkest obscurity, have become notorious, if not celebrated. No one can deny that the names of those very respectable blacking-makers of High Holborn, Messrs Day and Martin, are quite as well known to the public at large as Scott of Abbotsford, and Wellington of Waterloo. Such are amongst the glories of advertising, when that art is vigorously carried out!

At the same time, it must not be denied that the importunity of advertisers sometimes gives rise to a distaste for their names—too much familiarity has bred contempt. At the next unexpected view of the capital 'P,' which begins the ubiquitous name of Potts, you are apt to turn away your head, or throw down the paper in disgust. Hence the proficient artist, when he finds his name getting unpopular by having had it too ostentatiously paraded before the public eye, insidiously clothes his advertisements in an apparent anecdote, a paragraph of important information, or a piece of startling intelligence; by which expedient he leads on his readers to a perusal of the virtues of the article he sells, almost in spite of their eyes. Thus the unwary are sometimes entrapped into perusing a description of the wonderful effects of a new patent medicine, by means of such an enticing commencement as—'The witty Selwyn was once heard to observe,' or, 'It is related of his late majesty, when Duke of Clarence, that'—you read on, expecting some brilliant *jeu d'esprit* or amusing anecdote. Presently, where you ought to find the point of the joke or the gist of the story—when breathlessly anxious to know what Selwyn said, or what his majesty, when Duke of Clarence, did—at this precise part of the paragraph, the never-absent, intrusive, impudent, brazen capital P once more stares you

in the face, and you are recommended, for the ten-thousand-and-first time, to 'Try Potts's pills.'

In this department of advertising, literary resources of a high character are necessary; and it must be owned that the English professors of the art are far below their American and French brethren in point of skill: It would be difficult to select from the English press a better specimen of the insidious style than one which we have cut out of the New York Herald. It purposes to give an account of

'A CITY PARTY.—Two lovely girls met in the Park in the morning, both elegantly dressed, both beautiful, one almost magnificently so. "My dear Eliza," cried one, "how do you feel this morning, after the dance last night at Madame Bonville's party?" "Very well; we didn't stay late, you know. You seemed to enjoy yourself. By the way, Emma, that new dress becomes you, and is just the thing." "Oh, but, Eliza, how well you looked, and are looking now; I never saw such an alteration in any human being. You looked so dignified and queen-like." "Where is the alteration, my dear Emma?" said Eliza smiling, and looking indeed transcendently lovely. "Why, it seems as if your face and forehead had grown larger and broader." "It has, my dear; and if you wish, I will tell you a secret. I have entirely destroyed all the hair which grew down on my forehead, removed a part of my eyebrows where they joined over the nose, and freed my lips from what threatened to be a beard." "But how?—what magic has worked this transformation?" "No magic at all, but a scientific powder prepared by Dr Felix G. —, and sold at Broadway." The ladies parted; and doubt not that Emma will avail herself of the most wonderful discovery which modern science has added to the toilet of beauty.'

Another specimen from the same print is of a more vigorous character. It is well known that paper-wars are carried on in America not in the tame, half-courteous style they are with us. There, newspaper editors indulge in an energetic style of controversy, designed apparently for nothing short of mutual destruction. Strong feelings infer the use of strong expressions, and these come of course to be expected by the public when any quarrel is in the wind. These things being premised, our readers may judge of the probable attractiveness of a paragraph commencing in the manner of the following:—

'**GO YOU PUSILLANIMOUS SCOUNDREL;** whose meanness can equal yours? Look at your fair young wife, with her bright, sunny, healthy face! Look at your own, pitted with eruptions and blotches! Yet you are too mean to give fifty cents for a cake of the great Italian Chemical Soap, which would entirely free you from them, and make your yellow skin clear and healthy. Go at once and get a cake at the sign of the American Eagle, No. — — Street, Brooklyn.'

We are inclined to dwell on this department of the art of advertising, because, as has been before remarked, it is unquestionably its highest branch. The reader will perhaps admire the ingenuity with which cosmetics are advertised in the United States; but when we make him acquainted with the high state of the advertising art which has been attained in the French capital, the American announcements will possess about the same relative merit in his estimation as the poem of Little Cock Robin bears to Childe Harold.

Advertising is in France an important branch of literature, and as such we must view it.

The literary men of Paris may be divided into dramatists, journalists, historians, men of science, poets, and—advertisement writers. Of the latter are demanded ingenious inventive powers, an unbounded play of fancy, and a subtilty of contrivance, which few branches of the literary art require in so high a degree; the great aim is to weave the various advertisements into the text without allowing the non-experienced reader to detect them. In the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, a publication exclusively devoted to dress and fashion, we have read a tale—with a regular plot, possessing indeed all the conditions imposed by Aristotle on the true epic, namely, a beginning, a middle, and an end—which was nothing more than a series of advertisements. Of this species of composition the following will afford no exaggerated notion:—

'THE LOVERS' QUARREL.'

On a lovely day in August, the gay and fascinating Julie de Balmont was reclining on one of those elegant fauteuils, for the sale of which M. Berçère (of the Boulevard Italien, No. —) has made his warehouse so famous, when Albert Fâtard entered her presence with more haste than ceremony. The truth is, that, after having been admitted by the *portière*, he rushed up the stairs four at a time—a feat which he certainly could not have performed had he not been provided with the elastic India rubber braces and straps, of which the Brothers Bandes and Cie. of the Rue Montmartre (No. —) hold the exclusive patent. The moment Julie beheld him, she became pale and agitated, and had it not been for a bottle of the exquisite smelling salts, sold by Dr Mogué at his fashionable dispensary in the Rue Castiglione, she assuredly would have fainted. Such, however, is the wonderful efficacy of that astonishing restorative, that Julie was presently as composed and as calm as the beautiful sleeping baby, which has just been executed in marble for its bereaved mother, by that eminent statuary M. Cisel, whose residence is opposite to the principal entrance of Père la Chaise. Not so Albert. He was too agitated to speak; yet, amidst all his emotion, he could not look upon those roseate cheeks, the lily whiteness of that complexion, without feelings of the warmest admiration. These would, however, have been to some degree modified, had he known that for the latter Julie was partly indebted to the exquisite *polière des perles* of M. Savon of the Passage Vivienne (two doors from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs).

Albert cast a withering look on the fair, exclaiming, "That bracelet—I mean the one you wore at Madame Pompadour's last evening. Say, was it not the gift of my rival?" The lady, as if not heeding the question, arose from her seat, and moving towards a casket—a specimen of Boiteur, the eminent jewel-case maker's best manufacture—said with apparent indifference, "Would you like to see it?" She then deliberately took the bijou from its depository, and placed it in Albert's hand.

Two powerful emotions struggled for mastery in Albert's breast—hatred for his rival and admiration of the magnificent bracelet. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I see it all! In the chaste but brilliant design, in the exquisite workmanship, in the skilful assemblage of jewels, in the wonderfully artistic execution of the chasing; in short, in the unequalled *tout ensemble* of this gorgeous bauble, I perceive a fatal termination to my fondest hopes." At these words Albert's agitation was so great, that Julie could scarcely restrain her own sympathetic emotion. "Too well I know," continued the lover, still gazing on the subject at once of his detestation and his praise—"Too well I know that so perfect a specimen of art could only have issued from the atelier of one individual in Paris, nay, I may add, in Europe. That individual—cruel, false woman—has, I know, long been your per-

* Both these advertisements are extracted from the New York Herald for April 15, 1844.

severing admirer. He is rich; worthy, I am bound to admit; for his wealth has been acquired by honest industry and superior genius. Yes, M. Jaques Orfèvre, of the Place de Napoleon, Numero Cinque, it was who has laid this inestimable token of his regard at your feet, and—you have accepted it!" The intense agony which Albert betrayed at this crisis could no longer be withstood by Julie de Balnont, and she determined to undeceive her afflicted lover. "I own," she said, "that it is a present —"

"Ah!" exclaimed the lover in a tone of despair.

"And," continued the lady, smiling blandly, "I also acknowledge that the bracelet issued from the studio of that unrivalled artist M. Orfèvre; but," she continued affectionately, laying her hand on the lover's arm, "it was presented to me by that imitable jeweller: it was bought of him by my uncle the general, whose gift it is!" On hearing these words, the feelings of Albert can be better imagined than described. He offered every apology, and —

But we need not pursue this romantic series of advertisements any further. It only need be added, that the lovers' quarrel was settled, and that they were married a week after. The author, in describing the ceremony, acquaints his readers where each article of the lady's attire was purchased; who made the gentleman's coat; and where he bought his hat. The purveyor of the breakfast is very minutely chronicled: for a caution is given regarding a rival confectioner, and the public are particularly requested to copy the address. In short, there is scarcely a line of the document which does not contain an advertisement.

Looking at this department of imagination, French literature, from a business point of view, we are told that it is decidedly the most lucrative of a notoriously overpaid profession. The author, instead of being remunerated as usual by the publisher at so much per sheet, is paid by the parties mentioned in his publication, according to the leading reference to the strength and force of the superlatives employed in naming their wares. It must be evident to the most innocent reader, that in the above instance the great paymaster was M. Orfèvre. The jeweller's warehouse in the Place Napoleon is the grand central piece around which all the other advertisements are grouped; and this fact helps us to an explanation of the mode in which such compositions are written. Fictionists who are so fortunate as to possess the quality of genius, generally build up their works upon some great inspiration, arranging minor fancies and incidents around a leading idea, either of plot or of character. Advertisement-writers, on the contrary, do not depend on anything so capricious or uncertain as the workings of mere genius. Having obtained a leading commission—one sufficiently lucrative to form the basis of a romantic story—from some enterprising manufacturer like M. Orfèvre, they go round to the other shops in search of fresh ideas and more pay. By this means they realise, it is said, a handsome income. Supposing the writer of 'The Lovers' Quarrel' to have received only a moderate sum from each of the tradesmen he has named in that affecting *pièce de société*, he would likely realised about twice as much as Milton did for 'his Paradise Lost'!

After this specimen of the advertising powers of the Parisian literati, of the present day might perhaps be justified in expressing Dr Johnson's notion, that 'the trade of advertising is so near perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' But experience of the past makes us wiser concerning the future. Far be it from us, therefore, to dogmatise on this important subject with the rashness of the dictatorial doctor. When we see the extraordinary advances which are daily made, not only abroad but at home, in the art of advertising, it would be presumption in us to say to what a pitch of perfection it may not even yet be brought. England, we must admit, despite the number of her advertisers is far behind France in point of delicate but unmistakable innuendo; but when we look

around—when we perceive that our native advertisers make up by perseverance what they want in high finish, we must admit that the art has made a rapid 'march' since the days of the Idler.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ACTINO-CHEMISTRY.

THE alchemists—remarkable on many accounts in the history of science—had occasional glimpses of truth through the clouds by which, in their strange hallucinations, they were surrounded; and some of their speculations on the constitution of matter are founded on changes which they supposed light capable of producing in inorganic substances. These changes were hypothetical, but such a science has established the fact, *sunbeam cannot fall upon a body without producing a molecular or chemical change*.* Homburg states the difference between gold and silver to be 'in nothing but in having the globules of mercury whereof it consists penetrated through and through, and being more fully saturated with the sulphurous principle, or the rays of light.' Thus, content with a bold speculation, this original thinker promulgates a delusion, when, had he, guided by his hypothesis, bent his powerful mind to the labour of interpreting nature by experiment, he might have been the discoverer of important truths which are only now opening to the world.

The title which appears at the head of this paper—Actino-Chemistry†—is one which has been recently proposed by Sir John Herschel, to distinguish that particular class of chemical phenomena which is immediately dependent upon the influence of the sun's rays. To this new branch of science we now propose calling attention, but, in order that all the new features of the inquiry may be distinctly understood, it will be necessary to give some explanation of discoveries long since made.

In 1556, it was observed that a combination of chlorine and silver, called, from its appearance, horn silver, blackened by exposure to the sun's rays. This was the first step, beyond which no further progress was made, until, in the early part of the eighteenth century, Scheele of Stralsund, in Swedish Pomerania, discovered that this change of colour in the silver compound was produced particularly by the blue rays, little or no effect being produced by red or yellow light. Petit, in 1722, observed that light influenced crystallisation; and, somewhat later, Dr Priestly discovered the very interesting fact, that the solar rays assisted plants in decomposing carbonic acid, to which we shall more particularly allude. Many isolated observations were made, but few facts of any importance were added to science until after the announcement of the discovery of the Daguerreotype and photographic processes. Having, in former numbers of this journal,† given an account of these discoveries, we shall not allude to them any more than is necessary in the present article.

The Daguerreotype consists in acting upon a plate of silver by iodine vapour, by which a compound of the two elements—an ioduret of silver—is formed. A very short exposure to sunshine produces a change in this preparation, which causes it to condense vapour over its surface more readily than it did previously to exposure.

* This term is derived from the Greek substantive *actin* (ray), and signifies simply the chemistry of rays, or, strictly applied, of radiant light.

† Papers on the photographic processes will be found in No. 374 (March 30, 1839), and in No. 566 (December 3, 1843).

Hence the Daguerreotype pictures are formed by the deposition of the vapours of mercury over the different parts of the plate, in exact proportion to the amount of light which has fallen upon them. Several explanations have been offered of this phenomenon; but although many of them have been exceedingly ingenious, none are entirely satisfactory. If the exposure to sunshine is continued, the golden yellow colour of the surface of the tablet is changed to a deep olive. In practice, this change is not allowed to become apparent, but the balance of affinity, which appears to be exceedingly loose in this compound, is disturbed by the sun's radiations. This change in the chemical state of the ioduret of silver may appear at first sufficient to account for that condition which disposes the condensation of mercurial vapour; but it has been found by Moser, Fizeau, and Hunt,* that any body—as, for instance, a polished metal plate, a tablet of stone, or a piece of glass—exposed unequally to sunshine, undergoes some molecular change, by which it condenses vapours in the same manner as a Daguerreotype plate; hence it is clear that an atomic disturbance, rather than a chemical change, is the cause.

The photographic process of Mr Fox Talbot, as at first published, was nothing more than covering paper with the chloride of silver—the horn silver of the alchemists—which darkened unequally, according to the quantity of light to which it was exposed, the shadows being preserved still white; hence there resulted a copy of nature, but an incorrect one as regarded light and shade. By fixing the original picture, and using it to produce others, the greatest quantity of light passing through those parts corresponding to the natural shadows, pictures correct as in nature were produced.

Many singularly beautiful processes have been devised, particularly by Sir John Herschel. Amongst others, we would name the chrysotype, in which gold is the active ingredient; and the cyanotype, in which a paper, prepared with a salt of iron, undergoes such a change over the parts exposed to light, as disposes them, when washed over with a prussiate of potash, to form immediately Prussian blue, whilst the parts in shadow retain their original whiteness. Again, there are several processes, by the same philosopher, of a very remarkable kind, to which the epithet of amphitype† has been applied. In one of these, the picture produced by the sun may be kept invisible for any period, and developed at will, by simply breathing over the paper;‡ and in the other, which was described at the recent meeting of the British Association at York, the photographic picture, which is at first produced with incorrect lights and shadows, is converted into one having them quite correct by the agency of heat. These pictures undergo remarkable changes; spontaneously fading out, and, by some mysterious action, reproducing themselves.§ A great many analogous processes have been discovered, in which some chemical agent acts differently upon the parts which have been exposed, and those maintained in shadow. In nearly all cases, pictures with incorrect lights, or negative ones, as they have been called, are produced at first. The chromatype, discovered by Mr Robert Hunt, and announced at the Cork meeting of the British Association,|| is a singular and beautiful exception. Papers being washed with a mixture of the bichromate of potash and sulphate of copper (blue

vitriol) are exposed with engravings, botanical specimens, &c. superposed; all the parts uncovered, or those which correspond to the lights of the engraving, undergo some remarkable change; and if the papers are now washed over with a solution of nitrate of silver, they remain unaltered, but all the parts in shadow change to a deep red by the formation of the chromate of silver. These combinations are not, however, sufficiently sensitive to admit of their being used in the camera obscura. It was reserved for Mr Fox Talbot to discover the most sensitive process—the calotype—in which the slightest action of the solar rays induces such a change in the iodide of silver, with which paper is prepared, as occasions it to be immediately darkened when washed with Gallic acid.* By this process we are enabled in a few seconds to copy any architectural pile, or produce a portrait. Mr Hunt announced at York that he had found the common copperas (sulphate of iron) to produce the same change upon any of the salts of silver, by which we have the means of producing for ourselves, in a cheap and easy manner, truthful representations of any scene or individual. These are but a few of the discoveries connected with this branch of science; let us consider for a moment their value. All men of reading desire to possess faithful representations of the monuments of antiquity—the pyramids of Gizeh, the palace of Carnac, or the Cyclopean walls of Greece. We feel a pure and healthful pleasure in examining even the images of scenes made sacred to our memory by the deeds of heroes or the words of sages. The temples of Athens, the wonderful Acropolis, the mysterious ruins of Paestum, and the fanes and arches of Rome, misnamed the Eternal, speak even from their pictures. There is the still small voice of the past, speaking of the mutability of all things to the present. The lesson they thus give us—even those who have never crossed the sea which washes our island-home—is but little inferior to that which the traveller receives who contemplates the moral of a crumbling arch, or a broken column, on the very spots where once they stood, the glory of the age. Even in our own land we have temples which realise, in their consistent and beautifully elaborate architectural details, the poet's fancy of a 'petrified religion.' We have monastic piles hastening to decay, but beautiful even in their dissolution; and baronial halls whose battlemented walls are tangled with the ivy, and clothed with the moss of centuries; and these are hallowed by holy recollections, which clug, like the poetry of a pious superstition, to every British heart; and they cannot pass away until we have forgotten the history of our land, or ceased to enjoy the privileges won for us by our forefathers. Each and all of these we are now enabled to preserve in the strictest fidelity. Every stone will tell its own tale; and as the mind of the poet shines for ever from his production, so the very genius, the very spirit of the place, may now be impressed, by the subtle finger of light, upon tablets of metal or on sheets of paper, to speak to future ages as they speak to us. Again, we are now enabled to preserve the truth-telling portraits of our statesmen, our heroes, our philosophers, our bards, and our friends, with all 'the mind, the music breathing through the face.'

Such are the important uses of this discovery, viewed as an art; we will now consider some of the most remarkable features of it in its relations with science.

M. Niepce, to whom Daguerre was certainly deeply indebted for the progress he made towards perfecting his beautiful discovery, produced pictures upon plates of glass or metal, covered with resin, those portions of the resin becoming more soluble which had been exposed to light than the parts in shadow. Niepce also observed that these resinous plates had the power of restoring themselves to their original condition in the dark. This remarkable phenomenon has been noticed

* Moser—On Vision, and the Action of Light on Bodies. Translated from Poggendorff's *Annalen*. Scientific Memoirs, vol. iii. Fizeau—Comptes Rendus. November 7, 1842.

† Hunt—Researches on Light; a work which embraces all that is at present known relative to the chemical agency of light.

‡ This term implies that both kinds of photographs, those with lights and shades wrong, and the contrary, can be produced by one process.

§ Report of the British Association for 1843, fol. 8.

|| Athenæum. October.

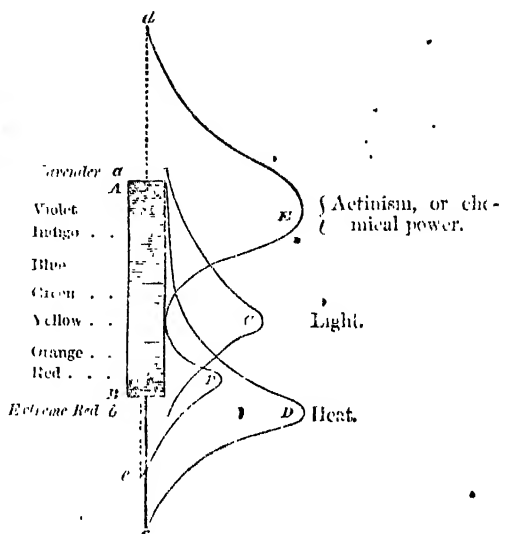
¶ Report of the British Association for 1843, fol. 54.

* This process is carried to great perfection by Messrs Hill and Aranson of Edinburgh.

on some other bodies, but most strikingly on the iodide of platinum, which readily receives a photographic image by darkening over the exposed surfaces, but speedily loses it by bleaching in the dark. The ioduret of Daguerre's plate, and some other iodides, exhibit the same peculiarity. We are hence led to the detection of the singular and striking fact, that bodies which have undergone a change of state under the influence of daylight, have some latent power by which they can renovate themselves. Possibly the hours of night are as necessary to inanimate nature as they are to men and animals. During the day, an excitement which we do not heed, unless in a state of disease, is maintained by the influence of light; and the hours of repose, during which the equilibrium is restored, are most essential to the continuance of health. It has been shown that a sunbeam passing over a plate of iron leaves indications of its path. Instead of a few chemical compounds of gold and silver, we now know that copper, platinum, lead, nickel, and indeed probably all the elements, are equally liable to change under solar influence. How great, then, must be the disturbance over the face of our planet during the period the sun is above the horizon! How varied must be the developments of electrical, chemical, and calorific phenomena under this excitation, which, if continued, must eventually change the features of this planet and of its inhabitants! How beautiful is that design by which, during external quiescence, matter is enabled to resume its former state, and, during apparent rest, busily to restore to the balance that which it has lost! These are not mere speculations; the searches of the past three years have proved them to be truths. We would name a few other extraordinary changes produced in the condition of bodies by the same agency. All who are at all conversant with the details of chemistry, know that the two gaseous bodies, hydrogen and chlorine, may be kept together in the dark without uniting; whereas, if exposed to the sunshine, chemical union immediately takes place, and muriatic acid is produced. Dr Draper has discovered that chlorine exposed to sunshine is changed in its character, and the solarised chlorine will unite with hydrogen in the dark. Sulphate of iron is used by chemists to throw down silver and gold from their solutions, which it does slowly in the dark. Mr Hunt has observed that, by previously exposing either of the solutions to sunshine, and the mixture being afterwards made in the dark, the precipitation takes place instantly. Here is again evidence of either the direct absorption of some material agent from the sunbeam, or of an alteration in the chemical constitution, or atomic arrangement of the solutions, by the influence of some principle of which as yet we know but little. A case in which light appears to interfere with electrical action was stated at the last meeting of the British Association by Mr Hunt. A small galvanic arrangement was formed by putting a solution of the iodide of potash in a glass tube, one end of which was closed by a piece of skin; this tube was inserted in a solution of nitrate of silver, held in a cylindrical glass, the two fluids being connected with a piece of platina wire. Such an arrangement being kept in the dark for twelve hours, a very beautiful crystallisation of bright metallic silver takes place about that end of the wire which dips in the silver solution. If a similar arrangement is exposed to sunshine, no such change—no symptom of any crystallisation—takes place. These results are but the first links of a chain which we suppose to be of infinite extent. These few disclose such striking peculiarities, that, if confirmed by further observations, they must influence most materially the condition of physical science.

A question has arisen out of the discoveries we have been endeavouring to describe, of a very interesting kind. These phenomena, which have been usually attributed to the agency of light, have been considered by many to be dependent upon some secret power, which always accompanies, but which is to a great extent in-

dependent of, light; whereas others regard light, under peculiar modifications, as the sole active principle. We will briefly endeavour to explain the experiments upon which the idea of an independent agency is founded; to do which we must have recourse to the following woodcut, representing the image formed by passing a sunbeam through a glass prism, which exhibits the seven colours of the Newtonian or solar spectrum, in the order represented between A and B. Beyond these limits, under ordinary circumstances, no light or colour is detected; by certain arrangements of glasses, we, however, discover



another red ray at *b*, and a lavender ray at *a*. This coloured figure is a distorted image of the sun. The curved line *C* is intended to show clearly the points between which luminous effects are evident, the maximum being at the centre of the yellow ray *C*, from which point the light gradually declines until it is entirely lost at *a* and *b*. Sir William Herschel was the first to make any experiments on the heating power of the solar rays. This philosopher found that the greatest heat was given by the red rays beyond the ordinary red ray—a space represented by *D* in the above figure—from which spot it gradually declines, until, at the violet end of the spectrum *A*, no heat is sensible to the most delicate thermometers. Sir John Herschel has also traced the well-defined influence of heat-rays far below the maximum point, down to *c*. Formerly, it was believed that the chemical power of the sunbeam was confined to the spaces within and above the blue rays; recent researches have, however, shown that this influence is far more extensive. The maximum of chemical action is somewhere about *E*; that is, if we put a piece of photographic paper in such a position that a well-defined coloured spectrum shall fall upon it, it will be found to darken with the greatest rapidity, and acquire the most intense colour at that point; this darkening will go on upwards beyond all the visible rays to *d*, where it entirely ceases. It extends downwards to the most light-giving rays at *C*, where a negative influence is exerted, the paper remaining white; after passing which, it again darkens, and a second maximum is found at *F*, the red rays usually giving a red impression, this chemical power ceasing entirely at *e*. We have now explained the condition of every beam proceeding from the sun. We find three very distinct classes of phenomena, light and colour, heat, chemical power, or, as it is proposed to call it, Actinism, involved. It has been a matter of discussion whether these very different influences are the modified effects of one cause, or are they three distinct causes. Melloni finds, by passing a sunbeam through

obsidian and black mica, nearly all the light is absorbed, but not any of its heat. Again, if it be passed through rock-salt, or alum, scarcely any of the light is lost, but it is deprived of its heat. It is therefore argued that light and heat are distinct principles; but, in opposition to this view, there are experiments which appear to prove that light and heat are convertible into each other. By looking at the diagram, it will be seen that the chemical power has three minima, *c*, *C*, *d*, and two maxima, *E*, *F*. It will be seen that the largest amount of chemical action is where there is the least light; and that where there is the largest amount of light at *C*, there no chemical effect is produced. Even from this it would appear that light and actinism were distinct forces, if that expression can be allowed. By causing a sunbeam to permeate a deep purple solution (copper in ammonia), we rob it of most of its light; but the actinic effect is not at all diminished. On the contrary, if we take a bright yellow solution (bichromate of potash), the whole of the light of the beam passes it freely, but scarcely any of the chemical principle; thus we have strong evidence that these principles are distinct in character, although united in action. It has, however, been supposed that we derive neither heat nor actinism from the sun, but that the solar emanations, or luminous waves, excite some latent property in matter which produces these effects. These very intricate questions the investigations of future philosophers can alone decide.

In immediate connexion with this very interesting subject of inquiry, is one to which we have already alluded, the influence of light on plants. Seed is placed in the earth; it is buried in darkness; under the influences of terrestrial heat and moisture it germinates, and a plant springs into daylight. It has been found that the influence of the most luminous—the yellow rays—even on the surface, is sufficient to prevent germination; and, on the contrary, that the most actinic, or blue rays, forward very remarkably this process. Plants in all conditions of their growth absorb, by their leaves and bark, atmospheric air, which is constantly permeated with carbonic acid, produced during the processes of respiration and digestion by men and animals, and poured out in great abundance by all burning bodies. During the sunshine, this carbonic acid is decomposed by the plant; one of its constituents, oxygen, is given off again to the air, whilst the other, carbon or charcoal, is retained by the plant towards the formation of its woody structure. At night, this action nearly ceases, hence we see the important influence exerted by the sun's rays on the vegetable world. From the fact that seeds will not germinate under the influence of the yellow rays, and that these soon destroy the young plant, it has been argued that the actinic power, of which we have been speaking, is the most active in exciting this function in plants, which is so necessary to their healthy growth. To the vegetable physiologist this is a question of great interest.

We know that the glorious orb of day pours out upon this earth some principle on which the whole vegetable world depends for health and life. Without the *luminous agent*, the surface of this planet would be no longer beautiful; the brilliant hue of the flower (supposing the plant to have been produced by actinic power alone), and the refreshing tints of the tree, would be wanting; all would be colourless. Without the actinic power, the entire surface would be an eternal blank, a chaos as at first. It is equally certain that the animal kingdom are as much dependent upon solar influence as the vegetable world. Where the sunbeam spreads its genial influence, there life in all its myriad forms is found; where the sun-rays cannot penetrate, 'death holds her silent court.' At the surface of the ocean, for instance, marine animals, varied in form and beautiful in colour, are found abundantly; as we descend, we find the animals gradually sinking in the scale of organisation; and below a certain depth, varying probably in different latitudes, no creature stirs the ever silent sea. The influences of this power on inorganic matter are only now being discovered, and the

importance and interest of the inquiry will be strikingly evident, when we reflect that on the creation of light this planet, previously revolving a mighty chaos, became an orb of beauty and animation.

COUSIN ANNETTE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGHANT.

'I can't think how it is that Cousin Annette has not got a husband,' exclaimed a young lady of seventeen, who doubtless thought that *not to get a husband* was the worst evil which could befall her. 'She is,' she pursued, 'so very pretty still, though she must be nearly forty, and so sweet-tempered, too, that I can't help thinking it a pity.'

'Her loss, if such it be, has at all events been our gain, my dear Fanny,' returned the sister to whom these observations had been addressed; 'for had Cousin Annette married, we should of course have been deprived of her instructions and her society.'

'That is very true,' the young lady rejoined; 'yet we cannot suppose that she made such a sacrifice for our interest, generous as she is; and there must be some love-tale connected with her early days. I have often been tempted to ask mamma, I am so curious to know.'

'And mamma would not have revealed it merely for the sake of gratifying your curiosity if you had done so,' exclaimed Mrs Stanley, who, unperceived by the sisters, had entered the room, and consequently heard the foregoing conversation. 'But,' she quickly added, 'if I could gain the permission of your cousin, I should be willing to do so, with the hope that a higher end might be gained.'

'You think, dear mother, that some instructive lessons might be learned?' observed the elder daughter.

'I am sure of it,' was Mrs Stanley's reply; 'and for that reason I have little doubt of gaining Cousin Annette's permission to tell it.'

'I should like to hear it of all things,' Fanny eagerly exclaimed.

'It is a sad tale,' Mrs Stanley resumed, 'and one which, to relate, would re-open wounds in your mother's heart long closed by time; but if it were liked, to prove a salutary lesson to my children, I would not shrink from it.'

The volatile girl grew grave. 'We would not purchase the pleasure at the expense of your feelings, dearest mamma,' she cried, 'yet if you and Cousin Annette see fit that the relation should be made, I hope it will not be in vain.'

The mother and daughters parted, for the young ladies were preparing for a morning walk with their cousin (who acted the part of private governess in the family) when the observations here related were made; but they met again in the evening of the day, and then, with the full concurrence of their amiable instructress, Mrs Stanley commenced the eagerly-anticipated narrative.

'You have often heard me speak, my dear children,' she began, 'of the beautiful little villa in Devonshire called the Woodlands, in which I spent my early days. Your grandfather purchased it on account of my dear mother's declining health, and at the same time gave up his residence in the suburbs of London, he not being sufficiently rich to support two establishments. My mother's delicate state disposed her for the quietude of this lovely spot; and although he could not but miss the circle of friends with whom he had associated when near the metropolis, my kind father never uttered a word like dissatisfaction, but strove to make up for the deficiency of society by the cultivation of his grounds, and the superintendence of a little farm which was annexed to the estate. I and a brother, two years my senior (whom you may have heard me sometimes speak of as your Uncle Lewis), were the only survivors of a large family, and the affections of my dear mother, which were of a very powerful nature, consequently concentrated in us.

It is a painful task for me to speak of her character, for I cannot do so without making known the errors which distinguished it; yet to you, my children, it is necessary that I should unveil the whole truth, otherwise I cannot hope to effect the end I have in view. Your grandmother was all that we could wish woman to be as regards the softer traits of the female character; but she was lamentably deficient of that firm and steady principle which should be the moving spring of our actions; and to this sad deficiency I must with justice ascribe most of the distresses which afterwards befell our family. You, my dear girls, who have had the advantage of instruction from such a mind as your cousin's, cannot fully enter into the pitiable reverse under which your mother laboured, in having every desire gratified, every whim humour'd, and in never experiencing that wholesome discipline which it is so necessary for a parent or preceptor to exercise towards the youth under her care; but I have felt its influence through every stage of my life, and my poor brother was a far greater sufferer. Lewis was naturally possessed of strong passions, and a spirit which required powerful control; yet he had many redeeming points, and under judicious training, I believe, he might have been tractable. You may judge, my children, what a scene of misrule our otherwise lovely little mansion must have been—with my brother's self-will, my waywardness, my mother's overweening fondness, and, I must add, also my father's want of proper control, for though he was not so weak as to be wholly blind to the failings of his offspring, as was our maternal parent, he had not sufficient strength of mind to put in a determined manner with regard to the infliction of punishments, and thus angry words and threats were almost always resorted to after the most flagrant disobedience. I must acknowledge that love effected with me what fear could not have accomplished. I loved him too tenderly to bear his anger, and for this reason I seldom offended; but with Lewis it was not so; the malicious interference of my mother when my father uttered what she termed words of unkindness towards her darling boy, set at naught the little authority he might otherwise have maintained, and made the parent who ought to have been venerated a mere cipher.

Things remained in this state till I attained my tenth year, and Lewis his twelfth, when by a vigorous effort, of which I scarcely thought your grandfather capable, he succeeded in placing my brother at a public school. He had much to contend with in the boy's obstinate refusals, and his mother's tears and intreaties; but in this instance he acted firmly, and Lewis departed, though not without the threat that he would return. Just at this time the intelligence reached us of the death of my father's only and widowed sister, accompanied by a letter, penned on that lady's dying bed, recommending her orphan daughter to her brother's care and protection. Such an appeal was not likely to be disregarded by my kind parent, his heart was ever open to the distressed, and he set out on a journey to the north, that he might himself conduct his little niece to the Woodlands. I cannot express the delight I felt upon hearing that I was to have a companion in lieu of my brother, whose loss I had deplored with childish grief; indeed it was my first grief; but it was chased away in the anticipation of Cousin Annette's society. Judge, then, my disappointment when, on her arrival, I found her too much absorbed by her late sad bereavement to feel any inclination for entering into my pursuits and pleasures. I must have been devoid of feeling to expect it from her; but I did so; and felt a little angry at her refusals, though they were made in the most gentle and conciliating manner. My disappointment and chagrin were not, however, of long duration; for no sooner were they perceived by Annette, than she, with the self-sacrificing spirit which still forms so prominent a part of her character, strove to conquer her own feelings that she might contribute to my happiness; and begging me to forgive her for having been so unsocial before, proposed a stroll to one of my favourite

haunts. I cannot express what I felt when she thus addressed me—exacting and wayward as I was, I was capable of appreciating generosity, and I loved her from that moment with an affection which has known no change.

Although Annette Morden had then numbered only eleven summers, and she has now seen nearly two score, you may judge in some measure what she was at that time by her present appearance. There was the same calm placid aspect denoting equanimity of mind, the same sweet expression in her deep blue eyes, and the same lovely smile upon her lips. Her features were so faultless, and her form so symmetrical, that she was deemed by judges to be perfectly beautiful; and as she grew to womanhood, this became even more strikingly apparent. Of her character, it is unnecessary for me to speak, it is so well known to you; but if it were not, the events I am about to relate would better develop it.

My description of none could do. Cousin Annette's presence beneath our roof soon effected a change, for which I have reason to thank her. Hitherto I had grown up wholly ignorant of any of those branches of knowledge in which young people of my station in life are usually instructed. It is true we had a lady living with us, who was nominally governess of the family, but owing to my poor mother's weak indulgence, she was never allowed to exercise authority, and as neither I nor Lewis were studiously inclined, it is not surprising that we took advantage of the licence given us. But Annette had been taught the value of education; she had already made considerable progress under the tuition of her excellent and judicious parent, and she gladly availed herself of Miss Wilnot's instructions, which stimulated me to some little exertion.

The beauty and accomplishments of Annette won for her many suitors, notwithstanding the retirement in which we lived, but she firmly declined every offer, though some were from persons I should have thought in all respects suitable. The truth was, her affections were early and deeply engaged by one who was perhaps the last we should have expected could have been beloved by such a being; but there are mysteries in the affections which no skill can fathom, and it was one of these mysterious links which bound the heart of the high-souled but gentle Annette Morden to Lewis Irwin. To account, however, in some measure for this occurrence, I must tell you that the severe discipline exercised over my brother at school had wrought a wonderful change in his character, or at least appeared to have done so; and his vacations, which were always spent at home, gave so promising a prospect of his amendment, that we all forgot that he had ever been rebellious, or that he had caused us a pang. Annette, indeed, never knew aught of his boyish misdeeds; I delighted to relate any anecdote which displayed his virtues, but I carefully concealed his faults, and thus she knew him but with his reformed manners. It is not surprising that the extraordinary beauty of his cousin, joined to her peculiar sweetness of disposition, should captivate a youth like my brother; and perhaps it was the entire devotion to her he from the first meeting evinced, which secured the grateful heart of Annette; be this as it may, that they fondly loved each other was apparent, and my parents, as well as I, looked with pleased anticipation to the time when a union would take place between them, deeming it would be the most effectual way of securing the happiness of Lewis.

My brother remained at school longer than most young men, in consequence of having commenced so late; and when he left it, at the age of twenty, it was to study for the bar. My father visited London purposely to see him settled in his chambers in the Temple, and hoped that the wilful conduct of his boyhood was for ever past, and that he would now become an honour to his family and to his profession. Alas! my poor father judged from his wishes rather than from probability, or he would have entertained fears lest the errors of his early education would appear, now that he would be left

to seek his own circle of acquaintance, and without any control over his actions. Lewis was generous, open-hearted, and fond of society; his manners were affable, and his conversation full of vivacity; and such a youth, having unhappily no steady principle to guide him, was ready to fall into the snares laid for the unwary. So far from gaining honours in his profession, he, after my father's departure, scarcely gave it a day's serious thought, but spent his hours in the fascinating but destructive vortex of dissipation. The intelligence came to us in our quiet abode through the medium of an old friend, whom my father had requested to transmit an account of his son's conduct, so far as he had the opportunity of gaining a knowledge of it; and its effects were really serious upon the minds of all. My dear mother, who had for some years been better in health, declined once more. Annette said but little, but it was evident that she felt deeply, for the colour was seen to fade from her cheek, and her smile lost its happy expression. My father vented his sorrow in anger for a season; but it was soon over, and he set out to expostulate with his unworthy son. Of my own feelings I shall say nothing; dearly as I loved my brother, you may perhaps imagine them. But our distresses were increased when a letter from London informed us that my poor father had found my brother in a most dangerous situation, owing to an accident which had happened to him whilst engaged in some foolish and mischievous exploit.

"The culprit was brought to the Woodlands by easy stages, and there received, notwithstanding his misdeemeanours, all the kindness and attention affection could bestow; and promises of amendment, if he were spared to return to his duties, were made by him in the most solemn manner. A few weeks' careful nursing from myself and Annette had the desired effect, and he left us once more, though not till my father had supplied him with the means to liquidate every debt he had contracted. For a short period, the accounts we had of him were highly satisfactory; but who can tell how soon the good resolves of those who have no strength of character may be overturned? Again he was drawn, though now it was step by step, into the same career of folly and vice; and this time the news came to us from his own hand, whilst he (being now of age) was the occupant of a prison. The sum which, upon inquiry, was found necessary to procure his enlargement, far exceeded that which my father had before paid, and it caused him much trouble and difficulty to procure it; yet he did so, and thus set the unhappy young man at liberty. "Lewis," he said, as he leaned weebly on his arm as they quitted his late abode of confinement, "if you make any further demands upon my income, I shall have no resource but selling the Woodlands, and you will turn me and your mother in old age out of our peaceful home. But I cannot longer trust your protestations," he added, "therefore forbear to make them." Lewis answered only by tears; and I doubt not that his penitence was sincere, though he had not strength of mind to resist temptation.

"It was distressing to witness the effect this second proof of weakness and want of principle in my brother had upon Annette. She had felt the first blow severely; but when he came, helpless and ill, to claim her tenderness, her womanly feelings predominated, and she framed all the excuses which affection can so readily find for this youthful error, trusting that it would not be repeated. But now the case was different: she began to see the character of him she loved in its true light, and the certainty that she could not find happiness in the companionship of such a mind came with it. The constitution of Annette had always been delicate, and her mind peculiarly sensitive; though so calm and unruffled was her general demeanour, that a stranger might have deemed her stoical. Had it not been that her principles had been strengthened by a judicious education—an education based on religion—she certainly would have sunk beneath the blow which was given to her affections; but piety taught her to submit, and fortitude enabled her to bear, those otherwise overwhelm-

ing griefs. Yet that she suffered, and suffered deeply, was too obvious to be overlooked by those who dearly loved her.

"One serene summer evening, some months subsequent to the events I have just related, Annette and I sat together in a little apartment which formed one of the gable-ends of our house. This was our favourite sitting-room, on account of the peculiar beauty of the landscape it commanded, and because it faced the west, and thus afforded us a view of the setting sun. My kind father had our musical instruments, drawing and writing materials, and books, removed there, and called it our boudoir; and as my mother's ill health confined her much to her chamber, and my father spent the principal part of his time in his farm, we seldom omitted passing a few hours there every evening. I recall the moments I spent there with pleasure, because there it was I first began to feel a relish for the refined pursuits I have since experienced so much gratification in cultivating. To your Cousin Annette I owe that relish; for, till her arrival, I had not a joy beyond the indulgence of those instincts which belong to the animal part of our nature. She it was who first made me feel that I had capacities for nobler pleasures; and whatever I am, intellectually or morally, I certainly owe it to her. But I diverge from the subject upon which I began. We were sitting as usual in this room—Annette opposite the window, which opened to the ground, that she might catch the gentle evening breeze, and I before the piano, whose keys I had been touching to some lively airs, in the hope of raising her drooping spirits—when I was startled, and not a little alarmed, by hearing a faint shriek; and turning quickly to ascertain its cause, beheld my brother. "Lewis!" I exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment; but I was prevented from adding more by his supplicatory look.

"As you love me, Ellen, do not make known my presence to any one," he said in a subdued tone.

"I was thunderstruck, and made no effort to leave my seat to embrace him as I was wont to do; he threw himself at the feet of Annette, whose pale cheek grew paler, and whose bloodless lips gave me apprehensions that she would swoon under the sudden shock the sight of him had occasioned. "Oh, Lewis!" I cried, and there was anger I know in my tones, "how could you startle us thus? See how you have alarmed our dear cousin."

"Have I alarmed you, Annette?" he inquired, taking her passive hand. "Pray, pardon me, but I knew not how to see you alone without seeking you here."

"And why should you desire to see us alone?" Annette inquired, now regaining her self-possession; "why should you visit your father's home by stealth?"

"Because my business is with you and Ellen," was his reply.

"What business can you have with us to which he is not privy?" she demanded, and her voice grew firmer, though her cheeks and lips still retained their ashy hue.

"Lewis buried his face in his hands; he could not meet Annette's gaze; and in an agony of suspense as to the object of his visit, I now threw my arms around him and wept.

"I deserve to be treated with coldness," my brother at length said. "I deserve reproaches, but I cannot bear them from you, Annette, whom I love dearer than any object earth contains. I am in distress: do not add to it by your upbraidings, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Annette has not upbraided you," I pleaded; for I was alarmed at the import of his words; "we both love you too dearly to upbraid you; but tell us the motive for this secret visit?"

"Lewis looked in the face of my cousin before he ventured to answer; but judging by the tears which filled her eyes that she was softened, he made answer that a very distressing affair of debt, which involved his honour, had led him to seek their intercession with his father for the sum.

"I feared this," Annette exclaimed; "but to accede to your request is impossible. After the observations your father made to us, as well as to you, upon the payment of the last large sum, would you that we should ask him to quit his home in his old age, and beggar himself for your sake?"

"Annette, you are too severe," Lewis returned; "I desire not such a sacrifice. It is but a *small* sum I now want, not exceeding fifty pounds."

"That is too large a sum for him to spare just now," I interposed. "Oh, Lewis! what shall we do; can you not put it off?"

"My honour is involved in its immediate liquidation," was his reply.

"Lewis, Lewis!" Annette exclaimed, whilst every feature of her beautiful face was convulsed by strong emotion, "I too clearly see the evil into which you have fallen. Well may you shrink from personally requesting your father to pay these mis-called debts of honour."

"I looked at her in amazement. 'Debts of honour,' I repeated; 'are not all debts of honour?' I asked, for I really was so ignorant as not to understand the phrase."

"No, my dear Ellen," she answered. "The debt a man incurs for value received is not so termed. It is one contracted at the gaming-table or betting-race, for which the laws of the country do not force payment." She spoke with a tone of bitterness unusual to her, and rose, as she did so, to quit the room.

"Lewis seized her hand to detain her. 'You shall not leave me thus, Annette,' he cried; 'I cannot endure your anger.'"

"I will return in a few minutes," she replied, gently disengaging herself from his grasp.

"I could see that she was struggling forcibly with her feelings, and I whispered in my brother's ear, 'Let her go.' He resisted no longer, and she hurried from the apartment."

"Do you think that Annette really loves me?" Lewis abruptly asked when we were alone.

"I am sure she does," was my reply; "but she is grieved at your conduct."

"Do you think she can forgive the past?" he further asked.

"If there is hope of amendment for the future, I believe she can and will," I returned.

"Dear Ellen, you make me happy by that assurance," he pursued; "for, believe me, though I have erred in many ways, I can never cease to love her."

"After a few minutes' absence, Annette reappeared. Her aspect was now calmer, and her step less trepidated. She bore in her hand a little casket of curious and antique workmanship, and proffering it to my brother, she gently said, 'Lewis, this is all the worldly wealth I possess, or shall possess until I become of age; and I give it to you in the hope that it will be the last time you will ever have a debt of honour to pay. In itself it is a bauble,' she added, opening it, and displaying a beautiful set of pearls; "but I valued it for my mother's sake, whose dying gift it was. With this addition," she proceeded, drawing a ring set with diamonds from her finger—"with this addition, the sale will, I think, cover your debt; and if it cure you of the ruinous vice of gambling, I shall think the price but trifling."

"Lewis was for some moments unable to speak, and Annette sat down, and leaned her head upon her open palms, as if to cool the fever of her throbbing temples. I was the first to break the silence, and I did so by intreating my brother not to suffer his cousin to make such a sacrifice in vain. He appeared struggling with his feelings, and hesitating whether or not to accept of the proffered aid; but the dilemma in which he was placed for want of the money at length overcame all scruples, and taking the casket from the table on which she had placed it, and kneeling before the generous donor, he uttered a wild burst of gratitude. "I take them, dearest Annette," he said with passionate earnestness, "but only

to deprive you of them for a season; I will redeem them if I lack sustenance to do it, and I will swear that it shall be the last time I will commit the vice which has cost you such a pang."

"Nay, swear not," Annette hastily interposed, as he was about to lay his hand upon a bible which stood in an adjoining bookcase. "If you have not strength of mind to keep a solemn promise, you will not regard an oath; swear not; I will take your word—farewell." As she concluded, she again arose, as if to hasten his departure. Lewis passionately embraced us both, and stole away like a culprit from his father's home, when, reseating herself, Annette threw her arms around me, and wept upon my shoulder more unrestrainedly than I had ever before beheld her.

"Not having further application for money, and not hearing of any fresh misconduct on the part of my brother, my parents fondly hoped that he had grown wiser, and more steady, and now for the first time ventured to express their wishes to Annette: that the long anticipated union might take place. She was, they pleaded, just verging on one-and-twenty, he a twelve-month older; and they thought that the most effectual way to confirm his good resolutions would be to place him in the constant association of such a mind as hers. His ardent affection for her, they said, would deter him from falling into those vices to which he was at present exposed, from the very fact of being lonely; and her society would make that of the vicious no longer desirable. Annette listened to their pleadings with many tears. "Alas!" she returned, "my own heart pleads with you; for I will not deny that, notwithstanding all that has occurred, he is still dear to me; but my conscience is altogether at variance with it. I cannot see that I should act rightly to rush into a connexion of so serious a nature with one from whom I cannot expect happiness, one whom I feel to be altogether unfitted for my companion for life; and yet it grieves me beyond expression to say this to you—you who have been to me as parents, and to whom I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay."

"You have, by your affection, more than repaid any kindness that has been shown you, my dear girl," returned my mother, tenderly embracing her; "and could I for a moment suppose that you would risk your happiness by a union with Lewis, I would not urge it for kingdoms; but I am confident it will not be so. Your influence would be so great with my erring son, that you would mould him to your wishes; your example would animate, your precepts would guide; nay, I am sure you would soon find him all you could desire."

Annette would not wound the feelings of my poor mother by a reply; but I saw that she was unconvinced. I could not at the time enter into her motives and feelings; I even thought her unkind, and wanting in affection. My own romantic ideas—fed as they had been by the tales of fiction I had read—imagined it to be a delightful event to marry a man whom it would be my task to lead into the paths of virtue: I pictured the powerful influence my entire devotion to him would have over his conduct; in short, I thought like a lovesick heroine of romance, who deems it her destiny to wed and reform a rake; but far different ideas dwelt in my cousin's well-balanced mind. She had early been taught to form her judgment by her reason rather than by her wishes, and in the present instance that reason told her that the probabilities were against her. Her further knowledge of my brother's character revealed its weakness, and she saw it was too late to correct an error which the whole tenor of his education had fostered.

"When Lewis next paid us a visit, no mention was made of our having met since we parted from him after his indisposition. He came by the express desire of my mother, to plead his cause in person; for she felt certain that Annette could not long resist his intreaties, though she was proof against her arguments; but she little knew the heart of her high-principled niece. Accus-

toned to be wholly guided by feeling herself, she imagined not that any but the heartless and stoical could act otherwise; thus she still dwelt upon the thought, and soothed herself into a temporary happiness.

"Annette, my brother, and I, were seated one evening, shortly after his arrival, in the apartment I before mentioned, when Lewis reverted to the events which had occurred when last we met there. "Dear Annette," he said, addressing his cousin, "I have not forgotten the evening when I parted from you in this room, nor the sacrifice you made to relieve me from my difficulties. I hoped to have returned you the gems ere this, but I really have not been able to raise sufficient to redeem them."

"The gems are comparatively of little value, Lewis," she made answer; "I have scarcely given them a thought since I placed them in your hands; but I must own I have often and anxiously desired to know whether the promise you gave me on the receipt of them has been faithfully kept."

"As Annette spoke, I turned an eager glance towards my brother, that I might read on his countenance, which I knew to be a bad dissembler, the answer to the implied question, and, to my bitter disappointment, I saw the colour heighten on his cheek. He hesitated, and that hesitation revealed the harrowing truth.

"If I have been weak enough to yield to strong temptations, the fault lies at your door, Annette," he said, with an attempt at gaiety I could see he did not feel; "for you know you would not permit me to bind myself to the fulfilment by an oath."

"Annette rose from her seat in great agitation. "Lewis," she said, as she passed him to quit the room, "if you could break a promise given under such circumstances, you would not regard any bond, however sacred; nor can I place confidence in you more."

"I stood for some moments in a state of bewildered amazement; and it was not till the door had closed upon her, and her receding footsteps had died upon my ear, that I recovered myself sufficiently to speak. "Oh! my brother," I cried, and I threw myself in a passion of grief upon his shoulder, "I fear you have, by this confession, severed the last link which bound Annette to you."

"Would you have had me tell her a lie?" he almost fiercely demanded.

"Oh no, no," I returned, weeping bitterly; "but have you nothing to plead in extenuation?" I inquired. "Surely it was the act of an unguarded moment: you are not—you cannot be—a confirmed gamester."

"We are more willing to extenuate my faults than your cousin is, Ellen," he evasively answered.

"I know you better than she does," I interposed. "I know that you are not really vicious. I know that you have been led into evil by others. But you will break off these habits, my brother," I passionately pursued; "you will yet become worthy of Annette, and we shall all be happy."

"Elated with the prospect my imagination had conjured up, I sought my cousin's chamber. I found her kneeling beside her bed; but she arose as I entered, and I perceived that although there were the traces of tears upon her cheek, she was now calm and composed. "Dearest Annette," I exclaimed, advancing and folding her in a sisterly embrace—"dearest Annette, you have been offering up petitions for my dear but erring brother?"

"I have been praying for strength for my own weak heart, dear Ellen," was her reply.

"But you will forgive him?" I pleaded; "you will not withdraw your affection wholly from him?"

"My dear Ellen," she returned, "your love for Lewis induces you to be unjust towards me. You think me unkind when I am acting as duty prompts. It is an easy task to forgive him; I would it were as easy to withdraw my affections from him; but I cannot—no, I dare not—unite myself to a gamester."

"Annette spoke in so decided, though so gentle and

calm a tone, I felt it would be useless, nay, wrong, to say more. From that hour I saw that her resolution was taken to resist all further importunity, and I forbore to make it.

"Lewis, seeing that every hope of gaining his cousin's consent to a union was over, quitted the Woodlands on the morrow, leaving my mother overwhelmed with grief at the failure of her plans. I am pained to acknowledge that she reproached Annette, and even went so far as to say that she would be responsible for any excesses the young man might be afterwards led into, because she had opposed the only means of reform. Annette bore this injustice with her usual sweetness; it did not cause her to swerve from the path of duty; but it had a powerful effect upon her naturally delicate frame. She became seriously ill; and when my father, in alarm, called in medical aid, change of air and scene was prescribed as the only means of saving her from an early grave. My mother's grief and anxiety was now as intense for her niece as it had been for her son. My father conveyed her immediately to a little retired watering-place in the same county, leaving me to be her companion and nurse; for my mother was too ill to quit her home, and in a state of mind which required his presence to calm. In this peaceful retreat I strove to divert my cousin's thoughts from dwelling upon the past by every means affection could suggest; and I was happy to observe favourable symptoms of returning health, when a fresh incident occurred which had a powerful effect upon the minds of both.

"The house in which we lodged, having formerly been the parsonage, was contiguous to a village churchyard, and this spot became Annette's favourite place of resort. It was the beautiful month of June, and the season being particularly fine, we would sit here for hours—Annette usually occupied with her needle, whilst I read aloud from one of our favourite authors. We had, however, from some cause forsaken our usual haunt for several days, when, on our return, I discovered that a new grave had been dug near to the bank on which we usually sat, and fearing that the sight might tend to throw a shade of sadness over my cousin's spirits, I proposed that we should change our position for one on the other side of the church. Annette consented; but ere she quitted the spot, stood for a few minutes in meditation over the new-raised mound. It was an infant's last resting-place, and fancy pictured the grief of the bereaved mother, which we each thought we could conceive. I led her away, and after finding a convenient seat, took up my book, and strove to divert her attention by reading. Thus we remained for some considerable time, when indications of an approaching storm warned us to make our retreat to the house. As we were closing the gate, I instinctively cast my eyes in the direction of the new-made grave, and was not a little surprised and alarmed to perceive a female figure lying upon it as if in a state of insensibility. She was evidently very youthful, but her deep mourning habiliments bespoke her to be the mother of the child, and that the intensity of her feelings had deprived her of consciousness, was the conclusion I naturally drew. No person being within sight whose assistance we could solicit, we applied the only remedy we had at hand, which was our smelling salts; but this failing in effect, I intreated my cousin to remain, whilst I ran to our lodgings for aid. The fainting lady was immediately conveyed to the house, where she was instantly recognised by our landlady as the daughter of the curate, upon which the venerable pastor was promptly sent for. He came accompanied by a medical attendant; but it was some hours before animation could be restored to the invalid, who had, it appeared, left her sick-bed unknown to her friends, to visit the grave of her departed child. Even when consciousness was restored, it was deemed unsafe to remove her at present, and as Mrs Jones, our landlady, had a spare apartment, it was proposed that she should occupy it till she became sufficiently convalescent to be taken to her father's home.

"The singular beauty, extreme youth, and melancholy situation of the invalid, awakened a powerful interest in both mine and Annette's breasts, and we found Mrs Jones nothing loath to reveal all she knew concerning her. "Miss Lucy had been," she said, "the prettiest and the most light-hearted girl in the village, till she visited a relation in London, where she unhappily met with a worthless young man of family, whom she married without her father's consent. His friends, he said, were too proud to acknowledge her, and he was too poor to support her as he could wish, so he kept her in a little mean lodging, and, it was believed, neglected her very shamefully, though she would never own it. She at last became so ill, that she wrote to her father, and asked permission to spend a few weeks with him in her native village, in the hope of regaining her health. The poor old gentleman," Mrs Jones continued, "was almost heart-broken to see the change which two years' absence had made in his child, yet he received her with great kindness, and promised to overlook her disobedience. But, poor thing," she added, "I fear she has come here to die; she has been getting worse and worse ever since she has been amongst us, and the death of her infant, which was always sickly, will probably hasten it."

"I trust not," Annette and I simultaneously exclaimed; "we will try what kindness and sympathy can effect, for woman alone can fully enter into the sorrows which her own sex endure."

"My cousin, weak and ill as she herself was, insisted upon sharing the task of nursing the unfortunate young creature who was thus thrown so singularly upon our care. She said that, in assisting in alleviating the distresses of others, we should wear her thoughts from her own sorrows, and consequently had a beneficial effect. The good old man expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, but nothing could equal the thankfulness of the gentle sufferer: she seemed to regard us as angels sent from heaven to minister to her comfort. The fault she had committed, in having taken so important a step as the choice of a partner without the sanction of her pious parent, had humbled her spirit, and she now meekly submitted to every trial, whether bodily or mental, deeming it but the just recompense for her offences. Annette's soothing tenderness had reasoned her even into calmness at the loss of her child, and she now acknowledged that it was taken in wisdom and in love, but though each day ended us more and more in our inartistic charge, we were convinced that she was not long for this world. It was still deemed improper to remove her, and had it not been that I feared the effect of the excitement upon the sensitive feelings of Annette, I should have been desirous that she should remain with us. Conscious that her end was approaching, she grew very communicative. It seemed to afford her pleasure to talk of her husband, whom she still loved with unabated ardour, though it was evident that he had (as Mrs Jones intimated) grown neglectful. She now requested her father to write to him, and told him that it was her wish to see him if possible ere she died. The pastor promised to comply, and in the course of a few days a letter arrived, which informed her that he would be with her on the morrow. She read aloud a few passages from it, which she said proved his affection for her was unchanged, and then she proceeded to extenuate his conduct by remarking, that to have acknowledged his marriage would have ruined his fortune for life, but that she was sure he intended to do so as soon as he could see that it would be prudent. My cousin and I had our fears to the contrary, but we said nothing which could lead the unfortunate girl to surmise them, feeling assured that it would only add to her distress.

"The morrow came, and so powerful was the effect of the anticipated meeting upon the sensitive frame of the invalid, that we feared it would hasten her dissolution. In the evening, the pastor, Annette, and I, were seated around her bed, whilst the former read a portion from the sacred volume. Lucy listened with deep in-

terest to the words of life which fell from the lips of her venerable parent; but we could not but perceive that her ear was ever and anon strained to catch some distant sound. At length the noise of carriage-wheels in the front of the house arrested the attention of all. The eyes of the dying girl lighted up with an almost unearthly brightness, and her pale cheek grew flushed. "It is he," she faintly murmured; "I shall see him once again;" and as she spoke, Mrs Jones gently opened the chamber door, and whispered that Mr Lawson had arrived, and begged to be admitted immediately. My cousin and I arose to leave the room; but ere we could effect our purpose, the stranger entered. "Oh, Lucy, do I find you thus!" he exclaimed as he rushed towards the bed. A wild shriek met my ear as he spoke; but it was not from the invalid; she had sunk fainting upon her pillow, from which she had by a great effort arisen to embrace him, but it was from Annette, who, in the moment the husband of Lucy recognised my brother

I was too much agitated to notice his features; I had his voice, choked as it was by emotion, struck me as familiar; but, surprised that my cousin, who was so distinguished for presence of mind, should betray such weakness, I led her from the room to the chamber we jointly occupied, and when there, the whole truth was shortly revealed to me. Annette's first action was to throw herself on her knees and utter a thanksgiving that she had escaped the horror which would have awaited her had she consented to the proposed union with Lewis, then throwing her arms around me, she wept convulsively. I said not a word to comfort her. I was stupefied; nor could I really believe that my brother had deceived the unsuspecting Lucy by a marriage under a false name, and that he could be so depraved as to seek an alliance with his cousin at the same time, notwithstanding that Annette assured me her heart had too firmly cherished his image for her eyes to be mistaken. Our first impulse was to return home immediately, but we could not forsake the dying girl, who had now a still closer hold upon our affection. The task of administering to her comfort was, however, over, she lived but to embrace her erring husband, and when next we beheld her, it was in the long sleep from which no voice of kindness could awaken her.

"I must be brief with this part of my relation," Mrs Stanley resumed, "for the recollections are too much for me, even at this distance of time. Annette avoided a meeting with Lewis, but I had an interview with him of a most painful nature ere we quitted the village, which we were obliged to do in great haste, in consequence of receiving intelligence that the communication of the event had had an alarming effect on the health of my poor mother. She died broken-hearted—the victim of her son's misconduct and her own mistaken views of kindness, and she saw her fault when too late to remedy it. It was an awful lesson, one I can never forget, but I trust I have profited by it.

"The death of my mother was a great shock to the feelings of your grandfather, and he became an altered man. He no longer took delight in his farm or his grounds, and at length resolved to dispose of the Woodlands, and take up his residence once more in the suburbs of London. Annette and I left the beloved haunts of our childhood with regret; but we were willing to make any sacrifice for his comfort. Soon after our arrival in town, I became engaged to Mr Stanley; and as my cousin frequently declared to me that she would never marry, I left my father to her care. Her health still remained delicate, yet she devoted all her energies to his comfort and happiness, striving to subdue her own griefs, that she might lighten the load which oppressed him, and becoming to him as a daughter. I should here inform you, that my erring brother left the country soon after the news of my mother's death reached him. He had never liked his profession; and the offer of a situation, which would take him abroad, being made at the time, he gladly accepted of it. He doubtless thought that he had become an alien

to his family; but there was not one member who would not have received him, and forgiven the past, though Annette would not, I am sure, have become his wife. But he left us without an adieu, and the next intelligence we had of him was an account of his death. This was a fresh shock to our feelings; but it was softened in a great degree by the assurances we received of his penitence, in a few lines penned to Annette on his dying bed.

'My father did not long survive his wife and son, and then Annette took up her residence under my roof; and happy was I to have so able an adviser, and so steady a friend. She has since refused many eligible offers of marriage; the memory of her first and only, but unfortunate attachment, being, I believe, the cause. But you, my children, have benefited by her choice; and, having enjoyed the advantage of her kind and judicious instructions, will, I trust, strive to emulate her virtues. And now, my dear Fanny,' she added, turning to her youngest daughter, 'I hope you are satisfied? The tale has been, as I led you to expect, a ~~real~~ one—one which has drawn tears from those eyes which seldom weep; but if it teach you the superiority a well-regulated mind has over weakness and indecision, and lead you to aim at the possession of that superiority, I shall not have related it in vain.'

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

LYONS TO AVIGNON.

We spent about a week in Lyons, every day making an excursion to some spot of interest or beauty in the neighbourhood; among others, to L'Île Barbe, a small island in the Saône, situated a few miles above the town. The banks of this river are much more beautiful than those of the Rhone, being generally steep, and well clothed with woods and vineyards; they are likewise ornamented with a number of white and pretty villas. The Saône, a broad and massive stream, crossed by numerous suspension-bridges, is comparatively slow in its current, and permits the daily navigation of steam-vessels as far as Chalons, a stage onward to Paris. The Rhone, into which this fine river falls immediately below Lyons, is very different in appearance. About twice the size of the Saône, it flows hurriedly past the quays of Lyons, as if fearful of losing a moment in the long journey before it, and this busy headlong character it seems to possess from its cradle in Switzerland almost to its grave in the Mediterranean.

My previous acquaintance with the Rhone had been made upon Lake Lemann, where its waters, as they escape past Geneva, are beautifully blue. At Lyons, and all the way downward, this remarkable tint has disappeared, giving place to a dirty white colour, arising most likely from the chalky bottom over which it occasionally rushes in its course. Although augmented by the Saône, it still falls short of the Rhine in point of size, and is not to be compared with it in commercial importance. Its great misfortune is its rapidity of current, by which a regular traffic to and fro is greatly retarded. Steam-vessels go down from Lyons at a high rate of speed—sixteen miles an hour being common—and they are consequently well laden with passengers; but in coming up, their engines have a weary drag against the stream, and the passage is so tedious that few travellers adopt it.

Our object being to visit some places of interest in the lower parts of the river, we went on board of a steam-vessel which plied from the quay of Lyons, and started at the convenient hour of eleven in the forenoon: as the greater number of boats set out at three in the morning, in order to reach Marseilles at night—a run of about two hundred miles—we considered ourselves particularly fortunate in our choice. It being only about fifteen years since steamers plied on the Rhone, and as they yet remain a monopoly in the hands of two or three companies, the vessels have little to recommend them as

comfortable means of conveyance. That in which we started was, as is usual in France, somewhat dirty, and crowded with a miscellaneous company, occupied in drinking coffee, smoking, and spitting. Fortunately, we succeeded in securing seats on deck, under an awning, and, with the assistance of an obliging steward, made ourselves tolerably comfortable during the day's journey. The mild air, from the rapid motion of the vessel, was pleasant; the sunny banks flew past us like an ever-shifting picture; and the hope of what we were to see in the south, added a relish to our sensations. Here and there we came abreast of a town, and after a short stay, shot again ahead. Occasionally, also, the vessel passed beneath the extended platform of a suspension-bridge, and the number of new bridges of this description we saw in the course of the voyage, showed that here, as almost everywhere else in France, improvement is steadily advancing. The banks of the river, though considerably less romantic than those of the Rhine, are not by any means spiritless. Besides a few old-fashioned towns, there are some castles on peaked heights, as rugged and ruined as an artist could desire; there are likewise some good snatches of precipice in the immediate vicinity of the river; and over the heads of tall poplars, on the left bank, are obtained striking prospects of the hills of Dauphny, and beyond them, rising in Alpine grandeur, the snow-clad mountains of Savoy.

At Valence, about half-way down the river, we left the steamer, and stopped for the night at a little unpretending inn—the Hotel du Nord—where an old woman, the hostess, never seemed tired of showing us acts of kindness. Departing in the morning from this agreeable hostel, we were again on the river, in another steamer bound for the south, and were by it carried through fully more picturesque scenery than on the preceding day. Towards the afternoon, however, the banks shrunk in altitude. We had left the Cevennes on the right and the hills of Dauphny on the left considerably behind, and were entering upon a new tract of country, in which mulberry-trees began to make their appearance, conclusive evidence that we had reached the southern division of France, in which silk is one of the staple products.

Interested as we should otherwise have been with these and other novelties, the circumstances in which we were involved unhappily contributed to destroy everything like gratification. The vessel, though large, and not without elegance in some of its furnishings, was a scene of filth and confusion. No attempt was made to preserve order. High and low, irrespective of fares, were commingled according to fancy in all parts of the vessel, and luggage and merchandise were strowed about in every direction. All this hubbub, however, was only a little droll. The terrible thing was the heat. The deck had no awning, and the sun glared down upon us like a consuming fire. Seated on boxes and carpet-bags, our only shelter was our umbrellas, which we managed to hold up in the throng, and beneath which, as I found from a pocket thermometer, the heat was 88 degrees. As we advanced, shooting along from point to point, the vessel seemed as if leaving behind all that was fresh, green, and beautiful, and entering on a hot and suffocating desert. The limestone hills and cliffs which at intervals bounded the narrow valley of the river, with the towns and houses which were perched on their sides, or nestled at their base, appeared as if suffering under a process of roasting. The whole earth was assuming a supernatural whitey-brown aspect. To an imaginative mind, the vessel seemed freighted on a voyage to Pandemonium—was already within the ash-pit of a scorching furnace.

It was with no small pleasure that we anticipated a termination to this terrific torture by a speedy arrival at Avignon, which was announced to be at hand. Certain ancient and well-baked gray turrets were seen on the horizon, over the heads of some drooping willows; and, turning into a branch of the river towards the left, we were, to our great joy, brought in front of Avignon,

or more properly an old decayed wall, within which it was said the town would be found. In a few minutes, by the aid of a caleche in waiting, we were conducted within the walls of this curious old city, and had dived into the comparatively cool recesses of what we discovered to be one of the best inns in France. There was then, after all, yet a spot in the world where one could freely breathe. After our lengthened sufferings in the intense sunshine, the darkened apartments of the Hotel d'Europe were taken possession of with unbounded delight.

Six hundred years ago, when kings were at liberty to give away portions of their dominions to please a momentary fancy, a king of France made a present of a district in the south-eastern part of his kingdom to one of the popes, and these half-priests half-princes contrived some time afterwards to acquire from a distressed princess of Naples an adjoining district, including Avignon. Thus the popes, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, had established their civil sway in this quarter of France, of which they were not deprived till the Revolution, fatal to so many privileges, in 1790. Throughout the greater part of the fourteenth and part of the fifteenth centuries, Avignon was the metropolis of the Christian world, and a scene of ecclesiastical magnificence. On the top of a low hill within the verge of the city, the palace of the popes was erected, and the remains of it are usually visited by tourists in their passage down the river.

Desirous of seeing this ancient edifice, as well as some other objects of interest, we ventured out on the morning after our arrival, though not till, by a short reconnaissance, in the shade of the hotel, I had ascertained that the street afforded a tolerable shelter from the rays of the sun overhead. The thoroughfares, as we found on issuing out on our excursion, consisted entirely of lanes enveloped by tall and substantial houses, many showing the remains of fallen grandeur, but for the greater part prison-like in appearance, from their well-framed windows, heavy portals, and the dark doorways, which prevailed in their frontlets. Running in various directions, so as almost to be an intricate maze, these lane-like streets offer a pleasant retreat from the noonday heat, and are therefore, like the narrow avenues of eastern cities, in perfect adaptation to the climate. In the streets chiefly devoted to business, and where a few people were moving about, the excellent expedient was resorted to of extending sheets of canvas between the top storeys of the houses on each side and under these awnings, which were of different colours and sizes, you walked in a covered and cool avenue, in defiance of the raging heat beyond. Favoured by these grateful shades, and crossing sunny patches of street only when unavoidable, we reached the rocky height we were in quest of, and from which we had a momentary glance over the limestone region around, scorched wherever the land rose into protuberances, and green only where the madder plants and mincey-trees could draw nourishment from the artificial-irrigated meadows. The surface of the irregular, rocky height on which we stood was bare, and nearly as white as chalk. Not a vestige of vegetation was visible upon it. A broken stone-cross rose out of the limestone crag, a picture of desolation. The stones around were lime, the dust lime, everything lime. What a spot to be chosen for a palace! We first visited the cathedral, that being nearest the summit of the hill. It is a clumsy structure of different styles, with some portions said to have originally belonged to a temple of Hercules. The interior possesses some good paintings and carved monuments, and, like most of the churches I have visited in France, is at present in course of repair. The palace, a short way down the hill to the south, is a building of vast dimensions, and so irregular in character and shape as to admit of no useful description. It is, indeed, more like an old castle than a palace, and has stood several sieges. Much of the upper part is an open ruin, and here dungeons, halls, and oubliettes were pointed out to us as

scenes of former oppression. One of the broken-down apartments was described as having been the seat of the Inquisition, and adjoining it are holes down which prisoners could be precipitated into gloomy abysses beneath. Possibly, the tales told by the modern conductress over the building partake somewhat too much of the parvellous to be altogether worthy of credit; but it is historically true, that the Inquisitionary tribunal was established in Avignon in the thirteenth century, and that a sufficient number of acts of tyranny were perpetrated to insure the infamy of the spot. The lower wing of the building, extended by some new structures forming an inner court, is now employed as a barrack, which can accommodate a thousand soldiers. We ascended by broad flights of stairs to the higher floors to see some of the remains on the walls, and vestiges of the barrack-rooms, but they were scarcely worthy of the name. The whole place, at the time of our visit, was a sort of military, underlong, I should imagine, an appointment in being baked previous to being sent across to Africa.

Among other public edifices which we visited, was the museum of the department of which Avignon is the capital. As it is rich in antiquities and curiosities, I could here say much in the way of description, were I not aware that all such descriptions must necessarily be uninteresting, and I confine myself to one more offering a tribute of admiration to the French government for its encouragement of these provincial collections. In Clermont I saw one of great extent, abounding in natural and artificial objects illustrative of the locality; as, for example, specimens of every kind of rock discoverable in the department, and pictures and busts of distinguished natives. Here, at Avignon, the same kind of collection is found; and any stranger desirous of knowing what men of genius in science, literature, or art the district has produced, he has only to visit the picture gallery of the town, and there he has them all before him. The library attached to the museum consists of upwards of forty thousand volumes, with some hundreds of manuscripts, the greater part the antique vellum-covered tomes of suppressed monasteries.

Few travellers possessed of a day's leisure quit Avignon without performing a pilgrimage to Vaucluse, the Vaucluse of Petrarch—situated at about eighteen miles' distance, in an easterly direction, from the town. Two motives present themselves for undertaking such an excursion—veneration, real or affected, for the memory of Petrarch; and a love of what is peculiar and interesting in natural scenery. Influenced by feelings of a mixed nature, we devoted a day to the journey, which being performed in a covered caleche, promised to be exempt from any serious annoyance from the enemy.

We were to set out at six in the morning, but it was eight before the horses were trotting with us out at one of the old gateways of the town, and taking the road across the plain. Shortly after quitting Avignon, we had the satisfaction of riding within the shade of long rows of mulberry and willow trees, which bounded the well irrigated and green fields, the irrigation, as far as we could judge, being by narrow rills conducted from the Durance, a river tributary to the Rhone. Further on, we ascended a height thin and rocky in the soil, and able only to give nourishment to the vines and olives with which it was covered. We now descended to another plain, well irrigated like the former; in this case the water-courses being from the Sorgues, whose stream we were about to visit. The day was the 26th of July, and already the crops of the farmers had been gathered to the thrashing-floors, and all were now busily engaged in the important process of separating the grain from the stalks. And how primitive the operation! No barns, no thrashing-mills, no flails; there was, however, animal power. In what may be called the barn or stack-yard, a patch of ground is cleared and beaten as hard as possible with implements. On this, which we may compare to the ride of an amphi-

theatre, sheaves are spread knee deep from the centre to the circumference. The farmer now advances, leading a horse by a long halter, and taking his place in the centre of the ring, he drives the animal at a smart trot round and round, trampling and kicking up the straw at every step. To give every part a fair chance, he either shortens the halter, so as to limit the width of the circle performed by the animal, or he adds an ass half way between himself and the horse. In some cases we observed two horses at this kind of work, at other times two oxen, and in several instances a horse and ass, or a horse and mule. There are, in fact, a dozen ways of performing the operation, all equally barbarous; and one cannot but feel surprised how the French government, with its remarkable care for the fine arts, could take so little pains to improve the most useful of all arts, that of thrashing out the corn, which is in no respect advanced beyond what it was three thousand years ago in the land of Israel. Of course, this method of thrashing is most defective in point of cleanliness, and ruinous to the straw. It made us quite melancholy to see the confused mass of dirt, chaff, and broken straws left at the conclusion of the trot. Women were employed in shaking out the particles of grain, and here and there might be observed bullocks mingled with impurities, ready to be thrown up in shovelfuls against the wind, when the wind should happen to blow. In a few cases, we noticed that the people had got the length of having farmers, a step, it is to be hoped, to general improvement. In such a country, where capital is still excessively meagre, the introduction of any kind of simple hand-thrashing machine would doubtless prove a blessing to these peasant agriculturists.

In the course of our journey we passed through several villages, one of which exhibits a busy scene of water-wheels turning in the different branches of a stream, and being shrouded in trees, has a pleasant rural aspect. A ride along a cross-road now brings us to the valley of the Sorgues, up which we are conducted for the distance of a mile, the land gradually closing on each side till we reach the bosom of a vast dell in the range of hills. Hills rise on each side, bare and craggy with projecting ledges, beneath which several dwellings have been venturously built, the roofs being large masses of flat rock adhering to the face of the precipice. We have, in the bottom of the vale on our right, the beautifully clear river Sorgues, employed here, as farther down, in driving mills, and the sight of which is refreshing in this land of heat and gray limestone rock.

As the carriage advances, we seem as if entering the bowels of the mountain; and this is indeed the case. In times long past, masses of the hills have fallen down and been washed away, leaving a great rude gap environed by precipitous acclivities, whose bare sides are only at intervals ornamented with fig and olive trees, or straggling vines. At the inner extremity, where the carriage-road ceases, we arrive at the village of Vaucluse, consisting of scarcely a dozen houses on both sides of the river, including two or three mills, one of which is used for a paper factory. Somewhere on the slip of garden-ground beneath the mills, on the left bank of the stream, stood Petrarch's house; and on the top of a bare knoll above, are the ruins of what is called Petrarch's castle, though it certainly never belonged to him, but was only the residence of one of his friends.

Just where the carriage draws up, in the centre of the small group of houses in the village, has been erected a monument, of the commonplace pillar form, to Petrarch, which it may be consolatory to the English to know is as effectually hacked and cut by visitors, as if it had been placed in Westminster Abbey. Passing this memento of the poet, we walk by a narrow winding path up the right bank of the Sorgues, ascending and descending till we arrive at the bold front of the rock, beyond which there can be no further intrusion. We are, indeed, at the head of the glen; limestone cliffs, jagged like the pinnacles of a cathedral, impend over-

head, while beneath, to the verge of the water, is a universal wreck of stones and rubbish. That which attracts our attention, however, is a wide yawning gulf at the base of the rock, the principal fountain of the river. Where the water comes from, no one can tell; but it is evidently delivered by the hill, and gushes out at many different points, cold, pure, and delicious. At the time of our visit, the weather having been for some time dry, the water only half filled the grotto in the rock in which it lay, as still as a mirror; and it is chiefly in winter that it rises to the point of overflowing. Occasionally, as we saw by the stones and rocks in its course, it pours forth impetuously, and in great volume. Now, that the river received none from this head fountain, the water welled out from beneath divers rocks, a little lower down the glen, and almost immediately formed a stream of twenty feet in breadth.

The fountain of Vaucluse is one of the few things which does not disappoint the expectations of a traveller. The savage scenery of the hills, the quiet little village in the bosom of the dell, the variety of rare plants growing in the lower cliffs, the pretty and unsophisticated river just come so oddly into existence, a magnificent blue sky overhead, and into all the air of romance communicated by the long residence of Petrarch on the spot—all give the place a peculiar charm. The poet's house, as I have said, was beside the stream adjoining the village; and here, he tells us in his Epistles, he lived while he wrote his sonnets to Laura, in that species of solitude which poets frequently dream of enjoying, but so seldom realise. Writing to a friend, he observes: 'You have often heard us speak of my warfare with the Nymphs, who reign at the foot of the rocks that lose themselves in the clouds. Let us see these that the Sorgues, transparent as crystal, rolls over its emerald bed; and by its bank I cultivate a little sterile and stony spot, which I have destined to the Muses; but the jealous Nymphs dispute the possession of it with me; they destroy in the spring the labours of my summer. I had conquered from them a little meadow, and had not enjoyed it long, when, upon my return from a journey into Italy, I found that I had been robbed of all my possessions. But I was not to be discouraged: I collected the labourers, the fishermen, and the shepherds, and raised a rampart against the Nymphs; and there we raised an altar to the Muses; but, alas! experience has proved that it is vain to battle with the elements.'

* * * Here I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favours from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, resting in the mossy grottos, or beneath the shady trees. I detest the intrigues of courts, the tumult of cities, and fly the abodes of pagantry and pride. Equally removed from joy or sadness, I pass my days in the most profound calm, happy to have the Muses for my companions, and the song of birds and the murmur of streams for my serenade. Happy Petrarch!

We roved about for an hour or two in the spot consecrated by these outpourings from one of the most eminent men of letters of his time; and having, as we thought, exhausted Vaucluse, retraced our way to Avignon.

ACCIDENTS IN MINES.

It is affirmed by competent authorities, that not fewer than 2500 lives are annually lost to Britain through accidents in mines—that every hour arrangements are in progress for further sacrifice; and all this without any national effort being made to remedy the evil. Looking at the simple fact here stated, one would be apt to think that, as a public, we were utterly destitute of humanity; but such is not the case. When a calamity of this kind occurs, there is no want either of sympathy or of beneficence; but here the matter ends, just where, under a more rational and active system of

legislative direction, the remedy ought to begin. The truth is, that with all our individual energy of benevolence, we are, as a legislature, most culpably slow. Commissions of inquiry are appointed; reports are made, canvassed, and laid aside, the evil goes on till some extraordinary catastrophe startles the public into renewed sympathy—and one would imagine, from the bustle of inquiry, and noise of the newspapers, that something was in reality to be done. But no; there are heartless men to be moved, pecuniary interests to be combated, and party squabbles to be adjusted, before matters of this kind can obtain a hearing; and thus it is that grievous wrongs remain so long unabated, despite of all our sympathy and clamour. To be sure, relief comes at last; but not until more suffering and wretchedness have been incurred than half a century of beneficence can atone for.

It would seem, however, that the Haswell catastrophe of September last—whereby twenty-five human beings were in an instant deprived of life—has at length attracted the attention of government to this subject. We hope no time will be lost in mere inquiry into the causes of all such accidents have long since been discussed and ascertained; nor is the removal or mitigation of any of them beyond human ingenuity. It appears from a list of published cases, that explosions of fire-damp, choke-damp, falls of the roof, breaking of the rope or other apparatus in descent, fill of mines down the shaft, and bursting in of water from old waste, are the main causes of a accident. Now, all of these casualties are clearly cases of being either altogether prevented, or diminished in frequency. Many of them arise from carelessness or ignorance on the part of the workmen; might be prevented by the appointment of an accredited agent, to whom the entire safety regulations of the mine should be intrusted. Were such an officer so regularly in his duty, the safety lumps would be looked and kept in order, the proper working of the organs attended to, the ropes secured from malicious tampering, no pernicious system of 'harvesting' (removing all the coal-supports for the sake of the mineral) would be permitted, and, generally speaking, no work allowed to be proceeded with until everything was ascertained to be in ordinary conditions of safety. Such a system of oversight would be by no means an interference either with the due liberty of the employer or employed; it would tend to insure confidence in the coal and remove all anxiety and responsibility from the other. Besides, it would be doing nothing more in the case of mines than has been done with respect to factories, railways, and other branches of our national industry, and where the public in the end become the sufferers—by having an immense number of pauper widows and children thrown upon their care—the public have an undoubted right, independently of motives of humanity, to impose such restrictions.

The strictest human vigilance is, nevertheless, fallible, and with such subtle sources of accident as fire-damp and choke-damp, some principle ought to be adopted involving the unerring operation of natural laws. Fire-damp is lighter than common air, and will ascend wherever it has egress; and choke-damp, which is heavier, can always be driven from its lurking-places by a superior current of pure air. Hence the main object should be—no matter what the expense—to provide a full and free system of ventilation in communication with the atmosphere. Thus we have already adverted to in No. 13 of our current series; but it is a subject that cannot be too frequently or too strongly urged upon public attention. What would be thought of the man who proposed to ventilate every apartment and gallery of his mansion by a single keyhole; and yet, in point of the attempt would be quite as rational as the pretended ventilation of four hundred acres of coal-workings by a single shaft of eight or nine feet diameter. The idea is preposterous; and the only wonder is, that calamities, resulting from the present system of coal-working, are not more numerous than they are. Let the

reader only imagine 400 or 500 acres of excavated space, extending to 30 or 40 miles of passages and galleries, at the depth of 1000 feet beneath the surface, and all this depending for ventilation upon a couple of narrow shafts, which are rendered still more contracted by the continual ascent and descent of tubs containing the coal, and he will readily perceive how fearfully liable every recess is to an accumulation of the explosive mixture. We do not pretend to decide what amount of space a couple of shafts are capable of ventilating—this must in each case be determined by the depth, nature of the coal, &c.; but certain we are that no thorough ventilation can ever be maintained where the workings are numerous, unless shafts be sunk at 500 or 400 yards distant. Were this done, fire-damp would find an egress as soon as generated, and choke-damp, or expelled by the superior currents caused either by the natural ventilation thus produced, or by the artificial draughts created by fires and otherwise. A full and free connexion with the atmosphere above would not only annihilate the danger of infection and explosion, but would render the atmosphere of the mine more healthy; for healthy it cannot be, so long as these gases mingle with the air he breathes, and so long as stagnation renders it liable to be heated to a temperature almost intolerable. But it may be assumed that such a system of ventilation would be expensive in the extreme, and render the working of coal mines altogether unprofitable. We can by no means arrive at such a conclusion. Our best and most abundant supply is derived from the coal fields of Northumberland and Durham, where the mines are deepest, and so long as the domestic and manufacturing wants of the country continue in active increase, the article must be produced, no matter what the cost. And if, after all, it should be found that mining in certain localities was unprofitable, be it so, better that this proud proprietor, or that company, should be without their profits, than that hundreds of industrious workmen should lose their lives, and their wives and children be thrown on the charity of the country.

While, therefore, we freely admit that accidents will occur in spite of all human precautions—that ropes may break, stones fall from the roof, and noxious gases lurk in corners unsuspected—yet we think all intelligent men will agree that a judicious oversight, coupled with a full and free ventilation, would go far to diminish the evil. Moreover, the legislative measure which provides for these safeguards, must also compel a rigid record of mines and mining operations. This indeed is a subject of almost paramount importance. Where workings are abandoned, there choke-damp, fire-damp, and water will certainly collect; and if there be no record or plan of the portion so abandoned, those who happen to work in the same field, at a subsequent period, may come upon these unknown wastes, and a single stroke of the pick let loose the pent-up gases and water to sweep their unsuspecting victims into destruction. Such catastrophes have occurred, and will continue to occur, so long as the present unconcern and carelessness prevail. The existing generation knows little or nothing of the position and extent of past workings; and they are leaving as little knowledge to those who may come after. Such a system, or rather no-system, is unworthy of an intelligent and accurate people, independent of the danger with which it is fraught; and to argue that 'those who succeed us must just look after themselves as we have done,' is irrationality and ignorance. Considering that the coal-fields of this country are limited, and that the demand upon them is every year increasing, a period will come—perhaps sooner than most people imagine—when the mineral will be exhausted; and it is only righteous and just that we, as well as our successors, should know what is and what is not available. It behoves government, therefore, to enforce a proper system of record—a mapping out of the entire mineral resources of our island—which shall show to the present, and to future generations, the fields worked and unworked, the pecu-

met with, the difficulties and dangers, with all the knowledge which might contribute to safe and profitable mining.

That some such measures as we have hinted at are needed, no one will gainsay; that they will speedily be achieved, is more than likely. The prolonged existence of the present system of apathy and recklessness would be a disgrace to British intelligence and humanity. The safety and comfort of a valuable class of men call for better modes of inspection and regulation; and if not from a spirit of benevolence, at least from motives of self-interest, the public should not rest for a moment till redress be granted.

CHORUS.

BY J. J. JEFFERIES OF BUCHANAN.

[The following is a translation from one of the too little known dramas of George Buchanan, executed by Thomas Campbell in his youth, while residing in the capacity of tutor with a gentleman's family in Mull. We transcribe it from a letter addressed by Campbell to a college friend, now a minister of the established church of Scotland.]

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's grassy meads between,
Lo! thy waters gently wandering,
Lave her valleys rich and green.
When the winter keenly show'ring,
Strips fair Salem's holy shade,
Then thy current broader pouring,
Lingers through the leafless glade.
When, O when, shall light returning,
Gild the melancholy gloom,
And the golden star of morning,
Yonder solemn vault illumine?
When shall freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long benighted soul;
When shall Israel, proud in armour,
Burst the tyrant's base control?
Ye that boldly bade defiance,
Pierce in arms, to Pharaoh's throne,
Can ye now, with calm complacency,
In a baser bondage groan?
Gallant Israel, nought appalled you,
Held in Heaven's propitious hour,
When the voice of freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power;
When their chariots, clad in thunder,
Swept the field in long array,
When the billow, burst asunder,
Hovered o'er your sandy way:
Gallant race, that ceaseless toiling,
Trod Arabia's weary wild,
Plains in verdure never smiling,
Rocks in barren grandeur piled—
Whither fled, O altered nation,
Whither fled that generous soul,
Dead to freedom's inspiration,
Slaves of Ammon's base control?
God of heaven! in mercy bending,
Hear the wo-worn captive's prayer;
From thy throne in peace descending,
Soothe their sorrows, calm their care.
God of power! whose voice commanding,
Bids the whirlwind scour the deep,
Or the waters smooth expanding,
Robed in glassy radiance sleep;
Though thy mercy, long departed,
Spurns thy once-loved people's cry,
Say, shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
Triumph with impunity?
If the sword of desolation
Must our sacred camp assail,
And thy chosen generation
Prostrate in the battle fall,
O God, O God, thy flaming thunder,
Smash thy stormy wrath around,
Chase their battlements asunder,
Shake their cities to the ground.

Shall the haughty, haughty minded,
Swell with triumph evermore;
Race profane, that fury blinded,
Baal's unhallowed rites adore?
Hast thou dared in mad resistance,
Tyrant, to contend with God;
Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance,
Snatch us from thy mortal rod?

Wretch accursed! thy fleeting gladness
Leaves contrition's serpent-sting,
Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness,
Hasty fate is on the wing.
Mark the battle, mark the ruin;
Havoc loads the groaning plain;
Ruthless vengeance fast pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain.

OLD AGE.

Old age is often querulous. It is one of its defects to be so; but let not this occasional weakness deceive you. You may be assured that, naturally, it has gratifications of its own which fully balance those of earlier days, and which, if cultivated, would carry on the stream of happiness to its grave. If life has been rightly employed, it will also have the visioned recollection of its preceding comforts to enhance the pleasures which it is actually enjoying. My own experience, in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way—so happy as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is for what has been. If youth has hopes and prospects, and wishes that could entice it, age has no inferiority even in this respect.—*Lurich*

MUSIC.

That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after-business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds, the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the easiest into my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious, by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to the unharmonious of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either by notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.—*Bishop Beveridge*

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.—*Washington Irving*

The present number of the Journal completes the second volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

